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April 23 1911

MEN AND THINGS.

By PHILIP HALE.

O the Bonny Green Lock's

The Herald recently referred to the case of a San Francisco woman who was sadly disappointed because a dye turned her hair green instead of black. The Herald recalled in connection with this tragic event the misadventure of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse.

There have been men who gloried in green hair. Years ago when Brighton, Eng., was a most fashionable resort, the "Green Man" shone resplendent. Mr. Lewis Melville thus described him: "He dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat and powdered with green his ears, whiskers, eyebrows and chin, so that his face appeared green. He had his rooms painted green, and, of course, his furniture. His liveries were green, and his gig and his whip; and to crown all, in a day when vegetarianism was not even thought of, he ate only green vegetables and fruit."

Then there was Baudelaire who, in his desire to make the bourgeois sit up, occasionally painted his hair green. He called one day on Maxime Du Camp, who paid no attention to his visitor's hair, or as an anecdotist puts it, "this fantasy of doubtful taste." Baudelaire finally remarked: "Don't you see anything abnormal in me?" "Why, no," answered Du Camp. "But my hair is green, and that is not usual." "Pooh!" replied Du Camp, "everybody has hair more or less green. If your hair were skyblue, I should be surprised; but there is green hair under many hats in Paris." Baudelaire left the house in a rage and said to a friend: "I advise you not to call on Du Camp today; he is in a very disagreeable mood."

Some years ago a comedian in New York played an Irish part with green whiskers. Letters of furious protest against this insult to a nation were written to the newspapers. And yet the comedian was not a Sassenach, but a good loyal Irishman.

Green for Dandies and Madmen

Dandies and insane persons have often shown a partiality for the color green. Gerard de Nerval, a man of true genius, one of the earliest symbolists, a writer of surprising poetry and exquisite prose, once took it into his head that he was the ocean and he put on trousers, coat and waistcoat of green satin, each of a different hue, to represent various colors of the sea. He wreathed his hat with seaweed and wore coral beads around his neck; his coat buttons were shells; pebble brooches were pinned on his breast, and he carried a Neptune's trident in his right hand. Caligula at night was scared with strange illusions and fantastical imaginations, "as who among the rest dreamed upon a time that he saw the very form and resemblance of the sea talking with him." De Nerval knew by daylight that he was the sea. He was the more amiable madman of the two.

Count d'Orsay showed himself every afternoon in 1851 on the steps of Tortoni's in Paris with an emerald-green coat with a velvet collar, but he was not a symphony in green, for his waistcoat was cream colored, his trousers mustard colored, his stock of satin black, with a double diamond pin and connecting light gold chain.

Mr. W. Telegnmouth Shore has written the life of Count d'Orsay. It has just been published in London. Reviewers characterize the count as a supreme specimen of the genus dandy. They are evidently not acquainted with the curious little book by Barbey d'Aurevilly, "Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell." This study is full of shrewd observation and epigrammatic asides. "A dandy can spend ten hours over his toilet if he wishes to do so, but the toilet once completed, he forgets it. It is the duty of others to perceive that he is well dressed." Barbey d'Aurevilly insists that d'Orsay was not a dandy. The count's character was more complex, ample, human. "He was of the nervous sanguine temperament, with broad shoulders, a chest like that of Francis I. and of a sympathic beauty. He had a superb but not a proud hand, and a manner of extending it which captured hearts and bore them away. This was not the haughty 'shake-hand' of dandyism." D'Orsay pleased both men and women, while the true dandy irritates men and pleases women "only by displeasing them." D'Orsay was royal in benevolence, a sentiment wholly unknown to the dandy. It is true that the count had the art of the toilet, but his art was brilliant, not profound. The long note (pages 61-62 of the edition of 1879) should be read in full. The book should be on every young man's dressing table, for it abounds in worldly wisdom.

Count d'Orsay and Vanity

When Clyde Fitch's "Last of the Dandies" was produced in 1901, the Pall Mall Gazette published an entertaining article on d'Orsay, the hero of the play. A description of the count by one who knew him was quoted: "Six feet, full; lean flanked, broad-chested, somewhat under-limbed, but with what, in those days, was as valuable to man as to woman—a pretty foot and ankle; dark chestnut hair in long, waving curls; a high forehead and a wide; hazel eyes, full lips, showing straight, white teeth, set rather far apart, and lending the somewhat cruel expression to the face which characterizes the countenance of the antique Roman." He was an athlete, a fine horseman, a good swordsman, a fair shot, a man of extreme courtesy. He went about with two huge gold dressing cases that took two men each to carry; his baths were perfumed, but he bathed, "which was more than most dandies did"; he also sketched, wrote and had a talent for making statuettes. He was respected by able men, who found pleasure in talking with him. In Maclise's picture of the Fraserians at table, d'Orsay sits next Thomas Carlyle. Gronow described him as whisking along in his tilbury, looking "like some gorgeous dragon-fly, skimming through the air, and, though all was dazzling and showy, yet there was a kind of harmony which precluded every idea or accusation of bad taste."

Mr. Eugen Sandow, who has been appointed "The King's own physical instructor," and is director of a temple of health in St. James street, London, a temple with endless reception rooms, baths and exercising halls all marble floors and Turkey rugs, says that he believes in vanity as a stimulus to the physically slack or despondent. Every cubicle in the temple is provided with a big looking glass. When the patient sees himself by the side of the instructor in the glass his pride is touched. "Instinctively he begins to smarten himself up." He longs for the day when he can look at himself and rejoice.

A man is easily persuaded to look in a glass. When there was no bridge connecting Brooklyn with New York the males on the ferryboats could not go by a cabin mirror without stopping to prink or to see at least that the cravat was in order and the whiskerage irreproachable. Men are vainer than women. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, after close observation for years, is confident of this. Study men and women in a street car, when the former are not reading newspapers. The men are painfully conscious of their physical attractiveness.

The origin of the word "dandy" is unknown. The word was in use on the Scottish border toward the end of the 18th century, and went to London about 1815. Do not reprove your little girl when she says she had a "dandy time" or reproach her for using slang. The term, meaning superlatively fine, neat or dainty, has been used for over 125 years.

On Decently Growing Old

Dr. Stephen Smith, once head of the board of health and also of the department of charities in New York, now 88 years old, spoke at his birthday dinner of old age and its compensations. "Then there is that freedom from constraint and conventionality in habits, dress and manners which gives a peculiar zest to life, as all these defects are readily attributed to age. No one criticizes our unblacked shoes, nor our displaced neckwear, nor even counts the number of hairs on our coat collars." It is to be regretted that this worthy citizen speaks of "neckwear" and encourages the middle-aged in slovenliness. A man should grow old decently as well as gracefully. The older he is, the more particular he should be about his linen. An old man with a two days' beard is a ghastly sight. His cravat should not be foppish, but it need not be always of solemn black.

A London journalist asked not long ago, "When do you grow old?" and gave the answer: "It depends mainly upon the period in which you happen to live." Mr. G. S. Street wrote: "In the early part of the last century a man was a man at 20 or so, a middle-aged man at 30 and old at 50. At the present time he is a boy up to about 35, a young man up to 50, and he is hardly regarded as old until he has exceeded David's maximum of life by six or seven years." (The stickler for accuracy would here substitute Moses for David; for the verse, "The days of our years are three score years and ten," etc., is in "A prayer of Moses, the man of God," otherwise known as the 90th Psalm.) Mr. Street's words are comforting. They confirm the old saw that a man is as old as he feels. But each one of us knows when he is growing old. The time comes when legs feel strangely heavy during the change from pyjamas to trousers; when there is no running after a trolley car; when you are positive that the car is at rest before you step carefully to the street. Moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks is now excess. All jokes seem old. You are reminiscent; you tell anecdotes of companions long dead; you speak of bygone happy days. Some show the march of years by spots on waistcoat and lapels of coat. Ferguson is inclined to doze immediately after dinner. Golightly is no longer called "Dick."

The wise man feeling old age creeping or leaping upon him does not thrust himself on the young. He does not attempt to be gay at the club or gallant in the parlor. He bears in mind the advice of Horace: "You have played and eaten and drunk your fill; 'tis time you depart; lest if you drink more deeply than is proper you be jeered and driven from the feast by an age which is sprightly with a better grace." There was Ninon de Lenclos, famous among women, and it is said that Helen was at least 60 years old when aged men of Troy, chirping like grasshoppers, extolled her beauty and did not wonder that nations warred all for her sake, but Ninon and Helen have not had their parallels among men.

A Voice in Glasgow

The Glasgow Herald of April 1 published an article entitled "The Drama of Today." It begins with the statement that the theatre is the most constant topic of conversation among all classes. The Puritan wastes his breath protesting against the stage. "Not only does the stage claim to be a teacher, but by the publishing of plays the dramatist enters the literary arena as a competitor. This fact is in itself of great significance, for by publishing his plays the dramatist appeals to a public other than the ordinary theatre public. He is challenging the attention of the thinking public. The theatre public is still largely made up of amusement seekers, who are not very particular about the fare so long as they can have their laugh. But the man who reads a play at home is a different animal; he reads plays because he is generally interested in the drama."

Comedy rules us now, but there is a period of transition and revolt against established forms. A social drama is developing and the play is based on a wider humanity than formerly. "Dramas are written by poor men about socially despised classes. Labor and capital, poverty and riches, economics and religion, are among the themes. The drama is beginning to touch real life, or to speak more accurately, the life of the masses."

The emancipation from the old bonds is largely due to Ibsen and Bernard Shaw. The former treated unconventional subjects in a dramatically conventional way. The latter treats conventional subjects unconventionally. "Ibsen's method is disfigured by intellectual aridity. Shaw's by moral insincerity." Many will dispute this confident statement.

Hindrances to Growth

The settings are too elaborate. "What technical limitations there are are due mainly to the fact that the scene-shifters are human, that the action of the play is necessarily compressed into a short space of time—a curtailment caused by the demands of social custom, and the desire of the actors and actresses to wear fine clothes—a limitation unsuspected by the uninitiated. To induce actors and actresses to wear the dresses and clothes required by the setting of the plays in which they act is one of the author's hardest tasks. How often are plays artistically spoilt by actresses appearing in smart modern clothes?"

Ther eare other hindrances to the growth of the drama. The great crowd goes to the theatre solely for amusement. It wishes to see life; not its own but that of its social superiors. "A play to 'catch on' in a London West end theatre must perforce deal with 'class' unless it possesses very unusual dramatic power. And, generally speaking, 'society' plays are demanded by the public and presented by the managers. The box office is another hindrance, for since most theatres are run purely as commercial concerns, a good play must give way to an inferior one that will draw. It costs from $4000 to $5000 a week to run a West end theatre, and when the theatre is a large one, like the Majestic, these figures will be almost doubled. It it any wonder that the manager is careful in his selection of plays? Then there is the censor, who is partly responsible for the limited output of good dramas."

The Repertory Idea

The repertory idea—the production of several plays during a single season with a short run for each—is a hopeful feature. "If it succeeds the dependence on box-office drama will be lessened, and also the subjection to the personal idiosyncrasies of actor-managers and manageresses—a thraldom which exercises a stultifying influence on original effort." The repertory theatre is in operation in Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool. Only the Manchester venture is successful. "Glasgow's effort—although an artistic success—is not financially so successful as the efforts of the promoters deserve." Liverpool is endeavoring to start a limited liability company, that the theatre may be on a permanent basis. Mr. Frohman failed in London with his repertory theatre.

The public is not interested in the plays of the "new school of dramatists"; it is tired of the "other-man's-wife comedies"; the public shows signs of rebelling against "the tyranny of the Shaw-Cum-Barker oligarchy." Messrs. Shaw and Barker insist on writing undramatic plays. They preach on the stage as from a pulpit. Mr. Barker has said that the stage should be a place where new opinions could be aired and the public instructed in ways of right thinking; but these authors are forgetting what drama is. Now, a play must be human and the dramatic appeal constant and irresistible. "Unconceded propagandism will catch the public taste; as for Mr. Shaw's blows at social conventions, they are no longer well directed but are blindly aimed—in the hope that they will fall with a resounding smack on some part of his adversaries' bodies. But Mr. Shaw has mistaken his profession; he ought to have been a preacher!"

Other Modern Dramatists

The Glasgow Herald concludes its thoughtfully considered article by saying that the drama of the future will not look to Messrs. Shaw and Barker for its leaders.

"If playwrights are desirous of changing the public taste they must first of all be dramatic. In the opinion of Mr. Somerset Maugham, if an author is really dramatic, the public will accept anything from him, but he must be dramatic. Let the dramatist write plays with a purpose, but not tracts in dialogue form. In Mr. Galsworthy's plays the human interest may not be very great—he deals rather with forces and types than with individuals—yet his plays are dramatic. They have that clash of circumstances and opposing forces which are vital to drama. The strength of the late J. M. Synge's and of Mr. John Masefield's plays lies in their intense human interest—in their conception of character, in the wealth of the poetic imagination which the authors expend in individualizing their characters, and in the subtle touches binging out the "atmosphere." Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Rudloph Besier have also shown in "What the Public Wants" and "Don" that they can individualize a character and discuss a serious problem—and yet their plays do not suffer in dramatic intensity."

Daniel Frohman's Book

Daniel Frohman has published his reminiscences, "Memories of a Manager," an entertaining volume of gossip and opinions. The publishers are Doubleday, Page & Co. The articles, now "amplified and elaborated," were originally published in the Saturday Evening Post. In this book—which will be reviewed later—there are chapters on the composition of plays, "Why Plays Fail," "The Drama of the Day." The Herald refers to them now, for they may be considered with reference to the article of the Glasgow Herald.

Mr. Frohman is certainly a man of unusual experience. He knows dramatists, actors, audiences. No one would ever charge him with being a theorist.

According to Mr. Frohman, plays are built up. A sensible dramatist is willing to take the advice of manager, actor, property man, scene shifter. "The trouble is that many authors, eager for production and profit, project their works with such haste that the revisions suggested by managers are only those which might naturally have occurred to themselves had they allowed more time for the incubating process." Shakespeare was a practical dramatist and manager. Mr. Frohman likes to think of him writing for his company and the box office. "Very likely he sat at the prompt table at rehearsals and rearranged, transferred and readjusted scenes and situations to comply with the demands that the reahearsals revealed to him. It may be that some of his greatest lines occurred to him during this building-up process."

"The most popular plays are often accidents."

"Conversation is the bane of the drama."

"The subtle quality of a play is the essence embodied in the feeling it produces, rather than in lines and arbitrary physical action."

"Many well constructed and well written plays fail because they are not based on a pleasant subject. * * * The stage's best mission should more generally reflect life, not as it is but as it should be." And so a fairy pantomime is an attractive problem play.

A play may be defective in construction, and in literary quality yet make a profoundly human appeal.

"Drama that involves the struggle of the soul in its contest with fate is always a powerful theme."

Among the reasons given by Mr. Frohman for the failure of plays are these:

interesting chapter follows in which is discussion of the Italian secular born in the Marquisate of Mon-

...d to W. H. Seward? It is said that the $1500 Panama given to Gen. Grant ... now in the National Mus... ...ington. More

dies though the mother was living, and for a considerable part of the century maintained its ground against the in-

(although Busoni might prefer to be classed with the Germans); five were Russian, five were American (incl

A play should concentrate interest, for everyone should contribute effect and interest to the gradual unfolding of the plot, climax or catastrophe, inadequate performance, but rarely, for a fairly intelligent rendering will suggest what is wanting if there are any.

Frohman and Ibsen

Let us listen to Mr. Frohman discussing Ibsen: "The masterly quality of Ibsen's plays in construction and character has made the Norwegian dramatist a model for advanced playwrights. But his subjects are usually unpleasant, and, as the success achieved by plays must be regarded from the point of view of the numbers who desire to see them, they are seldom a financial success. Managers never produce Ibsen; they cannot afford the luxury except for a few special performances. But he appeals to the actor-manager or to the star actress, since he affords splendid opportunities for a display of talent in these pathological stage studies. But Ibsen is not a part of our regular theatrical system for the ennoblement or improvement of the public—as the drama rightly should be. No one goes to the theatre to be educated, though a wholesome play incidentally does educate, stimulate and improve. The appeal is less to the head than to the heart—the emotions. The stage, equally with the pulpit, has this power, which, as an ethical force in modern life, can be made a healthful, living thing, or a base and sordid one. People go to the theatre to be interested."

This was written in the box office, and well written.

The Drama of Today

Mr. Frohman does not look for the purely educational quality in plays. There must be drama of the most convincing kind. "By drama I mean a transcript of life, either in its best form, as it exists, or in its ideal form, as life ought to be, embodying a wholesome story that is exalting in quality and uplifting in its effect." The spoken language must be language that can be acted. Plays in earlier periods of the drama display "a greater intellectual effort." Literature of all kinds was not so readily accessible to all classes as it is now, and the actors were depended upon to spout with vehement effect, for it was at the theatre the public obtained more frequently its acquaintance, its chief knowledge of many great writers. The play is now pictorial rather than a rhetorical exhibition. Instead of the declamation of the actor there is the ensemble development of the story. "The stage gives us what is graphic. It depicts society in its various phases; it is devoted to the study of manifestations of life revealed by its contrasting classes that people the upper and lower stratum of humanity, and concerns itself with the keen and searching problems of our own life."

The appeal should not be offered as a political treatise. Mr. Frohman concludes by saying that Byron, Wordsworth, Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning could not, with their great faculties, view life in the way to conform to the objective point of the real playwright. Few of us remember any play even for the closet written by Wordsworth, but the experiment of putting on Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" was made this month in London.

Swinburne's "Atalanta" Again

The Herald spoke last Sunday of the preparations made for the performance of Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, April 4, in aid of the Poetry Society. The result was what might have been expected. The play is poetic, not dramatic. As the Times asked: "Unfortunately the general effect of this performance was to eliminate the poetry, and we were left with the problem—take the poetry from Swinburne and what remains? The answer is very little indeed; and the performers seeing this, felt conscientiously bound to supply something else." Miss Elsie Rogerty produced the play and took the part of Althaea. It is said that she seemed anxious to conceal the fact that it was written in blank verse. She gave familiar gestures and tricks of speech. "She was at the same time unreal and too realistic. She and most of the other actors made the mistake of acting between their lines instead of acting the lines themselves." The gestures of the chorus drew away the attention from the words, the words were often inaudible, and a great deal of the verse was cut out. "During the beautiful chorus, 'O that I now, I too were,' they played at ball because we are told 'a ball dance is definitely recorded to have been used in a Greek tragedy of the classic period of Athenian drama.' This may be so, but we wish it were possible to have Swinburne's opinion of this performance." The music to the play was by Miss Muriel Ellcot, and was for the most part "quiet and melodious."

The Pall Mall Gazette published a long review. It said the performance was a thing to be remembered. The scene was always beautiful, the characters satisfied the eye and ear; the music was in harmony with the situation. On the other hand "Atalanta" is "a wonderful poem, but a shockingly bad play. Page after page of it is filled with splendid verse, but the action and the delineation of character—and, after all, these must be the first essentials in a composition intended for the stage—could all be crowded into, at most, a sixth of the space. . . . Henceforth we shall be quite content to enjoy it in the library. We have no desire to see it acted again." The chorus women looked poetical and waved their arms beautifully and sang in a refined manner, but there was practically a disappearance of the verse. "Sir William Gilbert has told us that 'no single word is ever heard when singers sing in chorus,' and, as a general rule, the loss sustained is small." But these verses happen to be those of a great poet. "For all we could hear of their words, apart from our own memories of the verses, the dancing damsels might have been the aesthetic maidens in 'Patience,' writhing and lithe-limb'd, and quivering on amaranthine asphodel."

On the stage the story itself was essentially unsympathetic and incredible. "No, for all its glories of sense and sound, and wealth of Hellenic culture and spirit, 'Atalanta in Calydon' is not for the playhouse. Up to yesterday we had feared as much. Miss Lillie Fogerty has convinced us."

But see how the critic of the Daily Telegraph was moved to a dithyrambic flight: "Go and see the gracious chorus of young girls come dancing on, their chitons of russet red and rose and gold and gray blue and green floating to the wild rhythm, feel the thrill of their song, see the white arms waving the boughs of flowers, and you will confess that the verse had not told you the half of its beauty."

Against and for Tragedy

Charles Hawtrey addressing the Playgoers Club in London unfolded his views about the theatre. "I think you will agree with me that the great public looks upon the theatre entirely as a place of amusement, a relaxation from the cares and worries of life, and I think it will be always wiser to foster that feeling instead of attempting to make it a means of educating them. The long runs of successful musical comedies, where gloom is not allowed to enter for an instant, is sufficient proof of the tastes of the masses; and who is going to blame them? Not I, for one; nor do I think any of you here tonight. Personally, I think the days of tragedy are over. I don't believe we shall ever see a great English tragedian again. Many of you, no doubt, deplore this; but, after all, we are entirely in the hands of the public, we must give them what they want and make the best of it."

Now compare with this flabby speech a passage from Lawrence Irving's article, "The Plight of the Serious Drama," published in the Fortnightly for April. "It is never the fanatic, least of all the art fanatic, who will establish the theatre in its rightful place as part of the life of the English people. That, I believe, will only be done by our cleverest and sanest young men devoting three or four years to the foundation of stock companies throughout the country. . . . I believe that, once well founded, there are few towns of any size in England that would not with pride maintain such an organization as Miss Horniman's Manchester Repertory Theatre in their midst. Only such schemes would have to regard dramatic literature in its utmost latitude—not scorning the merriment of 'Charley's Aunt' nor the mystic involutions of 'Peer Gynt'—not shirking the sublime greatness of Tolstoy's 'Dominion of Darkness,' nor, of course, ignoring the splendid national heritage of Shakespeare's plays. Then, I think, the glare of the two-houses-a-night music-halls would no longer brazenly throw into the shade the struggling lamps of the proper drama."

Gordon Craig and His Scenery

Gordon Craig, living at Florence, where he edits and publishes the Mask, has an open air theatre there, the Arena Goldoni. He would like to give performances in it, but he cannot afford to do so. At present he is thinking more about his school, the Ecole Craig, which will rise in Paris. This is one of the details of his scheme: Cinematograph pictures and phonographic records will be taken by the student when he enters the school, and when he has been in it three months. Thus there will be comparison in the wrong and the right way of walking and talking on the stage.

Scenery in the Craig Theatre is to be replaced by uncolored screens. They can be moved or adapted in any manner. Suppose there is a prologue; the screens are hemmed round the actor. If there is to be the slightest movements the space is extended. The lighting is generally from the top, but it may be from anywhere. "I get my light where I can," says Mr. Craig, who complains that those who have taken up his theories do not keep pace with him. "They catch hold of some ideas I had 10 years ago, with green lights and curtains—ideas I have discarded, in fact—instead of following me in my latest developments. I say to everybody, to the stage manager, to the actor: 'Come with me; let us search together. But do not go alone into my park looking for something which I can find easily. Come with me.'"

"Hamlet" can thus be played in seven pieces, and half an hour after the performance all the scenery can be packed away in one wagon.

Notes of a Personal Nature

Dr. Muck will conduct the 17th Silesian Music Festival at Goerlitz, June 16-20.

Felix Weingartner, leaving the Vienna opera, had an audience with Emperor Joseph. The Emperor told him how glad he was to learn that the Philharmonic concerts would be directed by him as before.

Dr. Hyzlop, a hospital physician in London, believes that immoderate indulgence in alcohol is responsible for the ultra-modern music. Not that the composers drink too much, but the relish for dissonances and the craving for din are the result of a too highly stimulated life, and were composers to be quieter in force and color, the audiences would not respond.

Posthumous works of Dvorak, symphonies, piano pieces and songs, will be published next fall by Simrock of Berlin.

Siegmund von Hausegger has made a contract for several years with the Hamburg Philharmonic Society as conductor.

Here is a refined jest from the Signale: "The newspapers give a report of Hans Gregor's first day in Vienna: he has forbidden the singers to wear a beard. But will they still be allowed to have hair on the teeth?"

The Leipsic journals say that Mrs. Nikisch's operetta, "Meine Tante, Deine Tante," was warmly applauded when it was produced at the Dresden Residenz Theatre, although her book is a confused and inconsequential thing and her music not much better.

Sir Edward Elgar has succeeded Hans Richter as chief conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts.

It seems that when Paderewski's symphony was performed recently in Berlin the critics paid little attention to it and "music lovers" of the city were indifferent. For this they have all been taken to task by Mr. Spanuth, the editor of the Signale, who is attempting the heroic task of making Berlin less conservative.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch is said by the Berlin critics to have a marked talent for conducting.

Miss Kathleen Howard was loudly praised in Berlin a short time ago for her extraordinary compass, excellent technic and fine taste. Miss Howard sang in Boston about eight years ago as a member of Adelina Patti's company. It was then remarked that she had an unusually good voice and knew little about the art of singing.

Gabriel Pierne, who succeeded Colonne as conductor of the Chatelet concerns in Paris, will conduct a series of concerts of French music, including his "Children's Crusade," at the exposition of Turin and Rome. The tomb of Colonne in Pere Lachaise has been dedicated. It is a simple monument of red marble with a bronze bust of the dead conductor.

The Referee did not like the way two young women played Bach's concerto for two pianos and strings in London. "The Misses Elsa and Cecilia Saltz rendered the solo portions in a cold, stiff manner, little suggestive of the temperament of the man who had two wives and 20 children."

They are telling stories about Hans Richter, as a conductor, in London. Once offered a cigar by a man whom he did not know, Dr. Richter looked him up and down, and then asked "genially": "Have you, perhaps, written a symphony?"

Louise Villani, engaged by Mr. Savage for his production in English of "The Girl of the Golden West," sang once at the Boston Opera House this season, as Leonora in "Il Trovatore."

Mr. Zimmermann of Vienna has invented a device for producing applause. His instrument consists of two leather bags inflated with air, which, brought into sharp contact, give forth sounds indistinguishable from energetic hand-clappings. The Daily Telegraph of London approving the device, adds: "These bags are set in motion by the simple expedient of pressing an electric button—a task, it may be hoped, that will be assigned in every well conducted theatre and opera house to one of the 'old brigade' of claqueurs, so that all of them may not have to resign themselves to Othello's melancholy fate. And now it only remains for the artful Viennese inventor to put a machine on the market that will hiss like the sturdiest malcontent and every 'first night' will continue as in the glorious past."

Music in Spain

The Daily Telegraph of London recently published an interesting article on music in Spain, apropos of orchestral concerts led there by Mr. Arbos, who was for a year the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Arbos has been for some years the conductor of the Madrid Philharmonic Society.

"A few days ago the first concert of the new series took place in Madrid, where five more are to be held before the orchestra goes off on what has become an annual tour of the Spanish provinces, Barcelona, Valencia, Cartagena, Alicante, Murcia, Bilbao, San Sebastian, and other cities being visited in turn—the whole series comprising 49 concerts. The programs are of the most modern character, but * * * no soloists are to appear at any of the concerts. The Spaniard has no great liking for the genus soloist; he infinitely prefers purely orchestral music. Enthusiasm for this has, indeed, now become so great that at one town visited by Arbos and his orchestra last year among the audience were some 25 young men whose chief occupation in life was the climbing of palm trees to gather the fruit. These young men had tramped through the day the 15 miles from their village to hear the concert, and tramped back during the night, for there was no railway communication; and the process was repeated when the second concert occurred. In one concert of the recently opened series the Choral Symphony, parts of the Christmas Oratorio, of Cesar Franck's 'Les Beatitudes,' and probably Sir Hubert Parry's 'Blest Pair of Sirens,' are to be sung in Catalan dialect. Indeed, the first-named work, which has never been sung in pure Spanish, created a furore in the Catalan cities a year ago, and it is not without its significance that nearly the whole of Wagner's great dramas have been issued in a magnificent edition at Barcelona in this dialect.

"But if great stress is laid by the Spaniard upon orchestral music, he is hardly less enthusiastic in the matter of chamber music. In nearly every big town in Spain, in Madrid, Bilbao, Barcelona, Valladolid, even in Leon, chamber-music societies are in a most flourishing condition. Of particular interest is this fact, for at Leon, a place of great antiquity and historic distinction (which, incidentally, has never known gas, since it leapt from oil-lamps of poorest quality to most modern electric lighting), no house is less than two centuries old, and there is no semblance of a concert hall. Yet the famous Rose quartet from Vienna, whose success here was recently so great, have visited it annually for several years. Quite original and very democratic are these chamber-music societies. They are supported entirely by subscription, the whole of which goes to pay the artists their fees. The management is in the hands of true music lovers, who are largely interested in the education of their countrymen."

The Madrid Philharmonic Society has 1500 subscribers who pay each $1.25 a month for the season of 12 to 15 concerts, which are given in a theatre, as there is no concert hall. "No tickets are numbered, but all are named, and the rule is most emphatic against the transfer of a subscriber's ticket, even to another subscriber. In the event of the ticketholder's illness, for example, his ticket may not be used by any other person. It is also literally a case of first come, first served, and it is no uncommon sight in a Madrid concert to see a lord or lady 'of creation,' an aristocrat, in the upper part of the building, while the best seats in the house are occupied by folk of comparatively humble degree. In spite of the great number of subscribers the waiting list comprises 1000 names. A further hint to some of our concert goers might be taken from this fact that any subscriber, of whatever social degree, who is observed to talk or in any way to incommode his neighbors in a concert receives a very severe admonition from the president on the day following, and if the bad behavior is persisted in later the person so misbehaving is removed from the subscribers' list.'

Last fall King Alfonso instituted a prize in the form of a subsidy of about $4000 for the best orchestra, with a view to develop orchestral playing in various cities, and a condition was affixed: a composition by a Spanish musician must be played at every concert. Mr. Arbos will bring out 10 new works written by Pedrell, Maurique, Perez Casas, Albeniz, Conrado del Campo, Granados, Turina, Falla, and next December will conduct concerts of Spanish music in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Drama and Music in London

"Joan of Arc," an opera by Raymond Roze, will be performed next month in concert form at the Queen's Hall, London, and the composer will conduct. Miss Maggie Teyte will sing the music of the heroine. Mr. Roze, a son of Mme. Marie Roze, by her first husband, the bass, Perkins, is well known here. He was engaged as one of the stage managers at the Boston Opera House in 1909.

Hubert Bath has written an overture,

"Mr. Midshipman Easy," which was performed at a Strolling Players' concert March 30. "The opening portion consists of a nautical subject treated fugally in the fashion as to which Smetana has said the final word. This is followed by some passages of sentiment, which are a good deal less attractive, and they lead into some semi-Spanish phrases, copiously illustrated by the castanets, and intended to recall the midshipman's Spanish sweetheart. Fortunately, the composer soon passes her by and reverts to his earlier manner, which fills up almost the whole of the remainder of the work, with an exhibition of a vast deal of spirit and skill."

"The Arcadians" will have its second anniversary in London on the 28th. New numbers and effects will be introduced. In Vienna "The Arcadians" is sandwiched between vaudeville turns at the Ronacher Theatre, but the whole performance does not last much over three hours, for the comedians are not permitted to lag. "They regard their parts as character studies and play them in perfectly straightforward fashion." Nor is it likely that "encores" are forced on the audience.

Martin Harvey will soon revive "Pelleas and Melisande" by agreement with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It will be his first production in the fall tour in the English provinces.

The Sicilians will give a condensed version of "Cavalleri Rusticana" at the Hippodrome, London, the 24th.

There is a dispute in London over the comparative merits of English and continental dancers. The English are a loyal folk.

Mr. Haddon Chambers thinks that many actors and actresses make a mistake in their variety performances. "Either they select a dainty little piece fitted only for a small theatre for presentation to expert playgoers and then whisper it into the orchestra of some vast variety house, or after they have spent all their theatrical time in subtle, delicate work, they get some highly-colored sketch, and shout it in a big hall, and so they appear to the music-hall audience what they really are not, and broaden and spoil their own method. In a word, I don't feel that the drama in music halls yet 'found itself.' I have seen a great deal of this kind of incongruity in America, even in their theatres there. I have seen such a dainty, delicate, little comic opera as 'Veronique' put on at the New York Casino, which is larger than Drury Lane."

Notes from Paris

The Herald published last Sunday an account of a new "Napoleon play," entitled "Rivoli." Percival of the Referee evidently did not like the drama, and it is fair to infer he does not like the author. This is the way he began his review: "I wonder whether you remember a young man named Rene Fauchois, who doesn't think much of Racine. Racine, though I didn't know him myself, because circumstances forbade it, had, I believe, a poor opinion of Corneille. However, M. Fauchois made quite a name for himself in Paris by saying that he didn't like Racine and getting mobbed because of this opinion. He also wrote a play called 'Beethoven,' to which the music was quite excellent. If I am not mistaken, you saw the play in London and you liked the music there, too. Well, this week M. Rene Fauchois, who was made the hero of the schools because he didn't like Racine, produced his masterpiece at the Odeon. I don't think I was ever quite so much amused by a cinematograph show in my life. It is called 'Rivoli.' I am inclined to think the young author may be distantly related to George Bernard Shaw. At all events, he is a humorist. He hit upon the extraordinary idea of writing his play 'Rivoli' half in verse and partly in prose. I expected the effect to be even more startling than it was, but owing to the peculiarities of M. Fauchois's verse and M. Fauchois's prose I caught myself looking at the program every now and then (on which the prose acts and the verse acts were carefully noted down) to find out whether prose or verse was being spoken. And anybody who has tried to read small print upon a program in the half-darkness of a Paris theatre knows how confusing that is." Then Percival goes on to say how bad the play is.

Sir W. S. Gilbert has authorized Mme. Theresa Wittmann to translate "The Hooligan" into French. It is grim enough for the Grand Guignol.

Opera in Germany

The Intendant of the Royal Court Theatre, Munich, announces that in the forthcoming Wagner and Mozart festival, in addition to Munich singers, the following will participate: Lucie Weldt, Royal Opera, Vienna, two performances of Isolde and one of the "Ring," Brunhilde; Heinrich Knote, as Stolzing, Siegmund, Siegfried; Ernst Kraus of Berlin, as Siegmund, Siegfried, Tristan; Von Bary of Dresden, as Tristan; Anton von Rooy, who will take the parts of Wotan, Sachs, Kurwenal alternately with Feinhals, and Desider Zador, who appears again as Alberich. Negotiations with a view to securing further outside singers promise to be successful. According to information received from the general agents, the Amtliches Beyerisches Reisebureau G. M. B. H. (late Schenker & Co.), Munich, Promenadeplatz 16, the demand for seats for the performances at this year's festival is very lively, especially from abroad, which is no doubt partly due to the coronation in England.

Eugen d'Albert's new opera, "Die Verschenkte Frau," will be produced for the first time at the Vienna Court Opera House.

D'Albert's "Tiefland" was recently performed for the 300th time in Berlin. It did not please in New York, and has had little success in London. The opera was produced in Berlin only three years and a half ago.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give two concerts this week:

MONDAY—First Church of Christ, Scientist, 8 P. M. Organ recital by John A. O'Shea. Thiele, Theme Variations and Finale in A flat; Dubois, Benediction Nuptial; Schumann, Canon; Spark, Theme, Variations and Fugue on Vesper Hymn; Foote, Pastorale; Guilmant, Choral and Fugue from Sonata No. 5; Lemaire, Andantino, Callaerts, Toccata; Bach, Adagio; Salome, Cantilene; Weber, Overture; O'Shea, Barcarolle (by request); Whiting, Finale from Sonata in A minor.

WEDNESDAY—Ford Hall, 8 P. M. Chamber concert by Mrs. Olive W. Hilton, violinist; Mrs. Anna H. Huntting, 'cellist; Miss Ida McCarthy, pianist, and Arthur J. Hackett, tenor. Ensemble: Arensky, Allegro Moderato from Trio in D minor; Schnett, Allegretto and Allegro vivo from Trio; Gade, Andante and Finale from Trio, op. 42. Violin solos: Volpe, Mazurka; Borowsky, Adoration; Ries, Perpetuum Mobile. Solo piano: Donizetti, Leschetitzki. Sextet from "Lucia," arranged for the left hand. Songs: Whelpley, I Know a Hill; Liszt, Thou Art Like a Flower; Tosti, Mattinata; Dvorak, Songs My Mother Taught Me; Lieher, The Sweetest Flower; Andrews, Oh, for a Day of Spring. This, the 60th concert of the season, concludes the series. The concerts will be resumed in December, 1911. The music department will now see to providing high class band concerts in the various city parks.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," performed by the People's Choral Union of 400 voices, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. Solo singers, Miss Marie Stoddard, soprano; Mrs. Maude W. Grove, contralto; Dr. Franklin Lawson, tenor, all of New York, and Charles Bennett of Boston, bass. The society will be assisted by 40 players from the Boston Symphony Society, Miss Marian L. Lane, pianist, and Hermann A. Shedd, organist.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Alice Sovereign, contralto, of the Dessau Opera House, and Frank La Forge, pianist. Songs: Secchi, Lungi dal caro bene; Reichardt, When the Roses Bloom; Schubert, Fruehlingsglaube; Schumann, Fruehlingsnacht; Brahms, Sapphische Ode, Botschaft; Strauss, Wiegenlied, Heimliche Aufforderung; Arensky, But Lately in Dance; Rachmaninoff, Lilacs, Floods of Spring; Foote, Irish Folk Song, Roses in Winter; La Forge, Expectancy, Vor einem Crucifix, Take O Take Those Lips Away; Beach, The Year's at the Spring. Piano pieces: Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp major, Three Preludes, Polonaise, op. 53.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by the Paulist Choristers of Chicago, the Rev. William J. Finn, C. S. P., director. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Florence Connor. Bach, Sonata for violin alone, Preludio; Wieniawski, Concerto in F sharp minor; Sarasate, Spanish Dance; Schubert, Wilhelmi, Ave Maria; Bach, Romance; Saint-Saens, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. Carl Lamson will be the accompanist. Miss Connor is an English violinist who, having given a series of concerts in this country and Canada, is on her way to Germany for a tour.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Paulist Choristers of Chicago. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 24th and last public rehearsal, this season, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 24th and last concert, this season, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

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PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION CONCERT

The People's Choral Union, at its 14th annual concert, gave Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" last night in Symphony Hall. Frederick W. Wodell conducted and the soloists were Miss Laura Conant, soprano; Mrs. Maude W. Grove, contralto; Dr. Franklin Lawson, tenor; Charles Bennett, bass.

Mrs. M. Frances Brady of the chorus sang in the solo trio of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Herman A. Shedd was the organist and Miss Marion Lane the pianist. Miss Conant at very short notice took the place of Miss Marie Stoddart, who had been announced as the soprano soloist, but whom a sudden indisposition prevented from appearing.

The Union was assisted by an orchestra composed of members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Jacques Hoffman as principal.

It is easy to understand that the same mental soil from which the three-volume novel sprang provided good ground for the cultivation of a form so prolix both verbally and musically as the oratorio. The most striking proof of Handel's power is that in spite of the outgrown form he employed, so much of his writing still makes its appeal.

There is little in the story or the libretto of "Judas Maccabeus" to inspire music of the emotional quality of some portions, for example of the "Messiah." Yet there are many choruses that are spirited and impressive, Handel was as ready here as elsewhere with the facile embroidery in the shape of trills and turns and multitudinous semi-quavers which makes his airs difficult to sing, but quaintly pleasing in an adequate performance.

Miss Conant gave no evidence that she had had but 24 hours' notice before her appearance as the Israelitish woman. Her voice is appealing in quality, and she sang with skill and with respect for the style of the music. This was also true of Mr. Bennett.

Mrs. Grove had, in the contralto part, less solo work than the others, and some of the effect of her singing was marred by false intonation. Dr. Lawson showed little conception of the style this music demands; his tonal emission is too lacking in legato to do full justice to either aria or recitative as they are treated by Handel.

Mr. Wodell obtains some fine effects with the chorus, which is to be warmly praised for the success and evident sincerity of its work. The sudden contrasts in "Fallen is the foe," the martial sonority of "See the conquering hero," as well as many minor points of attack and tone, had real merit.

An audience of very good size gave enthusiastic applause to chorus and soloists.

April 25 1911

DARKNESS AND LIGHT PAGEANT

"The Pageant of Darkness and Light," invented and designed by John Oxenham and Hugh Moss, the words by John Oxenham and the music by Hamish MacCunn, was performed yesterday afternoon as a feature of "The World in Boston" for the first time in this city.

MacCunn, who is now in his 44th year, is well known in Great Britain as a composer of operas, cantatas and orchestral overtures, and as a conductor at the Savoy and other theatres. In 1900 he wrote the music for Louis N. Parker's "Masque of War and Peace." The music to the pageant performed yesterday is well suited to the purposes of the stage. The choral music is effective, and some of the solo numbers are charming. It is to be regretted that the duet for soprano and tenor in the fourth episode was cut out. The orchestral music has character and color. There is charming exoticism in the music for Africa, Hindoostan and Hawaii.

Chorus Well Balanced.

Ephraim Cutter, Jr., conducted the performance yesterday, and his command over the chorus and orchestra was sure. The chorus was well balanced and sonorous. The orchestra was the Boston (Ladies), with Mrs. Belle Y. Renfrew, concert master.

A "prolocutor" in a clear, distinct voice recited admirably the versified prologues to the different episodes. This pageant, by the way, was produced in London in connection with the Missionary Exposition, "The Orient in London," in 1908. The form of this pageant is that of a masque oratorio, with four scenes representing the north, the south, the east and the west, and a final procession of the nations of the world gathering around the Cross of Christ.

The first episode, "the North," represented an Indian camp in the far Northwest as the medicine man urges the braves to kill trading Eskimos, but a missionary enters who brings back the chief's little daughter, and thus gains a hearing. The parts were taken by Miss Blanche Towle and W. Gustafson, Jr., F. M. Conly, C. C. Bell and Henry Gurney. Miss Towle, who has a well schooled voice of fine quality, sang a cradle song with much expression. Mr. Gurney, the tenor, who was in the London production, sang with clear enunciation. The others were effective.

Livingstone and Stanley.

The second episode, "The South," pictures the meeting of Livingstone (the Rev. D. Brewer Eddy) and Stanley (William Francis). The part of a shiek's wife was taken by Mrs. Francis Annealey. This episode made a deep impression. The missionary, though longing for home, refuses to leave his flock until his work is done.

The third episode, "The East," in which Miss Geraldine Bliss took the part of a Hindu widow and Mr. Gustafson that of an English Governor showed the preparation for a Suttee and the abolition of the practice. There was music in this episode of truly exotic character.

Episode IV, "The West," is a story of victims chosen for Pete, the Goddess of the lakes of fire on Hawaii. A bridegroom and child are selected, but Queen Kaploiani defies Pele and her priests. The music of the Queen was sung with authority by Miss Adelaide Griggs. Miss Towle was a dramatic bride and sang with spirit the music allotted to her. Her duet with the tenor was unfortunately omitted. Mrs. Annersley made much of a minor part, the Old Inhabitant. Mr. Gurney was the Bridegroom and Mr. Conly the Priest.

Marched and Sang.

The Fifth Episode was of a processional nature. The choir, with various contingents, marched and sang, after which there was a final hymn, "In Christ there is no East or West," and the pageant closed with "Old Hundreth," sung by the chorus and the audience.

In consideration of the fact that it was a first performance, the pageant went smoothly and showed careful drill. The confusion in the final episode will probably not occur again. The entertainment is varied, interesting, unique and will no doubt draw large audiences.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" Delights Audience on Return to City.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson, adapted from Mrs. Wiggin's "Rebecca Books."

Miranda Sawyer.....Marie L. Day
Jane Sawyer.....Eliza Glassford
Mrs. Perkins.....Ada Deaves
Mrs. Simpson.....Viola Fortescue
Rebecca Rowena Randall..Edith Taliaferro
Emma Jane Perkins.....Lorraine Frost
Clara Belle Simpson.....Violet Mercereau
Minnie Smellie.....Kathryn Bryan
Alice Robinson.....Etta Bryan
Jeremiah Cobb.....Archie Boyd
Abner Simpson.....Sam Colt
Abijah Flagg.....Edwin Smedley
Adam Ladd.....Hayward Ginn

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" ran for over two months at the Tremont Theatre early in 1910 and has since had a long run in New York. It has been seen here by many, and it is not necessary at this late day to tell the story or consider carefully the structure of the play. "Rebecca" is a drama only by courtesy. It might be unkind to characterize it as the veriest piffle. Surely no more ingenuous piece and no thinner and innocuous one has ever been put on the stage in this city. The artless presentation of child life, with a few character sketches, and a certain baldly photographic realism, please many people. Then there is the return to the village which always appeals to city dwellers, although they would soon tire of the village were they doomed to go back after long life in the city.

Yet in this strangely ingenuous play there is as rank an instance of theatrical clap-trap as can be found in any melodrama of "The Queen of the Secret Seven" or "Convict 999" order. The scene in which Rebecca persuades Abner Simpson, the black sheep of the village, to give the mother of his children, a wedding ring, would be ridiculous in its sentimentalism and cheap appeal were it not for the sincerity and innocence of Rebecca, played by Miss Taliaferro.

The piece was capitally acted. Miss Taliaferro succeeded remarkably in giving the impression of childish thought and action. She not only looked the child, she acted as a child, without affectation, and was never sophisticated. Her playmates were also natural and Miss Frost as Emma Jane was delightful. Miss Day and Miss Glassford were excellent as the aunts, though the characters themselves are stage New Englanders, not so true to life as other characters in the series of loosely connected episodes. The garrulous Mrs. Perkins is known to all, and Miss Deaves chattered agreeably in an inconsequential manner.

Mr. Boyd deserves warm praise for his convincing presentation of the stage driver, a lovable, amusing character. Played by Mr. Boyd, this Jeremiah Cobb had vitality. The part was thoughtfully composed, and the details of the business were not labored and not distracting. Praiseworthy, too, was Mr. Colt's acting in the part of Abner, the scapegrace, unmoral rather than immoral, ready to steal, not exactly lazy, but wishing to pick his work and preferring to have to do with horses. He played the part picturesquely and with a fine reserve. Miss Fortescue was a sensitive and inherently refined "Mrs." Simpson.

The audience evidently enjoyed the play and the performance.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

"Happy Hooligan" Scores a Big Success—Capital Comedy Well Played.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Happy Hooligan," a comedy.

Happy Hooligan.....Ross Snow
Peter Guggenheimer.....Harry Ward
A. B. C. Bullcon.....Lute Vorhman
Rube Bluecoat.....Arthur F. Cahn
Arizona Ike.....Harry Woods
Tough Mike.....James Mack
Johnson.....Harry von Dell
Taffy Jones.....Miss Hattie Raymond
Widow Jones.....Miss Marie E[illegible]
Jennie Fresh.....Bertha D[illegible]

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"IL TROVATORE" BY ABORN COMPANY

Acting and Singing of Verdi's Opera in English Found Commendable.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—A[illegible] English Grand Opera Company, Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. We[illegible] conducted.

[illegible] .... Miss H[illegible]
[illegible] .... [illegible]
[illegible] .... Miss [illegible]
Ma[illegible] .... Mr. S[illegible]
Ru[illegible] .... Mr. Hu[illegible]
Count di Luna .... Mr. Pi[illegible]
Fer[illegible] .... Mr. Waterous

A large audience enjoyed a fair performance of Verdi's melodious opera last evening. The production, save in the matter of scenery, did not rank as high as those of the preceding weeks. There were orchestral discrepancies, a general tendency to faulty intonations among the singers and a lack of unity.

Mr. Sungdoff, whose voice in the upper register is of an agreeable quality, sang the lyric passages with taste and true emotion, but in phrases of a broader nature his tones were forced even to harshness. He acted with authority.

Miss Helena sang creditably and was a regal and charming Leonora. Miss Le Baron was an acceptable Azucena. The music demands a voice of richer color and greater variety of emotional expression. Then too, this woman, consumed by the smouldering passion for revenge, was something more than a wrinkled hag who prattled vindictively of old wrongs and clamored shrewishly for redress.

Mr. Piso as the Count di Luna sang admirably and showed himself a well graced actor. Mr. Waterous was an impressive Ferrando. The chorus was commendable. There was hearty applause.

The opera next week will be Puccini's "La Boheme."

AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

"Romance of the Underworld" Again a Headliner.

Everything that goes to make up a good vaudeville show is presented at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, and judging from the applause last evening the bill is one of the best that has been presented at that playhouse this season.

Paul Armstrong's drama, "A Romance of the Underworld," began its second week and was again the headliner.

The act does not lose any of its popularity and is undoubtedly one of the best acts that has ever been seen on a vaudeville stage in this city. The large cast of 23 characters, the criminal court room on sentencing day, with its large array of various types of criminals, together with the large number of court officials, present a realtistic scene.

Nellie Nichols, a singing comedian, who was billed as "A Breeze from the West," certainly lived up to her reputation. Aided by a good voice and a pleasing personality Miss Nichols won much applause last night. Her songs were good and her manner lively.

Neil O'Brien, formerly of Dockstader's minstrels, and William H. Hallett, are two clever entertainers, and their monologue and rapid-fire talk were good.

Other acts on the bill were: Marlo-Aldo trio, in a novelty gymnastic act; Handers and Meliss, in singing and dancing novelties; Marie Hart and Billy Hart, in a novel sketch, "The Circus Girl"; Jack Kelly and Violet Kelly, in an Australian stock whip act; George Lyons and Bob Yosco, two street musicians, who know how to play a harp and sing.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Arcadians," musical comedy in three acts by Mark Ambient and A. M. Thompson; lyrics by Arthur Wimperis, music by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot.

James Smith and Simplicitas.....Frank Moulan
Peter Doody..........Percival Knight
Jack Meadows..........Alan Mudie
Bobby..........Harold Clemence
Sir George Paddock..........Lawrence Grant
Time..........Tom Collins
Eileen Cavanagh..........Julia Sanderson
Mrs. Smith..........Josephine Hall
Sombra..........Ethel Cadman
Chrysea..........Mary Mackid

GLOBE THEATRE—"The Virginian," by Owen Wister and Kirke La Shelle. The cast:

The Virginian..........Earle Ryder
Judge Henry..........Wm. H. Leydon
Uncle Hen..........Harry Holida[illegible]
Trampas..........H. C. Russell
Steve..........Noel Travers
Honey Wiggin..........Frank Vail
Nebrasky..........John H. Smiley
Baldy..........C. H. Carleton
Spanish Ed..........Charles R. Gilbert
Mrs. Ogden..........Roxanne Lansing
Molly Wood..........Augusta True
Mrs. Henry..........Marie Dantes
Mrs. Hewie..........Eleanor Wilton

ALICE SOVEREIGN'S RECITAL

American Contralto of Dessau Opera House Has Voice of Wide Range.

Miss Alice Sovereign, contralto, and Frank La Forge, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Secchi, "Lungi dal Caro Bene"; Reichardt, "When the Roses Bloom"; Schubert, "Fruehlingsglaube"; Schumann, "Fruehlingsnacht"; Brahams, "Sapphische Ode," "Botschaft"; Strauss, "Wiegenlied," "Heimliche Aufforderung"; Arensky, "But Lately in Dance"; Rachmaninoff, "Lilacs," "Floods of Spring"; Foote, "Irish Folk Song," "Roses in Winter"; La Forge, "Expectancy"; "Vor Einem Crucifix," "Take, O Take Those Lips Away"; Beach, "The Year's at the Spring." Mr. La Forge played the following selections: Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp minor, Three Preludes, Polonaise in A flat, opus 53.

Miss Sovereign's voice is large and free, of wide range, skilfully equalized and of rich beauty. It has remarkable elasticity. Her command of breath seemed uneven; at times it enabled her to sustain long phrases satisfying for their breath and repose, as in the "Sapphic Ode" and the close of "Vor Einem Crucifix"; at other times it gave her pianissimo beautiful vitality, as in "Lilacs" and "Roses in Winter"; but in the first two or three songs, and notably in the song by Arensky and the Irish Folk Song, it was not well managed.

Miss Sovereign has excellent diction, though at times she errs on the side of over-emphasis, and the result is an explosive effect, especially on certain final consonants, which is apt to cut her legato. At times she adopts certain mannerisms of bodily motion which detract from the success of the total impression.

Mr. La Forge played sympathetic accompaniments. His solo playing is not of so conspicuous merit; though technically adequate, it has not poetic insight. His "Vor Einem Crucifix" is original and interesting.

READ MACKAYE'S "MATER"

Miss Grace Chamberlain Interprets Comedy at Tuileries.

At Hotel Tuileries, yesterday afternoon, Miss Grace Chamberlain read "Mater," by Percy Mackaye.

"Mater" is the mother of Michael Dean, who wishes to convert society into "a great happiness-producing mechanism." He is running for the Legislature and his election depends upon Arthur Cullen, who comes to Michael's home with an envelope full of pledges of votes as a bribe. Mater, having great personal charm, uses her fascination—to the extent of letting Cullen believe she is going to marry him—in order to get him to hand over the pledges, unconditionally.

Cullen, who would bribe Michael, is a bold, bad man, stewed in corruption. Mater, who bribes Cullen, is a bewitching woman; there is the moral. And yet, which is the moral? Is it that ethics countenance bribing a briber, or that the right and wrong of it is concerned only with what you bribe for and what you bribe with?

Miss Chamberlain went at the play in the right spirit. Mentally, she had it in perfect control, but her dramatic expression is not sufficiently free and pliable to render thoroughly successful the different, individual characters.

She tended to make the men too masculine, thereby stamping her impersonator as woman-made. A man's voice is not necessarily hard and loud and thick.

She handled the humor with poignancy and the sentiment with sympathy, but her characterization was often exaggerated.

BLIND ACTOR PLAYS TO AID THE BLIND

He Is Starred in Production of the Boston Italian Dramatic Company.

For the benefit of blind Italians of Boston the Boston Italian Dramatic Company gave a play in Italian at Union Hall, 45 Boylston street, last evening. The drama was F. Bernardini's "Il Cieco" ("The Blind Man").

Its chief character, Vittorio Silvegni, was played with artistic feeling by Alfred Pellino, who has lately lost his sight.

The other characters were:

Barone Gustavo Varnleri, Nino Calabro; Luisa, Armanda Bassi; Adele, Matilde Florenza; Giulio Ferrandini, D. Pilla; Pietro Merandi, G. Di Benedictis; Celeste, Giulia Schembry; Maria, E. Manetti; Un Marinaio, M. D'India.

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The singers of the Vienna Royal Opera are now prohibited from wearing beard, mustache, whiskers of any kind. This is to be regretted, for singers with golden voices often have golden teeth and in bursts of passion thus dispel illusion.

It is a pity that in the interesting "Pageant of Darkness and Light" at Mechanics' Building the actual words that passed between Livingstone and Stanley when they first met, are not retained. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the two men than Stanley's question and Livingstone's answer. "Doctor, I have sought you far and wide" turns the heroic into the theatrical.

Judge Lee of Providence, R. I., is reported as saying on the bench that a wife must not go through her husband's pockets, and if she does, a man would be justified in slapping her. The husband's provocation in this instance is great, but the famous lines in Tobin's "Honeymoon" beginning "The man that lays his hand upon a woman" still outweighs judicial opinions.

They say that the high price of coffee is driving some to tea or cocoa. It is also reported that at Washington the heads of departments have declared war against the tea-drinking habit as infectious, demoralizing, a waste of time. But it is not the tea that clogs the brain and induces the drinker to slothfulness; it is the buttered toast. Why does no one revive "choca" as a winter drink? It is made by mixing boiling hot coffee, milk and chocolate and stirring into a creamy foam. Voltaire used to drink it at the Cafe Procope. Napoleon was fond of it and complained at St. Helena that he could not get it made to suit him. Dr. Doran, an authority on these matters, declared that choca both soothes and revives. Nor is there need of buttered toast with it.

April 27 1911

THE PAULIST CHORISTERS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago, Fr. William J. Finn, musical director; Walter Keller, organist; George D. J. Griffin, M. D., president, gave concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and evening. The program was as follows:

Introduction and march from Gleason's "Montezuma," arranged for the organ; Waddington, "Salve Regina"; settings of "Ave Verum," by Mozart, Gounod, Elgar; Chadwick, "Light of Life," Parvum Quando Cerno Deum"; Gevaert's arrangements "Chanson de Mai" and Musette; "Alla Trinita Beata"; Gounod, "Gallia"; Elgar, "The Angelus," "O Salutaris"; Arensky, Serenade; Koneman, "Neath our Earth in Gloomy Hades"; Gevaert, Rondo and "Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Divin"; settings of "Ave Maria," by Gounod, Franck, Brahms; Chadwick, Fugue from "Noel"; P. F. Hartmann, "As the Hart Panteth."

The solos were sung by Master Harcourt Browne and Messrs. Curran and Willett.

This choir has a high reputation in Chicago and in cities which it has visited. This tour is the fourth. The director has trained his choir so that it sings with marked expression, and he has evidently taken great pains in securing pianisimo effects. The boys' voices are of pure quality and especially effective in the upper register, for brilliance is then attained without shrillness. The middle tones might be fuller; indeed, last evening they often seemed comparatively weak. The attack of the singers was decisive. When there were contrapuntal passages, the walk of the voice parts was in each case clearly defined. The choir is master of tonal gradations, and it has been well drilled in the swelling and diminishing of tone. The intonation last evening was by no means flawless. It was especially impure in Mozart's "Ave Verum," which in spite of its apparent simplicity is a severe test of any chorus.

The music of the church naturally suffered somewhat when heard in a concert hall. It is a pity that here in Boston more ecclesiastical music of the highest order is not heard in its home. The Choral Art Society, singing in Trinity Church excellent examples of religious music both old and modern, made a far greater impression than when it gave concerts in Jordan Hall. This society, unfortunately, was disbanded through lack of support. There is no organization that has taken its place, and some of the most beautiful and the noblest compositions in the literature of music are therefore unknown except to students of the printed page.

Waddington's "Salve Regina," which was sung at the Eucharistic congress at London in 1908, is not a work of high rank. The text should have inspired better music. One of the features of the concert was the grouping together of settings of the same text by different composers. The "Ave Verum" has been especially fortunate. Mozart's heavenly composition is familiar. Gounod's, sung in many Protestant churches, is free from the worldly sentimentalism that taints much of his ecclesiastical music. Elgar's is little known, yet it is an admirable setting, full of religious emotion, and of a higher flight than this overpraised composer attains in more elaborate works. The old French music edited by Gevaert charmed the audience. The hymn, "Alla Trinita Beata," substituted for Sullivan's "Joy and Sorrow," was sung with such delicacy and beauty of tone that it was repeated, and the finale of "Gallia" was enthusiastically re-demanded.

The audience was large and most appreciative.

MISS CONNOR'S RECITAL

Miss Florence Connor gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Carl Lamson was the pianist. The program was as follows: Bach, prelude from a Sonata for the violin alone; Wieniowski, Concerto in F sharp minor; Sarasate, Spanish Dance; Schubert-Wilhelmj, Ave Maria; Wagner, Albumblatt; Saint-Saens, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso. There was a small audience. The program was annotated. Thus Bach was characterized as "the very founder of the essence of composition," and Wilhelmj's transcription of Schubert's song was described as "the essence of soul-worship in music." Sarasate's Spanish dances are "musically typical of the southern beauties dancing in all their languid grace and loveliness. The vivid colorings and graceful poses with all their entrancing charm, enticing, bewitching love in bloom."

A PASSING GARMENT.

There is a wail in the Pall Mall Gazette over the passing of the smock, slop, or round frock which for years was "part and parcel" of England. It seems that in these days the farm laborer despises the smock as an emblem of lowly birth and rude toil. The present generation of cottage women do not know how to make the garment, whereas their mothers and grandmothers took pride in the making. The Sunday smock was decorated with designs, elaborate, complicated, pretty, and at the same time not out of harmony with the wearer and his environment. Today if a farm laborer wishes a smock he is forced to go to London and pay a fancy price for it.

The "smock frock" was well known in New England villages in the early sixties. It was a plain, serviceable garment, never fancifully ornamented, at least not to our knowledge, but picturesque and distinctive. The hired man wore it and was not ashamed, thus dressed, to rise in town meeting to speak against the lawyer, store-keeper, minister or rich man of the village, on a question of raising money for schools, repair of roads, or strengthening a bridge. The town meeting described and lauded by de Tocqueville was distinguished by its smock frocks. Yet even in the sixties, this garment was not known to many dwellers in large towns. George M. Stearns was once defending some men accused of arson. The court was held at Northampton. A witness had testified that a suspicious person, watched by a constable, was dressed in a smock frock. Mr. Stearns first queried as to the meaning of the term, and then made all manner of fun of the garment. For once his marked shrewdness deserted him; the smock frock was often worn by men then on the jury.

"Smock," as is well known, was originally applied to a woman's chemise. In Yorkshire it was also applied to a woman's dress. It afterward was used to designate "a light garment, generally of linen, worn by workmen, a short smock or jacket over the waistcoat by male mill-operatives and mechanics." A smock-slop was a wagoner's long coat. "Slop" was a common word for a loose outer garment of harden or checker worn reaching only to the waist, and "slop-

frock," "slop-jacket," "round frock" were also common terms. "Smock-frock" does not seem to have been as generally used in Old England as in New England. How many boys and girls in Boston today, could give a definition of the word?

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SYMPHONY GIVES FINAL REHEARSAL

Popular Program Gives Great Pleasure; Mr. Fiedler Enthusiastically Applauded.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the last of the 30th season, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Coriolanus".....Beethoven
Symphony No. 6, "Pathetic".....Tschaikowsky
Good Friday spell from "Parsifal".....Wagner
Funeral music from "Dusk of the Gods."
Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

When Mr. Fiedler appeared on the stage the applause was hearty, and the demonstration of appreciation lasted for some time. The performance of the symphony awakened enthusiasm, and the third movement, which, when the work was first played here, left the audience cool and perplexed, yesterday was especially applauded.

The program was of a popular nature, and although there was no soloist, the second gallery was wholly filled. With a program of this nature, the orchestra is a soloist of the greatest drawing power. There has been for some years in Germany and at Paris an effort to do away with soloists at symphony concerts. There are concertos and other pieces for piano and orchestra that fit the general scheme, and violinists and pianists are less obtrusive than singers. No matter who the singer may be, her arias and groups of songs are usually without relation to the rest of the program, and when she is a famous prima donna, the orchestral pieces serve only as a background for her display.

It was a pleasure to hear Beethoven's overture again. There are few nobler, few more tragic pages in all music. There is no digression, no elaboration. The overture is as compact, concise, expressive as Synge's "Riders to the Sea." And how simple the structure! By what simple means the thought of the haughty heroic soul is impressed on the hearer! The tragedy for which the overture was written was by von Collin; but the music is after the manner of Greek tragedy. "And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

There was a time when it seemd as though Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony would pass by reason of its popularity, and many prophesied it would be forgotten when the composer's fifth and fourth were still heard eagerly. The "Pathetic" is now nearly 18 years old, and it still moves and thrills. The music tempts conductors to extravagance in pace and in expression. The lyric theme in the first movement is often sung in a sentimental fashion, and the third movement is often hurried. Mr. Fiedler avoided sentimentalism and on the whole gave a dramatic reading. There should have been a stronger contrast between the dance section and the inexorable trio of the second movement, and in this trio the monotony of the drum, one of the most striking features of the symphony, was not fully brought out, for the wail of strings and woodwind was too pronounced. The third movement was taken at so fast a pace that the general effect was impaired. With any other orchestra there would have been a scramble to the climax.

It is idle to debate the question whether excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas should or should not be played in concert. Wagner, himself, not only permitted concert performances, but led them. This was at a time when he gladly heard his own music outside the opera house and was not prepared to theorize in the matter.

The first public rehearsal of the 31st season, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, will be on Friday afternoon, Oct. 6.

A review of the season of 1910-11 will be published in the editorial section of Sunday's Herald.

Forerunners of Opera.

"SOME FORERUNNERS OF ITALIAN OPERA." By W. J. Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

It has often been said that opera was invented about 1600, by a band of Florentine gentlemen, who wished to create a form of art resembling the Greek tragedy. There were earlier attempts, however, in Italy and in France. Mr. Henderson traces and describes the beginnings and notes the growth of the artistic elements and influences which led the Florentines to go back to the ancient drama in their search for a medium of expression through solo voices and in other than polyphonic ways. He first studies the early church dramas and the "Sacre Rappresentazioni." The interesting chapter follows, in which he is discussion of the Italian secular drama born in the Marquisate of Montua, where scholars, poets and painters were encouraged under the Marchese Gian Francesco Gonzaga. With the beginning of the modern era was a sudden return of Greclan dramatic subjects to the stage of medlaeval Europe. Italy was not a nation, and a national epic or drama was out of the question. The "Orfeo" of Polizanio, probably performed in 1472, was radically different from the liturgical drama, and contained some of the germs of opera. It had its solo, chorus and ballet. It was distinctly lyric and secular. "It had in embryonic form all that apparatus for the enchantment of the sense and the begulement of the intellect which, in the following century was the chief attraction of a lyric drama, partly opera, partly spectacle and partly ballet." Mr. Henderson has much to say about the nature of this work, and the character of the performance. He is not dogmatic; he cheerfully admits that there must often be suppositions instead of facts, as when he states that there is no conclusive evidence that an orchestra was employed in this "Orfeo," but strong indications that there was one, probably composed of lutes, viols, flute, oboe and possibly bagpipe, hurdy-gurdy and little organ. Even in the beginning, the supreme trait of the lyric drama was its spectacular quality. There is an interesting chapter on the predominance of the spectacular.

Other chapters which show patient research and an exercise of a finely critical faculty are those on the influence of the taste for comedy, Vecchi and the matured madrigal drama, and the entrance of the spectacular element into the music itself. There are examples in notation of the florid ornamentation for celebrated singers. Caccini not only labored for the restoration of the Greek method of delivering the declamation of a drama, but also strove for "the reduction of purely lyric forms to a rational musical basis on which could be built intelligible settings of texts," and he rebelled against the decorative manner of solo singers; nevertheless, he and his colleagues did not frown on all vocal floridity. After them came Monteverde, who "ushered lyric composition to the broad highway of modern opera." Mr. Henderson's book is scholarly, and it contains much that is new in the way of conclusions. While it is chiefly historical and critical, it is written in a manner that holds the attention and the picture of life and manners will entertain the general reader.

Dec. 31—Adam's ballet, "Giselle," B. O. H.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY PHILIP HALE.

A Glory to the Head It is pleasant to note the courage and taste shown by several men of good and regular standing in the community. Instead of accepting humbly the plug hat, declared by leading hatters to be "the correct thing," the hat worn "by our best people," they have had hats made for them, hats with a broad flat brim, and with a decorative and imposing tube, shaft, cylinder, crown, hats that would win the approbation of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein and be respected on the "Boule' Mich." They wear these hats not ostentatiously, not timorously, but with dignity and a consciouness of proud individuality. For even these hats differ slightly in glory, although the architecture is uniform; one brim may be a trifle narower, one tube may be a little lower, etc. These hats give distinction to the wearer and the city. It is a pity that Judge Charles Levi Woodbury is not alive to see them.

In one of the stories of Balzac, "Les Comediens Sans le Savoir," there is a hatter named Vital who had raised the hat to the height of a science. He had written a treatise on the hat. When the landscapist, Leon de Lora, asked him if his hat was ready, that is to say if he had yet imagined, invented it, Vital answered: "What? In a fortnight? And for you? Will two months be enough to find the shape that suits your physiognomy? Here is your portrait; I have been studying you carefully. I should not take such trouble for a prince, but you are more than that; you are an artist, and, my dear sir, you understand me." It was Vital that said: "The hat is the man." Yet he was appreciated only by the artists, not by the aristocracy. "How is it," said Vital, "men do not see that the hat is the first thing which draws attention to the toilet?" There are some who insist that the cravat should be the centre of attraction. Others favor the waistcoat.

There is no Vital in Boston. Hatters prefer the conventional, and when a client expresses a personal preference they humor him indulgently as they would an amiable maniac. Secretly they disapprove originality in brim or tube.

By the way, what has become of the late King Edward's remarkable collection of white hats? And where is the $1000 hat presented to W. H. Seward? It is said that the $1500 Panama given to Gen. Grant [illegible] now in the National Muse[illegible]ington. More impressive, more statesmanlike than either of these hats was the "shocking bad" plug worn by Senator Evarts.

Scrapple and Scut The latest section of the Oxford English dictionary, Scouring—Sedum, is less entertaining than some of its predecessors, and yet no dictionary is positively dull. The word "scrapple" is included; diminutive of "scrap"—an article of food made from scraps of pork, etc., stewed with meal and pressed into large cakes. This is as it should be; but the quotations are not illuminative. In one there is reference to "the sausage and scrapple of New Jersey." There should have been a learned note concerning the influence of scrapple and pepperpot on the city politics of Philadelphia, and the alleged slowness of the inhabitants.

The word "scut," the short erect tail of a hare, rabbit or deer, is given; but the word has other meanings. "He's only a poor scut." The purist might say the phrase is tautological, but what is the origin of "scut" used in this sense? Furthermore, there should be a precise definition. There are many slang dictionaries, but there is no great and authoritative treatise with pages of differentiation. A scut is not a lump, a dose, a chump. For a dose is never esteemed, whereas lumps serve on committees doses contribute to magazines, and statues are raised to chumps. But why scut?

Miss? or Mrs.? How do you address a woman, when you do not know whether she be a spinster or one that has entered into the holy state of matrimony? This question has been recently raised in Germany, in France and in our own country. In Germany "it is better to use 'Fraeulein,' for the simple address 'Frau' might give offence except in the working class." It is also said that in France the word "Madame" is used in addressing all women, unmarried or married. Yet 25 years ago women employed in shops and restaurants of Paris preferred to be addressed as "Mademoiselle." They thought the term more complimentary, and if they happened to be married, there was the opportunity for a proud declaration of the fact, or for abuse of the husband.

Emily M. Robinson wrote recently to the New York Times, saying that a well educated business man addressed her as "Dear Miss." She thought this salutation absurd, but remembering that she was often addressed as "Dear Madam" although the writers knew that she was in her teens and unmarried, she asked what else could the poor man do. Miss Robinson incidentally says she is unmarried and gives some idea as to her age. What man of us hath not received business letters from women personally unknown who signed their names, Alice Maud Johnson, Louise Abagail Grout, etc. Should they have been addressed Miss or Mrs.? The wise man answering these uninforming letters scrawls a capital "M" with a little flourish after it.

How Meanings Change Is Miss Robinson right, and is the word "Miss" absurd? The history of this word is entertaining. A shortening of mistress, of which Mrs. was originally an abbreviation, it was not a complimentary term. Thus John Evelyn in 1666 noted in his diary that he seldom went to the theatre on account of the character of women "now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act," who so pleased several young noblemen that they became "their misses, and to some, their wives."

A few years afterward the word began to be prefixed as a title to the name of an unmarried woman or girl, not entitled to the prefix "lady" or some higher designation of rank. Later, with an ellipsis of the proper name, it was substituted for the name of a young unmarried lady, often meaning the daughter of the house, as when Byron wrote: "Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue?" Still later it was applied to a young unmarried woman, especially a squeamish or sentimental schoolgirl.

But in dialect and in the United States Miss is often used for Mrs. In certain English counties Miss is the title of a married woman, and single women are addressed as Mrs.

"Mistress" is of course much older than Miss. It was a title of courtesy at least two centuries older in English literature than Madame. It was prefixed to the surname of a married woman, and at first also to the Christian name. It was also, even in the 15th century, prefixed to the Christian name or surname of an unmarried woman or girl. There was "Mistress Anne Page," for instance, in the comedy. It appears that in the 18th century Mistress was "the style of grown up unmarried ladies, though the mother was living, and for a considerable part of the century maintained its ground against the infantine term of Miss." Schele De Vere noted in the early seventies that "Mistress" was still fully pronounced in southern states without the contraction into "Missess."

Furthermore, Mrs. was in the 17th and 18th centuries prefixed to the name of an unmarried woman or girl, as Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.

Rude and Polite Addresses Madam is a word of general application. The use of the word in England has not been confined to married women. Miss Robinson asks why, inasmuch as we took the word "madame" into our language, we should not also introduce mademoiselle. But in early French Mademoiselle was applied also to married women whose husbands were below the rank of knighthood. Look at old Cotgrave's French-English dictionary (2d ed., 1673): "Madame: Madam, the title or stile of a Lady. Mademoiselle: The title or stile of a gentlewoman; mistresse."

The German suffragettes wish the abolition of "Fraulein" on the ground that "it is a laughable anachronism in an age of feminine emancipation." They believe that the exclusive use of Frau would raise the moral standard by obliterating the idea of a difference between a woman who is married and one that is not.

Meanwhile Miss Robinson's problem is unsolved. The safer rule, perhaps, is to write "madam" when in doubt. And here is a question for Miss Robinson or any other woman to answer.

Thirty years ago, "My Dear Mrs Ferguson" was considered a much more familiar address than "Dear Mrs. Ferguson." Now a comparative stranger addresses you as "My Dear Mr. Johnson," and she would regard you as bumptious and unacquainted with leading books on etiquette from that of Erasmus to that of Mrs. Sherwood, if you were in turn to address her: "Dear Mrs. Golightly."

Women writing on business and neglecting to state whether they are Miss or Mrs. invariably end their letters: "Thanking you in advance," a vile phrase, which saves the bother of writing another note—and also a postage stamp. This species of correspondent seldom incloses a stamp for the letter in answer to the question.

Symphony Concert Programs The musical season of 1910-11 ended last night, with the Symphony concert. There may be a few belated concerts, chiefly by pupils, and the "Pops" will no doubt give pleasure to many, but a season may be said to begin with the first Symphony concert and end with the last.

The 30th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra was distinguished by the catholicity of the programs; by the performance of certain imported orchestral works that made an immediate impression and are still remembered, and by the brilliance of certain performances.

One hundred works, including concertos, arias and songs, were performed and two of the new works were played twice: Debussy's Rondes de Printemps and Rachmaninoff's second symphony; so there were 102 performances in all. These composers were represented: Bach, 1; Beethoven, 9; Berlioz, 2; Boito, 1; Brahms, 4; Busoni, 1; Catalani, 1; Chadwick, 1; Chopin, 1; Curry, 1; Debussy, 4; Delius, 1; Dvorak, 1; Elgar, 2; Enesco, 1; G. Faure, 1; Franck, 1; Gernsheim, 1; Gilbert, 1; Gluck, 1; Goldmark, 2; Hadley, 1; Handel, 1; Haydn, 1; Humperdinck, 2; Isouard, 1; Lalo, 2; Liadoff, 1; Mandl, 1; Mendelssohn, 1; Monsigny, 1; Mozart, 4; Rachmaninoff, 3; Reger, 1; Rubinstein, 1; Saint-Saens, 4; X. Scharwenka, 1; Schubert, 2; Schumann, 5; Scriabin, 1; Sgambati, 1; Sibelius, 3; Sinigaglia, 1; Smetana, 1; Strauss, 4; Strube, 1; Thomas, 1; Tschaikowsky, 6; Wagner, 8; Weber, 4.

Fifty composers were represented. The names of Boito, Catalani, Curry, Enesco, Gilbert, Liadoff, Mandl, Scriabin, Sinigaglia, appeared for the first time on the Symphony programs.

It would not be easy to classify the composers by nationality. Delius, for example, was born in England, but he is of German parentage and his music cannot be called English. Cesar Franck was a Frenchman only by naturalization. Should Strube be reckoned among the Germans or Americans? His most important works have been composed in this country. Enesco, a Roumanian, was educated at Vienna and Paris, and his music shows the influence of Brahms and modern French composers; furthermore, he lives in Paris. Ranking Austrians and Bohemians loosely under the heading "German," 21 German composers were represented. Of the other composers nine were French (including Franck); five were Italian (although Busoni might prefer to be classed with the Germans); five were Russian, five were American (inclu-

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ALICE SOVEREIGN'S RECITAL

A 26. 1911

and the noblest composition in the literature of music are therefore unknown except to students of the printed page.

ing Struber, two were English (including Delius), one was Scandinavian; one a Pole and one a Roumanian.

Beethoven led with nine performances, then followed Wagner eight, Tschaikowsky, six, Schumann, five; Brahms, four, Debussy, Mozart, Saint-Saens, Strauss and Weber, four each. The first program was made up wholly of works by Schumann in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of his birth.

It is to be observed that Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn were each represented only once.

Works New to Boston

The following compositions were performed for the first time in Boston:

Symphony.

Rachmaninoff, Symphony in E minor, No 2, Op. 27, Oct. 15, 1910.

Symphonic Poems and Rhapsodies.

Curry, "Atala," symphonic poem after Chateaubriand (MSS.), April 22, 1911.

Gernsheim, "To a Drama," tone poem, Op. 82, Jan. 28, 1911.

Scriabin, "Le Poeme de l'Extase," Op. 54, Oct. 22, 1910.

Strauss, "Macbeth," tone poem (after Shakespeare's drama), Op. 23, March 18, 1911.

Suites, Rhapsodies, Etc.

Busoni, Suite for orchestra from the music to Gozzi's "Turandot," Feb. 18, 1911.

Chadwick, Suite Symphonique in E flat major (MSS.), April 15, 1911.

Debussy, Rondes de Printemps, "Images," No. 3, Nov. 26, 1910. Iberia, "Images," No. 2, April 22, 1911.

Delius, Brigg Fair, an English Rhapsody, Dec. 3, 1910.

Enesco, Suite for orchestra, Op. 9, April 1 1911.

Hadley, "The Culprit Fay," Rhapsody (after the poem of like name by Joseph Rodman Drake), Op. 62, Nov. 19, 1910.

Liadoff, "Baba-Yaga," a musical picture (after a Russian Folk Tale), Op. 56, Jan. 7, 1911.

Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela," legend from the Finnish folk-epic "Kalevala," March 4, 1911.

Overtures.

Gilbert, Comedy Overture on Negro Themes (MSS.), April 15, 1911.

Mandl, Overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama, March 4, 1911.

Concertos.

Lalo, Concerto for violin, Op. 20 (first time as a whole and with orchestra), Dec. 24, 1910 (Sylvain Noack).

Scharwenka, Concerto for pianoforte, No. 4, F minor, Op. 82, Feb. 11, 1911 (Xaver Scharwenka).

Miscellaneous.

Mozart, Adagio and Fugue for strings (K. 546), Nov. 26, 1910.

Sgambati, "Te Deum Laudamus," for orchestra and organ, Op. 28 (first performance here of this version), April 8, 1911.

Arias Sung for the First Time at These Concerts.

Boito, Marguerite's Prison Song, "L' Altra Notte," from "Mefistofele," act III., April 8, 1911 (Carolina White).

Catalani, Wally's Air, "Ebben? ne andro lontana," from "La Wally," act I. (pianoforte accompaniment), April 8, 1911 (Carolina White).

Debussy, Recitative and Aria of Lia from "L'Enfant Prodigue," Dec. 31, 1910 (Jeanne Jomelli).

Isouard, Air of Therese, "Ah! pour moi quelle peine extreme," from "Jeannot et Colin," act III., No. 10, Nov. 5, 1910 (Geraldine Farrar).

Mozart, Recitative, "Misero! o sogno," and Air, "Aura che intorno" (K. 431), Nov. 5, 1910 (Geraldine Farrar), first time in Boston.

Saint-Saens, "Pallas Athene," hymn for soprano and orchestra, Op. 98, Dec. 31, 1910 (Jeanne Jomelli), first time in Boston.

Sinigaglia's overture to "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte" was performed for the first time at these concerts (March 11, 1911).

Curry's symphonic poem, "Atala," was performed for the first time.

Messrs. Chadwick, Curry and Hadley conducted their respective compositions.

Notes and Comments

Rachmaninoff's second symphony made a marked impression, and a second performance was requested. The symphony is imposing; it is carefully constructed and shows fine workmanship. One or two of the themes have a decided profile. Others have a Tschaikowskian character, and the influences of this composer over Rachmaninoff is otherwise strongly marked. There is over development and there is injurious repetition. On the whole, the symphony is inferior as a work of art to the composer's "Island of the Dead."

The compositions by Delius and Scriabin are certainly out of the ordinary run. They are highly original, but the speeech of these composers is not yet familiar and it is perplexing. There is a certain acidity in Delius's expression that is not displeasing.

Strauss's "Macbeth" disappointed even his ardent admirers. For once the hero and his wife were represented as dull persons. The music did not command attention at the time and is not now remembered.

By far the most interesting of the "novelties" was Debussy's "Iberia," one of the most important additions to orchestral literature of the last dozen years, a composition of which it is difficult to speak coolly and reasonably, so marked is its beauty.

Hadley's "Culprit Fay" has agreeable coloring. Gilbert's overture revealed a sturdy and individual musical nature.

There are interesting moments in Busoni's "Turandot" suite, but only portions of the suite were played, and there was thus necessarily a lack of contrast between the movements.

The Symphony Soloists

The soloists at the Symphony concerts were as follows:

Sopranos: Miss Farrar, Mme. Jomelli, Mme. Melba, Mme Rider-Kelsey, Miss White.

Contralto: Mme. Kirkby-Lunn.

Pianists: Messrs Buonamici, Busoni, Hofmann, Scharwenka.

Violinists: Mr. Berber, Mr. Elman, Mr. Macmillen, Mr. Noack, Miss Parlow, Mr. Witek.

Violoncellists: Messrs. Schroeder and Warnke.

Miss Parlow, Mr. Berber and Mr. Witek played for the first time in Boston. Mmes. Jomelli, Rider-Kelsey and White sang for the first time at these concerts. Mr. Macmillen played for the first time at these concerts.

Mme. Melba, although vocally somewhat indisposed, again displayed her matchless voice and fine art. Miss Farrar's selections were comparatively uninteresting. Mme. Jomelli sang with technical skill, and it was a pleasure to hear the voice and recognize the polished technic of Mme. Rider-Kelsey. Mr. Hofmann led among the pianists. Miss Parlow, known only to a few in the audience, triumphed brilliantly. Mr. Witek's performance of Beethoven's concerto was one of the chief features of the season. Mr. Noack is to be thanked for acquainting the public with Lalo's admirable concerto. Mr. Elman again displayed his uncommon talent. Mr. Berber came unknown, played in a highly respectable manner and was soon forgotten.

A Critical Review

This 30th season was on the whole an interesting one. Mr. Fiedler is a pleasing program-maker, and there was a judicious mixture of new and old works. There were some memorable performances, as those of Rachmaninoff's symphony, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstacy," the tone-poems of Strauss (especially that of "Don Quixote," with the remarkable solo playing by Messrs. Warnke and Ferir), the Symphony of Sibelius, Schubert's C major, Berlioz's "Harold." The performance of "Iberia" had been carefully rehearsed, and Mr. Longy's oboe will long be remembered.

There were other performances in which there was a lack of delicacy, when delicacy was first of all required; in which the choice of tempi was unfortunate; in which there was undue haste so that the players were barely able to play the notes; in which sound was forced into noise.

Mr. Fiedler is impressive and eloquent when he conducts the tone poems of Richard Straus's or the rugged compositions of Sibelius. There is no dispute about his industry, sincerity, enthusiasm. His enthusiasm is great, and when he errs in judgment, when he turns an allegro into a presto, when he incites brass and drums to their utmost endeavor, it is because he is as one drunk with enthusiasm, not because he deliberately and in cool blood makes a sensational appeal for applause. He is of a northern temperament, and, to use the word of Nietzsche, the ideal conductor should be somewhat Mediterraneanized.

The audiences here and in other cities encouraged Mr. Fiedler, for all large audiences prefer a "stirring" performance to one characterized by exquisite proportion, delicate coloring, and fine nuances. Their attitude toward opera singers is the same. There are 20 to applaud stormily a lusty Italian tenor where there are two that appreciate the art of Edmond Clement.

It may here be said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra led by Mr. Fiedler has had an uncommonly prosperous season. The audiences and the critics in the cities visited have lauded the performances to the skies. When the orchestra plays in New York it is undoubtedly on its mettle.

Other Orchestral Concerts

Mrs. R. J. Hall, the president of the Boston Orchestral Club, gave her annual concert of modern French works on Jan. 25. Mr. Longy conducted. These pieces were played in Boston for the first time: Saint-Saens, overture to a Festival; Lekeu, Adagio for strings; Rhene—Baton, variations for piano and orchestra (L. Stuart Mason, pianist); Dukas, overture to "Polyeucte"; Woollett, "Siberia," for saxaphone and orchestra (Mrs. Hall, saxaphone); Lazzari, prelude to "Amor" and March for a Joyous Festival. All these pieces except the prelude to "Amor" were performed for the first time in this country. Woollett's "Siberia" has decided character and the solo was finely played. The other pieces have little or no distinction.

The New York Symphony orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, played at the Boston Opera House, Feb. 23, in suport of Miss Isadora Duncan, the dancer. Neither the program nor the performance calls for comment.

A concert of French music was given by the Boston Opera House orchestra, Feb. 28. Mr. Caplet conducted. The program included pieces by Laparra, Saint-Saens, G. Faure, Bizet, Debussy-Caplet and Chabrier. The strings were weak and the ensemble was at times ragged. This orchestra at a Sunday night concert in the Boston Opera House performed Dupont's "Heures Dolentes"—a striking composition—and Debussy's "Children's Corner" shrewdly and poetically orchestrated by Mr. Caplet, for the first time in America.

A feature of the season, but one unfortunately not appreciated at its full value, was the appearance of the Russian Balalaika orchestra at the Hollis Street Theatre in conjunction with Miss St. Denis' Egyptian dances. The sense of rhythm displayed by these players, led by Mr. Andreeff, the elasticity of interpretation, the delicate "nuancirung," the sentiment, the dash—these characteristics combined with the peculiar quality of tone set this orchestra apart from other bands.

Local Choral Societies

The experiment was made this season of combining the Cecilia Society with the Symphony orchestra. This experiment was not wholly successful. Some of the singers complained that they were not diligently and properly rehearsed. On the other hand, the statement was made that singers did not attend rehearsals. However this may be, the performances were not all of a high order. Three concerts were given. Bantocks "Omar Khayyam" Part 1. was performed for the first time in Boston on Dec. 1. The solo singers were Miss Keyes and Messrs. Harris and Maitland. The chorus was ineffective and showed the lack of proper rehearsal, and the playing of the orchestra was monochromatic, inexpressive. Mr. Fiedler apparently did not understand the character of the work. Pierne's "Children's Crusade" was performed on Feb. 16 with the aid of Mmes. Rider-Kelsey, Goold, Brown and Messrs. Clement, Cunningham and Cartwright. The performance was more creditable than the preceding one. Mme. Rider-Kelsey sang remarkably well the music of Alain and Mr. Clement, who then sang in concert for the first time in this city, shone in a thankless part. At the third concert, April 14, portions of Bach's Passion music, according to Matthew, were performed. The solo singers were Mmes. Zimmerman and Spencer and Messrs. Hamlin and Bispham. Mr. Hamlin bore away the honors. The Cecilia gave a concert of part songs on Jan. 23. Mr. Fiedler conducted and Mme. Carmen Melis and Mr. Witek were the soloists. It would be a pity if this society were forced to disband. The chorus is an excellent one and its record is long and honorable. If it should engage a thoroughly competent conductor, one that has authority, poetic feeling and magnetism, interest in its concerts might be revived.

The Handel and Hayden gave four concerts. There were two performances of "The Messiah," Dec. 18 (Miss Hinkle, Miss Burns, Mr. Duffey, Mr. Cairns); Dec. 19 (Miss Hudson, Miss Benedict, Mr. Miller, Mr. Martin). Verdi's "Requiem," Feb. 12 (Mmes. Gluck and Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Hamlin and Cairns); Haydn's "Creation," April 16 (Mrs. Williams, Messrs. Miller and Martin). These concerts were well attended and the performance of the "Requiem" thrilled a great audience. Mme. Gluck, who sang for the first time at these concerts, was especially praised.

The Apollo Club gave one public concert (Nov. 9, with Mr. de Gogorza as soloist) and its series of subscription concerts: Jan. 4 (Mr. Schroeder, 'cellist), Feb. 8 (Christine Miller, soprano), April 5 (Mrs. Williams, soprano).

The Boston Singing Club gave two concerts of part songs, etc. On Dec. 14 Miss Daniels' "In Springtime," a choral cycle for women's voices, was performed. Mr. Maquarre, the flutist, was the soloist. On March 22 Mme. Sundelius, soprano, and the Adamowski Trio assisted.

The People's Choral Union on Jan. 22 performed Rheinberger's "Christoferus" and Gounod's "Gallia" (Mmes. Brown, Wood, Payne, Messrs. Shirley and Cartwright and Master Ott, and on April 23 "Judas Maccabeus" (Mmes. Conant and Grove and Messrs. Lawson and Bennett).

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago sang for the first time in Boston April 26.

Chamber Club Concerts

The Flonzaley quartet gave three concerts to enthusiastic audiences that crowded Chickering Hall. The concerts were on Dec. 8, when a marvellous performance of Debussy's Quartet was given; Jan. 26, when E. Moor's singularly impressive Adagio from the quartet op. 59 was heard here for the first time; and on Feb. 23, when Leclair's sonata for two violins, op. 12 was played here for the first time. This was the fourth season of the Flonzaley's. At first [illegible] own, these players gradually [illegible] admiration of the public and now it is the fashion to attend the concerts. They richly deserve their extraordinary success.

The Kneisel quartet gave four concerts for its 26th season. These concerts were characterized by the fine musical intelligence and taste that have given the quartet international fame. The concerts with the less familiar pieces played were as follows: Nov. 8, Sgambati's piano quintet in B flat major (Mr. Consolo, pianist); Dec. 6, Taneieff's quartet in D minor op 7; Jan. 10, R. Goldmark's piano quartet in A major, MSS. (Mr. Anthony, pianist); Feb. 21, Stock's quartet in E minor op. 6 (as a whole); Mr. Buonamici was the pianist (Schubert's piano quintet in A major); Mr. Willeke played Bach's sonata in D major for 'cello alone.

The Hoffmann quartet gave two concerts: Feb. 17 (Glazounoff's Preludio, Fuga e Courante for the first time; Mr. Fox, pianist in Franck's piano quartet); March 28 (Mr. Schuecker harpist—Debussy's Sacred and Profane Dances).

The Caroline Belcher quartet gave a concert March 2 (Mr. Gebhardt, pianist, Brahms's piano quintet, F minor).

The Longy Club (wind instruments) gave three concerts (11th season): Dec. 26, Woollett, sonata for flute and piano and Dvorak's serenade op 44 (first time at these concerts); Feb. 13, when these pieces were played in Boston for the first time—Moreau, Nocturne; Hasselmans, transcription of Scarlatti's Pastorale and Capriccio, Debussy, First Rhapsody for clarinet and piano; March 6, Dukas, villanelle for horn and piano; Mozart, Serenade in B flat major for two oboes, two clarinets, two basset horns, four horns, two bassoons, and double bass. Mrs. Alice Stevens sang songs by Jaques-Dalcroze, Duparc, Debussy, Lazzari. These concerts were, as usual, of the highest order; but the general public was indifferent, and could not be persuaded to attend them.

Carolyn Beebe, pianist, and Edouard Dethier, violinist, gave concerts in Boston for the first time. The dates with the unfamiliar works produced were as follows: Nov. 1, Veracini's Sonata in E minor, Berger's Sonata in G minor; Jan. 17, Fevrier's Sonata in A minor; Feb. 7, Bernard's Sonata in E flat minor; Reger, Suite in F major. These concerts were chiefly interesting on account of the works produced. The players displayed technical proficiency and musical understanding rather than fine euphony.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave violin Sonata concerts: Dec. 13, Biber, Sonata in C minor. Enesco, Sonata in F minor; Jan. 24.

Violin sonata recitals were given by Miss Nina Fletcher and Richard Platt to subscribers.

The Gisela Weber trio of New York gave a concert Feb. 6.

Violinists and 'Cellists

With the exception of Mr. Elman, visiting and local violinists did not draw large audiences. The chief recitals and concerts were as follows: Francis Macmillen, Oct. 24; Emanuel Ondricek, Nov. 11 (his first appearance in Boston); Miss Marie Nichols, with Mme. Jomelli, Nov. 22; Nikolai Sokoloff with Miss Edith Thompson, Dec. 7, Lakeu's sonata and Grieg's sonata op 13; Jaroslav Kocian, Dec. 9, who showed marked improvement; Mischa Elman, Jan. 21, March 4, gave fine exhibitions of technic and personal magnetism.

Mr. Witek gave concerts with Mrs. Witek Dec. 13, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata; March 14, when Alkan's duo in F sharp minor was played here for the first time. Mr. Witek played brilliantly.

Paul Gruppe, 'cellist, played in Boston for the first time Nov. 2. Boris Hambourg, 'cellist, played here for the first time, Feb. 1 (with George Boyle, pianist). Both made a very favorable impression.

Season's Piano Recitals

Few pianists of the first rank visited Boston. Josef Hofmann gave a recital on Nov. 14 and then showed that he must be classed among the great pianists. Mr. Busoni gave a recital on Feb. 28. His program was formidable, and while he showed prodigious technic his interpretation was too often affected, that of a poseur.

Mr. Copeland gave two delightful recitals, in which he displayed his unique touch and poetic qualities: Nov. 10, when he played selections from Debussy's First Book of Preludes for the first time in this city; Feb. 14, when he played for the first time pieces by Turina and Debussy. The hall was crowded.

Adolphe Borchard played here for the first time Nov. 28 and was recognized as a pianist of ability and individuality.

George Proctor played artistically on Feb. 16.

There were other recitals: Mme. Szumowska, Nov. 15; Kurt Fischer (his first appearance here in a public concert), Nov. 29; Benedict Fitz Gerald, Jan. 3; Miss Carolyn Willard, Feb. 3; Mme. Hopekirk, Feb. 22; Mme. von Unschuld, Feb. 27. Charles Anthony gave an "invitation recital."

Mr. Truette gave an organ concert on April 18.

Singers New and Old

There was a longer list of singers. Mme. Sembrich, Oct. 31, showed the ravages of time but gave pleasure by her interpretation of songs by Brahms. Morton Adkins, a baritone who gives promise, was heard here for the first time Nov. 3. Miss Janet Spencer presented an unusually and interesting program Nov. 9—unfamiliar songs by Hadley, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Engel and others. Mrs. Helen Hunt showed a marked gain as an interpreter Nov. 15. Her singing was of a high order and her program, including Moussorgsky's "Hopak" and unfamiliar songs by Humperdinck, Tschaikowsky, Hue, Widor and Ferrari, was well contrasted. Emilio de Gorgoza was not at his best on Nov. 21. Mme. Jomelli gave her first recital in Boston Nov. 22. Her voice is a fine one and her technic is excellent. As an interpreter she disappointed. Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a recital on Nov. 29. In Schumann's "Woman's Love and Life" she fell back into her evil ways—slurring and explosiveness; but she sang Salter's "Cry of Rachel" with overpowering dramatic effect. Alessandro Bonci showed his rare art in his first recital in Boston Jan. 10.

Mme. Tetrazzini was heard here for the first time in concert March 9. She revealed herself as a dramatic soprano, an exquisite singer of lieder, while as a coloratura virtuoso she was never more brilliant. Edmond Clement, giving his first recital on March 16, although his program was not worthy of his attention, showed himself a singer of consummate art.

Other recitals were given here by Mrs. Osgood Crocker, Nov. 28; Reinhold von Warlich (his first appearance here), Dec. 15; Mrs. Cushing Child, Dec. 20; Fay Cord, Dec. 27; Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar, Jan. 31; Mme. Martinez, Feb. 2; Miss Lilla Ormond, Feb. 27; H. T. Burleigh, March 7; Stephen Townsend, March 14 (Schubert's "Die Schoene Muellerin" in English with prefatory comments by Max Heinrich); Charles Bennett, March 21; Mme. Minna Kaufmann, April 4 (her first appearance here); Hamilton Hodges, April 6; Miss Alice Sovereign (her first recital here), April 24.

Mme. Liza Lehmann gave a concert of her compositions on Jan. 18 (Miss Blanche Tomlin, Miss Palgrave-Turner, Hubert Eisdell, Julien Henry, John McCormack and Miss Marie Narelle sang together in concert on Feb. 5.

The Misses Turner sang unpublished negro songs April 3.

The concert season with reference to recitals was not a brilliant one. There was no curiosity to hear new singers and players, even when it was known that they had an enviable reputation abroad. As a rule the audiences were small, and free tickets were sometimes distributed in vain. When the audiences were large, the singers were of the prima donna order, and, with the exception of Mme. Tetrazzini, their box office draught was less than in preceding years. The singers and players in general were obliged to seek compensation for their trouble in the press notices of the following day. A few local musicians had friendly followers and cleared expenses. The singers and players who visited Boston for the first time were, with few exceptions, ignored by the public.

The preceding lists are not complete. I have noted the most conspicuous events.

The following chronological list of first performances and first appearances may be of interest.

B. S. O., Boston Symphony orchestra; K., Kneisel; F. Flonzaley; B. O. H., Boston Opera House.

Oct. 15—Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 2, B. S. O.
Oct. 17—Straus' "Chocolate Soldier" at the Majestic.
Oct. 22—Scriabin's "Le Poe me de l' extase," B. S. O.
Oct. 29—Anton Witek, violinist, B. S. O.
Nov. 1—Edouard Dethier, violinist, and Carolyn Beebe, pianist, Berger's Sonata, G minor, Veracini's Sonata, E minor.
Nov. 2—Paulo Gruppe, 'cellist.
Nov. 3—Morton Adkins, baritone.
Nov. 7—Opening second season of Boston Opera House, with "Mefistofele."
Nov. 8—Sgambati's piano quintet in B flat major K.
Nov. 10—George Copeland, pianist. Debussy, "Des Pas Sur la Neige," Minstrels, Voiles. La Serenade Interrompue, Le Cathedrale Engloutie, La Danse de Puck.
Nov. 11—Verdi's "Otello" added to the repertory of the B. O. H.
Nov. 11—Emanuel Ondricek, violinist.
Nov. 16—Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" at B. O. H. First performance as an opera in America.
Nov. 19—Hadley's Rhapsody "The Culprit Fay," B. S. O.
Nov. 23—Mme. Jomelli's first song recital.
Nov. 26—Debussy's Rondes de Printemps and Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for strings, B. S. O.
Nov. 26—Felix Berber, violinist, B. S. O.
Nov. 28—Adolphe Borchard, pianist.
Nov. 29—Kurt Fischer, pianist, recital.
Dec. 1—Bantock's "Omar Khayyam," Part I., Cecilia.
Dec. 3—Delius, "Brigg Fair," B. S. O.
Dec. 6—Taneleff's quartet in D minor, op. 7, K.
Dec. 13—Biber, Sonata in C minor; Enesco, Sonata in F minor, Mr. and Mr. Mannes.
Dec. 14—Laparra's "La Habanera," B. O. H. First performance in America.
Dec. 15—Reinhold von Warlich, bass.
Dec. 19—Russian Balalaika Orchestra. Hollis Street Theatre.
Dec. 24—Lalo's Concerto for violin, op. 20. B. S. O.
Dec. 26—Woollet's Sonata for flute and piano, Longy Club.
Dec. 31—Adam's ballet, "Giselle," B. O. H. First time in Boston. Ballet, "Legend of Asylade," B. O. H.
Dec. 31—Saint-Saens' Hymn, "Pallas Athene," B. S. O.
Jan. 6—Converse's "Pipe of Desire" added to repertory of Boston Opera House.
Jan. 7—Liadoff's "Baba-Yaga," B. S. Co.
Jan. 10—R. Goldmark's piano quartet, Ms K.
Jan. 10—Alessandro Bonci's first recital.
Jan. 17—Fevrier, Sonata, A minor, Beebe-Dethier.
Jan. 17—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," B. O. H.
Jan. 23—"The Balkan Princess," Shubert Theatre.
Jan. 25—Boston Orchestral Club: Saint-Saens, Overture to a Fete; Lekeu, Adagio for strings; Rhene-Baton, variations for piano and orchestra; Dukes, overture to "Polyeucte"; Woollett, "Siberia," for saxophone and orchestra; Lazzari, Prelude to "Amor" and March for a Joyous Festival.
Jan. 26—E. Moor, Adagio from quartet, op. 59, F.
Jan. 28—Gernsheim's "To a Drama," B. S. O.
Feb. 1—Boris Hambourg, recital.
Feb. 5—Dupont, "Les Heures Dolentes"; Debussy-Caplet, "Children's Corner," B. O. H. First time in America.
Feb. 7—Bernard, violin Sonata in E flat minor; Reger, Suite in F major. Beebe-Dethier.
Feb. 11—Scharwenka's piano concerto No. 4, B. S. O.
Feb. 13—Moreau, Nocturne for wind instruments; Hasselmans, Transcription for wind instruments of Scarlatti's Pastorale and Capriccio; Debussy's First Rhapsody, for clarinet and piano, Longy.
Feb. 14—George Copeland played movements from Turina's Sonata Romantique and Debussy's Danseuses de Delphes, Le Vent dans la Plaine, Les sons et les Parfuns. Les Collines d'Anacapri."
Feb. 17—Glazounoff's Preludio, Fuga a Courante, Hoffmann Quartet.
Feb. 18—Busoni's "Turandot," suite; B. S. O.
Feb. 21—Stock's string quartet (as a whole) K.
Feb. 22—Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," added to the repertory of the Boston Opera House.
Feb. 23—Leclair's Sonata for two violins, op. 12, F.
March 3—Converse's "The Sacrifice," B. O. H. First performance.
March 4—Mandl, overture to a Gascon Chivalric Drama, B. S. O.
March 4—Sibelius' "Swan of Tuonela," B. S. O.
March 6—Dukas, Villanelle for horn and piano; Mozart, Serenade in B flat major, Longy.
March 9—Mme. Tetrazzini's first recital here.
March 14—Alkan, Duo for piano and violin, F sharp minor, op. 2; Mr. and Mrs. Witek.
March 16—Edmont Clement's first recital.
March 18—Strauss' "Macbeth," op. 23; B. S. O.
March 20—Adelaide Norwood, soprano, Keith's.
March 27—Herbert's "Mlle. Rosita," Shubert.
March 27—Fall's "The Girl in the Train," Colonial.
April 1—Enesco's Suite, op. 9, B. S. O.
April 1—Kathleen Parlow, violinist; B. S. O.
April 8—Sgambati, "Te Deum Laudamus," for orchestra and organ; B. S. O.
April 15—Chadwick's Suite Symphonique, Mss.; B. S. O.
April 15—Gilbert's Comedy Overture on Negro Themes, Mss., B. S. O.
April 17—Massenet's "Thais." First time in English. Aborn Company at B. O. H.
April 22—Debussy's "Iberia," B. S. O.
April 22—Curry's "Atala," B. S. O. First performance.

May 1 1911 A.M

THE POPS.

The "Pops" begin tonight to the joy of many. We import the descriptive word. "Promenade concerts," so called because there is no room for the hearers to walk, after the principle of "lucus a non lucendo," go back in London to 1838 with the appearance of Musard's "Promenade Band" and this sort of concert was then an importation from Paris. "Pop" for "Popular concert" was heard in London about 1860, for in 1862 George Eliot wrote that she had been to a Monday Pop. As yet we have not adopted the English "Poppite," a performer at or a frequenter of the Popular concerts.

The London Pops were begun in January, 1859, and were at first of a miscellaneous nature, consisting of old ballads and well known instrumental pieces. Afterward the programs were made up of classical chamber pieces, so that a London journal said: "The appellation Popular Concerts was originally, in fact, an impudent misnomer. The music given was of the most consistently unpopular character." Artists like Clara Schumann, Joachim, Piatti appeared at them. The 1000th concert took place on April 4, 1887. The public began to tire of these entertainments, and many were like the person in "Patience":

Who thinks suburban hops
More fun than Monday Pops.

Then there were too many chamber clubs in competition and the Pops were given up in 1898. There was a vain attempt to revive them in 1903-04.

The Pops in Boston have always been popular except one season when the mistaken policy of giving only "high-class" music and frowning on operetta tunes was adopted. Music should not be taken too seriously the year round. "Vulgar tavern music" moved Sir Thomas Browne to contemplation of the First Composer and there were ancients who thought the mission of music was to "produce affability and a sort of gentleman-like joy." Neither the music nor the behavior of the audience at a Pop should be formal.

FORBIDDEN BEANS.

Dr. Franklin White, lecturing at the Harvard Medical School, was more explicit and braver than Pythagoras, who forbade his disciples to eat beans. The philosopher gave no reasons for the prohibition, and he did not live in Boston. "A blessin'," cried Dr. Schwazey, "a blessin onto the hed of the man what invented beans! A blessin onto his hed!" And Artemus Ward answered: "Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin." To inveigh against beans, with or without pork and the accompaniment of brown bread, required rare moral courage. What dweller in Dundee has thundered against marmalade? The disciples of Pythagoras attributed many reasons to the sage, some of them fantastical, explaining why their master frowned on beans. The curious may find these reasons published at great length and with entertaining comments in the Dictionary of the celebrated Mr. Bayle (Article "Pythagoras," Note I.) But before Pythagoras, the pagan prophet Amphiaraus abstained from beans because he thought them prejudicial to his power of divination.

Ancient physicians, as Hippocrates and Rhases, thought highly of the bean as nutritious, but they admitted it had qualities injurious to the sluggish. Others recommended it for earache and affections of the chest. The melancholy were warned against beans. "They fill the brain with gross fumes, breed black, thick blood, and cause troublesome dreams." This was the opinion of Isaac the Dutchman: see his learned work, "De Vegetalibus." And in Leicestershire it is said today: "If you wish for awful dreams or desire to go crazy, sleep in a beanfield all night."

Philosophers and prophets may join with physicians in rejecting beans for diatetic reasons; but the common people will continue to eat them on Saturday night or Sunday morning, or whenever they are served. When David was at Mahanaim, Shobi, Machir and Barzillai brought wheat and barley, honey and butter, and sheep and cheese of kine, nor did they forget beans; "for they said, the people is hungry and weary in the wilderness." Baked beans are to be found in their full glory only in Boston; yet there should be moderation in enjoyment. As Artemus Ward said to Dr. Schwazey: "They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

So there must be streets through the Fens for the sake of the butcher and the baker. But where are now the households to be supplied by them? The wonder is that this most desirable district is not thickly covered with handsome apartment houses. The case of the Fens is different from that of the Common. When Artemus Ward visited Boston, the Common was here "as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins" was "a onhappy Outcast in Naponsit." A still more horrible fate may await those who purpose to ruin the Fens. The ducks are even now quacking against them.

This is the feast day of St. Philip and of St. James the Less. St. Philip put a pestilential dragon to shame in Scythia. According to De Voragine's "Golden Legend," St. James the Less was the greater saint of the two. "He never drank wine, mead nor cider, nor never ate flesh, nor never rasor touched his head, nor he never bathed. He knelt so oft in prayers that his knees were as hard as the horn of a camel." And he sang in Jerusalem the first mass that ever was sung therein.

Hoar-frost on May 1st indicates a good harvest.

A hot May makes a fat churchyard.

At the dreadful railway accident in Pennsylvania "willing hands" began the work of rescue. Is it not time that this fine old crusted phrase should join "a dull sickening thud"? And the man that steals flour is usually caught "red-handed."

Eugene L. Biggs of Fort Plain, N. Y., hanged himself rather than surrender his old home to its new owner. Few Americans live in the house of their boyhood and fewer die in the house in which they were born.

The vexed question whether women should ride horseback astride is now settled as far as Anglomaniacs are concerned. The Princess Mary is learning to ride on a cross saddle. Such is King George's command.

King Haakon does not wish a child of his to be educated in England. A true Norwegian should be reared on raw fish and Ibsen. There should above all be no thought of sloyd or the Swedish movement.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt has talked with Haakon of Norway. Only the flippant would say that a cat can look at a King.

Till May be out
Leave not off a clout.

May 2 1911 A.M

"ANN BOYD" ON SHUBERT STAGE

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance of "Ann Boyd," a dramatization by Lucille La Verne of Will N. Harben's novel.

Ann Boyd.....Lucille LaVerne
Joe Floyd.....Burr Carruth
Luke King.....William Lamp
Mrs. Wayeroft.....Carolyn Lee
Jane Hemingway.....Emily Wakeman
Virginia Hemingway.....Irene Moore
Sam Hemingway.....James A. Marcus
Wilson.....Ford Fennimore
Masters.....Jack Sheehan
Dick Peters.....Scott Robertson
Gus Willard.....Edgar L. Davenport
Abe Longley.....Wallace Owen
Jim Bowden.....Mr. Robertson
Langdon Chester.....Clinton Preston
Aunt Maria.....Evelyn Gray
Mark Bruce.....Mr. Carruth
Neighbor Jones.....Florence Tewksbury

We are not now concerned with Mr. Harben's novel nor is it necessary to discuss how closely Miss La Verne has followed it in her dramatization. We have only to do with the play itself and its characters.

The story of this play in four acts and five scenes if of a woman who, living in a village of Georgia, was seduced by a Col. Chester. She afterward married one Boyd. The strait-laced and virulent women of the village, the hen-pecked husbands and even the clergyman made her life miserable by their gossip and abuse. Her husband could not stand it and left her, taking with him their child. Ann naturally became embittered. The bitterer she grew, the richer she was in this world's goods—but how she acquired her property is not explained, although in the first scene the loungers at the store keep saying that she is a business woman of extraordinary talent. Being rich, she has the whip hand over her enemies, who are poor.

She adopted a mountain boy of humble family and he prospered. Making money in the West, he comes to Atlanta and by his brains rises to the dizzy height of a Sunday leader writer for a newspaper. He is talked of for Governor, for the Senate of the United States. This Luke is in love with Virginia, the daughter of Jane Hemingway, Ann's deadliest foe. Langdon Chester, the son of the too gallant colonel, also loves Virginia, loves her after the manner of the Chesters, and lures her to his house. There he locks her in his bedchamber, where there is an episode in comparison with which the famous scene between Scarpia and Tosca is as a Sunday School tableau. Ann rescues Virginia and gives her $250 so that her mother may be operated on by a celebrated specialist in Atlanta. Surgeons in that town are comparatively reasonable in their prices, for this operation was a capital one.

Ann gradually softens, chiefly through the influence of Luke, who as an editorial writer, has acquired the habit of preaching the gospel of forgiveness and love. There is a happy ending.

This story in the hands of a skilful playwright might be an interesting study of character and manners. As the play stands, it is long drawn out and with little action. The dialogue is verbose, and much of it is bifalutin

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...ittle Virginia, too, often talks like the cultured heroine in "St. Elmo," and Luke is as platitudinous as any editorial writer who thinks he has a sacred mission. There are too many characters who have nothing to do with the play, and by their chatter lengthen unnecessarily the exposition. There is one scene that is melodramatic, the double scene of the sitting room and bed chamber in the Chester mansion. This is piping hot and in the good old fashion. This scene, however, does not console the spectator for the absence of convincing characterization and the presence of almost continuous inaction.

The play was elaborately staged. There was a millwheel with real water in the first act, and a mountain stream with real water in the second.

Miss La Verne did not give a striking or a plausible impersonation of a woman soured by shame and reproach and thus made vindictive. When she spoke words of revenge, when she railed against the wretched men and women of the village, her inherent good nature belied her speech. In the "strong" scene she was forcible in the traditional melodramatic way—but seldom, if ever, did she answer by her own action and language to the description of her given by the railing, envious neighbors. Not once was there the sight of a woman that had really suffered. Miss La Verne said that she had suffered, and the audience courteously refrained from contradicting her.

Mr. Marcus gave a carefully studied and entertaining impersonation of a lazy villager, good humored and yet a bit malicious. Miss Wakeman played the part of Jane Hemingway with marked intensity, with a malignity that was tragic. Miss Lee gave somewhat exaggerated expression to a familiar stage type, the faithful friend who wounds by chattering and zeal.

There was a very friendly audience which applauded heartily and brought the actors before the curtain. Mr. Harbin was introduced, and he spoke a few words. Miss La Verne had a heart-to-heart talk with the audience, in which she discussed the kindness of the supporting company, the rare ability of the stage manager and the encouragement of the electrician and others. She said that the company during the last and long rehearsal had only a sandwich and a glass of coffee. She thanked the audience and also her Maker.

Mme. Vinello Johnson was loudly applauded for her singing during one of the waltzs.

BOSTON THEATRE—Montgomery and Stone in "The Old Town," by George Ade; music by Gustav Luders.

Henry Clay Baxter	Fred A. Stone
Archibald Hawkins	David Montgomery
The Hon. Dike Bilwether	Charles Dox
Ernestine Bilwether	Allene Crater
Caroline Bristow	Eloise Reed
Diana Bristow	Genevieve Reed
Cristina Jimpson	Flossie Hope
Lieut. Otto von Up De Graff	W. J. McCarthy
W. Darrell Gimpley	Lyndon Law
Jim Flanders	Melville Stewart
Ethel Trotter	May Ellison

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Parish Priest," in three acts.

Dr. Thomas Cassidy	Frank Young
Dr Edward Welsh	Frederick Gibbs
James Welsh	J. B. Dunn
Michael Sullivan	Thad Shine
Frank Dongher	William Morris
Agnes Cassidy	Miss Beatrice Arthur
Helen Durkin	Miss Rosepha Chisholm
Katherine Corrigan	Miss Margaret Nelson
Father Whalen	Frank Adair

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Puccini's "La Boheme" Sung by the Aborn Company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Aborn English Grand Opera Company. Mr. West conducted.

	Mr. Battain
Rudolph	Mr. Boddy
Schaunard	Mr. Phoenix
Benoit	Mr. Stewart
Marcel	Mr. Waterous
Colline	Mr. Phoenix
Alcindoro	Mr. Green
Parpignol	Miss Duffield
Mimi	Miss Shalek
Musetta	

An exceptionally large audience was present last evening at a highly creditable performance of this opera, which, by reason of its beauty and simplicity, the directness of its musical and dramatic appeal, will remain a favorite with some who look askance at the tawdry emotive devices in the composer's more recent works.

Mr. Battain was an excellent Rudolph. He sang in Italian, easily, with much expression and appreciation for the text. He acted delightfully and was at home in Bohemia.

Miss Duffield was an acceptable Mimi, although at times somewhat rigid in action. She sang feelingly and had evidently given the part careful study.

Mr. Stewart as Marcel was wholly in the picture, and his sonorous voice was heard to advantage.

Miss Shalek was a vivacious Musetta. Her voice, which is of a good range and much brilliance, was particularly effective in the waltz song.

The support was good, and the business in the second act telling.

Principals and chorus were, unfortunately, hampered by the tempi chosen by Mr. West, which were so slow as to ... injurious.

... of ...

ALICE SOVEREIGN'S RECITAL

The program gave much pleasure to the audience, and there was frequent and hearty applause.

The opera next week will be Bizet's "Carmen."

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Gypsy Singers Heard in Excerpts from Lighter Operas.

Charles Lovenberg's operatic festival, with 15 singers in selection from the operas, was the most ambitious number in the excellent program given at B. F. Keith's theatre this week. The singers wore gypsy costumes, and in the excerpts from the lighter operas scored a hit. The sextet from Lucia was excellently sung, as was their first number, the opening chorus from "The Bohemian Girl." Miss Eula Brunelle won applause by her violin solos and accompaniments.

Nat Wills, fresh from England, kept the house in an uproar with his description of his trial while he was acting as chambermaid on a cattle boat, and with his parodies on several of the late popular songs. The audience was loath to let him depart, compelling him to seek refuge in the plea of a cold which his stentorian tones heretofore rather belied.

The only thing which prevented the use of the term impossible in describing the balancing of Mareena, Nevarro and Mareena was the fact that they actually performed their wonderful feats. Fanny Rice, using her own face to convey expression to the puppets she presented from a mimic stage, interested the audience, especially in her song of the strenuous suffragette.

Howard and North presented their rural comedy, "Back in Wellington," with a deal of homely and wholesome humor, while the remainder of the bill was evenly balanced throughout.

P. M.

In a strange old book that is receiving considerable attention this year in England and the United States—one was sold recently at an enormous price—there is a verse that might now be pondered by business men in Boston: "Ye shall do no unrighteousness in judgment, in meteyard, in weight, or in measure. Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin, shall ye have."

The Ten Commandments are already in sufficiently concise form, and hundreds of thousands will sympathize with Cardinal Gibbons in his disapproval of the proposition to shorten them. Some forget one or two of them and the famous pirate went to sea with a table of only nine, but Dr. Eliot himself could not better the original expression of the commands.

A newspaper, alluding to the decision at Washington that saccharin cannot be used in food stuffs after July 1, speaks of Dr. Remsen as one of its discovererers. But saccharin, the antrydride of saccharic acid, was discovered and named by Peligot in 1880; and saccharin, or saccharine, the sweet substance obtained from coal tar, was named by Fahlberg and List about 1885.

Why is even the most modest citizen happy and somewhat vain for the rest of the day after a waiter or barkeeper has addressed him by name?

Hildebrand, the elephant, killed his trainer. Years ago Charles Reade was laughed at because in his story "Jack of All Trades" he described the elephant as harboring resentment, malicious, vicious, treacherous. Like the villain in "My Partner," the elephant never forgets and never forgives. Nor in this instance is it just to infer that the trainer, the elephanteer, had previously slighted Hildebrand or been cruel to him.

"New Orleans" molasses must be made in Louisiana. So the Pure Food Board decrees. Would that the board would bring back the molasses of our youth—"them molasses," black as the darkness of night, thick, sluggish, almost chewable. What passes for molasses today is hardly distinguishable from thin syrup.

"The Beckwith passengers were most profuse in their apologies" when they discovered that the car run into was Gov. Foss's. No doubt they would have been as profuse if the car had belonged to Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith or Mr. Robinson.

The Emperor Wilhelm, painter, composer, poet and playwright, is now preparing the plans for a pavilion round a mineral spring. Was it not Mrs. Mowcher who kept exclaiming: "Ain't I versatile?"

The New York Times says nobody really likes cats. There is a long list of famous men that did like cats, and it includes Mahomet, Montaigne, Baudelaire, Champfleury, Gautier. It is true that the cat is an egoist, ungrateful, selfish, but it is the only egoist in the animal kingdom that does not attempt to disguise its character.

Olga Nethersole is much annoyed at the enforced lengthening of her season on account of her "enormous hit" as Sister Beatrice, for she will miss the coronation. Miss Nethersole is to be congratulated on her press agent.

The ring given to the Earl of Essex by Queen Elizabeth will be sold soon in a London auction room. Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak has not yet been catalogued.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, sailing for England, does not intend to see the coronation if he can help it. He said in a fine burst, either as he left the pier or the gang-plank—the report is unfortunately for the conscientious biographer or earnest sociologist incomplete: "I'm a democrat and I don't like to encourage those King fellows." Nevertheless George will be crowned. We are disappointed in Mr. Thomas. As a student of human nature for stage purposes, he should witness the ceremony, and it looks as though he has little sense of humor. A man of reading, Mr. Thomas should remember Victor Hugo's words "We take supreme delight in seeing all varieties of domestication. It is for this reason that so many persons watch the progress of royal processions."

Who first said that the name of Boston was to be changed to Fitzburg?

Adelaide Genee will at last be seen here in a piece worthy of her, "The Dryad," with music by Dora Bright. It is a little over four years ago that Miss Genee produced this "Melodrama" or "Mimodrame" at the Playhouse, London, for the sake of charity, for the needs of the Alexandra Hospital for Children and the Southwark Invalid Kitchen, and a critic then wrote: "Light as one of her own brown and withered oak leaves, she danced through the little play from end to end in silence, laying bare her happiness and her misery, her trust, and her disillusionment, for all to see, as clearly as if her feet had tongues." Gordon Cleather, who then took the part of the false shepherd, will assist her on Friday. Hitherto Miss Genee has been seen here in a play that was vulgar, and in a play that was dull.

Mr. Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, left Boston yesterday for his well-earned vacation. He will return in September to fulfil his contract. It is supposed that Dr. Muck will be his successor in 1912. The story is that Mr. Fiedler is wanted in Manchester, Eng., as Dr. Richter's successor; and the place will be kept open for him by the engagement of "guest conductors" for next season. According to rumor Dr. Muck has not been happy in Berlin since he left Boston. Richard Strauss, his colleague, is naturally a person of considerable importance and Leo Blech, another collegue, has had responsible duties. To Dr. Muck has been intrusted the production of the American opera "Poia" that failed dismally and of Leoncavallo's "Maia" that also failed. tI is stated that the Philharmonic Society of New York offered the conductorship to Mr. Gericke, but he would not accept the offer of a contract for only one year. Now, as some say, Henry J. Wood of London will be the Philharmonic's leader. He visited this country a few years ago and conducted the Philharmonic as a guest. He has been described as an amateur Nikisch, or rather an impersonator of Nikisch.

AS TO SUMMER ANKLETS.

Several French society women recently made a sensation by wearing plain and bejewelled anklets, "easily seen, owing to the very short and split skirts." As these women were in a paddock it is fair to assume that they were high steppers, and—to borrow a phrase from the society editor's vocabulary—well groomed. But for once Paris did not set the fashion. These anklet wearers followed the example of a Chicago woman whose jewelled ankle was in a day the subject of international comment. Parisian society, however, is for the most part opposed to this phase of Americanization.

The Chicago woman and the paddock beauties are only going back to oriental or savage ideas of ornamentation. The daughters of Jerusalem wore anklets which sometimes were connected so that their walk was affected. Isaiah spoke bitterly about these daughters of Zion, "walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet," and prophesied that the Lord would take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet. Today the anklets are disconnected, but there is the hobble skirt, and the walk is still mincing.

The summer fashion announcements for males say nothing about anklets or bracelets. Some men, Germans a a rule, wear the latter, pledges of Gretchen's or Hedwig's affection, nor are they therefore effeminate. There was a German nobleman who wore one of his dead wife's eyes in a massive seal ring. The sentimental bracelet is to be preferred. Then there are men, Italians, Portuguese, sailors, who wear ear-rings, sometimes as large a those sported by de Nevers in "The Huguenots," but they wear them for good luck, weak eyes, or as a remedy against bleeding at the nose. There are men who move, but not far, in the most exclusive society, quiet, reserved persons, not seen in the street, who wear anklets. This form of anklet is commonly known as a ball and chain.

Nor should women with dainty ankles be blamed if they enhance artificially their beauty. The practice is much prettier than that of inserting a diamond in a front tooth. Nor should Isaiah's diatribe be taken too seriously. He was as bitter against bonnets, rings, fine linen, hoods, veils and all changeable suits of apparel. Few of the prophets were comfortable persons to live with or gifted with the aesthetic sense.

May 3. 1911

"SAMSON AND DELILAH."

Mr. Russell announces Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" as the opera for the opening night of the third season at the Boston Opera House. This opera has been performed in Boston only as an oratorio. The Cecilia brought it out late in 1894 and the first operatic performance in the United States was at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Feb. 8, 1895, when the chief singers were Mme. Mantelli and Messrs. Tamagno, Campanari and Plancon.

Operas, as books, have their fate. Saint-Saens completed "Samson and Delilah" about 1872, but the first operatic performance was in German ...

at Weimar in 1877, and there were other performances in German cities and at Rouen before the Parisians heard the opera at the Eden Theatre in 1890. "Samson and Delilah" was not admitted to the repertory of the Paris Opera until 1892; but portions of the work were sung in Paris in concert form before the performance at Weimar.

The biblical subject prevented performances in England until a few seasons ago. As the English censor would not allow Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," except in a foolish version entitled "Irene," or Massenet's "Herodiade" in its original form, or any opera in fact in which there was a hero or heroine of the Bible, so "Samson and Delilah" was long regarded as an abomination, although in a concert hall Samson, singing in a swallow-tail coat, and Delilah, wooing in a low cut bodice and carefully gloved, were loudly applauded. Yet it should be remembered that in Paris when Voltaire wrote a libretto "Samson" for music by Rameau, the orthodox protested against the audacity of the "infidel" in using a biblical subject for the stage and prevented the performance.

Mr. Russell's choice is an interesting one. The performance calls for imposing stage settings, picturesque costumes and a ballet. The final scene, the destruction of Dagon's temple, will exercise the ingenuity of Mr. Menotti, the excellent stage manager. Furthermore, the chief airs in the opera are already known to the great majority of the audience.

"LA BOHEME" IS REPEATED

Miss Pierce, Formerly of Boston Opera Company, as Mimi.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Puccini's "La Boheme." Aborn English Grand Opera Company. Mr. West conducted.

Rudolph.....Mr. Sorrentino
Schaunard.....Mr. Huddy
Benoit.....Mr. Phoenix
Marcel.....Mr. Stewart
Colline.....Mr. Waterous
Alcindoro.....Mr. Phoenix
Parpignol.....Mr. Green
Mimi.....Miss Pierce
Musetta.....Miss Shalek

An appreciative audience of fair size was present last evening at the repetition of "La Boheme."

Miss Pierce will be remembered as having taken minor parts during the first season of the Boston opera company, and upon one occasion as having sung the part of Nedda, when her courage in so doing at short notice, saved a performance of "Pagliacci." Her work was consistent last evening. There were moments of emotional beauty in her singing of sustained passages and her interpretation gave evidence of having been carefully composed.

Mr. Sorrentino was a conventional Rudolph. The supporting cast as before, was excellent.

Champagne is still flowing in France, but not only for politicians, wine openers, and "fetards" or rounders. When the wine was first introduced into England it was red. Dom Perignon, a Benadictine monk who died in 1715, made it sparkling and effervescent. He also invented the cork long identified with the champagne bottle. This was at the Abbey of St. Peter Hautvilliers, Champagne. Truly a monk of blessed memory! No doubt he turned the color; remembering the scriptural injunction: Look not upon the wine when it is red. Before his cork came into use the bottle was plugged with oil-soaked hemp.

Let us daily praise famous men—and also women. It was on May 3, 1758, that a wager was laid at Newmarket by a young lady that she would ride 1000 miles in 1000 hours. She accomplished the feat in a little more than a third of the time. Whether she rode on a side saddle or astride was not stated by the admiring chronicler.

Messrs. Marle and MacAuliffe, deep thinkers, have come to the conclusion that sane men have large feet and sane women small feet. We may therefore expect to find clerks in shoe shops and corn doctors called as experts in contests over wills and all murder trials.

There is a belief on Cape Cod that forest fires are often set by Portuguese so that huckleberry bushes will grow more plentifully. The belief is not well founded and the suspicion is cruelly unjust. The thrift of the Portuguese is a reproach to the laziness of the Yankee. Forest fires on the Cape generally start from locomotive engine sparks or from gross carelessness of men smoking or lighting a fire in the woods.

There is much talk about Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti because they are not going to sing together in concert next season; talk about souls not in tune, a little rift within the lute, etc. This is a case of business, not affection. Mr. Scotti's voice is not what it once was, and he was never famous as a singer of songs. It was reported some weeks ago that Miss Farrar would have for her concert mate next season Mr. Clement, who shines as brilliantly in the concert hall as in the opera house. Mr. Clement has a wife and children to whom he is devoted. He is sentimental only in opera and for the sake of art and the box-office.

Pompey and Octavius Cesar were gallant drinkers in "Antony and Cleopatra," but Scarus was the bravest tosspot of antiquity. Did he not cry aloud to Antony: "I have yet room for six Scotches more"? Nor need one explain against the anachronism. If Cleopatra had a billiard table, why should not Scotch have cheered Antony's soldier friend?

Dean Gay's complaint about the inability of certain college graduates to write legibly, or to spell correctly, or to express themselves in "clear, simple English," is an old one. The London newspapers have recently discussed the illegible handwriting of famous English statesmen of the last century, and there are noteworthy instances of celebrated French men and American authors and journalists whose handwriting was a blind scrawl. As for spelling—a speller is born, not made. There are villagers without literary attainments, men who seldom open a book, that could spell down professors of English in any bee, as there are other villagers who are born checker players.

Mme. Gadski, rheumatic and sailing from New York, thanked Mme. Schumann-Heink for sending to her daily fresh eggs from her New Jersey farm. The gift was a supreme proof of affection, and the confidence of the recipient was as admirable as her gratitude. Fresh killed chickens, by the way, are scarcer than hens' teeth. There is always the cold storage species; there is also the "utility" chicken. The latter is defined in the poultere's dictionary as a chicken that runs about in search of food and is not fed by the farmer.

Another illusion is dispelled. The word "proven" has appeared in the editorial columns of the New York Evening Post. What has become of William Cullen Bryant's "Index Expurgatorius"?

Kaiser Wilhelm's impresario has discovered "a future Caruso" in the person of a roof-mender. This tenor should be the very man to raise the roof.

Society note from New York. People are asked not to put their feet on the seats of street cars.

At Ciro's restaurant at Monte Carlo a special dish is Finnan Haddock, cooked so there are delicious additional flavors, and served with a poached egg on the top and with new potatoes in their jackets. This dish costs about a pound. For five dollars the American interested in the doings of the Prince of Monaco, the indefatigable deep sea-dredger, can eat Finnan haddie so disguised that he would not know it. It would be cheaper not to eat the haddock at all—a dry, chippy dish, whether it be cured with the smoke of green wood, turf or peat. The word Finnan, by the way, is an adaptation of Findhorn, a river or place on its banks. There are variants as Findhorn, which Sir Walter Scott used, Findrams, Fintrum, Finnon, etc.

Judge Petit of Chicago wishes he could put a pugilist in a 24-foot ring to "beat the faces off men who are cruel to their wives and babies." But there are wife beaters who are handy men with their fists. The judge's

FROM THE THEATRE'S VOCABULARY.

Miss Mabel Hite, the play-actress, is a purist in the matter of language. She has requested that the word "matinee" be withdrawn from all advertising connected with the play in which she figures; for she insists that as "matinee" means morning, it should not be used to describe an afternoon performance. Miss Hite speaks by the card, but the precedents are against her. It is true that "matinee" means morning, "the time from daybreak to noon." It also means "what occupies a morning." When the word was first employed in France by theatrical managers the literal meaning was thrown into the Seine. An actor named Ballande conceived the idea in 1868 of giving performances at the Gaite Theatre, Paris, of forgotten plays, and the performance in each instance was preceded by a lecture on the play and its author. These entertainments lasted from 1.30 P. M. to 5 P. M. John Hollingshead gave matinees at the Gaiety, London, in 1869.

The word itself was introduced into English literature about 1850. Thackeray describes Becky Sharp in her grimy, slippery days as giving a "matinee musicale" at Wildbad—Mme. de Raudon, "accompanied by Herr Spoff, premier pianist to the Hospador of Wallachia." "Vanity Fair" was published in 1848. Longfellow two years later wrote, "Charles Perkins gives matinees musicales." In these early instances the word was always in italics, as an importation, and always associated with music. For the last three or four years Mrs. Hall McAllister of Boston has given true "musical mornings," for the performances began at 11 or 11:15 A. M.

It is not likely that Miss Hite can overthrow precedent. Would it not be better for her to war against certain hideous terms and phrases dear to the press agent, lukewarm or passionate? Are we forever to learn that "The Hoboken Girl" or a piece of like character is the latest "vehicle" for Flossie Lorraine? Will "offerings" never cease? An offering is sacrifice, presentation or oblation to a deity; then the something offered the deity; or it is a tender or presentation for acceptance, for sale; or it is something offered to a person for his acceptance, as a tribute of honor or esteem. Many modern offerings in theatres are indeed sacrifices to that great deity, the crowd; and often the deity refuses to be placated, even when the sacrifice is not burnt, but raw.

Then there is the word "pretentious," laughably misused. "Pretentious" means characterized by pretension or by specious or egotistical claims; marked by pretence, conceit, or display. The press agent makes the word synonymous with elaborate, sumptuous, grand. Ah, Miss Hite, the vocabulary of the theatre is sadly in need of revision. Why bother about "matinee"?

MR. PARKER'S OPERA.

Mr. Horatio Parker, professor of music at Yale University, who has taken the prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera House for the best opera, was born in Auburndale and for many years was practically a dweller in Boston, so that this city may well take pride in his success. His oratorio "Hora Novissima," which gave him a deservedly high reputation in his own country, is one of the few American works that have been performed at an English Music Festival. Of late years little of importance has come from his pen, and his friends feared that professional duties had dampened his musical enthusiasm and checked his invention. The news of his triumph is therefore all the more welcome. It is reassuring to learn that the libretto is romantic, but without North American Indians, miners, or cowboys—all fine fellows in their respective ways but hardly suited to the requirements of grand opera. Mr. Parker says he considers this libretto "the finest ever written in English." This is complimentary to the librettist. Let us hope that the stage manager and the public will take the same view. Nor should the fact that the opera has taken a prize excite strong prejudice. It is true that the only really successful opera that won a prize in competition is "Cavalleria Rusticana," and prize symphonies and cantatas have been short-lived. In Mr. Parker's case, as in Mascagni's, the public may enthusiastically indorse the opinion of the judges

SWEET CORRUPTION.

Again there is ambergris in Boston. Whalers off the west coast of Africa cut it out of a sluggish whale that lagged behind its fellows. Once there were many curious theories about the origin of this wax-like or cheese-like substance, theories that might well have found their place in a volume of "Unnatural History." It is now agreed that it is a secretion formed inside a sick whale. Herman Melville gave an entertaining description of lucrative surgery on the body of a dead one in his "Moby Dick," one of the best sea stories ever written, one which has been shamelessly pillaged by later writers about whalers and whales.

The word itself is French, "gray amber" to distinguish the substance from "ambre jaune," but variants in spelling arose from the wish to explain "gris" as "grease" or "Greece." In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries ambergris was used not only as a perfume but in cookery. A character in one of Sedley's plays breakfasted upon "new laid eggs, amber grease and gravy." This was a favorite dish of Charles II., and the French for a time seasoned almost everything with ambergris and musk. Milton described Satan as tempting the Saviour in the wilderness,

> With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
> And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
> Gris-amber steam'd.

In the time of James I., a pie, "reckoned to my lord at ten pounds," was composed of "ambergrece, magisterial of pearl, musk." The Duc de Richelieu was constantly chewing pastils of ambergris, which was thought to have peculiar strengthening qualities. Humanitarians will regret that the whale when sick will not willingly submit to a relieving operation which would save life and at the same time richly reward even the most famous surgeon.

remedy, however, is more to be applauded than the wish of Gov. Baldwin to see the whipping post restored. Flogging brutalizes the flogger and the spectators more than the flogged. In the court-ring the punished would at least have an opportunity of showing manhood.

Mayor Gaynor declares officially that it is not a crime to wear a full beard in New York. Whiskerage is a matter of locality and chronology. A Bostonian, lively at 80 years, told us yesterday that when he, a young man, returned home from college sporting a chin beard, his father glared at him and said: "Are you not ashamed of your appearance, you goat?" Those were the days when a father was a man of authority in his household. Nor would this rather have anything to do with the son until there was razor exercise.

Mr. Job Brown Tillou, who died recently in New Jersey at the age of 96, had chewed tobacco for 85 years. It is stated that he preferred fine cut, but we are left in ignorance of the particular brand. Was fine cut in common use in 1826? If Mr. Tillou had used plug he might have lived to be 110 or 120, for leading dietetics consider plug to be the more nutritious form of "eatin' tobacco." Mr. Tillou had also eaten pie twice daily for 89 years, but pie was only as a digession from the sternly ruminant business of the day.

Let us today remember the joyous Mr. John Underwood of Whittlesea in Cambridgeshire, who died on May 4, 1733. No bell was tolled at his funeral and no relation followed the corpse, but six gentlemen sang at the grave the last stanza of the 20th ode of the second book of Horace. The coffin was painted green, and Mr. Underwood lay there with his clothes on. A Horace was put under his head, and another edition under a less honorable part of the body. At his feet was Bentley's Milton, and in his right hand a Greek Testament. The six then went back to his house, where his sister had thoughtfully provided a cold supper; they sang the 31st ode of the first book of Horace, drank and went home. Thus was respect shown to his will, which ended: "I would have them take a cheerful glass and think no more of John Underwood."

When Mr. Jacob Riis in a fine burst at New Haven, Ct., urged young men "to drag from the editorial seat the devil of sneering cynicism," it was not difficult to guess the esteemed contemporary to which he referred.

Mr. Parker, asked if he was not surprised that his opera "Mona" took the prize, answered: "Would it not be immodest to say that I was not?" Not immodest; only characteristic.

The talk about "absurd prices" at the Hoe sale is futile. An old or rare book, like a picture or an opera singer, is worth what it will bring in the market.

Gen. D. C. Rennich at a dinner at Montclair, N. J., declared that Mr. Roosevelt is "the greatest preacher of the doctrine of righteousness since Jesus Christ." This calls to mind Whistler's reply to the man who told him solemnly there were only two painters, Whistler and Velasquez. "But why lug in Velasquez?"

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Mrs. Hetty Green has overlooked rent due her for six months—$1200 in all. Break the news to her gently! She has a weak heart.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton left an estate valued at $295,428. Sappho left only two hymns and fragments.

INDIVIDUAL ORNAMENTATION.

Miss Vera Cornell of New York is wearing her appendix as a watch-charm. Turned into silver and then heavily plated with gold it "swings jauntily" at the end of a slender chain. "'Tis a dainty thing," cried out in admiration the fortunate reporter who was permitted to handle it. Here is a chain that may be truly said to have an appendicing ornament. The idea, however, is not a new one. When the word appendicitis was first applied to the disease known for years in New England and elsewhere as "inflammation of the bowels," and surgeons were demented with the mania of opening little Johnny or any one of our leading citizens when the disturbance was nothing but an ordinary case of "tummy ache," flippant paragraphers suggested the establishment of appendicitis clubs in every city, with the members wearing the extirpated thing as a badge in the form of a scarf-pin, watch charm or memorial ring.

Years ago the amorous or the bereaved wore strange mementos of beloved ones. Perhaps the most famous instance was that of Marguerite of France, who, when a lover died, had his heart embalmed. She then put it in a box and added it to her collection, her mausoleum of hearts, arranged in pockets all around her farthingale. At night she hung the farthingale from a hook with a padlock on the back of her bedstead. There were other pockets in her day-dress, for, bald at an early age, she carried blonde false hair in one of them in case she lost that on her head.

But why should personal, individual ornamentation be confined to the appendix? The late Moberly Bell, managing editor of the London Times, had a bit of bone removed in consequence of an accident. He saved it and it was inserted in the head of his cane. We spoke the other day of the sentimental German baron who wore one of his dead wife's mild eyes set in a thumb ring. "The eye that never sleeps." A removed kidney, spleen or bit of liver would hardly do, but a necklace with pendent teeth, or a bracelet of teeth, those of the wearer or of her betrothed, would be unconventional and significant.

Such ornaments would encourage conversation. The bashful wooer, seeing a watchcharm like that of Miss Cornell's could toy with it and not risk the reproach of undue familiarity, saying: "Ah! I see you have been operated on for appendicitis. Did you suffer much? Tell me all about it, darling!"

may 6 1911

ADELINE GENEE IN 'THE DRYAD'

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Adeline Genee danced yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre, which was crowded. She danced the Empire Dance, a dance attributed to Marie Taglioni in the traditional costume of Taglioni, and she appeared for the first time in Boston in the ballet-pantomime, "The Dryad," a pretty pastoral brought out in London about four years ago. The music of "The Dryad" is by Dora Estelle Bright, an English woman born in 1863, who won prizes as a pianist at the Royal Academy of Music, London, and played with success in German cities in 1889. She has composed orchestral pieces, two piano concertos, chamber music and songs. It was not easy to gain a fair idea of the ballet music yesterday, for the orchestra was numerically inadequate and there were frequent and painful evidences of insufficient rehearsal; yet much of the music seemed appropriately fanciful, and there were truly imaginative moments.

The story of "The Dryad" is a simple one, as the scenario of any ballet should be. The dryad leaves her tree and falls in love with a shepherd. He swears to be true to her for 10 years, when she will again be permitted to see him. The 10 years pass, and he is not waiting for her. As she is disconsolate, he passes with his new love and sings to her the song the dryad had heard when first she met him. Broken-hearted she returns to her tree, and the leaves begin to fall.

It is well known that the lot of a dryad was happier than that of the hamadryad, for the former had the liberty of walking about and even of marrying; and she survived the destruction of the woods which she superintended, while the hamadryad was born with the tree and died with it. Therefore the learned Isaac de Benserade should not have been perplexed when Madame asked him the difference between the two; nor should he have made the foolish answer: "There is as much difference as between a bishop and an archbishop."

The part of the shepherd in "The Dryad" was taken by Gordon Cleather, an English actor and singer. He must be some relation, probably the son, of G. Gordon Cleather, a kettledrum virtuoso, who in 1885 played with Theodore Thomas's orchestra in New York a solo by Tausch for six kettledrums and with astonishing agility. Mr. Cleather yesterday in the course of the entertainment sang to his own accompaniment on the piano songs by Maude White, Cowen, Walthew (an effective setting of Poe's "Eldorado") and Sullivan.

It is not necessary at this late day to speak of Miss Genee's art as a dancer. She is a brilliant example of the old academic school. Her technic is absolute, and her grace conceals the difficulties over which she triumphs. In "The Dryad" she had a better opportunity than before to display her acquirements as a pantomimist. In her expression of sentiments and emotions she was always charming and always academic. There was not the romanticism that should have vitalized the performance, and it is to be noted that the audience realized this, for although she was recalled two or three times after "The Dryad," there was not the hearty applause that followed her preceding dances. It is true that she must have been hampered in her pantomime by the uncertainty of the orchestral accompaniment, which fretted the nerves of the spectators. It is not necessary to make comparison between Miss Genee and Miss Pavlowa. The two are great artists, each in her own way. George Moore, it is said, on an occasion remarked to Andrew Lang that he liked sherry. "Do you?" said Mr. Lang, "Well, I like port."

The entertainment began with various songs and dances by the "Morris Dancers from the Stratford-on-Avon"; not Stratford-on-Avon, or from a Stratford-on-Avon, but from the S. etc. These dancers, so-called, hopped and skipped about and were applauded. A little of this sort of thing goes a long ways. Mr. Cleather was recalled after his songs.

may 7 1911

MEN AND THINGS.

By PHILIP HALE.

Our Friend the Policeman

The London Chronicle, commenting on the fact that France has endowed a professor of slang, gives a list of slang names for the police: Peelers, coppers, snouts, slops, bobbies, pouts. There are other slang names for a policeman in England, as rozzer, cossack, crusher, frog, raw lobster, M. P., nam, Philistine, and beak was used to designate a policeman before it was applied to a magistrate.

The Chronicle has little or nothing to say about the origin of these terms, nor does it mention other names, as blue, bluebottle—which goes back certainly to 1598, for Doll Tearsheet apostrophized a beadle as "yon blue-bottle rogue"—blue coat, dogberry, charley, scufter, bulky, Philip, Johnnie Darby, Johnnie, pig, worm, nose, nark, tec, reeler, C. T. A. robin, robin redbreast. Some of these words have found their way into the New Oxford dictionary and have been given an honorable place.

Peeler and bobbie, or bobby, are supposed to be derived from the name of Sir Robert Peel, for the metropolitan police act of 1828 was mainly the work of Mr. Peel, afterward Sir Robert. It appears, however, that "Bobby the beadle" was used to signify a guardian of a public square or other open space before Peel remodelled the police. Peeler was first applied to the Royal Irish constabulary, established by Peel when Irish secretary. There is an old Irish song, "The Peeler and the Goat":

As some Bansha peelers were out wan night
On duty and patrollin' O,

It's a good word, used by Thackeray, Charles Kingsley and many other novelists, among them George Lawrence—who reads "Guy Livingstone" today, or realizes the humor of Bret Harte's "Guy Heavystone"?

Copper and cop are also good words. They are supposed to come from the dialect verb, "cop" (old French, "caper"—to seize)—to capture, lay hold of, nab. But Henley thought that "the true radix" of cop is to be found in the Hebrew "cop," a hand or palm. "Low class Jews employ the term, and understand it to refer to the act of snatching."

Terms of Disrespect

Thackeray spoke of the "crusher" about 1840. The word is possibly derived from the slang verb to crush, meaning to run. "Crush" was once a signal of race-track gamblers and sharpers, and the meaning was: "Run! The police." Cossack is of later date and needs no explanation. Blue comes from the color of the policeman's uniform and the epithet, as I have said, goes back to Elizabethan days. The color has for centuries been a badge of servitude. The Gauls clothed their slaves in blue. Dogberry is self-explanatory. Why Charley? This was the popular name for a policeman before Sir Robert Peel gracefully lent his name. The Charley was a night watchman, and young bloods flushed with insolence and wine delighted in finding one asleep in his box and then overturning it. This was called "boxing a Charley." The origin of the term is obscure. Some trace it to Charles I., who reorganized the watch system in London. Frog was used in this country as in England. The London Graphic in 1886 explained the word: "Because he is supposed to jump, as it were, suddenly upon guilty parties."

Beak as beck, is probably the oldest of these slang words. In Harman's "Caveat" (1573) Beck is defined as "the constable," and harmans is the stocks. The derivation is doubtful, though some find the source in the Saxon "beag," a gold collar worn by civic magistrates.

Slop is a back slang corcuption of "police," esclop with the "c" not sounded and shortened. Bulky is a north of England term. Bulwer used it in "Night and Morning." Scufter is also a northern provincialism. Philip is a thieves' word, and a phillper is an accomplice who watches and cries "Philip!" Philistine is a generic term for any representative of authority. There is the line in the book of Judges: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson." Curiously enough a philistine early in the 18th century also meant a drunkard. Johnnie Darby is a corruption of "gendarme," and Johnnie or Johnny is easily explained. Johnny is also an acquaintance, a young man about town, a sweetheart (male or female), and in Irish a half-glass of whiskey. Nark is a police spy. Pig is used for any policeman; so is grunter. Nose is synonymous with nark. Reeler for policeman, is still heard in London. No one seems to know the origin of rozzer or rosser. The term is comparatively new. Dee and tec stand, of course, for detective. C. T. A. is the English circus and showman term for policeman. Worm is very common in England.

In England a lobster is a soldier; a raw lobster a sailor, an unbo, led lobster, a policeman.

Native and Imported

A little book of 130 pages, "Vocabulum or the Rogues' Lexicon," was published in New York in 1859. The compiler was George W. Matsell, special justice, chief of police, and one of the proprietors of that admirable mirror of contemporaneous life known as the National Police Gazette. Mr. Matsell contributed a preface to this book in which he spoke of the labor involved in compilation. He pointed out the value of his work to all policemen and insisted that others should find the dictionary helpful, for cant words and phrases, occurerd in the messages of Presidents and Governors, and were "heard enunciated at the bar and from the pulpit." "Thus they have come to be acknowledged as appropriately expressive of particular ideas; so that while they are in common use among the footpads that infest the land, the elite of Fifth avenue pay homage to their worth, by frequently using them to express thoughts that could not otherwise, find a fitting representative."

Peeler is not in this dictionary, but the English terms Bobbie, crusher, philistine, pig are duly recorded, all importations. Cop does not appear, but we find "copped," arrested, with this delightful illustration: "Tho knuck was copped to rights, a skin full of honey was found in his kick's poke by the copper when he frisked him," which, being interpreted, means "The pickpocket was arrested, and when searched by the officer, a purse was found in his pantaloons pocket full of money." We also note "fly cop," a sharp officer, one who understands his business. And here are other words in the "Vocabulum": Booly-dog, a policeman; cake an easy fool of a policeman, a flat cop; Hamlet, a captain of police; shadow, a first class police officer.

I am told that a policeman is known to contemporaneous dips, yegmen, hold-

A concert of French music was

up men, guns and stick-ups as a bull; a green bull is a new man on the police; and envelope men are postoffice inspectors or secret service men.

The Police in Slang Poetry

This "Vocabulum" contains a charming poem "A Hundred Stretches Hence." In the first of the three stanzas the policeman is mentioned.

Oh! where will be the culls of the bing
A hundred stretches hence?
The bene morts, who sweetly sing,
A hundred stretches hence
The autum cacklers, autum coves,
The jolly blade who wildly roves,
And where the buffer, bruiser, blowen,
And all the cops and beaks so knowin',
A hundred stretches hence?

Who was the author? Did Mr. Matsell er dip into poetry? No key is given to this verse. Inasmuch as the whole poem should be memorized by the young, the following note is indispensable. Stretches means years; culls of the bing, saloon keepers; bene morts, pretty women; autum-cacklers and autum-coves, married women and men (an autum is a church and an autum-bawler, a parson); buffer, smuggler; blowen may best be understood by Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of Villon's "Tout aux tavernes et aux filles," "'Tis all to taverns and to lasses"; or as W. E. Henley has it in his magnificent version of "Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves," "Booze and the blowens cop the lot." Beak in the Matsell poem probably means magistrate, inasmuch as "cops" precede.

In Other Languages

The French language is rich in slang synonyms for policeman, and some of them are picturesque. Here is a singular survival of an old belief: Inasmuch as red-haired persons have been long supposed to be crafty and treacherous, the French criminals apply the term "un rousse" to their enemies, the police. They also allude to them plesantly as "une Cagne," "un peste," "un bec du gaz," "un escargot de trottoir," "un pot a tabac." The German language is equally rich. The Italian and Spanish are less fortunate. Probably the best book on London slang was compiled by a German, Mr. Baumann. His "Londonismen" has been published in several editions. Prof. Dr. Cesaire Villatte's "Parisismen" (French slang translated into German), is an excellent work, and of the countless French dictionaries of slang, Aristide Bruant's "L'Argot au xxe Siecle" (1901) is the most interesting, for like Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues," it is enriched with many quotations. Thus, under the head, "Gendarme," there is Balzac's use of the "hussards de la Veuve" and Le Roux's "hirondelles de potence." From this book we learn that to guillotine a man is to cut off the coffee pot, apple, pear, salad dish, soup tureen, tomato and there are many equally playful allusions to the operation of the guillotine, or "The Widow."

The best slang quickly finds its way into the language. In Capt. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (2nd ed. 1786), these words are characterized as slang: Bay-window, bedizened, bet, bluster, budget, brogue, capon, carouse, coax, cobbler, cur, domineer, flabby, fuss, gag, giggle, jilted, malingerer, messmate, plump, rascal, saunter, sham, trip, yelp—the list is a long one.

"Masks and Minstrels"

Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. have recently published in attractive form some volumes that should appeal to all who are interested in the theatre and in modern literature: "Masks and Minstrels of New Germany," by Percival Pollard, and the works of the late J. M. Synge.

Mr Pollard, it is true, has more to say about the ultra-modern German poets, essayists, novelists, than about the dramatists associated with them, but there are valuable pages in his book relating to the theatre and the music hall. Take, for instance, the description of a German cabaret in the opening chapter, "an avenue for publicity of many budding talents;" where there was improvisation at the piano, where poets recited verses passionate or nonsensical; where there was "always an approach, a definite approach to art; a something that the music hall of before the Ueberbrettl' had not known." The methods of entertaining the guests were those of the old fashioned British music hall chairman, but still more intimate. There was a certain intimacy between those on the platform and the audience; "the intimacy of a public salon where no laws save those of taste ruled." "You heard, perhaps, little that you might not hear elsewhere; but you heard it differently. You felt you had part in a pleasant conspiracy in entertainment. The songs were written by persons present; the composer was the gentleman at the piano; yet the result was profitable as well as artistic; the public bought these songs at the shops; and these writers and composers and performers had the air of being prosperous. Everything was cosy and intimate."

There was never any horse play, clowning. The appeal was to the intellect. Had the jokes been printed, the hearers, reading them, would have laughed. "Apply that test to the generality in English, and shudder!" There was, for instance, a memorable parody of Goethe's "Erlking." The father was represented as riding with his sick child through the Sieges-Allee in Berlin. When they came to the horrible statue of Roland von Berlin, the child died in agony.

Now what was really artistic in the cabaret had come down from the Ueberbrettl'.

The Ueberbrettl' Movement

The Ueberbrettl' was a movement to improve the entertainments given in music halls and minor theatres of Germany a little before the beginning of the 20th century. "Bretter" in German means the boards. The final "l" is an endearing diminutive, as "Maedl," for "Maedchen." "Brettl'" may be said to cover all lighter forms of entertainment below the legitimate. The term covers even musical comedy. "Ueber," of course, means "super," a term familiar to all acquainted with Nietzsche, Richard Strauss and Bernard Shaw. Mr. Pollard suggests that an English equivalent might be "Artistic Variety," but "the safest thing, when once you know what is meant, is to call it simply the Ueberbrettl."

Young Germans toward the end of the nineties wrote songs and music, and in 1900 a volume of the lyrics was published: "Deusche Chansons," with the sub-title, "Brettl-lieder," and in the preface to the original edition (1900) Otto Julius Bierbaum made a proclamation. The translation is by Mr. Pollard.

"Art for the music hall—is that not, you say, something of a profanation? Lyrics and the show business, can these be associates? Well, we are going to try, seriously enough, to put art at the service of the music hall. We happen to have the notion that all life can be made artistic. Artists, today, build chairs that are not only beautiful to behold, but comfortable to sit on. Even so we want to write verses that will be not only for the library but that an amusement loving people will sing. Applied lyrics—there is our text. Firstly, they must be songs you can sing. Nextly, they must delight not merely a cultivated minority, but the average general public that simply wants to be entertained. Just as the Independent Theatres succeeded in raising the wants of the playgoing public, so we hope, by introducing art into the variety theatres to better the general taste. Variety theatres are as much typical expressions of our time and culture as electric street cars. The townsman of today has, if you will permit the phrase, music hall nerves; only rarely he troubles to follow great dramatic coherencies; he wants change—variety. If, as artists, we wish to keep in touch with life itself, we must count on this realization."

In Berlin the climate was unfavorable to the idea and the Trianon Theatre failed dismally. In Munich the "Elf Sharfrichter" gave marvellous performances. For in Berlin the Ueberbrettl' began as a joke and the joke soon grew old. It was not possible to realize there the idea of a lyric theatre in music hall form, because there was the too closely associated idea of literary hoax. In Munich there was good business management, a high artistic purpose that prevailed; and "more than any other town in Germany Munich enjoys a wise and liberal censorship."

The Uerberbrettl' apparently perished, but its influence was great and is abiding. Poems, music and plays remain. The present school of German operetta came from it.

Mr. Pollard asks why the artistic tasts of the Americans toward miming and minstrelsy should be left to the influence of the money-changers. "Could not, as in the German cabaret of the better sort, a little art be wedded to a little commerce, so that neither the public's taste nor its intelligence be insulted? In America few efforts in this direction have been made, save such as smacked of fashionable pastime for fashionables. The Ueberbrettl aimed at no pink tea elements, no mere fashionable cliques. It was greater than mere cliques."

Otto Erich Hartleben

Among the ultra-modern German dramatists Mr. Pollard discusses Otto Erich Hartleben, Wedekind, Herman Bahr, Ernest von Wolzogen, Arthur Schnitzler, Fulda and Hugo von Hoffmansthal.

Bierbaum in his novel, "Stilpe," a picture of "unscrupulous journalistic genius—the dissection of a soul on its way to hell by way of modern journalism"—thus spoke of the German theatre as it existed: "Look at the theatres! Empty! Look at the Wintergarten! Full! One dying; the other blooming. The day of the theatre is done. Just as the theatre, once an annex of the church, loosed itself and found a form suitable to its period, so must the art of today emancipate itself from the theatre and decide upon the form that the taste of our time has determined—the form of the music hall! Both are ripe for decline—the theatre because it is too clumsy, too heavy and too immobile for the dram-drinking appetite of our latter-day art lovers; and the present music hall, because it does not know how artistically to express all the nervous desires and emotions of our time. Let us found a music hall based on art in its broadest interpretation."

Hartleben, 1864-1905, wrote some plays that had little importance beyond the German frontier, although his military comedy, "Rosenmontag," pleased the German New Yorkers when it was performed at the Irving Place Theatre. His first piece was a burlesque of the Ibsen play. His "Angele" (1890) showed the influence of Nietzsche, shocked the old moralities and set young women a-swooning with delight. "Die Erziehung zur Ehe" and "Die Sittliche Forderung" were also fine specimens of unmorality. "Hanna Jagert" was at first forbidden by the Berlin censor. "Two vital realizations figure in the comedy: that the idea of socialism can have permanent appeal only for humanity in the mass, while for the fully developed individual there can be no other philosophy than an egotistic one, emancipated from all scruples of religion or morals"; but the conclusion admitted that development of the ego could only come through "the complete fusing of one soul with another, which is the finest triumph of the monogamic system." Other plays were "Abschied vom Regiment" and "Rosenmontag." The latter took a prize, brought fortune to the author and made a sensation. Hartleben, seeing "Alt Heidelberg," said cynically: "Oh, if that's the sort of thing they want, I can give it to them."

The man himself was an extraordinary person. His wife and her relations with Ellen Birr, beloved by Hartleben, were also extraordinary, as were the volumes, "Letters to His Wife" and "Letters to His Friend." Mr. Pollard tells the amazing story at length and with gusto. "A child, naughty, mischievous, but loving, coming to tell all its joys and troubles to some little mother, that was Otto Erich Hartleben. And the little mother was Selma, his wife." The prim New Englander reading the story would say that Hartleben was a blackguard and Selma, his wife, a pathetic idiot.

The Astonishing Wedekind

Bierbaum wrote little carnival plays; Max Dauthendey chose for the subject of a dramatic piece the philanderings of Catherine of Russia—it must have been in many acts; but Ernst von Wolzogen, as a playwright and librettist, is better known. Yet Von Wolzogen's chief work, his novel, "Der Kraft-Mayr," with the entertaining picture of the Abbe Liszt and the musical circle at Weimar, must be considered his masterpiece. The librettist of Strauss's satirical opera, "Feuersnoth," he wrote plays for Darmstadt, as a leader of the Ueberbrettl, and "Die Maibraut" (1909), for the open air theatre at Wiesbaden. There are several open air theatres in Europe; but Mr. Pollard believes that Von Wolzogen was the first who adapted his art to the new conditions of the natural background and lighting.

Mr. Pollard mentions plays by Halbe, Hardt, Ernst, Foerster, the author of "Alt Heidelberg"; Beyerlein, whose "Zappenstreich" ("Taps") is famous, but he studies closely the art and purpose of Wedekind, Thoma, Schnitzler and Hoffmansthal.

Wedeking, the brother of the operatic soprano, has "most practically, most brutally, put upon the stage figures and ideas that were profane or barbarous expressions of the lyric unmoralities in "Nietzsche." According to Mr. Pollard, he treats humanity diabolically, and there is no pity in him. "The music hall's complete freedom from society's ordinary restraints; its sheerly physiologic interpretation of life; its entire forgetfulness of ethical or moral reasonableness; are all typified in Wedekind's art. * * * He has in him something of Machiavelli, something of Casanova, and the more satanic egoisms of Nietzsche; he remains a strange, uncanny isolated, abnormal figure, and is yet, in his very remoteness from all normalities and all moralities, typical of modern Germany's throwing away from old, too long accepted things."

The man himself is a singular being. His father, a rebel of '48, went to America, was early in San Francisco, where he married a Wurtemberg woman who had wandered thither as a "stage artist." The father made money in land and returned to Germany, and the dramatist was born at Hanover in 1864. Frank studied law at Munich and was with artists and actors. He went to Zurich, met kindred souls, and advocated "modernity" in literature. When his father died, Frank returned to Munich and began to waste his patrimony. He visited Paris and London and squandered his money and strength. The old family home was sold, so he went back to Munich with funds, and joined the staff of Simplicissimus. Some of his plays were produced and he played in them. Accused of lese-majeste, he ran away to Paris; but he gave himself up and was imprisoned. In 1904 he joined the Deutsches Theatre company in Berlin, married an actress, and in 1908 again made Munich his dwelling place.

Strong but Unpleasant

Mr. Pollard says: "What has always been to the fore in his preoccupation with the sexual relation between the sexes is the brutal, the diabolic in them." Wedekind is the great denier, denying morals, custom, scruples, laws, that which is existent, that which is ideal.

His chief play is "Fruehlings Erwachen" ("Spring's Awakening"). It is an indictment of the hypocrisy and prudishness of parents toward children questioning at the time of the awakening of sex. The girl Wendla dies in shame; one of the boys is sent to a reformatory, where the prevailing corruption makes him more horrible mentally and physically; another shoots himself. There is a final allegorical scene, in which the boy, escaping from the reformatory, appears to say over Wendla's grave "Blessed are the pure in heart," while Moritz, the suicide, enters carrying his head on his arm. There is then a conversation between the living and the dead.

I have read this play in German. (Mr. Pollard says there is a printed English version with the sub-title, "A Tragedy of Childhood.") It reminds me of a hideously precocious boy writing obscene words on a neighbor's front door and then running away. It is not the subject that is repugnant; it is the cheap brutality of presentation. It would be well for the community if performances of "Ghosts," "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and "The Easiest Way" were given yearly, and in an ideal city these performances would be given gratis and for the benefit of the young. I doubt if anything beneficial could come from even the reading of "Spring's Awakening." The play was produced in French at the Theatre des Arts, Paris, in November, 1908, and M. Adolphe Brisson, reviewing the performance, declared that the instruction to the young recommended by Wedekind was practically "l'ecole des demi-vierges."

"The Earth Spirit" and its sequel, "The Box of Pandora," according to Mr. Pollard, present in Lulu "the most tremendously international creation of Wedekind. Mr. Pollard rhapsodizes over her, flower girl, adventuress, society lady, who deceives this one, ruins that one, murders another," the eternal temptress, untamable, merciless, and seems immortal." She at last is murdered by a Jack the Ripper in London. How different from the girl in the old song:

Lulu is our darling pride,
Lulu bright, Lulu gay.

Nor is there any need of dwelling on "Mine-Haha," which "treats specifically of the physical education of girls; castigating life and conduct in the boarding schools and colleges for young women." It is in "The Marquis of Keith" that these epigrams occur: "Life is a toboggan slide"; "Morality is the most profitable business on earth."

There are 25 pages about Wedekind for Mr. Pollard regards this dramatist as "the most individual talent of the theatre in our time." We also are informed that Wedekind has "gashed the irremediable savagery of our time." "Gashed" suggests the expletive "Gosh!"

Ludwig Thoma's "Moral"

Thoma's "Moral" is a satire on a German society for the prevention of vice and its president. It is amusingly bitter and it is doubt deserved. It is pertinent in New York, Chicago, Boston. "We have only to recall such cases as the Metropolitan Opera House refusal to present Strauss and Wilde's 'Salome' in New York; Mary Garden's inability to play that same part in Chicago in 1910, owing to police prevention; and the many amazing exhibitions of stupidity that London's country council has given since first Mrs. Ormiston Chant attempted her crusade against the music hall 'promenades.' The pertinent remark of M. Dalmores, in the Chicago episode just named: 'This police chief, he does not clean his streets, yet he thinks to find filth in opera!' deserves, for its shrewdness and its truth, to be recorded and remembered. * * * All such police interference is so delightfully satirized in 'Moral' that the hearer or reader's laughter is likely to oust, for a time, the realization of the serious indictment the play brings."

"Moral" first appeared at the end of 1908. It has been played constantly since then in Germany.

Delicacy in Indelicacy

Arthur Schnitzler is known in the United States chiefly by his "Green Cockatoo"; but his "Freiwild" was played at the Irving Palace Theatre as far back as Feb. 16, 1899, and "Liebelei," with Agnes Sornia, was seen before that, in 1897. The latter also has been played in English.

There is delicate and amusing intrigue in the love affairs which form the subject of many plays by Schnitzler, yet there is tragedy under the flippancies of dialogue, "but neither in life nor art is it good form in Vienna to let so middle-class an article as tragedy appear naked." The problem in these plays is how to be off with the old love and how to be on with the new. There are "ironies and mockeries in a sort of twilight land of love." There are no questions that seem to deserve a serious answer; all is make believe. "How, in face of such magic as Schnitzler's shall one come to utter such words as 'immorality' or 'shattering the foundations of society'? Is his eroticism through its subtlety more dangerous than the brutal roaring of Wedekind? Mr. Pollard says it is.

"His pictures of the patrician fastidiousness in amatory etiquette which characterizes peculiarly the last and stanchest stronghold of aristocracy in the modern world, Vienna, are so enchanting that they lure us toward licentiousness far more temptingly than do the ruffianism and the grimaces of the author of the 'Countess Russalka.'"

Schnitzler was born in 1862 at Vienna. The son of a physician, he studied medicine, was in the hospital and has now an extensive private practice. Some of his amusing "Anatol" dialogues were brought out this year in London by Mr. Granville Barker at the Little Theatre and the Palace.

Rhetorician and Agent

Passing over Roda Roda (Sandor F. L. Roda, born in 1872, and an officer in the Croatian artillery service), whose plays picture the Austro-Hungarian in camp, in garrison, or in quest of amorous adventure, Mr. Pollard gives a separate chapter to Hugo von Hoffmansthal, known in Boston by his play "Elektra" with Richard Strauss's music. He is an aesthetic rhetorician, whose inventive power is slight, a man of resounding phrase and gorgeous coloring. Born at Vienna in 1874, he wrote his first dramatic poem when he was 17. He has of late years gone back to the myths and told the story of Elektra, of Oedipus and the Sphinx for modern, neurotic readers. Mr. Pollard swears he has written at least one line in German that is as musical as one of d'Annunzio's. The statement seems incredible. "A virtuoso in words, but never giving you the voice of humanity. Loveliness, fastidiousness, whimsicality—these essentially Viennese qualities have been most beautifully expressed by von Hoffmansthal."

Then there is Hermann Bahr, a leader among chameleons, who first showed that he had human sympathies when he wrote "The Concert," produced in New York last October. He was born at Linz in 1863, and has been versatile from his youth up. He knows all the tricks of journalism and art. "Always he was in the forefront of international appreciation and discovery. He always knew the books, or plays, of the hour before any one else did." He was a man of changing enthusiasms, not taken seriously, accused of insincerity. Did he not once in a cynically frank confession describe himself as "an agent of literature"? Was he not reproached as "typifying not art but only activity"? Yet he wrote many plays produced with success, novels, volumes of criticism—one of theatrical performances in Vienna is especially interesting—and he was as one only gesturing, they said, until "The Concert" raised him high in the ranks of dramatists.

To speak of Mr. Pollard's valuable chapters on Bierbaum, Detlet von Liliencron and Dehmel, and the pages devoted to pioneers like Holz and Conradi, and curious apparitions like "Marie Madeleine" (Baroness von Putkamer) and Margarette Boehme, would be the agreeable task of a book reviewer. Mr. Pollard's "Masks and Minstrels" is informing and stimulating. It is also vividly personal. He ends his study of this literature as follows: "That enthusiasm can be communicated, that a new interest in a new subject can be stirred, by any of the conventional literary formulas, I have never believed. Only as we ourselves have vividly felt this or that sensation in life or the arts, can we pass such sensation on. What this book has tried to convey is the personal impression of one who believes in only individual taste and appreciation. That personal impression is to be summed up once again and for the last time: German literature may in this century flower in this direction or that. It will always be in the soil fructified by those I have here emphasized that you will find its roots."

Mr. Trevor as Helmer

"A Doll's House" was revived in London on April 22 and the Pall Mall Gazette published this illuminative criticism:

"The new and phenomenally bad Torvald Helmer was provided by Norman Trevor. This young actor, who was so very handsome and manly and in every way admirable as the lover in 'All That Matters,' the other day, at the Haymarket, showed about as much capacity on Saturday for impersonating Mr. Helmer as he probably possesses for impersonating Puck. He was wrong in every respect. To begin with, he looked at least 10 years too young, and his clothes were obviously made in London, instead of in Christiania. These defects, however, would not have mattered much had the actor been able to show us something of the moral and mental content of the character, and it was here that he seemed to us to fail completely. There may have been those in the audience who saw signs in the impersonation of the long and stern struggle Helmer had made before getting the appointment at the bank which has ended all his pecuniary difficulties; of the calm, massive, self-confidence and self-righteousness of the man; of his essential and enormous snobbishness; of the vast self-pity which possesses him on the discovery of his wife's 'crime,' and of the blind, helpless groping for the light with which he finally receives her decision to leave him. All we can say is that we saw little of these things—say, indeed, little but a smart and very personable young gentleman pretending to be a pattern of 'respectability' at its worst. And when in his anger with his wife in the third act he proceeded to bawl and rush about (we seriously thought, several times, he was going to fling the lamp at her, and make a really good melodramatic effect), the final touch was given to a depressingly superficial piece of work. The Nora of Mme. Lydia Yavorska remains as attractive personally as before. We have now seen it three times, and always with the pleasure one must get in a theatre watching a beautiful and charming woman saying and doing womanly and sympathetic things. But, technically, the execution is still very loose."

Plays in London

"It is a dream of ambergris and sandalwood and cream tarts 'Visionary pomps, processional' of turbans and scimitars and veiled houris mingle and pass in a riot of sensuous, passionate color. You expect to see a ghoul working horrors in the background, or a genie rising out of the bath. Will a roc, miraculous bird, sweep in and fly away with the monumental person of Mr. Oscar Asche? All things are possible in this world of magic entertainment, amid these 'shifting sovranties of dream.' Probably you will find sherbets and citrons, and lamb stuffed with pistachios waiting for your supper." Thus did the Daily Telegraph begin its notice of "Kismet," produced at the Garrick Theatre, April 19.

Alfred Capus's "Les Deux Ecoles" was produced by Charles Hawtrey in London on April 20 in an English version, "Better Not Enquire," made by Miss Unger. The Daily Telegraph was not highly entertained. "When a man has nothing to say, you had better let him say it in his own fashion. He will be less tedious. * * * But the original was not a masterpiece in the making of much cry about little wool. 'Les Deux Ecoles' is a little Parisian sermon on the text 'Il faut donc etre trompee toujours et quand meme,' or, as Miss Unger translates, 'whoever a woman chooses, she's going to be deceived, just the same.' As a doctrine it is not in its first youth. As a theme for a play it must be very tired. The symptoms of weariness are all over 'Les Deux Ecoles.' The characters are tired, the plot is so tired that it can hardly lurch along—even the wit has lost some of its complexion. Only the style retains its vivacity. This makes a sad task for the adapter."

Music in Wales

Dr. David Thomas lectured recently in London on "The Outlook and Trend of Music in Wales today," and asked whether Wales was taking advantage of beneficent influences and Welsh musicians endeavoring to move forward with those of other countries, he answered in the negative. "Welsh music is too parochial and narrow, and the heart of the world has never been moved by it. The cry of 'Wales for the Welsh' may be a sound doctrine in many matters, but it will never do as a motto for Welsh art. Some of the composers are taking advantage of their opportunities and are imbibing the modern spirit. Considering that no Welsh musician prior to 1851 had attempted anything beyond the hymn-tune or the crude anthem, it must be admitted that Wales has made very rapid strides, but there has not been time enough for establishing a distinctive school of Welsh music and a critical public tribunal of art. It would be no exaggeration to say that the great mass of the people are incapable of discriminating between good and bad music."

Nevertheless, Dr. Thomas thought the outlook bright. The equipment of the leaders is considerably above that of the past generation, and the vastly increased proficiency of the orchestra, instrumentalists, organists, conductors and singers is sufficient guarantee that "Wales is stirring in the right direction. All this advance in executive ability is bound to react on the creative faculties of composers. The average output of composition is, however, not nearly bread enough. Some members of the younger generation of Welsh composers are forever turning their attention to the anthem and the part-song. Even in the more extended forms of the cantata the choral treatment is bound by the part-song or the fugue. It is this stereotyped treatment of the chorus that Welsh composers should strive to get away from. Once a man has learned to construct a fugue he is a terrible individual to let loose on the world. He is like the man with a grievance—his friends are always treated to it. It is fugue for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Fresh menus and clever cooks are wanted to entice to a feast of music. There are, however, men who have seen the necessity of breaking away from the old methods, and the treatment of the chorus is far more elastic in their hands than with their predecessors."

Men and Women

Miss Waldoff, who has dwelt in music halls, has an accomplished press agent. "Waldorf knows her colors. Green, vivid and pure, is her pet scheme, and she disposes it in dashes that heighten the blaze of the rich red hair. For the rest she is in black—a non-committal velvet, with, may be, a single relief in gold embroidery. She is little, but a Colossus—her plump, yet never ample, figure appears to house an electric battery." Her art is thus described: "Though an actress she has the secret of repression. Her immobility of body sets off the workings of a seldom restful face. The grating accent, the leer, the impish grimace, the haughty manner, the sad wanness of sorrow, sheer gladness, the devilishness and the myriad faces of Berlin's most characteristic denizens are there. She speaks without talking; her powers of suggestion are transmitted like a wireless message. She is not a vocalist in the accepted sense, yet she has a wonderful voice. It may now be a seeming shriek, a harsh note that pierces, or a tone of a curiously heavy quality. But ever and anon come sweetly plaintive notes and tuneful breaks that go to the heart or to the head."

Fanny Moody and her husband, Charles Manners, who fought valiantly for opera in English, retired from the London Coliseum, April 22, at the end of an engagement of 36 weeks. His company, however, is not to be disbanded.

Isabel Jay will say farewell to the lyric stage in about a month and a half. She is appearing in "The Balkan Princess." It is said that she contemplates playing in straight comedy. She was at the Savoy in "Yeoman of the Guard" as far back as 1897.

E. S. Willard will play Brutus to Sir Herbert Tree's Antony in the Forum scene from "Julius Caesar" at the gala performance at His Majesty's, London, June 27. He has not been seen on the London stage since he returned from America about eight years ago.

Bertha Shalek, who took the part of Musette at the Boston Opera House last week and will be seen as Carmen this week, is a Bohemian by birth, but her parents moved to New York when she was a child. She first studied the violin. Her first professional engagement as a singer was in light opera with De Wolf Hopper. She joined the Aborn company three years ago.

Renata Freber, who will be seen as Micaela at the Boston Opera House this week, was born in Salt Lake City. She has hitherto appeared only in concert in western cities.

Max d'Ollone of Paris has set music to verses of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Ferdinand Loewe of Vienna has been invited to be the first conductor at the Budapest Court Opera House. He will accept only on condition that he will be allowed to conduct concerts in Vienna and Munich as before. Conductors are exacting in these days.

Plays of the Future

Charles Frohman has acquired "Le Million," a five-act farce, by Berr and Guillemand. It is to be compressed into four. "A young artist has, in the national lottery, won the prize of a million francs. He carelessly places the ticket in the pocket of an old coat, which his sweetheart, moved by charity, presents to an undeserving beggar. Thereupon begins the chase after the valuable 'scrap of paper,' during the course of which one amusing incident follows another helter-skelter. In its continuous development of droll situations 'Le Million' also recalls 'Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie,' out of which Sir William Gilbert modelled his infinitely amusing farce, 'The Wedding March.'"

Sir Herbert Tree has acquired a new play. The work of Melchoir Lengyel, author of "Typhoon," bears the title of "Prophet Percival." The piece, although modern, has a certain strain of mysticism in it. The action of the first act takes place in London, and here we are introduced to the principal character, a man of the world, something of a cynic, an interested student of life in all its phases. Suddenly the current of his existence is diverted into a new channel. To save a woman's reputation he turns his back upon London and its fascinations, and takes ship for a distant island in the Pacific. There he finds himself among elementary surroundings; in the midst of a savage tribe, who hail him as prophet and seer. In course of time he, too, is persuaded that he possesses all the qualities attributed to him by his followers. An unexpected catastrophe serves to disillusion him. As originally conceived, the piece ends on a tragic note, which, however, will probably be changed when it comes to be done at His Majesty's."

Notes About Opera

Dr. Max Burkhardt, lecturing in Berlin on Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," expressed the opinion that neither the composer nor the librettist had brought out the humor of the story. "Strauss had fallen short of genuine, spontaneous humor, in spite of brilliant coloring and some excellent musical jokes. Even the waltzes, admirable as they were in the earlier stages of the work, soon petered out, and proved that Strauss could not write a real waltz, and lacked the melodic invention that has made the classic comic operas immortal."

The Paris Opera in 1910 took in about $618,500, and the Opera Comique about $535,000.

A one-act opera, "Finale," text by Albert Geiger and music by Alfred Lorentz, has been produced with great success at Graz.

Karl Weiss, whose "Polish Jew" ("The Bells") has long been popular in Germany, has completed a new opera, "1870."

BOSTON GETS WEINGARTNER

Henry Russell, the director of the Boston Opera House, has cabled from Paris that he has engaged Felix Weingartner to conduct a series of Wagner's music dramas at the Opera House in February next. This is an important announcement, Mr. Weingartner is ranked among the leading conductors of Europe, with Nikisch, Muck, Motti and Richard Strauss. He has never conducted an opera in the United States.

Mr. Weingartner will not come here as a stranger. He played in Boston at a Kneisel quartet concert Feb. 3, 1905, the piano part of his own sextet in E minor, and on Jan. 17, 1906, he conducted the New York Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, when his interpretation of Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony made a sensation.

He was born at Zara, Dalmatia, on June 2, 1863. Having studied musical composition at Graz, he went to Leipsic in 1881 as a student of philosophy, but he soon entered the Conservatory of Music in that city. He joined Liszt's circle at Weimar in 1883, and his first opera, "Sakuntala," was produced there. It has been said that he figures as one of the Weimar group in von Wolzogen's amusing novel, "Der Kraft-Mayr." He afterward served as opera conductor at Koenigsberg, Dantzic, Hamburg, Mann- symphonies, symphonic poems, chamber music, and many songs. He has written a drama, "Golgatha," and various books, among them a history of the symphony since Beethoven, and an elaborate study of conducting. His literary articles, of a sharply polemical nature, have aroused much discussion.

To those who are acquainted with the recent history of the Vienna Opera House, the news that Mr. Russell has also engaged Miss Lucille Marcell will not be a surprise. Miss Marcell, whose real name is Wasself, was born at New York in 1883. She studied the piano in New York, and afterward singing. She studied, it is said, in Berlin, then went to Paris, where she was coached by Jean de Reszke. She sang in a concert at Ostend, and in Russia, and had some operatic experience. Recommended by Richard Strauss, she was engaged by Mr. Weingartner to take the part of Elektra when Strauss's opera of that name was produced at Vienna. Her success led to an engagement at the Royal Opera House of that city.

him, and in 1891 was appointed conductor of the Royal Opera and the symphony concerts in Berlin.

The "Athens of the Spree" is notoriously conservative, and his readings of operatic scores shocked the old fogies, so that in 1898 he resigned his position at the Opera House and went to Munich as the conductor of the Kaim Orchestra. He continued, however, for a time to conduct in Berlin the symphony concerts of the Royal Orchestra. In 1907 he was appointed general director of the Vienna Opera House as the successor of Mahler, and he entered on his duties Jan. 1, 1908. He held this position until a few months ago, and he has a contract with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra as conductor for a term of years. He is famous in all European cities as a virtuoso conductor of the modern school; authoritative, imaginative, poetic, magnetic.

One of his symphonies, a symphonic poem, "The Fields of the Blessed," and his arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," have been performed at Symphony concerts in Boston. The list of his compositions includes four operas, a spring fairy play, music to "Faust,"

Master Musicians.

MASTER MUSICIANS: A BOOK FOR PLAYERS, SINGERS AND LISTENERS. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Chicago: C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Hadden in his preface states that this volume of biographical sketches does not pretend to be critical, and, writing it, he had the amateur in mind. Yet criticism at times enters into the sketches and is not of a high order. For instance, Mr. Hadden speaks of Palestrina as "rather a herald of the really great composers than one of the greatest in his own person," and classes Berlioz, Brahms, Grieg and Tschaikowsky as "stars among the planets." The book is chiefly anecdotical, and we find all the favorite and shop-worn stories. Some of them were long ago shown to be apocryphal, and it is surprising at this late day to see the legend of Paganini giving f.20,000 to Berlioz stated solemnly as a fact. Mr. Hadden, by the way, like many other Englishmen, is singularly unappreciative of Berlioz. On page 217 he says: Berloiz, "jealous, of course," declared that Gounod had not the smallest conception of the subject treated in his "Faust." As a matter of fact, Berlioz was one of the first to appreciate Gounod's opera, and his review after the first performance was discriminatively eulogistic. The student of musical history will find little or nothing in this book for his instruction; but the average reader may find pleasure in looking over the pages and be induced thereby to read more elaborate and authoritative biographies. The book is handsomely illustrated with portraits.

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Caroline Dale Snedeker has written a story about the only Spartan who did not perish at Thermopylae, but returned to live on for Helias and was therefore spurned by his parents, sweetheart and fellow-townsmen. But this story was written long ago by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, written eloquently in the stately manner of Chateaubriand, and this story, "The Impatience of the Crowd," is to be found in the first collection of "Cruel Tales."

Senator McManus of New York wishes to tax champagne at the rate of 50 cents a quart and 25 cents a pint. "If a man will pay $4.50 for a quart bottle of champagne, he will pay $5." True, senator. There are many men who would gladly go through the mysterious operation known as "opening wine" if the price were $8 a bottle and the fact were known to the "push."

Mr. Calvin Winter says that We must accept Mrs. Edith Wharton as she is, recognizing that she is one of those writers "who must do the thing their own way." Her own way is to introduce no family without a butler, no family on which the bishop of the diocese is not a frequent caller.

The astronomer, Dr. T. J. J. See, an auspicious name, says that Venus is habitable and the climate is almost the same as it is on earth. Tannhaeuser lived for several years in the Venusberg and found right little peace: "Inside the Horsel here the air is hot."

ON CLOSE RESEMBLANCES

Sir Hiram Maxim complained recently that he has a "double" in the United States who causes him much inconvenience. This statement led a London journalist to draw up a list of well known couples physically alike: Lord Tennyson and Sir Leslie Stephen; Jules Ferry and William Whitely; King Haakon and Lord Monk Bretton; George du Maurier, who so closely resembled Sir L. Alma-Tadema that a woman at dinner addressed the former as "Sir Alma," and added that "he really was not a bit like that Mr. du Maurier as people tried to make out." There was a time when Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, was the exact image of Mr. Henry James, the novelist. This led Mr. George F. Babbitt, after he stated the resemblance, to write: "It is seldom two men have such hard luck." Did not Mr. Andrew Lang suggest that Darnley looked like Queen Elizabeth so he was enabled to escape from the explosion and make his way into England, where he in some way secured the throne and, to keep up the delusion, shaved every midnight?

No man is pleased when he is told that he has a double. He denies the resemblance if he knows him. If he is unacquainted, he refuses an introduction. He resents the idea that anyone can possibly resemble him, and yet he may not be unduly proud of his nose, mouth, eyes, figure. His individuality must be preserved at any cost. It is the case of "the importance of a man to himself," a text that served Alexander Smith for a delightful essay; but who reads poor Smith today, except in the passages that Robert Louis Stevenson borrowed from him without acknowledgement?

There are men and women who are not match-makers, but acquaintance-makers. A hostess says to Mr. Ferguson just before the signal is given to go in to the dining room: "I have asked Mr. Johnson tonight, and I know you will like him. He reminds me so much of you." She has said the same thing to Johnson about Ferguson. The two glare at each other and are barely civil during the ceremony of introduction. Unfortunately there is no ceremony of de-introduction, and Johnson and Ferguson are doomed to recognize each other formally in street and trolley car until one of them dies or leaves town. The hostess wonders afterward at the coolness of the two toward her. Yet a man is pleased when he is told that he resembles his father, although the latter may have an unsavory reputation in business or be voted a bore at the club. The worship of ancestors is known in the West as in the East.

The average man likes to think that he is mentally and physically unlike others, except those in his family. He quotes the old saw: "There are thousands of leaves in the forest and no two of them are exactly alike." The more illustrious his alleged double, the more resentful he is. "Yes, I know some have found a resemblance between me and Mr. Roosevelt, but it is slight, as you would at once see, sir, if we were now standing before you." And what would Mr. Roosevelt say if he was told that he looked like Eusebius Mildmay, who has no children, dreams fondly of universal peace and has never seen a football game?

May 9. 1911.

FELIX WEINGARTNER.

Mr. Russell has engaged Felix Weingartner to conduct a series of Wagner's music dramas at the Boston Opera House in February. Mr. Weingartner is one of the very first conductors in Europe, and although he has conducted only concerts in the United States, his great reputation in Europe as an operatic leader is unquestioned. The engagement of such a man gives character and prestige to the opera house with which he is connected.

It is evidently the purpose of Mr. Russell to extend the repertory of the Boston Opera House. A repertory is usually a plant of slow growth, but that of the local opera house shot up and spread as in a night. While the Italian and French schools have been well represented, there were only two German operas in the repertory at the end of the second season, "Lohengrin" and "Haensel and Gretel," and in the performance of the latter the boy and his sister and their parents were impersonated by members of the Metropolitan Opera House brought over for the occasion. Other German operas heard in the Boston Opera House were performed by the Metropolitan Company. A repertory cannot truly be said to be catholic and well balanced until it includes the greater number of Wagner's music dramas, at least two of Mozart's operas, Beethoven's "Fidelio," one of Weber's operas, and one or two examples of the modern school. It would not be easy to say what modern German operas should be brought out. D'Albert's "Tiefland," which is very popular in Germany, has had little success in London and failed dismally in New York. Mayor Fitzgerald's young men would of course be shocked by Richard Strauss's "Salome." The Bohemian Smetana's "Sold Bride," Performed in German, as it often is, would undoubtedly give pleasure. It [illegible] then committed is to be hoped that Mr. Weingartner will see his way clear to produce one of Mozart's operas, but it is more likely that he will confine his attention to Wagnerian music dramas. The system of interchange established between three opera houses in this country will simplify the problem of obtaining adequate singers. The question of the orchestra is not so easily answered. At present the strings are comparatively weak. It is said that this section will be strengthened. Mr. Weingartner is an admirable disciplinarian, and the public may well believe that music dramas will not be produced hurriedly or imperfectly. Meanwhile the coming of this celebrated conductor whets the anticipation of a brilliant season.

JOHN CRAIG AS SHYLOCK

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: John Craig stock company in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare. Cast:

Shylock	John Craig
Antonio	Frederick Murray
Bassanio	Hallett Thompson
Gratiano	George Hassell
Lorenzo	Wilfred Young
Salanio	Bert Young
Salarino	A. B. Clark
Duke of Venice	George DeCarlton
Prince of Morocco	Robert Middlemass
Tubal	Frank Bertrand
Launcelot Gobbo	Al Roberts
Old Gobbo	A. L. Hickey
Nerrisa	Gertrude Binley
Jessica	Florence Shirley
Portia	Lillian Lawrence

There are two well beaten paths open to the actor of Shylock. He may impersonate a religious fanatic, an avenger of the accumulated injustices of one race and creed toward another; or he may simply show the human individual whose wrongs, even though they be against his race and religion are felt personally and the author of them hated with a purely personal hate.

Mr. Craig's conception of Shylock seems to be a blending of the personal and the religious, but the former is much the stronger, and it is when he is in direct contact with his individual enemy that he extracts the dramatic appeal from the part. In the earlier scenes he is not the Shylock that finally develops in the court room. Because Antonio and his companions fail to show the physical repulsion, the instinctive shrinking of the Christian from the Jew, this Shylock is not in the scenes previous to the trial the cringing, pitiful or repellent creature that he should appear. Shylock is never safe from the insults of Antonio and he knows it.

In the street scene Mr. Craig was better, beginning for the first time to show the passionate vehemence that is Shylock's characteristic. Here he made it strikingly clear that the Jew loved his daughter, and even tho "I would she were dead at my feet and the jewels in her ear!" had no ring of sincerity, but was rather the exaggerated expression of intense excitement and the conflict of emotions.

At the end of the first scene of act II., when Shylock leaves Jessica in care of his house, the paternal gesture with which Mr. Craig turned at the foot of the bridge and enfolded his daughter in his arms established at once his feeling toward her. It was one of the good points of the impersonation.

In the fourth act Mr. Craig is at his best. The rapid change from the scrutiny of his bond to a sudden intense interest in Portia when she says "It must not be" is effective, and is but the preparation to the dramatic abandon of his "A Daniel come to judgment!" The nearest approach to the tragic is his action when he hears Antonio's demand that he become a Christian. His exit is pathetic.

Except for these points and a generally good conception throughout the fourth act, Mr. Craig's Shylock is not a particularly skillful or dramatic interpretation. He is inclined to make the part declamatory, and explosive, while it is an exceptionally concentrated part, intense and unifiedly passionate in expression. This Shylock is too fond of logic and not fond enough of his hate.

Instead of presenting Portia as a woman of mind and dignity unbending in her light scenes, Miss Lawrence makes her a naturally vivacious character. In this way she escaped making her a marble column endowed with oratorical propensities, but still it was hardly the right course.

That sniveling hypocrite and sympathy catcher, Antonio, was played by Frederick Murray. It is a trying part, for all the way from his sham, "I hold the world but as the world" to his contemptible, "Pray, God, Bassanio come to see me pay his debt," Antonio is unredeemed by any touch of real courage or unpretentious friendship. But Mr. Murray did not make even the best of the part, and much of the sense of looseness about the production was due to his lack of sympathy.

Mr. Hassell's Gratiano was excellent, especially his facial work in the court scene, which was vividly expressive. Mr. Roberts as Gobbo was also good, but Mr. Thompson was not equal to Bassanio. Miss Binley and Miss Shirley greatly pleased the audience.

The play next week will be "The White Sister."

B. F. KEITH'S GIVES GOOD VAUDEVILLE

Andrew Mack Heads a Capital Varied Program—Boomerang Throwing.

Andrew Mack, "the Irish minstrel," is the headliner at B. F. Keith's this week. Mr. Mack is a favorite in Boston, and he got a warm reception yesterday. He opened with a little monologue, some of which was funny enough; but what the audience enjoyed most was his singing. Andrew Mack is no Enrico Caruso, although his imitation of that famous man singing "La Donna E Mobile" was so good as to suggest what he could achieve if he really tried. He has a sweet tenor of his own, his top notes, as the coster gentleman says, being very fetching. He sang a number of songs. Perhaps the one about the Boston girl who was not born in Ireland, but is Irish just the same, was as good to listen to as any. Mr. Mack told some funny stories—some of them were so funny that a man in the balcony laughed before he heard them.

Caesar Rivoli, heralded as the greatest character representative of the age, gave a wonderful exhibition of quick change work. He played "A Scandal in a Restaurant," taking the parts of a waiter, a policeman, a customer, the customer's wife, the customer's "lady friend" and a thief. As there were limits to Mr. Rivoli's art, he was only able to put one character on the stage at a time, but the illusion of a number of people being engaged was kept up. Not a moment was lost in changing from the alert policeman to the gayly dressed rival of the wife of the customer and so so. The costumes were complete. Not satisfied with giving this act, Mr. Rivoli took his place as leader of the orchestra, and with hardly an interval for changing appeared in suc-

Delic-
cession as Verdi, Paderewski, Rossini, Liszt, Mascagni, Sullivan and others, conducting selections by each composer.

It was a fine bit of work all around, and Mr. Rivoli deserved all the applause he got.

Those who have never really seen Australian boomerang throwing should go to B. F. Keith's this week. Rawson and June give an exhibition of spear hurling, archery and boomerang work such as is seldom seen. Rawson makes the queer Australian weapon do his bidding. He hurls it toward the balcony. It travels through the air with a whirring sound, circling the auditorium and coming back to the thrower, into his hands, to his foot, to his right, to his left, through a hoop—any way he likes. It is well worth seeing.

"Fagin's Decision" is a pretty sketch by Claud Usher and Miss Fannie Usher. It is a pity such a miserable little puppy as poor Spareribs is needed for the purposes of the play.

Bertische is rightly described as the muscular marvel of the age. He does some stupendous feats of strength. The rest of the bill is excellent.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Aborn English Grand Opera Company. Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. West conducted. Cast:

Carmen.....Miss Shalek
Don Jose.....Mr. Secchi
Escamillo.....Mr. Luckstone
Zuniga.....Mr. Waterous
Dancairo.....Mr. Schuster
Remendado.....Mr. Fein
Michaela.....Miss Freber
Mercedes.....Miss Ranney
Frasquita.....Miss Coughlan
Lillas Pastia.....Mr. Brown
Morales.....Mr. Green

A large and enthusiastic audience was present last evening at a creditable performance of Bizet's fascinating opera.

Miss Shalek, whose voice is one of singular power and brilliance, sang the music effectively, with much feeling and dramatic intensity. She is a singer of ability and intelligence. Her impersonation was interesting, unconventional and well characterized. She was provoking, petulant, passionate by turns, and the note of tragedy underlying the part was not absent from her voice.

Mr. Secchi was, vocally and dramatically, an inadequate Don Jose. Miss Freber was a conscientious Micaela. In spite of his slightly comic and undignified entrance, Mr. Luckstone, as Escamillo, sang with spirit, and afterward, with the eyes of the enchantress upon him, he bethought him that he was a man and a hero and the Toreador song was repeated.

The chorus did good work, and Mr. West gave a satisfactory reading of the score.

The opera next week will be Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffman."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Sweetest Girl in Dixie," a domestic comedy of the South, in four acts:

Col. Howard.....Harry L. Barker
Mathew Martin.....Jess Sidney
"Uncle" George.....John Sanders
Howard Emery.....Charles Moore
Barbara Howard.....Alice Seymoure
"Aunt" Caroline.....Rena Sanders
Matilda Martin.....May McKay

A large audience enjoyed the play, which gave a charming picture of southern life. The plot deals with a phase of southern life familiar to those acquainted with the works of novelists who have chosen this field.

The most interesting part of the play comes in the fourth act, where Barbara throws over Mathew Martin, who held a mortgage on the family home and who asked her hand as a condition of cancelling the mortgage. Howard Emery arrives fom the West at the critical moment, pays off Martin and just naturally marries the sweetest girl.

The play was well staged. The audience was enthusiastic.

M. Ap 1911

Ester Farrabini, who has been engaged by Mr. Russell for the Boston Opera House next season, will not come to Boston as a stranger. She sang in Leoncavallo's concerts in Symphony Hall in October, 1906, and then made a pleasant impression. Her voice was a rich mezzo-soprano and her interpretation was emotional.

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A Russian countess, described as a desperate flirt (with bright yellow hair, eyes like absinthe curdled in the glass, and a painted mouth) in Justus Miles Forman's "Unknown Lady," published this year, is named Olga Samaroff. Is it possible that Mr. Forman never heard of the pianist of that name who has many friends in Boston? Mme Samaroff is now in Europe on her wedding trip and probably oblivious to petty trials and annoyances, but she might well resent the novelist's liberty. In England, according to recent decisions, she could sue for libel and recover heavy damages

TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1911.

THE GREAT FREDERIC.

Many Bostonians knew Frederic, proprietor of the Tour d'Argent restaurant in Paris, whose canard a la presse made him famous. He cooked this dish as solemnly as though he were presiding at a sacred rite. It was the fashion to go to this restaurant; to wait forty minutes or more while the dish was preparing; to eat as though no duck had ever been cooked before and the canvasback were only a legendary animal, to be classed with the gyascutus or the hoop snake.

Frederic, the great Frederic, is dead. The obituary notices published in this country are as yet sadly incomplete. There should be a biography, annotated copiously by Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis, who is never so gallant as when writing about dishes, and never so brave as when eating them. In due time there should be a volume, "Fredericiana."

His name was Frederic Delair, and his restaurant was small and old-fashioned. The parlor had a low ceiling. When Frederic first became master, after he had served as head cook at the Cafe Riche and other restaurants, the floors were spread with sawdust. His face was not unlike that of Ibsen. He had waving gray hair and flowing whiskers. It was his firm belief that different kinds of fuel should be used for roasting different kinds of meat, and he also believed that the spiced scents of certain woods were transmitted and added flavor to game. The ancient Romans thought the same, and, it is said, the Japanese spend large sums on woods for kitchen fires. Frederic named dishes after his guests. Filet de sole Loie Fuller, canape Clarence Mackay, poires Wanamaker, etc.; but the dishes that distinguished this restaurant were wild ducks woodcock, le poulet Belgrand, la langouste Winterthur, pieds de mouton poulette and the filet de sole Cardinal, "little filets pressed into crayfish tails and served with a red crayfish sauce." He abhorred long dinners. Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis wrote some years ago that when the secretary to the Behring sea conference talked with Frederic in behalf of the members of the two missions and planned the scenario of a twelve-course dinner, Frederic asked him courteously to take them elsewhere, for he would not serve such a barbarous meal.

To Americans the masterpiece of the departed was his canard a la presse. The Marquis de Lauzieres de Themines wrote a poem about Frederic and this dish, verses to be expected of a marquis:

"La, d'un canard, dont reste la carcasse.
Dans une boite, on la broie, on la moud.
Un rude engin l'ecrase, la concasse.
Il resulte un jus exquis au gout."

The peasants of the Midi did the trick by smashing their tough ducks with stones. Frederic used two ducks, one well cooked for the meat; the other half-raw for the juices.

The death of a great cook or the closing of a once famous restaurant is an event in city life. The restaurant Tour d'Argent may go on; the duck may be served and even be as good; but there will be no successor to Frederic, for his success was not wholly due to his make-up or his manner.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1911.

A NOTE ON LEPROSY.

The poets and novelists have added to the legendary terror of leprosy. There is the thought of the warning clapper or bell and the face veiled with cloth or masked with gold in stories by Robert Louis Stevenson and Marcel Schwob. There is Swinburne's poem on which a play was based. There is the grisly yet highly poetic drama of Bataille which is already turned into an opera. And yet the author of two books long attributed to Hippocrates declared that leprosy was not contagious and was a blemish rather than a disease. He recommended the application of vinegar or lime and water, and then thought the day's work done. There were other ancient physicians who prescribed leeches to the affected part at the beginning and had faith in sal ammoniac and oil of eggs.

It was once thought that the Crusaders brought back leprosy with them, but the disease was known in Europe before any personally conducted band started out for the sake of the Sepulchre. In Bokhara the people believed the disease to be hereditary and to originate from food, incurable, a curse from the Lord, and the wretches were compelled to dwell in a particular and isolated quarter; but in France, where lepers were once so common that Louis the Young left legacies to over 2000 hospitals for the afflicted, it was commonly reported that the hereditary taint was obliterated after the third or fourth generation.

Certainly the lepers in England were not always treated shabbily. At the Sherburn Hospital in Durham, each one was provided daily with a substantial loaf of bread and a gallon of ale; on three days in the week there was a mess of flesh for two, and on the other days fish, cheese and butter. At Bath they were not stoned by the fashionable, but there was a separate bathing place for them. Evelyn going from Delft to The Hague was shocked by the number of lepers who lived in solitary huts on the brink of the river and asked charity of passers-by. Gifts of food or money were put in a floating box. In Scotland there were many lepers and they were often surfeited with salmon.

Then as now there were all sorts of theories concerning the origin of the disease. Voltaire suggested that a lack of linen was the cause. Leprosy was formerly called in England the linenless disease, and it was thought that the skin became affected through the wearing of woollen and perspiration-inducing garments next it. No tragedy is complete without a touch of the grotesque.

Today an alleged case of leprosy causes a panic. Take the case of the man who not long ago was brought from Washington, D. C., to New York for examination. He was caged as though he were a wild beast. Food and water were poled to him. Fifty years ago schoolboys spouted: "Room for the leper, room!" In the 20th century it would seem as though there were no room on American soil for him except in some lonely, remote retreat, where he is watched and guarded as though he were a desperate convict.

May 9-1911

Here is local fame! The Daily Chronicle of London published recently this paragraph: "Last autumn this writer asked for the mignonette sauce for oysters, as produced at Martin's in New York. The query went about the world, and Punch pointed it. And here comes through the Window the bottle of sauce that arrives by devious ways through the inventor at Martin's, the trackers, who have been searching, and have found the chef at the Parker House, Boston, who has brought mignonette sauce into being. E. J. Dellemano is his name. Only just in time for this writer's last oyster meal of the season."

It was on May 9, 1817, that newspapers of New York published the following interesting anthropological note: In Montgomery County, Mr. Jesse Johnson, being 18 or 19 years of age and four feet one inch high, and weighing about 75 pounds, was married to Miss Nancy Fowler, about 26 or 27 years of age, six feet two inches high, and weighing about 250 pounds.

Old Thomas Tusser had this to say about the weather yesterday:

If on the 8th of May it rain,
It foretells a wet harvest, men sain.

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ma 1911

Commissioner Rourke, having visited Chicago, Cleveland and Brooklyn, is now confident that Boston is the best lighted city in the country. Yes, yes. Splendid; but did the Commissioner see in any other city or village more imposing dust clouds than those that arise in Boston from wind-swept streets?

The Herald recently commented on ambergris brought to Boston. About six years ago George S. Johnson, who had lived at Provincetown more than thirty years, died at Jamestown, St. Helena. He had been so successful in killing whales containing the precious secretion that he was known over the seas and on land as "Ambergris" Johnson.

Margaret Anglin as the heroine of "Green Stockings" was anxious to be married.

May 11 1911

Caruso's voice has not been the golden and lucrative organ that made him famous since it was first tinkered by a throat doctor. And now he goes to an Italian one for the third time!

Mme. Nordica plumes herself on her new hat which she herself trimmed. Of course she is a capable woman; she comes from Maine.

There is an old saying with regard to May 11, 12, 13: St. Mamertius, St. Pancras and St. Gervais do not pass without a frost.

A young woman was mobbed in Newburg, N. Y., for the atrocious crime of wearing a harem skirt. Two thousand men, women and children defended morality, without thought of their personal inconvenience, by following her and jeering at her. The conventional is always moral, even when it is conventional and hidden immorality.

"Bootblack trust raises its head." No; its foot. And the story seems like a "shine."

May 12 1911

It is to be hoped that Mayor Fitzgerald will not be persuaded by Cy Warman or another to learn a new song. He is now in the minds of all associated with "Sweet Adeline," as men never spoke of the Admiral Coligny without thought of his toothpick. "Sweet Adeline" is for Mayor Fitzgerald the one and only song, the Prize song, no matter what envious Mastersingers may say concerning its structure and sentiment.

Frederick Townsend Martin, author of "The Idle Rich," was robbed of his rings in Seville "while making his annual visit to friends among the nobility and royalty." It would be safer for him to dwell with his friends, the Busy Poor.

THE PASSING OF JOHN ORTH.

The Supreme Court of Austria has decided that the Archduke John Salvatori, familiarly known as John Orth, died in 1890. This judicial opinion will not shake the belief of many that he is now alive. And surely he did not die in 1890, for he has been seen since in many places, and, if human testimony is worthy of faith, has occasionally been met in two different places at the same time. His life has been adventurous since he sailed with his wife, the actress, for Chili. He has farmed and hunted in South America. He is a rich miner beyond the Mississippi. At one time he was a hermit with a rapt countenance dwelling in a cave. The wonder is that he has not been discovered on the vaudeville stage as a Tyrolese yodler.

John Orth is dead, they say; but in the eyes of many he is a "redivivus." He has many brothers. Barbarossa is sleeping in the Kyffhaeuser Mountain, and not until his beard grows for the third time around the huge stone table will he again mix with mortals. Saturn, born centuries before him, is on an island westward from Britain. Siegfried is in a mountain castle and he will come out to wind his horn when Germany is in danger. The Three Founders of the Swiss Federation sleep tranquilly in the cleft of a rock near Lake Lucerne. Arthur and his Knights are at Avalon, or Camelot—for unfortunately there is dispute over the precise resting-place—and they have food, drink, horses and raiment. Ogier the Dane is haunting the Ardennes; King Arcturus is inside Mount Gibler. The Mahdi of the ninth century has been seen within the memory of men now living. Dom Sebastian was not killed at Alcacerquivir, and the sect of Sebastianistus awaits his coming. The Istrians at Trieste and Pola know full well that Maximilian, first Emperor of Mexico, still lives, under the charge of three jailers, captains in the English, French and Austrian navies.

The Dauphin did not die in prison. The Rev. J. H. Hanson proved that the Rev. Eleazar Williams, missionary to the Indians, was Louis XVII., and the descendants of Naundorff fondly believe that they are heirs to the throne of France. Marshal Ney was not killed by French bullets, as seen in Gerome's admired painting, nor was his body so skillfully foreshortened; he went to Georgia and lived there peaceful years as a planter and a judge of watermelons.

John Orth is now to be reckoned among the immortals. It matters not whether the vessel went down with all on board, or at sundown he sits on a veranda, smokes a porcelain pipe and looks over broad and smiling acres; he has added to the legendary lore of the world; he is himself historical and legendary.

Mr. G. R. Sims thinks the name Peter has had a wonderful run of luck in connection with public fame and in certain instances, immortality. He mentions Peter Pan, Peter Wilkins, Peter the Hermit, Peter the Great, Shock-headed Peter, Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Peter Laurie, Peter Piper, Peter the Wild Boy, Peter Parley, Peter Pindar and Peter the Painter. He forgets Peter the Pumpkin-Eater who was not fortunate with his wife, and he is not acquainted with Peter in "The End of the Bridge."

Suppose a book-seller in full possession of his faculties, reasonably intelligent, sells a book for two dollars and is therewith content. The purchaser knows that the book is worth $2000. Is it his duty as a scrupulously honest man to inform the bookseller before the purchase? Cicero discussed questions like this for the benefit of school-boys to come.

The late Harry Fenn directed by his will and testament that his five children should make a selection of his furniture, one piece at a time. Yet in his lifetime Mr. Fenn was considered a man of peaceable disposition and an affectionate father.

may 13 1911

The King of Saxony has sued Karl Burrian, the tenor, for breach of contract. Burrian is one of a line beginning with Emil Fischer, who was tempted to leave Dresden by the offer of the Metropolitan Opera House. Anthes, the tenor, once the idol of the ladies, was another who broke his contract with the royal impresario. Pauline Lucca broke with the Berlin management and for some years was not allowed to enter the city, although she had been photographed with Bismarck.

Princess Louise of Belgium claims $8,000,000 from Leopold's estate and is ordered to pay a Parisian dressmaker's bill of $350. In view of the circumstances the bill is a modest one. But millionaires the world over dislike to pay small bills, and the rich, even in Boston, often forget to settle with the sewing woman and the washer woman and the fruit dealer before leaving for their summer palaces.

may 13 1911

Mr. Nikisch will be welcomed here next season. His exquisitely manicured hands—his left was a dream—his romantically pale complexion, his fiery temperament are well remembered. He left here in a fit of temper, which he soon regretted, and, it is said, he has often wished himself back, although he is now classed as the first of virtuoso conductors and has a very large income. Conductors are associated with certain works. Bostonians have not really heard Schumann's D Minor Symphony and Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasia since Mr. Nikisch was the conductor of the Symphony orchestra. And before he left he was formidable in a game of poker.

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Little notice has been taken by newspapers of Lady Haberton's death and yet she was a pioneer of "the rational dress movement." In 1898 the landlady of an inn in Surrey refused to serve her in a public room when she was in bicycle costume. The Cyclists' Touring Club brought suit, but the defendant was acquitted. Lady Haberton then testified that she had been in the habit of walking up Regent street in divided skirts.

Mrs. Graves, a school teacher in Connecticut, is charged with wearing "too smart clothes." A wise schoolmarm always dresses plainer than the wives of the committeemen, just as the prudent choir soprano never outshines the chairman's wife in the matter of hats.

may 14. 1911

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Johnson's Latest Notes

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has sent to The Herald a package of sociological notes. The package was mailed at Clamport, and the prepaid postage was insufficient. Mr. Johnson's carelessness in matters like this is a trial to his friends, and his excuse of nearsightedness is not accepted by some, who substitute the word "nearness." There was no letter with the package. It is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Johnson is opening his summer cottage. The Sociologist is greater than the man. Let us look at some of the notes, for they seem to be of vital importance. It is a pity that Herbert Spencer died before Mr. Johnson won international reputation as a close observer and intrepid investigator.

"I have read a thoughtful article on baggy trousers. The author, who, I regret to say, is at times flippant, begins by dividing men into four classes so far as the tailor is concerned. The first includes the men who either through congenial laziness or from a desire to be taken for artists of some sort' are habitually slovenly. Class 2 contains men who wear neat, good clothes; but they are not ostentatious. The real leaders of fashion are in class 3. The fourth class includes those who will wear anything provided it is 'the latest.' Their ambition is 'to put on all the fashions at once' without thought of their relations or the police.

"I learn from this article that a suit should never look absolutely new. This reminds me of the belief current in the sixties that a glossy plug hat was worn only by gamblers. Brown is the 'correct' color. A dark chocolate brown with an indistinct striped pattern in it is to be preferred for a 'lounge' suit. The coat should have no spare cloth round about the hips. In other words, the coat is not sprung over the hips, but hangs straight down, hangs in two folds, loose at the back. The opening at the neck is narrow. The lapels are not long. The waistcoat is single-breasted and collarless. It should not be allowed to climb the shirt collar and be seen above the back of the coat. The preferred trousers are of the peg-top kind. Those that are wide at the knees are not necessarily baggy.

Our Baggy Trousers

"The writer says nothing about trousers which when worn persist in being at half mast. There have been great men, as Cesar Franck and Johannes Brahms, among musicians, whose trousers were never long enough, although the legs of the wearers, to quote Abraham Lincoln's remark apropos of a discussed statue, reached from the trunk to the ground. Nevertheless in our artificial civilization there is a prejudice against these trousers. Down, climbing sorrow! But to keep trousers from bagging at the knees requires the constant vigilance demanded for the enjoyment of liberty. The writer thinks it an economical plan to keep a different pair of trousers for each day of the week. There are some men who, though they should toil indefatigably, could never be stocked beyond Wednesday. Exercising the strictest economy, I have at last succeeded in having a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers and I have just two pairs of suspenders. An inventory of Mr. d'Annunzio's wardrobe, which was seized under an execution at his country house, showed that the passionate Italian who turned Mme. Duse into copy had a vast quantity of rings, studs, and cravat pins, 72 silk shirts, 144 pairs of silk socks, 96 pairs of gloves, 240 handkerchiefs, 150 cravats, eight umbrellas and 10 parasols; but the report says nothing about his trousers, trousers which until recently have been the proud prerogative of the Occidental male. The creditors found their way to d'Annunzio's villa although on the entrance gate was the significant inscription, "Protect yourself from the dog;" the bell handle, covered with spikes, could only be pulled in a certain way, and above it were the words: "Do not touch me." Where were d'Annunzios' trousers? Hidden cunningly in the cellar? In a wine-press outside? Surely not in his study, for in it there was not a single article that was not at least 400 years old, and trousers as they are now known to man had not then been invented.

"It is not given to everyone, as it was to Lord Brougham, to own miles of trousers. His were always shepherd's plaid—see the caricatures in early volumes of Punch. Once at Edinburgh, canvassing the electors, he was presented with a large roll of tartan. He promptly had it all made up into trousers.

Some Possible Remedies

"Cloth is elastic, as this English writer gravely states. How are trousers to retain their shape? Not every wife knows how to press them. If a man were not to sit down he would have no trouble, and therefore the economical might defend the habit of perpendicular drinking, nor does the foot rail, which encourages improving conversation this side of the bar, work serious injury to trousers. No self-respecting person likes to draw up his trousers when he sits down. This action and that of spreading coat-tails when taking a seat are no longer seen in the parlors of 'our best people.' There are many who if they sent their trousers to the presser around the corner would be obliged to absent themselves from the office and keep out of the way of the hired girl. The wise man, of course, buys two pairs with each suit—i. e., when he has the money. Trousers permanently turned up do not rest on the boots, and their own weight keeps them straight, but trousers that go with a long coat or of fine cloth or blue serge are not thus to be treated, and there are some men who dread the reproach of anglomania. If you buy two pairs with each suit there is the daily thought of alternation, an additional burden, heavier than the grasshopper.

"A rich man should have a room with long aisles of trousers, arranged according to the months and days of the months. On Jan. 1, 1746, the Rev. Mr. Hagemore, who lived at Calthorn in Leicestershire, Eng., was thrown into a pond by a fawning dog and drowned, for as he was in the habit of locking up his two servants at night they could not come to his aid. At the time of his death he had 30 gowns and cassocks,

MRS. BERRESHEIM VS. PLUTARCH.

may 13 1911

Mrs. Christiana Berresheim of Roxbury, highly respected in the community, refuses to serve a woman customer with a fifth glass of beer. While she admits there are women who can take a glass of whiskey and "maybe six or seven glasses of beer without being foolish," she says they are few in number, and it should be noted that Mrs. Berresheim is over seventy years and has seen and observed. "A woman ought to remember that she cannot drink as much as a man, because a man has got a better head." This saying has excited comment throughout the land, and from others than wild-eyed advocates of female suffrage.

In the course of her active and useful life Mrs. Berresheim has probably had little opportunity to ponder the recorded wisdom of the ancients. She would have found the subject, "Why Women Are Hardly Foxt," in Plutarch's "Symposiacs" as Englished in 1694 by Mr. Creech (the second edition). Foxt, by the way, is an ancient and picturesque synonym for "intoxicated by strong drink," or, to use a contemporaneous word, overcome.

Aristotle had said in his discourse on drunkenness that old men are easily and women hardly overtaken, but he assigned no cause. Plutarch found the principal cause in the moistness of women's temper, "which produceth a softness in the flesh, a shining smoothness," and he added, agreeing with Aristotle, that those who drink fast and take a long draught without drawing breath are seldom overtaken. "Women are generally observed to drink after that manner." Elderly men, on the contrary, have bodies that have grown spongy by the dryness of their nature, and so their body soaks up the wine and the senses are affected.

It would seem, then, that if Mrs. Berresheim's statement be true, and it is based on long and intelligent observation, women in modern days have lost the once valued "moistness of temper," or, while they gossip sip their beer, instead of pouring it down in full and hasty draughts. The question is as interesting as it is important. The Herald would be happy to hear from Mr. Herkimer Johnson and other distinguished anthropologists and sociologists.

100 pairs of breeches, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, although he wore his own hair, and 240 razors. And yet he was by no means wealthy. It is safe to infer that out of the 240 razors only a dozen were in working order

The Mania of Saving

"A London journalist asks this question: 'When a man comes to take stock of his belongings, of what particular article of his wardrobe does he find the greatest surplusage?' When he is young, cravats. 'This is the Londoner's first answer, but I regret to say he writes 'ties' for cravats. When a man is older and no longer regards the cravat as the centre of attraction, that which determines the shade and pattern of the adjacent garments, he finds 'his chief lumber in collars.' Is this true of the complaining millions of men? 'You do not hoard trousers, or boots, or even shirts.' Speak for yourself, sir. There are many who hoard the articles of dress so lightly named. For instance, I have one dress shirt. I have had it for several years. The flaps and armholes have been carefully mended. I treasure it. It is dear to me.

As to cadets in Hindostan,
The fleeting remnant of their liver.

"This Londoner counted his collars and found he had between 70 and 80. But were they all immaculate? 'The first fray with the collar is the final scrap.' The collars come back from the laundry (hand work, personal attention, no chemicals used.) Anxiously examining them, you find on the edge of one the little crack that is that of doom. It is as when putting sleeve buttons into a cuff and bending the hideously shining linen, there is suddenly a fissure. It is as the little, almost unnoticeable patch of leprosy. If you are a wise man, the offending collar or cuff goes at once into the waste basket, then into the barrel outside the back door of the flat. It may possibly be rescued by the janitor's assistant, but the janitor himself would spurn it.

Reason with Your Collar

"The authoritative book on the collar since the siege of Troy has yet to be written. I may say without presumption that the ninth volume of my magnum opus, 'Man as a Political and Social Beast' (elephant folio, sold only by subscription), will fill a long-felt want. In this chapter I have incorporated the best pages of 'Cravatiana,' which reached several editions and was translated freely into French in 1823. There will also be an inquiry into the natural eccentricities of the collar. It rules us all. We are slaves to it. The tailor himself is its subject. 'How do you expect me to guarantee that your coat will be a perfect fit as long as you wear a low collar?' We daily see otherwise sensible men, grave and respected citizens, with most incongruous collars. Ah, wretched mortals, victims of fashion! Dr. Holmes read his 'Rhymed Lesson' before the Boston Mercantile Library Association in 1846 and turned down collars were then the mode.

Eut, O my friend! My favorite fellow man,
If Nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

"The steel enameled collar made its appearance in Massachusetts in 1863. It was advertized as indestructible. Some cleaned it with a damp cloth. Others used a tooth brush. Are paper collars worn today? Mem.: To find out the name of the inventor.

"Few of us have the courage of Dean Stanley who, dining out, appeared at table with one half of his collar flapping in the air. His hostess asked him if he were aware of his condition and whether she could help him. 'Oh, no. It broke when I was dressing. I don't mind. Do you?'"

These notes are only a few out of a mass. Looking them over at random, we find an admirable recipe for onion soup. This and other notes will be published at a more convenient season.

J. K. Jerome the Philosopher

Several plays that might be classed as suffragette dramas have been recently produced in London, Jerome K. Jerome no longer jests in motley, he is a serious person. Before his new play, "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers," was produced at the Royalty Theatre April 26, he had many things to say to the reporters. He is strongly in favor of the play of ideas as against the play of the one woman and the two men. Asked whether his sympathies outside his own work were solely with the play of a mission or a cause to discuss, he answered: "Most emphatically they are not. I simply advocate a free hand in the production of stage entertainment, resenting the ridiculous idea that there is a pattern upon which one must run one's pen when writing for the stage, and that if one strays from the line made by the pricks of the patterner's wheel the work is spoiled for the theatre. I claim that there should be at least as much encouragement given to the dramatist with new ideas of his own as to the dramatist with old ideas of other people—that the dramatist working from an inspiration is quite as important to the world as the dramatist working upon a diagram.

"The dramatist of today is haunted," added Mr. Jerome. "If he allows himself to be, by a vague and fearful object which he believes to be an official plan for constructing and writing a real play. He cannot describe it to you, for as yet he has not been permitted to see it in a clear light. Nobody knows who gave birth to the bogey, or where it lives, or what are its office hours. But it exists, and it has power, for when the dramatist does not form a play upon its likeness there is a rumpus. It is a pity it cannot be caught and photographed; for with a reproduction laid out before him and cornered down with drawing-pins the dramatist would then know precisely what to do in order to become wealthy and popular in a short space of time.

"But it is proof against capture. It refuses to stand and unfold itself; it will only hover in the shadows and make warning sounds. Unable to lay hold of him in the nightmare sport of blind man's huff, in spite of years of heart-breaking endeavor, a dramatist will sometimes give the game up in despair, and, determining there and then to do without the terrifying shade, sit down and write a—prodigious success!

"If the stage is to appeal to all sorts and conditions of men and women, it must of necessity deal with all sorts and conditions of subjects, in all sorts and conditions of ways."

Mr. Jerome slaps our old friend, the Man of the World, who "doesn't want poetry, he doesn't want pictures, he doesn't want drama." American audiences, he kindly says, are more receptive than English audiences. "They have not," he says, "been trained to expect everything according to Cocker. They do not ask for forms and rules and dotted diagrams; they only ask to be interested, and as they are many-sided individually, and not split up into parties and sections, the author of a serious problem-play stands as good a chance with them as does the author of a rollicking farce.

"The American playgoer," added Mr. Jerome, "has the gift af adjusting himself to the mood and drift of what is placed before him, and whether the dramatist appeals to his low-comedy sense or to his brains, he can be sure of his pleasure and patronage if he only makes the appeal in an interesting way."

"The Master of Mrs. Chilvers"

In Mr. Jerome's drama a decision of the House of Lords has indirectly opened the door to parliamentary candidature for women. Mrs. Chilvers makes a pledge to the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League to stand at the next by-election. But a by-election is soon at hand; the promoted politician, her husband, says she need not keep her pledge. She is deaf to his amiable arguments. Husband and wife are rival candidates, and when Mr. Chilvers puts an argument on a sensational poster his mother-in-law appeals to his sense of chivalry to withdraw it. Mr. Chilvers has refused to listen to a deputation on a certain sexual question, and he asks Mrs. Chilvers, for he is her husband, to do the same. She refuses. Mr. Chilvers then says it is all up domestically between them. Mrs. Chilvers is returned by a majority of 14; but finding that she is to be a mother, she resigns. The Times remarked maliciously: "What the Women's Parliamentary Franchise League have to say about this settlement we are not told. Presumably they seek their next candidate among spinsters of advanced years."

This comedy, which they say is not a good one, for it is founded on a blank impossibility, is stuffed full with "realism," riots, committee meetings, suffrage battle hymns, incidents of an English electoral contest. "All this," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "is admirable matter for the dramatist—a great deal more interesting than the eternal passion motif—the beating of the fiery heart of some Ferdinando for an Elvira, who happens to be somebody else's wife." The play is a dramatic pamphlet against woman suffrage. "It practically drenches the whole movement with ridicule. Whether it does so fairly or unfairly"—I quote from the Pall Mall Gazette—"it is not our function to inquire. There were ladies in the audience last night who said it showed Mr. Jerome's utter want of knowledge; there were others who said it proved his admirable good sense. A play which achieved such results has, at any rate, life in it. And we are informed that Mr. Jerome is himself a suffragist. The situation has its piquancy."

Miss Lena Ashwell took the part of Mrs. Chilvers. The doctors disagreed. The Pall Mall Gazette found that she threw all her sincerity and magnetism into the part and made a living reality of it. The Times said she played "in her well known somnambulistic style. It is very interesting, and in a small theatre effective; but it was lucky after all that Mrs. Chilvers did not enter the House of Commons, which is not, we fear, apt to be impressed by speakers who adopt the manner of 'subjects' in an hypnotic trance."

Minor Suffragette Dramas

On April 25 three short pieces were produced in London, under the auspices of the Actresses' Franchise League.

"An Allegory" is by Vera Wentworth. It showed the triumph of woman over all obstacles. The woman comes in chains from the city of Souls' Bondage. "Her steps are dogged by fear and her way barred by prejudice." Courage comes to her aid and lends her a sword and shield, so that she gains the respect of man and journeys with him side by side. "The Slave Woman in her jewelled chains comes to mock, but remains to listen and follow her sister along the narrow road to the city of Freedom." Miss Maud Hoffmann played the Woman, and we are informed that Miss Violet Bazalgette "enlivened the scene by the hollow gayety of the Slave Woman."

The second was a farce, "The Eclectics' Club," by J. Maurice Hunter. This play is a discussion on woman's suffrage. The points are, of course, always in favor of the movement. "The debate is ended by an onslaught on a speaker who has outraged the principles of the club by a reference to his lady friends."

The heroine of "Trimmings," by Slieve McGowan, is a typewriter, whose salary allows her to live alone in frugal comfort. She objects to being the "trimmings" of the household. Her employer makes "base proposals and is indignantly repulsed." Discharged, she finds she has enough money to keep her with the strictest economy for 15 weeks. The last time she was out of work, she pinched and scraped for four months. Rather than go through this again, she apparently purposes to end her life.

I prefer "Her Wild Oats," by H. F. Rubinstein, in which Marjorie Barton gives reasons why she wishes to lead her own life and join the suffragettes. "We shall march from Caxton Hall; we shall be stopped by the police; we shall attempt to fight our way through; a constable will take me by the throat and bring down my hair; I shall slap his face and knock off his helmet; he will arrest me; I shall be photographed, and"—oh, glorious climax!—"My portrait will be in the newspapers."

John Kidd's "Restitution," was written to show the strong but foolish hold marriage has on woman. Peggy, fond of music, married Sebastian, a passionate fiddler. When their money went, Sebastian disappeared. He returned when he learned that Peggy had come into a fortune. Peggy, swearing that she would never live with the brute, went back to him. "Some of the suffragettes were hissing when the curtain fell."

Georges Clemenceau's Opera

The Herald spoke some time ago of Georges Clemenceau's play, "The Veil of Hapiness," which has now been turned into an opera. When the drama was first performed in Paris there was incidental music by Gabriel Faure. The libretto of "Le Voile du Bonheur" is the work of Paul Ferrier, who has respected the simple and cynical plot. The Paris corerspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says: "It deals with the life-history of a Chinese Mandarin, one Chang G, who, recovering his sight as the result of an operation, is appalled at the baseness he sees around him. In despair at the infidelity of his wife and the rascality of supposed friends he puts out his own eyes and restores the 'Veil of Happiness.' This theme, almost Shakespearian in its dramatic intensity, is well rendered in the libretto. The music is the work of M. Pons. A few years ago he was organist at one of the fashionable churches at Nice; then he came to Paris to study under Dubois, Guilmont, Widor. Pons does not belong to the new school in his profane music, though he is distinctly an innovator in his church music. He is of the class of melodists • • • music must not be too learned, too clever, too scientific when it makes appeal to ordinary tastes. It should be, he thinks, the accompaniment of words, and not words the mere verbal expression of the music. He is the perfect musical illustrator of the philosophical and ironical ideas of M. Clemenceau."

On the other hand the correspondent of the Era writes: "There is nothing Chinese in the music, from which every vestige of melody has been carefully excluded with the exception of Chang Y's song for a lute accompaniment, a song which finishes the first part and is repeated at the end of the opera in a melancholy vein, magnificently sung by M. Jean Perier, who in the role of the blind man scored a tremendous triumph."

Second Year of "The Arcadians"

"The Arcadians" celebrated its second anniversary in London, April 28. There are playgoers in that city who have witnessed over 50 performances of the musical comedy, and one had seen the show 93 ties. Robert Courtnidge does not purpose to run "The Arcadians" another year; only to the end of July. He talked about the drama. The first mission of the drama, he thinks, is to entertain. "The drama should be an umbrella covering a great number of things. Art takes many forms. There is no reason why good musical comedy, which has the impress of fantasy and humor, and can make a sensuous and an artistic appeal by the charm of its music and the beauty of its color, should not be a most excellent toy; and, personally, I don't profess to be anything else than a toymaker myself. My sympathies, it is true, are with the higher form of the drama. I have my aspirations. I have produced Shakespeare before now. But for the moment it has fallen to my lot to produce musical comedy, and I do it to the best of my ability. One rarely gets credit for the pains that are necessary to construct this form of play. You want, in my opinion, a coherent story; you want to touch it with imagination, to give it the possibilities of humor and to invest it with an air of probability; but it is a more difficult task than ordinary drama, because a good deal of time must be taken up with singing and dancing, and you have to give both comedians and singers their opportunities. Therefore, to make a really good musical play is, to my mind, a most difficult thing."

Mr. Courtnidge thinks "The Arcadians" owes its great success to the fact that it is a good play, with a coherent story, plenty of humor and fantasy, blended with charming music. Then the interest of the chorus, which is always acting, is alive. "In the first act especially, they are all in sympathy with the scene; they have innate grace, a great number of them, and it makes it all a very delightful picture. You can roll through two years easily if people are engrossed in their work like this. They are encouraged to act; they are always doing something, and consequently they always have hope for the future, and are interesting themselves in the present."

The play was re-dressed for the fourth time and six new numbers were introduced.

Mme. Bernhardt on the Coast

The San Francisco Chronicle of April 30 published an entertaining interview with Mme. Bernhardt. The reporter, Mr. Ralph E. Renaud, was deeply impressed. "No one can stand in the presence of Sarah Bernhardt without being conscious of a great personality—that of a woman who has experienced tremendous loves, abysmal griefs, ecstatic joys, mingled with her peers who made the artistic and intellectual history of her epoch, and herself contributed an amazing activity which has been the vortex of equally amazing achievements. Her mere presence exhales a hint of these things, yet, also seems to envelop her in protecting mystery. Just the other day jubilant scientists told us the riddle of the Sphinx was solved. What nonsense.

To him her golden hair is not "frizzy as you see it in the pictures"; it is arranged in a kind of "curling aureole." She has "rich eyes." Her lips are rouged, "not as a deception, but as an adornment."

"Yet let me not pluck the petals from the famous rose and hold them up to curious scrutiny. • • • She suggests perhaps a long honored tigress whose form is yet lithe and whose stripes are burnished." Mr. Renaud adds that her French is "really elegant."

Mme. Bernhardt talked of many things. She admires Miss Anglin, but of another she said: "Donce! Charmante! Oui. Mais elle n'est pas 'L'Aiglon.' Oh, no. Not the Eaglet But one sparrow—yes." Is it possible she was alluding to Miss Adams?

Mr. Renaud asked what Mme. Bernhardt would say to a young woman who came to her for aid and advice in becoming an actress: "What would you tell her to study above everything else?"

"Breathing. That is the first thing I would find out if she had a voice and then I would inquire as to he

eneral health. If she had not the calth and the equipment her soul ualities would never be discovered y an audience. Of course, I could ot tell at once what her spiritual ualities were. But I would try to make her feel and think. Not books. Not parts. No. that would not do her much good. But if I could teach her o feel and observe—ah, then!"

Maurice Hewlett's Trilogy

Mr. Hewlett's classical trilogy, "The Agonists," has been published by Macmillan. The first of the plays deals with the story of the Minotaur; the second tells of Theseus deserting Ariadne; the third is concerned with Phaedra and Hippolytus. A London reviewer wondering at his courage in following Euripides and Racine writes: "Yet we cannot say that he has altogether failed. Indeed, his character of Hippolytus is singularly striking; he manages to free that devotee of Artemis from the suspicion of smugness that hangs round him. He presents him successfully as a direct and positive person; a character as fluent, as real, and as passionate as Phaedra herself, yet with his passion set on purity, on his 'vocation.' Phaedra is not so good; she s not terrible, but merely rather repelent; she is hard, not somehow in the ir of great tragedy. And although she s made to defend herself with the ageld excuse,

Go to! Where fate drives, sin is not.
Necessity doth bind us,

ve never feel that she is under the yoke; she is external, and hinders rather han helps the development of the rama."

The plays are without divisions and he chorus is employed. Mr. Hewlett ses many metres, rhymed and unhymed. Here is a quotation from a peech of Daedalus in the first play:

The shaping hands, the spinning brain,
The joy of his toil a man may take:
Soul, Soul, are these in vain?
Heart, must thou break?
Her heart to my heart leaned and spake
In urgent whisper and low,
"Do this sin for my body's sake!"
O lovely body that I loved so,
O vile heart, that dared not know
Wreck of body and brain—
Nor thy toil vain!

"That has the real, compressed and eticent reserve of good dramatic oetry; and it is characterized by what s rarest in modern dramatic vein, a eal suitability to the character. It is ere, indeed, where Mr. Hewlett succeeds most remarkably; none of the speeches could be transferred from one character to another, and we doubt if there is any other living dramatic poet of whom that could be said."

In a preface Mr. Hewlett characterizes the philosophy inherent in the story of Minos and his children as "the failure of the primitive religions to bring God and the divine into any real and permanent relation with men." The feeling of Fate is underestimated in these plays, "that other humbling and ever present force in Greek religion."

Drama and Life

The Era (London) publishes this singular story: "Miss Evelyn Millard has discovered a remarkable resemblance between a play in which she has appeared and a case of confession on the part of a wife which comes from St. Louis, Mo. The story contains a climax which is practically on all fours with the situation in Mr. Locke's play, 'Idols,' produced by Miss Evelyn Millard a year or two ago.

"These are the facts: Dr. H. Clemenson, a Chicago physician, is sentenced to death for the murder of his wife. The doctor protests his innocence, but refuses to state where he was on the night of the murder. The trial is over, and the doctor is going to face his doom unmoved. Then a sensation is caused by Mrs. Jane Smythe, a beautiful young woman, who comes forward and says that on the night of the murder Dr. Clemenson spent the night with her. Result, new trial and probable acquittal of the accused. Mrs. Smythe says: 'Any man who is prepared to face death for a woman's good name cannot be bad at heart.'

"The plot of the play is as follows: In 'Idols,' Hugh, a friend of the Merriam family, is charged with murder. The trial is in progress and is practically finished — everything is black against Hugh, and the probabilities of his getting off are nil. He refuses to state where he was at the time of the murder. Then Irene Merriam causes a sensation in court by crying, 'He did not commit the crime, for on the night of the murder he was with me.' On the strength of this declaration Hugh goes free. At first Gerrard Merriam fails to appreciate the motive which led his wife to perjure herself. Eventually he realizes that his wife was innocent, and lied to save the life of another man."

Miss E. Millard, interviewed by the Evening Times, says: "The only difference is that in 'Idols' I, as Irene, am innocent, and perjure myself to save a man I may be unconsciously in love with, and for whom, in any case, I have a fine regard. In the St. Louis case the woman is admittedly guilty, and the husband, realizing the great sacrifice his wife has made, forgives her. He must be a very fine type of a man. Had this case happened prior to the writing of the play I am sure people would have said that Mr. Locke based his idea on it. It shows, however, how probable situations are that are dubbed by critics as impossible."

Sundry Personal Notes

Edward Burlingame Hill's music for women's voices to Dowson's "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration" was performed at the concert of the Mid-Land Institute, Birmingham, England, on May 10. This chorus was performed in Boston at a concert of the American Music Society May 18, 1909.

Mme. Matilde Lewicka, who was a member of the Boston opera company for the first season, has been engaged for the Vienna Volksoper.

Mme. Lydia Lipkowska sang last month at the Komische Oper, Berlin, as Violetta in "La Traviata." Mr. Spanuth wrote: "She is physically and vocally graceful and dainty and well versed in the Italian operatic style." While he admitted that her personality was well suited to the part, he wished that her voice had more force.

Theodore Stier, who conducted admirably the orchestra for Miss Pavlova last winter, will resume his orchestral concerts at Bechstein Hall, London, May 26.

The terminological inexactitudes of "the profession" are generally charming, but the use made of this word "creation" is perhaps the most entertaining of all. There is a story told of the author of a well known modern comedy meeting three actresses at a matinee, all of whom had impersonated the heroine of one of his plays. "I created her in London," remarked one. "And I created her for the No. 1 towns!" said the second. "And I created her for the fit-ups!" exclaimed the third. "And I suppose I never created her at all," observed the author. For a moment there was silence, and then they all began talking together of something else.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Arthur Bourchier has secured the English rights of "The Third Degree," and will take the part of the lawyer. Miss Vanburgh will play the part of the heroine.

The uplifters who deplore the present condition of the drama may be interested in G. H. Lewes's complaint written in 1874: "The critical pit, filled with playgoers who were familiar with fine acting and had trained judgments, has disappeared. In its place there is a mass of amusement seekers, not without a nucleus of intelligent spectators, but of this nucleus only a small minority has any accurate idea of what constitutes good art."

Mme. Charles Cahier (formerly Mrs. Morris Black) will leave the court opera, Vienna, next September.

Miss Elly Barnato, who will sing in the performance this week of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" at the Boston Opera House is said to be of French-Mexican parentage and a second cousin of Barney Barnato. She studied with Boccini in Milan and with Mascagni. She sang in Italy and London. Coming to the United States she sang in concert and with the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company until she joined the Aborn Company.

Mrs. Frances Hodgdon Burnett wrote "Judy O'Hara" in collaboration with Frederick Arthur Stanley of London. She has lived in England for several years.

Homer Lind, who will take the part of Dr. Miracle this week in the performances of "Tales of Hoffman" at the Boston Opera House, was born of German parentage at Washington, D. C., where he became known as a boy soprano. He sang in De Wolf Hopper's company and went to Germany, where he studied at Frankfort. After singing in opera in Berlin and other cities, he spent six years with the Carl Rosa company in England. He returned to the United States under contract with Mr. Savage.

Miss Dorothy Bassett, a soprano, who formerly studied in Boston and is now a pupil of Mme. Maria Roze, was warmly praised by Russian critics for her singing of the mad scene from "Hamlet," at a concert given by Mme. Roze last month.

It is said that W. H. Crane's new play will be made from the Down East stories of Joseph C. Lincoln with Eastport as the scene. Mr. Lincoln and the Rev. William Danforth of Elmhurst, Ill., will collaborate. Mr. Crane will impersonate a middle-aged Down Easter. The play will be ready for the beginning of next season.

Gerald Du Maurier spoke at a theatrical dinner in London. "I should like actors and actresses before they can get engagements at the theatre to have to pass certain examinations and have a certificate of merit. I believe that actors should have a training. Architects, doctors, soldiers and sailors all have to pass certain examinations. The painter has to go to a school of art; the musician has to be taught by a master. Why not the actor?" He wondered why they were called "the profession." Probably because they who were in it, in spite of their fears, their failures, their jealousies and their incomes, would not change their precarious and precious calling for any other that had been invented since Adam and Eve pretended to be human beings in the Garden of Eden."

Music in London

A fantasia for piano and 'cello by Josef Holbrook was played for the first time, April 25, in London, by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Withers. The Pall Mall Gazette said the music had no exceptional import. "The first and closing sections had rhythmic vigor, and in between there came a contrasting poco adagio, the scheme thus being well devised, but in musical and emotional significance the ideas expressed were decidedly lacking." Jean Huré's 'cello sonata, also played in London for the first time, was described as agreeable and decidedly effective. "His style approximates in some measure to the later developments of the musical art in his country, but it is at the same time fairly straightforward."

The Maori Villagers are singing the part songs and dancing the Haka and the Poi. Iwa, the soloist, a contralto, has the reputation of being the finest Maori singer that ever lived.

The Greek Singers and Players gave a concert April 11. The program included Greek folk songs sung to the accompaniment of mandolin and guitar. The program was not composed wholly of Greek music. "Of the more characteristic songs provided by the Greek Singers an eastern farmyard idyll, entitled 'O Tsopanacos,' should be mentioned for the realism of its farmyard noises. Of the other songs sung by the eight, 'I horiatopula' was perhaps most effective, but there were many moments in the course of the concert during which these performers had an opportunity of showing their skill. And their versatility in adapting themselves to every variety of national style was quite wonderful."

London Dramatic Notes

H. H. Davies's "Cousin Kate" was revived at the Playhouse. "The piece has aged very little, and if here and there the seams of improbability in the fabric gape a little more widely than they seemed to of yore, the wit and the sympathetic quality of the dialogue, and the fact and good humor of the performance carry the little piece prosperously along to its exceedingly happy ending."

Rudolf Besier's new and witty play, "Lady Patricia," has been published by T. Fisher Unwin.

H. M. W., referring to the fact that the name of the author (G. B. Shaw) was not printed on the programme of "Fanny's First Play," said: "It would be rather interesting to hear what advantage this fashion is supposed to carry with it. It would also be interesting to try how the actors and actresses would like their names omitted with the author's from the programme and from the newspaper reviews. It would, of course, be quite easy to write such a review without mentioning a single performer by name, though I doubt very much if the players would be particularly enthusiastic over such 'notices.'"

Three plays by Brieux: "Maternity," "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" and "Damaged Goods," have been published in one volume by Mr. Fifield of England and Messrs. Brentano of New York. G. Bernard Shaw has written a preface of some 40 pages.

"Jim, the Penman," will be revived at Manchester tomorrow. The technic of the play has aged a little by this time, and a little general revision would do it no harm. The piece has not been played in London for a good many years.

A London critic says of Gilbert Cannon's one-act play, "James and John": "I can recollect nothing quite so perfect as this drab, sad, little episode since our lost chief's "Waterloo." Of course, it is wretched, and the dramatic action leads to nothing, but it is real—as real as one of Israels's wonderful, hopeless genre pictures; and, if one cannot love, one can at least sympathize with and pity lives so wonderfully represented. If the purpose of playing is 'to hold the mirror up to nature,' surely this little, gray play is a triumphant success. The acting appeared to me flawless. Nothing was overdone. There was not a suggestion of the theatre. Each character, for every second of 30 minutes, lived."

Notes About Opera

Mme. Tetrazzini was apparently not wholly in the vein when she opened the season at Covent Garden as Lakme April 22. The London Times began its review: "It could not be said that her performance was of the very highest kind or that she completely carried her audience away. Her first song inside the Brahmin's house showed signs of effort. It was felt again later on in some coloratur passages which had not quite the crystalline clearness which one looks for from Mme. Tetrazzini, and even in the climax of the famous Bell Song, where the trills were a little coarse and the final note rather piercing." We have seen in Boston two admirable interpreters of Lakme: Marie Van Zandt, the first to take the part in Paris, an apparition of exotic loveliness, and Lydia Lipowska, who was equally charming. It will be a pity if Mme. Lipowska does not return to the Boston Opera House, if only for the sake of her Lakme.

Raoul Laparra's "La Habanera" is known to us, and it deserved more performances than it received last season at the Boston Opera House. His "Jota," a lyric story in two acts, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, April 26. Laparra wrote the libretto and the music. The story is of Soledad, who is a patriot and an Aragones. She loves Juan and he loves her, but he is a Carlist. The first act is "all color and passion—barbaric, discordant and tragic—ending in the dancing of the Jota by the villagers, an exhilarating and beautiful scene." The second act is in a church. There is savage fighting between the Carlists and the Aragonese. Jago, the scoundrelly village priest, who is in love with Soledad, is tied to a cross, and Soledad and Juan die in each other's arms. The music is said to be remarkably scored, but excessively noisy. "The singers did their best, but nothing could be heard beyond the orchestral passages, fierce and frantic."

Notes from Paris

In 1910 Paris theatres and music halls in spite of the floods took $1,200,000 more than in 1909, a gross total of $11,400,000. The opera houses are included. The Theatre Francais took in about $480,000. The Porte Saint Martin took $650,000, probably on account of "Chantecler." The gross receipts at roller skating rinks were nearly $200,000, while the total receipts for the classical concerts were not much more than half that sum.

Achille Richard's "Judas," produced at the Theatre Antoine, is a curious play. Judas is portrayed as a mean and uninteresting fellow, shabby even in his treasonable act. He reproaches the Saviour for neglecting the Judaic sentiment and being unwilling to head a movement against the Romans. After he has betrayed his master, the result of a misunderstanding, he runs to the Garden of Olives to inform the band that the soldiers have come.

Shakespeare the Actor

James Fernandez speaking in London at a dinner in celebration of Shakespeare's birthday said that Shakespeare as a stock actor must have played hundred of parts. "That he was included among the players referred to by Greene in a vituperative letter written to his fellow authors showed to his mind that he occupied a very prominent position amongst the players of the period. Just as it was his function as a poet to introduce a national ebullition of character and grace of contruction and moral force into the old crude and incoherent plays, so it must have been his ardent desire as an actor to turn the then exaggerated and bombastic mode of playing from its turbulent and unnatural course towards the more temprate, truthful and clearer current of natural representation.

"His quietness of style, his 'speaking trippingly on the tongue,' might have caused some people to think him a listless, poor player; but to him as an old player it seemed absurd to suppose that Shakespeare could ever have been an indifferent actor. It was recorded that when Thomas Betterton played Hamlet he was taught by Sir William Davenant, who had seen the character performed by Joseph Taylor, who had often boasted that he was instructed by the master-author himself. And they might be quite sure that Dick Burbage, the original performer of Hamlet, was coached by Shakespeare.

"It was impossible for Shakespeare ever to have the unimaginable delight of instructing an actress, inasmuch as he never saw one of his female parts performed by a female; and it had always presented itself to him as an astounding psychological problem how Shakespeare could ever have created such pre-eminently sweet, innocent, and perfect types of femininity as Rosalind, Viola, Imogene, Cordelia, not only in the knowledge that his characters would be represented and their words spoken by boys, but with the actual youth in his mind for whom the part was written. It could only have been through the innate gentleness of his nature."

Dec. 14 19[illegible]

Signor F. T. Marinetti, one of the "Futurists," who wish to pull down all the statues and burn all the pictures, has issued a manifesto t dramatists. He urges that their m principles should be "contempt audiences and loathing for sr

May 15, 1911

He inveighs against the monstrous habit of clapping hands in theatres. "We mean to teach authors and actors the voluptuousness of being hissed." Mr. Marinetti should come to Boston and join the "Uplift Dramatic Society." His practical advice would fall here as manna in the wilderness.

Gov. Mann of Virginia has issued a statement concerning his views on heaven. Has Gov. Foss no message ready?

"JUDY O'HARA" AT THE HOLLIS

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Judy O'Hara," a romantic comedy drama in four acts by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Frederic A. Stanley.

Brian, Earl of Clanfergus	Frank Currier
... Meath	Alfred Moore
Lady Judith O'Hara	Aphie James
Teague	Marcus Moriarty
Lord Montea...	Lynn Pratt
Sir Colin Hawes	Frank Dekum
Lord Saxton	Frank Kilday
Lady Olivia	Ann Warrington
Mistress Verity	Julia Hanchett
Lady Pamela Peere	Isabelle Lee
Susan, Lord Saxton's maid	Caroline Olden
Sir John Chaworth	Douglas Ross
Blake	Charles Howard
H. R. H. James Stuart, "The Young Pretender"	Gerome Edwards

Judith O'Hara was a rollicking Irish girl of a family devoted to the Stuarts. She lived in a shabby old castle, and when visitors asked for a night's lodging they were told that they could have shelter and potatoes. Miles Prendegast, on his way to the Pretender in France, stopped at the Castle, pursued by Monteagle and Hawes. The Prendegasts were also faithful to the Stuarts. Miles and Judy fell in love with each other, and the girl, disguising him as a peasant lad, effected his escape. Her uncle, dying, left her a fortune, and, as her father died, either from the shock or a long and enforced diet of potatoes, she went to England, where, still loyal to the Stuarts, she lived within Lord Saxton's country house.

Prendegast, back in England, was still pursued. He entered Lord Saxton's drawing room as a secretary, and there he and Judy and the priest plotted loudly for the Pretender, who was in the neighborhood under the name of Mr. James. To aid in the plot, Judy turned highwayman and was feared as Beau Brocade. It may here be said that the English drama "Beau Brocade," by the Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstow, is wholly unlike "Judy O'Hara."

The Pretender spent his time in drinking burgundy and making love to Judy. At critical moments he was sadly overcome by the wine of France. He thus disgusted Miles and Judy. When Queen Anne was dying the Pretender was more than ordinarily drunk. He burned an important paper that Judy had brought and then made violent love to her. She drew a horse pistol and made her way into the next room. He turned the key and fell asleep. Then Sir John drew a chair in front of the door and spent the night uncomfortably.

The next morning Miles entered with a drawn sword and his hat on his head. Judy came out in street costume. The two bitterly reproached the Pretender and outside the villagers shouted that George was King. After a few moral reflections James left the room and the lovers embraced.

This is the story of "Judy O'Hara," a curiously old-fashioned play; old-fashioned in structure, defiance of the probabilities, dialogue and humor; with situations that are to be found in hundreds of melodramas, with speeches delivered close to the footlights, with asides, with peasants bringing gifts to the young lady of the castle on her birthday, with old family servants, with a silly maid frightened by a ghost—for Beau Brocade dressed in white and had the reputation of vanishing in an unaccountable manner.

The drama was appropriately played in an old-fashioned manner. Miss James acted with incessant vivacity and laughed ~~freely~~ and often. Her enunciation was refreshingly distinct and she was at ease in highwayman's costume. The members of the supporting company were thoroughly in earnest and the performance was a smooth one. Mr. Edwards gave significance to the part of the Pretender, and Mr. Moore was an amiable priest. The drama is well staged.

PUBLIC AND TESTIMONIAL DINNERS.

A well-known Bostonian recently declined the honor of a public dinner. His friends wished to tell him and thousands, who were not expected to be present but would read the newspapers the next day, how much they appreciated his services in public office, how highly they regarded him as man and citizen. Is it surprising that the one to be honored shrank from the publicity? He knew in advance what would be said. He heard in advance the time-honored formulas, the musty anecdotes, the reminiscences in which glory is divided between the speaker and the one addressed, the jokes that were familiar to Egyptian feasters just before the mummy was brought in. Why should he again submit patiently to the ordeal? At all dinners of this character there is something said that rankles, although the speaker intended to be most complimentary; there is always something left unsaid which should have been said in trumpet tones.

Then there are the letters of regret, mumbled as a rule, unintelligible save to those near the head of the table. Not long ago in England a dinner was given to an actor about to sail for South Africa. The man that had charge of the dinner engaged a trained elocutionist who read the letters of apology with dramatic effect. He gave importance to that which otherwise might have seemed perfunctory. He sharpened every point. And it was then suggested that in future the organizer of a public dinner should persuade long-winded speakers to explain on a half sheet of letter paper why they could not attend, and then let the elocutionist do justice to the apologies.

There are men who no doubt enjoy being praised to the face and consider flattery and truth as synonymous words. "I like it, especially when it is laid on with a trowel," was the unblushing confession of a distinguished man. The praise can never be too thick and slab for them. They envy the buckwheat cake buttered and siruped on both sides. "Banquets are tendered" to them. And there are men who are never so happy as when eulogizing wildly. Some years ago a dinner was given in Boston to an amiable writer of newspaper sketches which had been published in book form. He was a modest man, conscientious in his daily work, who would have collected shipping news or edited a genealogical column with the same industry and care. After the dinner—the conventional, unsatisfying, indigestible dinner—there were the expected speeches. The tamest praise was to the effect that the honored guest was the rival of Montaigne and Charles Lamb. Was it a pleasure to the guest to be thus preposterously praised? He soon afterward left Boston, and who remembers his book?

"THE TALES OF HOFFMANN"

May 16 1911

Large Audience at Performance of Aborn Opera Company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Aborn English grand opera company. Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann." Mr. West conducted.

Hoffmann	Mr. Battain
Nicklausse	Miss Le Baron
Luther	Mr. Ogle
Nathanael	Miss Coughlan
Hermann	Mr. Fein
Schlemiel	Mr. McCurdy
Coppelius and Dr. Miracle	Homer Lind
Dapertutto	Mr. Frascona
Spalanzani and Crespel	Mr. Schuster
Andres, Cochenille, Franz	Mr. Branson
The Muse	Miss Ranney
The Ghost	Miss Coughlan
Giulietta	Bertha Shalek
Olympia and Antonia	Elly Barnato

A very large audience was present last evening at an enjoyable performance of Offenbach's melodious opera. This production ranks among the best offered by the Aborn Opera Company. The settings and costumes are effective and the business of the chorus is well managed throughout.

Mr. Battain sang in Italian as a lyric tenor with his usual fine phrasing and dramatic appreciation of the text, although this part is not so well suited to him vocally or dramatically as that of Rodolfo. His acting was at all times in the picture.

Miss Barnato was at her best as Olympia. Her rigidity of voice and action, her fixed stare and set smile were all characteristic of the automaton, and these were consistently sustained.

Homer Lind gave an excellent and grim portrayal of Dr. Miracle and ably characterized Coppelius.

Miss Shalek was an enchanting Giulietta. Praise was due the supporting members of the cast, and especially to Mr. Branson for his successive impersonations. The Barcarolle made its customary appeal to the audience and there was much enthusiasm.

TREMONT THEATRE—Reproduction of "A Country Girl," a musical play in two acts; book by James T. Tanner, music by Lionel Monckton; lyrics by Adrian Ross, Percy Greenbank and Paul Rubens. Principal persons in the cast:

Geoffrey Challoner	Melville Stewart
	Robert Elliott
The Rajah of Bhong	George E. Mack
Sir Joseph Verity	Donald Hall
Douglas Verity	Cyril Chadwick
Lord Anchester	John Slavin
Barry	Grace Freeman
Marjorie Joy	Genevieve Finlay
Princess Mehelanch	Laura Jaffray
Mlle. Sophie	Florence Burdett
Nan	

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morison stock company, in David Belasco's play in four acts, "The Girl of the Golden West."

	Eleanor Gordon
"The Girl"	Rose Morison
Wowkle	William Hasson
Jack Rance	Edward Nannery
Sonora Slim	Fannie Frannholz
Nick (the bartender)	John Washburne
Ashby (of the Wells Fargo)	Harry Brooks
Billy Jackrabbit	W... Melrose
Dick Johnson (Ramerrez)	

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig Stock Company in "The White Sister," a play in four acts by Marion Crawford. Cast: May 16 1911

Capt. Giovanni Severi	John Craig
Lieut. Severi	Wilfred Young
Lieut. Basili	George Hassell
Dr. Pieri	Bert Young
Bresca	A. L. Hickey
Glronna	Gertrude Binley
Countess Chiaromonte	Maud Richmond
Mme. Bernard	Mabel Colcord
Portress	Florence Shirley

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

The so-called headliners at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night were decidedly outshone by several of the lesser lights. Bessie Wynn was a disappointment to the majority of the theatregoers, as her choice of songs was not judicious. Returning in her last number to one of her old-time ballads, she partly atoned for the failure of her earlier songs.

The "Magic Kettle" has been seen so often that its novelty is departed. The applause of the audience was divided between Agnes Scott and Henry Keane in a delightful little skit, "Drifting"; Sol Goldsmith and Guy Hoppe in an act in which one is genuinely funny as an orchestra leader, and Bert Fitzgibbon, billed as a "crazy singer of crazy songs."

When Oscar Hammerstein says that he will have the best of everything in his new opera house in London, "but no freaks," to whom can he possibly refer? Is the first letter of her name Mary, Mistress Mary quite contrary? But she often packed his opera house. Impresarios and republics are ungrateful.

Cleo de Merode wishes her name "to be known not merely as an actress." She already has her wish. Her name is even now enshrined in the court history of Belgium.

The rumor that Miss Russell may enter into the holy state of matrimony for the fourth time recalls Oliver Herford's question: "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?"

May 17 1911

The fact that a Bostonian entered a hotel dining room on horseback last Monday reminds us that on May 17, 1817, a well-to-do farmer of Kirton Lindsey, Eng., for the wager of a few pounds, rode a pony up two pair of stairs into a chamber of the George Inn, and down again, in the presence of a numerous company, whose astonishment was heightened when it learned that the rider weighed over 160 pounds and the horse less than 400. Verily, this is a little world of great wonders.

This is a day to be commemorated, for on May 17, 1817, Mr. Samuel Jessup died at Heckington, Eng., at the age of 65. He was conspicuous for an inordinate love of physic. From 1791 to 1816 he swallowed 226,934 pills supplied by a highly respectable apothecary at Bottesford; 29 pills a day, but toward the last of his life he grew greedy so that in the five years before 1816 he took 78 a day and in 1814 not less than 51,590. He also swallowed with zest 40,000 bottles of mixture, juleps and electuaries. No absent treatment or thought cure for him.

Many will rejoice in the announcement that Mr. Baklanoff will return to the Boston Opera House next season. His Scarpia at the Komische Oper in Berlin was warmly praised by the critics last month. The Signale spoke of his rare and mature art. "He is not merely a wonderful singer who acts well, or a wonderful actor with a good voice. He is a compelling personality." The Signale spoke of the gaunt, aristocratic figure on the stage, the sure and studied impersonation in which "there was much of the despotism of the secret police which Baklanoff had doubtless observed at Moscow. But the voice itself could express everything that is indispensable to the part."

May 18. 1911

The Danish Singing Society will sing before President Taft. Will the program include that stirring partsong, "Welcome to Dr. Cook."

The faculty at New Haven, Ct., has decided that cruelty to a wife is not a fine exhibition of the traditional Yale Spirit.

May 19 1911

Mrs. Ingalls of South Dakota has brought suit for divorce against her husband because he hugged her so that two of her ribs were broken and her circulation stopped. Mr. Ingalls admits the hugging, but says the casualties were the results of tight lacing. True love laughs at corsets.

The New York Herald attributes the description of the lobster as "the cardinal of the sea" to Victor Hugo. It was Jules Janin that made the celebrated error. Victor Hugo knew all about the sea and them that live therein. He had Summered and Wintered with lobsters.

And why should Walter Duryea's sister wonder why he left Miss Peregrine $80,000? Miss Peregrine was a devoted nurse and true friend. She had the good sense to refuse his offer of marriage. Yet to the dead man's sister Miss Peregrine is only "a stranger." In melodrama the sister would have hissed the word, or spoken it "with a contemptuous curl of the lip."

A monument has been raised to Francis Scott Key. And now how many patriotic Americans can repeat correctly any stanza of his immortal hymn to which the old English drinking tune, "Anacreon in Heaven," was set?

May 20 1911

This is, indeed, a day to be commemorated, for on May 20, 1736, the body of Samuel Baldwin, Esq., in compliance with an injunction in his will was thrown into the sea at Lymington, Hants, England, so as to prevent his wife from "dancing over his grave" as she had threatened. And on the 20th of May, 1698, young Edward Stokes, afterward a rector in Leicestershire, was made blind at the age of nine by the discharge of a pistol. Notwithstanding his infirmity he was singularly active, walked about unguarded until his death, when he was 93, and hunted briskly. In the hunt a person accompanied him and, when a leap was to be taken, rang a bell. Henry Fawcett, also blind, was a passionate hunter.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1911.

A MAKER OF GUIDE BOOKS.

The late Karl Baedeker was of a family that has been blessed by thousands. There was a time when the English speaking tourist was associated with the guide books published by Murray. These books were elaborate, pompous, stuffed with poetical quotations, chiefly from the works of Byron, known then as "England's noble bard," also with endless and high flown descriptions of views, battle scenes, pictures. Murray's guide books—we refer to the earlier editions—were designed apparently for the wealthy English traveller of the type introduced in "Fra Diavolo." Thackeray once pictured amusingly the lot of the wretch who was obliged to stop at third-class inns so that he could give definite and unfavorable information concerning them for the benefit of Murray's public; but these guide books recognized chiefly the first-class traveller and were irritatingly condescending toward men and women of humble means.

There was one striking exception in Murray's catalogue, Richard Ford's "Handbook for Travellers in Spain," which is today most delightful reading, although the second edition was published in 1847, and the first, which included pages afterward collected and published as "Gatherings from Spain," is not easily found, and when fouud in a second-hand book shop is expensive.

Baedeker's guide books soon won the confidence and respect of travellers. They were free from padding. The information was ample and stated concisely. Above all was unfailing accuracy. There are a few financial editors employed by newspapers who write for the buyer rather than the seller. Baedeker's guide books are for the traveller rather than the landlord. If Mr. and Mrs. Golightly and their interesting daughters wish splurge in foreign lands, Baedeker tells them where and how they can thus make themselves conspicuous. An inn may not be starred in these guide books; Baedeker states frankly in the preface that the value of the asterisks as a mark of commendation is only relative; those prefixed to village inns signify that the houses are good of their kind; but the word "recommended" is enough, and in that inn are clean beds and good food. Baedeker at the very beginning refused to publish advertisements of any kind. There was no standing in with landlords. On the contrary, notes like this relating to Saxon Switzerland were not uncommon: "Guides, though seldom necessary, are sometimes desirable. As they are generally in league with the innkeepers, their recommendations of inns are seldom trustworthy." How much more to the point than a rhapsody over the view from the Bastei!

Karl Baedeker the second retired from business several years ago. He has made the great journey, or is even now, as some believe, making the journey of journeys. For this the firm has not yet published a complete guide. Even "The Pilgrim's Progress" ends with the reception of Christian and his fellow by the Shining Men at the Gate.

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1911.

MISTAKEN VIEWS OF EMPHASIS.

When the "glorious old English comedies" and the "roaring farces" ere performed at the Boston Museum, spectators who did not go to other heatres because they were not museums but godless places would laugh proariously if one of the characters exclaimed "demme" or "ecod." If ey heard the word "damn" enunciated distinctly and spoken with mphasis they rejoiced with exceeding joy. In those days the choleric d uncle returning from India with an inflamed or fleeting liver, with a ankeen waistcoat, talk of rupees and an atmosphere of snuff, punctuated is conversation with minced oaths, as "demme," "ecod," "zounds," etc., herwise the critics would have reproached him for feebleness in portraiture. But the word "hell" was not in good repute, and the name of e Deity was used only in fervent apostrophes that were in the nature a prayer.

Today in comedy, especially in genteel comedy, and in melodrama, aths, imprecations and the name of the Deity are in the mouths of the tors, and the word "hell," spoken lightly as an expression of surprise disgust, amuses the audience. Not long ago a correspondent of the all Mall Gazette complained of the "flippant and unnecessary use of the ame of the Deity" on the London stage, and added: "I certainly know man who would have used before a lady the expressions indulged in the person enacted by Mr. Gerald du Maurier in 'Passers By' before e lady impersonated by Miss Vanbrugh." The Pall Mall Gazette supported this protest and inveighed against this far too widespread abuse. have reason to believe," wrote the dramatic editor, "that most of such aculations as 'Good Lord!' and 'My God!' which jar so horribly, and so ten, upon our ears in the theatre today, are introduced by the actors d not by the author at all. If I am correct in this, the stage manager at fault."

As we have said, the obnoxious ejaculations are not confined to lgar shows. There were unnecessary appeals to the Deity even in "The d of the Bridge." Possibly the author thus thought to show virility, a woman composer generally scores more noisily than a man. Possibly e actors introduced them to heighten the effect of a line. The comedian ose favorite ejaculation is "hell" might plead in excuse the favorable ception of the word as shown by the foolish laughter that follows. No ibt there are timid souls this side of the footlights who thus enjoy rious coarseness or profanity. Such emphasis on the stage becomes resome as the reckless italization in a school-girl's letter.

Mr. Chesterton speaks of "Shrinking from the English and American ritans because of their quite inparable enthusiasm for roasting ches." Mr. Chesterton is perhaps be excused when native-born ricans in the South and West inthat witches were "burned at the " by "Puritans" in New Eng-

Mrs. McCormick has made a new "alignment" of Chicago society, and only those who have "youth, vivacity, wealth and family" are now admitted to the inner circle. A person may be bland, passionate and deeply religious, and yet be cast into outer darkness. There was a time when Chicago was divided into two classes: Those who were seen eating their soup and those who were heard.

FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1911.

A RAMBLE IN NOMENCLATURE.

Mr. George R. Sims, dramatist, poet and owner of a hair restorer, has for years written a page of the Referee entitled "Mustard and Cress." or, as the Pall Mall Gazette once misquoted, "Custard and Mess." This page contains from time to time announcements of prizes to be awarded in competition, ingenious devices for increasing circulation. The latest was the "Name Competition." The competitors had to fill in correctly "L * * * T * * * * *" and write two well known names, substituting letters for the asterisks. There were over a thousand answers, and only one was correct, yet the surname is known wherever there are English readers and the Christian name is most familiar. Luke Thrale was the answer.

But Thrale, the name of the rich brewer and husband of Mrs. Thrale, is extremely uncommon. Mr. Sims says it occurs only once in the London Directory. We doubt if there were a Thrale at the siege of Ismail, although there were foreigners of all sorts and conditions:

> 'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
> Sixteen call'd Thomson and nineteen named Smith.

Thrale is not mentioned in Bardsley's "English Surnames." In Ferguson's "Surnames as a Science" it is stated that the name is very uncommon. "So also in ancient times there is only one name on record, Thralo, for which Foerstmann suggests old Friesic 'thrall,' swift, nimble."

Writers about surnames often go a-mare's nesting. Take the name Drinkwater, for example. Was it originally the name applied to a teetotaler, as Thomasle Sober? Was it a corruption of Derwentwater? Or was it a translation of Boileau, when Huguenots sought refuge in England in the 17th century? The three derivations are soberly, not intemperately given. But there were Drinkwaters and Drynkewateres in England before the Huguenots crossed the Channel.

There is a certain glory in a peculiar, lonely name. No one today would like to be called Thepundersstepdoghtre, an English surname that has disappeared, but Betquenezelle is not so bad. Thrale has this advantage: It is short, but not vulgar; it is suggestive of foreign origin or adventurous early years. It is a good business name. Thrale, though Dr. Johnson respected his attainments and found him a good talker, was first of all a man of business. Did not his brewery bring him in £30,000 a year net profit? And after his death Johnson, if Lord Lucan is to be believed, made the famous speech: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

Sometimes a more common name assumes distinction from the Christian name. There may be shoals of Midwinters, but there was only one Ozias Midwinter. There are battalions of Johnsons, but there is only one Herkimer Johnson.

Mar 20 1911

THE PASTIME OF BLACKBALLING.

President Taft's remarks about blackballing at clubs; that there are frequent exhibitions of race prejudice; that friends of his have been rejected by men who were not worthy to tie their shoes; and the resignation of certain officers of a celebrated club in Washington, D. C., have naturally excited comment, and this comment is not in all cases calm and judicial.

Many men in clubs have friends who in their opinion are eligible as fellow-members. They are highly respectable; they may be well-to-do; they may be agreeable companions; but it is also possible that they do not satisfy the conditions of the charter, or they may not in any way have distinguished themselves. It depends largely on the nature of the club. If the club exists only for social purposes, it may have a small membership, and a long waiting list will necessitate selection.

President Taft is a Yale man. When he was in college, he was elected to the class societies. In 1877, when he was chosen a Skull and Bones man, there were only fourteen chosen with him, and fifteen of his classmates were elected to Scroll and Key. There were friends of his in his class—he was graduated in 1878—who were left out of the two societies. This fact did not prevent him from accepting his election; he made no wild protest at the time; he was not uncomfortable during his senior year. Yet he knew that there were others in his class than the thirty elected who deserved the honor.

As in college secret societies, so in clubs. A candidate comes up before the elections committee. He may have from a dozen to twenty letters in his behalf. There may be only one against him; yet if the objections are clearly stated and in temperate language, so that there is not at once the suspicion of violent personal prejudice, a special committee is appointed to inquire closely into the character of this candidate, to find out whether the objections are well founded. A candidate may have a dozen warm friends in a club; it does not therefore follow that he would be a desirable member; that he would give distinction to the club, or even be agreeable to three or four hundred men who do not know him.

"Love me, love my dog" does not increase love for a woman unless the suitor be infatuated. "If you have me, you should have my friends" is a saying that does not appeal to elections committees.

It is to be regretted that the President brought up the subject of race prejudice. In the instance to which he alluded, there might well have been objections to the candidate, irrespective of his race.

Apropos of the death of Mrs. Annie Wakeman Lathrop, it is stated that the name Lathrop is uncommon in England. It is not to be found in the London Postoffice Directory. The Chronicle said some days ago: "There is probably not a Lathrop left in England but the genial American Consul, who lives outside the London area."

The Kaiser's "Hymn to Aegir" was applauded at Drury Lane. It was Brahms who said: "You should always speak respectfully of compositions by Princes, for you do not know who may have written them."

GUSTAV MAHLER.

The late Gustav Mahler was a commanding figure in the world of music. As operatic director, conductor in theatre and concert hall, composer of symphonies, he was a man of pronounced, aggressive personality. An idealist in art, he was worldly wise in business relations and fully convinced that the laborer was worthy of his hire. He strove after perfection in performance; in his daily life, whether he were ajourneying or in a temporary home, he demanded the best, expected it as his right, and thus was reproached for his extravagance. It was easy for him to make enemies, and he often made them needlessly; yet they were forced to respect the energy, the industry, the talent of the man, whose extravagant taste, not shown in any personal display when he was before the public in the discharge of his duty, often vexed and sometimes appalled the stage director, the royal impresario or, as last year, the governing committee of a great orchestra.

He had his own ideas about the interpretation of familiar works characterized as classic, and was ruthless in carrying them out. His authority over his orchestra was great, yet how quietly it was exercised. No virtuoso conductor was ever less obtrusive, standing between the stage and the audience. No one was outwardly less of a poseur. Physically he was then almost insignificant. There were no sweeping gestures, no attitudes of fine frenzy. The effects were gained in consequence of the previous rehearsals. At the performance the players saw him, knew that he was their master, remembered faithfully, obeyed implicitly. Even spoiled prima donnas feared him, and, forgetting the audience always ready to applaud, sang for the glory of the composer.

As a conductor he had great qualities: absolute control, magnetic force, an appreciation of dramatic effects, a fine sense of dynamic contrasts and gradations. He was refined but not finical; stirring but not boisterous. Younger than Nikisch, Muck, Motti, Richter and only a few years older than Weingartner, he belonged to the great group that revolutionized orchestral conducting after Berlioz and Wagner had shown the way.

We are too near Mahler to judge definitely of his work as a composer. For the expression of his symphonic views he demanded a huge apparatus and defied time and space. Whether he were only a composer of a few impressive pages or an inventor of colossal and abiding works will be determined by Time, the sifter, corrector, destroyer.

It has been said that Mahler's end was hastened by his disagreeable experiences in New York last season; but Mahler, never robust, wore himself out by intense application till he was merely a bundle of nerves,

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

May 20 1911

The late Gustav Mahler first visited Boston as a conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House Company at the Boston Theatre April 8, 1908. The opera was Wagner's "Valkyrie." He conducted "Don Giovanni" April 9, and "Tristan and Isolde" April 11. His command of the orchestra and his fine taste and poetic nature were at once recognized. He was not wholly satisfied with the singers in "Don Giovanni," and meeting Dr. Muck before the performance he advised him not to attend it. On Feb. 26, 1910, he conducted in Symphony Hall a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York, the first and the last given by this orchestra in Boston. The comparatively small audience was not creditable to the reputation of this city as a "musical centre." Mahler's fifth symphony was performed here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in February, 1906, and was so much discussed that there was a second performance in the month. A musician of indisputable talent, one of the great virtuoso conductors of the century, Mahler was inclined to be dictatorial and extravagant, and his life in New York the last year was not a pleasant one

'KISS WALTZ' AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Kiss Waltz," an operetta, book by Budansky and Gruenbaum, American version by Edgar Smith, lyrics by Matt Woodward, music by C. M. Ziehrer. Frank Tours, conductor.

Count Arthur Wildenberg.....Charles Angelo
Jenny, Countess Wildenberg.....Edith Bradford
Nella, Baroness von Barnau.....Maud Lambert
Guido Spini.....Van Rensalaer Wheeler
Leopold Fuhringer.....Charles Bigelow
Kathi.....Eva Davenport
Antischi.....Elsa Ryan
Paul von Gervals.....Edgar Atchison Ely
Marquis Roget.....George Paunceforte
Brissard.....Harry Lewellyn

"The Kiss Waltz," which had its first "metropolitan" performance in the United States last night, was announced as a "summer show." It is an excellent show for summer or any other season.

There are summer shows that in consistency and effect remind the spectator of the beverage described by John Phoenix: three parts water gruel, two of root beer; thicken with a little soft squash, and strain through a cane bottom chair. "The Kiss Waltz" is not one of them.

It is characteristically Viennese in its intrigue, its views of life and manners, its music with lively marches, sensuous waltz movements, and gay dance rhythms. It would not be easy to describe the plot, for there is a plot with counterplots, nor it is any more necessary to the reader than a thorough understanding would be for the enjoyment of the spectator.

There is a jealous Count Arthur who has a flirtatious wife. All the women are in love with Guido Spini, a musician, a violinist, a composer of waltzes. He is weary of their attentions, flowers, letters, requests for autographs and locks of hair. He loves only a baroness to whom he dedicates his masterpiece.

There is the Fuehringer family. The father, an ex-coachman, received a handsome bequest from his master. The wife is a Mrs. Malaprop, much more amusing than most of the stage imitators of the immortal one. The daughter is a charming slip of a girl who is not at all bashful.

Then there is the Baron Paul who stutters; there is a gossiping marquis.

These characters live and make love and have their being to dance tunes. The dialogue is much better than that generally heard in modern operettas, and the lyrics, as far as they could be heard, were neither rankly sentimental nor inexcusably idiotic.

The music has the essential qualities; liveliness, sharply defined rhythm, grace in the more emotional numbers, sensuousness in the chief waltz. The music is well constructed, never vulgar, and there are pages that reveal the well-equipped musician, as the trio "woe betide" with its effective ending. There are good examples of what may be called conversation music. The instrumentation, while it was no doubt originally intended for a full orchestra, is discreet. It may here be said that Mr. Tours conducted admirably.

The operetta is handsomely staged, and the evolutions of an attractive chorus are well planned and executed. Nor is this chorus composed only of show girls who have no voices or should have none. The ensemble numbers are sung with spirit, yet not bawled. Last night "Ta Ta, Little Girl," for Mr. Ely and female chorus, the barcarolle with solo for Mr. Angelo, the "Hoop," sung by Miss Bradford, and the "Fan" song with its picturesque tableaux and dances were received enthusiastically, as was the "Kiss" waltz, sung first by Miss Lambert and Mr. Wheeler. Nor were these the only numbers that were applauded by an audience that filled the theatre in every part.

It was a pleasure to see Mr. Bigelow again, whose face alone would be his fortune were he dumb. He was characteristically amusing even after he had purchased the title of a Portuguese baron. Miss Davenport seconded him and was often irresistibly droll. Miss Ryan was coquettish in speech and dance. Mr. Wheeler was more animated than is the habit of an operetta tenor and Mr. Ely had much to do, to the satisfaction of the audience.

"The Kiss Waltz" should have a long and prosperous run.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Triumphs of Invention

The Herald has received a short letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. Our gifted contributor writes as follows:

"I am happy today, although the meatman's cart has not been seen in the village, and our stock of provisions is low. I am happy, because at last I can speak positively on a subject of vital importance. My esteemed friend and co-worker in the sociological vineyard, Mr. Alexander P. Browne, counsellor-at-law in your city, and a recognized authority on all matters of patent and copyright, writes me as follows: 'Replying to your inquiry in last Sunday's Herald as to who invented the paper collar, let me say that, judicially speaking, the "turndown or folded enamelled paper collar," which is the only paper collar worthy of the name, was invented and patented by one James H. Hoffman, July 25, 1865. The collar was invented in 1864 and I have always understood that this contribution to the sartorial art might be regarded as one of the horrors of the civil war.'

"And now I shall not rest until I know the name of the man who invented the reversible cuff. I regret to say that the thing itself is not recognized in the Oxford English Dictionary. Can any of your readers give me information concerning the first celluloid collar; also the origin of the litholin which I see advertised? In the notes I sent to your about a fortnight ago, there is something about collars."

Mr. Johnson's notes from which we quoted last Sunday are not easily sorted and classified. We have found, however, the note to which he refers.

"Paper collars were a blessing to many. There were economical souls who turned them, but the average man threw one away when it was soiled. How often as a boy in a railway train on a hot summer day have I seen a traveller, nearing his stopping place, take off a collar, chuck it out of the window and put on a fresh one in anticipation of meeting his dear Maria at the station, or depot, as we all called it then. A box of paper collars was a common sight on a dressing table.

"The celluloid collar, it appears, has taken the place of the paper. As a man said to me yesterday at the store, there's nothing like a celluloid collar for travelling. 'You wash it at night when you go to bed and in the morning it's fresh and clean and ready for use.' There are men who wear a celluloid collar in the daytime with a white cravat. There are physicians who do this that they may have a professional aspect.

"A correspondent of the London Chronicle recently wrote that as long as a match is available no man need have frayed cuffs. 'As to shirt buttonholes that are worn too large, put the head of the stud through a neatly cut circle of white cardboard, not too stiff, and all trouble is removed.' He also speaks of a revolving dickey on a central stud or pivot, a dicky with four business ends. I am afraid this correspondent is not a serious person, for he speaks of a presentable shirt-front for evening wear made from a stiff sheet of blotting paper with a central circular spot of ink for a stud. I do not like this clumsy jesting. By the way, what became of the 'calendar shirt,' a shirt with a dozen paper fronts so arranged that when a front was soiled the wearer could pull it off as though it were a day of the month? The stud went through the dozen and was securely fastened to the frame. The fronts were to be sold by the dozen, while the frame was guaranteed for five or six years.

Rattle-Rand and Onion Soup

"It is not easy to get a good piece of corned beef, either from a butcher's cart or at a hotel. I was conversing affably a few days ago with our butcher, who is talkative until the summer cottagers are here and then he is a man of action with few words. He advised the lean end of the thick rib. 'When I lived in western Massachusetts,' he said, 'they used to call this piece the rattle-rand.' I never heard of 'rattle-rand.' (He pronounced the latter word 'ran'.') Is the term used in or near Boston? Does any one know its origin? I make the following suggestion. 'Rand' is a strip or long slice of meat. Thus in Digby's 'Closet Opened,' which has recently been reprinted, a rand of tender brisket beef is mentioned. The word is now only in dialect in England, and it signifies any fleshy piece from the edges of the larger divisions of the hind quarter, the rump, loin or leg. In certain parts of England a stew consisting of potatoes, turnips and beef—sometimes onions were added—was known as a 'rattle.' This name was heard chiefly in Cornwall. Rattle-rand would then be a piece of beef suitable for a stew.

"The New Englander does not fully appreciate the onion, and Georgiana Hill's 'How to Cook Onions in a Hundred Different Ways' (London, 1867), is also unknown, in Barnstable county at least. Onion soup, for example, is as good as clam juice, or the asparagus broth dear to Berliners after a night of carousing or watching by the bed of a sick friend. The Regent Philip of Orleans delighted in onion soup after his wet and feverish nights, but it went out of fashion in Paris until about 40 years ago, when the doorkeeper at the office of the Siecle, having pity on the night workers, handed them a bowl when they left. They, grateful, spread the good report of the bracer, and restaurants quickly came to the relief of the jaded. Onion soup, 'the soup of the drunkard,' should, of course, admit scraped cheese, but the soup itself is best made as follows: Take a pound weight of onions and cut them into thin slices. Place on a rather brisk fire a saucepan (it should hold about half a gallon) with three ounces of butter. When the butter is melted and before it begins to frizzle, put in the sliced onions. Stir them with a wooden spoon so the whole surface will be covered with protecting grease. As soon as the frizzling is heard, distribute a good spoonful of fleur equally over the whole of the inner surface of the saucepan. Stir carefully until it is a beautiful pale brown. Now fill the saucepan with about four pints of hot water. Salt and pepper, and let the liquid boil for 10 minutes. Pour the contents on about half a pound of stale bread, cut thin and toasted. This soup should be enough for six persons.

Viper Wine and Frog Omelette

"I must buy this 'Closet of Sir Kenelm Digby (Knight) Opened,' but at present the price, 7s. 6d. net, though ridiculously small in the eyes of many, is prohibitive to me. They said of him that his person was handsome and gigantic and nothing was wanting to make him a 'complete cavalier.' He had so graceful elocution and noble address that had he been dropped out of the clouds into any part of the world he would have made himself respected.' He married the concubine of Richard, Earl of Dorset, Mrs. Vinetia Stanley, loved her passionately, and in order to preserve her celebrated beauty he ordered for her a diet of viper wine and capons nourished on vipers. Old John Aubrey is eloquent in his description of her beauty. Sir Kenelm had pictures of her by Van Dyck and others, and had her hands, feet, face, cast in plaster, but she died in her bed suddenly, and 'when her head was opened there was found but little brain, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper wine.' In Sir Kenelm Digby's cookery book, first published in 1669, there are receipts for boiled capon, Scotch ale, Dr Harvey's pleasant water cider, My Lady Diana Porter's Scotch collops, to fatten young chickens in a wonderful manner, etc., etc. Would that I could own the reprint and read it at my leisure and for the profit of the world! How sorely I have been hampered in my sociological studies by lack of funds! 'Chill penury repressed their noble rage.'

"Qy.—Would it be safe to eat the frogs in the Lovell marsh? A lucky gambler at Monte Carlo gave a dinner at which a frog pie with truffles was served. This one dish cost him 600 francs. In Europe frog omelette is not despised, though the hindquarters are generally grilled and eaten with bacon. I read yesterday in a London journal a letter from a man who had eaten frogs in that city, the small green frogs with minute suckers at the ends of the toes. These frogs were cooked with parsley and butter 'and just a suggestion of spring onion.' Each frog thus cooked cost two cents. I am no more squeamish or cowardly than the great majority of my fellows, but I have never eaten a frog or a snail. Is the story told by Groome in 'Two Suffolk Friends' credible? It is the tale of a middle-aged man known to the author, who in summer time loved to catch small freshers (young frogs) and let them hop down his throat. He would then stroke his belly and remark stuttering: 'B-b-b-b-eautifully cool.' And this diet did not harm him."

Trousers and an Ale Test

We find among the notes other references to trousers than those published in The Herald last Sunday.

"An Englishman whose articles on male dress are published as authoritative by the Pall Mall Gazette makes the statement that for every dozen tailors who can make a good coat there is only one who can make a really good pair of trousers. He alludes to the

pathetic self-deception of those who, wearing correct coat and waistcoat, think they are well dressed, although their trousers are badly cut or in a style no longer fashionable. And this Englishman cannot understand why a tailor seldom makes for a customer—or client, as the gentecl prefer—two pairs of trousers exactly the same in length. This is, indeed, a great mystery. I remember when once in my life I bought an expensive suit—I think it cost me $26 or $27 at a fashionable tailor's in Boston—his circular said he was fashionable—I complained at the 13th or 14th try-on that nothing fitted me. The trousers were, indeed, a sight, and the seat of them was as loose and flapping as that of a tired elephant going through a covered bridge. The tailor looked at me sternly and said: 'Mr. Johnson, tailoring is not an exact science; it is largely experimental.' I felt like asking him if he knew Brillat Saverin's outburst: 'Those to whom Nature denies an aptitude for the pleasures of Taste, have bony faces, long noses, large eyes; whatever their stature, they always seem to be pulled out. Tbey have straight black hair, and they utterly lack embonpoint; it is they who invented trousers.'

"In the 18th century ale was carefully tested in England. The official sugar-seeker wore leather breeches. It was his duty to arrive unexpectedly at an inn. He would draw a glass of ale, pour it on a wooden bench, sit down in tbe puddle. He would sit for just one-half hour during which time he would talk affably, smoke and drink with any one who asked him, but he would not stir from the puddle. At the end of the half-hour he would test the ale by rising. If he could not rise easily, if his breeches stuck to the bench, tbere was sugar in the ale and it was impure. A pleasant, easy, chatty life!"

The Works of J. M. Synge

John W. Luce & Co. of Boston are publishing the works of John M. Synge. The plays, "Riders to the Sea" and "The Tinker's Wedding," and the account of Synge's life on the Aran Islands have already appeared in an attractive form. As a dramatist Synge is too little known in this country. I believe that "Riders to the Sea" was performed in Boston about seven years ago, and Henry F. Gilbert wrote music as a prelude to it.

Synge's greatest play, "The Playboy of the Western World," was performed for the first time in the United States at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, April 13, 1909, by Hart Conway and his students in the School of Acting of the American Conservatory of Music.

Synge (pronounced Sing) was born at Dublin in 1871. He died March 24, 1909. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1897 he was living in Paris, endeavoring to support himself by writing, and it was his ambition to become a critic of French literature. W. B. Yeats found him there. He persuaded him to create instead of criticise, and urged him to go back to nature. He himself bad just visited the Aran islands, and he begged Synge to make himself at home there, to associate closely with men and women who were still primitive.

What did Yeats bring away from the Aran islands, Aranmor, Inishmaan and Inishere, about 30 miles from Galway, up the centre of the bay?

In his essay "What Is 'Popular Poetry,'" the first essay in "Ideas of Good and Evil," Yeats put this song into the mouth of an Aran fisher-girl:

"It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird throughout the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

"You promised me and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked. I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you; and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

"You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns and a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

"You promised me a thing that is not possible; that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird, and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

"My mother said to me not to be talking with you, today or tomorrow or on Sunday. It was a bad time she took for telling me that, it was shuttinig the door after the house was robbed.

"You have taken the East from me, you have taken the West from me, you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great you have taken God from me."

On the Aran Islands

There is nothing like this in Synge's "Aran Islands." There is no record of any woman that he heard thus pouring out her soul. We are told of little girls who "spoke with a delicate exotic intonation that was full of charm," who spoke in a sort of chant. On Aranmor he noticed among the groups of girls "a beautiful oval face with the singularly spiritual expression that is so marked in one type of the West Ireland women. Later in the day, as the old man talked continually of the fairies and the women they have taken, it seemed that there was a possible link between the wild mythology that is acepted on the islands and the strange beauty of the women." On Inishmaan the simplicity and unity of the dress increased the local air of beauty. "The women wear red petticoats and jackets of the island wool stained with madder, to which they usually add a plaid shawl twisted round their chests and tied at their back." When it rained they threw another petticoat over their heads, or, if they were young, they used a heavy shawl or men's waistcoats buttoned round their bodies. "Their skirts do not come much below the knee, and show their powerful legs in the heavy indigo stockings with which they are all provided."

The women and girls, when they had no men with them, would try to make fun with Synge.

"'Is it tired you are, stranger?' said one girl * * * 'Bedad, it is not, little girl,' I answered in Gaelic, 'It is lonely I am.' 'Here is my little sister, stranger, who will give you her arm,' And so it went. Quiet as these women are on ordinary occasions, when two or three of them are gathered together in their holiday petticoats and sbawls, they are as wild and capricious as the women who live in towns."

Synge wrote more than once of the exquisite intonation of these women, who brood and coo over every syllable. And he once went so far as to say: "The women of this island are before conventionality and share some of the liberal features that are thought peculiar to the women of Paris and New York. Many of them are too contented and too sturdy to have more than a decorative interest, but there are others full of curious individuality." Lest he might be misunderstood he wrote on the next page: "The direct sexual instincts are not weak on the island, but they are so subordinated to the instincts of the family that they rarely lead to irregularity. The life here is still at an almost patriarchal stage, and the people as nearly as far from the romantic moods of love as they are from the impulsive life of the savage."

Synge's Strange Dialogue

It was on one of these islands that Synge got the idea of his grim "Riders to the Sea." He heard of a man washed ashore, and islanders endeavoring to identify him. An islander had been drowned about the same time. "Tonight as we were returning from the slip we met the mother of the man who was drowned from this island, still weeping and looking out over the sea. She stopped the people who had come over from the south island to ask them with a terrified whisper what is thought over there. Later in the evening when I was sitting in one of the cottages the sister of the dead man came in through the rain with her infant, and there was a long talk about the rumors that had come in. She pieced together all she could remember about his clothes, and what his purse was like, and where he had got it, and the same for his tobacco box and his stockings. In the end there seemed little doubt that it was her brother. 'Ah,' she said, "It's Mike sure enough, and please God they'll give him a decent burial.' Then she began to keen slowly to herself. She had loose, yellow hair plastered round her head with the rain, and as she sat by the door sucking her infant, she seemed like a type of the women's life upon the island."

Here is the embryo of "Riders to the Sea," but did Synge ever hear woman's or man's speech on tbe Aran islands that suggested some of the wonderfully poetic lines in "The Playboy of the Western World," the scene of which is in Mayo?

Christy says he was born lonesome, "lonesome as the moon of dawn." How he makes love! "I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God all ages sitting lonesome in his golden chair;" or "gaming in a gap of sunshine, with yourself stretched back into your necklace, in the flowers of the earth"; "Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen or tae Carrowmore." And Margaret has her share: "And I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing near, like the stars of God"; "You should have had great people in your family, I'm thinking, with the little, small feet you have, and you with a kind of a quality name, the like of what you'd find on the great powers and potentates of France and Spain." And when Christy is asked by Flaherty where he killed his father, he answers: "Oh, a distant place, master of the house; a windy corner of high distant hills."

Here we are much nearer the Aran fisher girl unreported by Synge and possibly imagined by Yeats.

Irish Stony Ground

It has been said of Synge that he invented, or discovered rather, "a new form of English prose of strange and haunting beauty, to have revived tbe drama in realistic form, yet with full attention to charm and dramatic truth, to have outlined a theory of poetic material, and to have accomplished a few things that put him indisputably among the artists of this century." His dialogue, they all say, was borrowed direct from the country people of Ireland. "I am glad to acknowledge," he said in the preface to his most celebrated play, "how much I owe to the folk imagination of these fine people," and he said in the same preface: "All art is a collaboration." But this particular collaboration with Irish peasantry had this disadvantage: with the exception of "Riders to the Sea," which is universal, the other plays are so essentially Irish that they must be acted by Irish comedians, and some insist, to Irish people, if there is to be full effect.

Yet the characters in "The Playboy of the Western World" and "The Tinker's Wedding" are a sorry, besotted lot, men and women, and the plays are as terrible an indictment against the Ireland of today as is Mr. George Moore's volume of stories, "Tbe Untilled Field." If Synge knew them on the Aran islands, he did not describe them in his book. This book is indescribably gray. And as reading Thoreau's "Cape Cod" you unconsciously try to wipe sand off the pages as you turn tbem; or see mists arise and a funeral show with your own face that of the corpse as you dream over Alexander Smith's "Summer in Skye," so reading "The Aran Islands" you smell kelp and brine and see "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste." But the islanders themselves, though they gladly hide any one rebellious to the law, are not portrayed as the seemingly rubbishy lot in Synge's plays.

The Irish themselves shrieked and foamed at the mouth in Dublin when "The Playboy" was first performed there. The Freeman's Journal called the comedy "a gross and wanton insult to the Irish people," and "calumny gone raving mad," while the Evening Telegraph said "the hideous caricature would be slanderous of a Kaffir kraal." But there were a few stanch defenders, and Mr. Yeats maintained that the hissers at the performance were no regular part of the audience, but members of parties and societies whose main interests were politcal. "Nearly all strong and strange writing is attacked on its appearance, and those who press it upon the world may not cease from pressing it, for their justification is its ultimate acceptance."

So, too, the "Tinker's Wedding" was hissed even in London, when the comedians were English, chiefly on account of the discomfiture of the rascally priest.

Besotted Men and Women

It has also been said that Synge was nearer akin to Heine than any other modern author has been. "He had Heine's sense of oppression and more than Heine's passion for reform and revolt." This comparison seems to me far fetched, for in manner of expression the two are far apart. Many talk glibly about Heine, who know only his "Buch der Lieder," and in English.

Synge revealed his own ideas about the drama in the preface to "The Tinker's Wedding," and part of this preface is well worth pondering.

"The drama is made serious—in the French sense of the word—not by the degree in which it is taken up with problems that are serious in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives the nourishment, not very easy to define, on which our imaginations live. We should not go to the theatre as we go to a chemist's, or a dram shop, but as we go to a dinner, where the food we need is taken with pleasure and excitement. This was nearly always so in Spain and England and France when the drama was at its richest—the infancy and decay of the drama tend to be didactic—but in these days the playhouse is too often stocked with the drugs of many seedy problems, or with the absinthe or vermouth of the last musical comedy. The drama, like the symphony, does not teach or prove anything. Analysts with their problems and teachers with their systems, are soon as old-fashioned as the pharmacopoeia of Galen—look at Ibsen and the Germans—but the best plays of Ben Jonson and Moliere can no more go out of fashion than the blackberries on the hedges."

A writer in the London Times declares that we must accept the characters in Synge's plays. "In spite of the cruelty and grossness that run through many of the plays, one cannot feel that the persons of the play are gross or cruel. These qualities are but the shadows in the world in which Synge lived, a world whose splendor 'was almost a grief of the mind,' a world more splendid for the briefness of our vision of it and the blackness of its shadows." This is impressive and vague. What is to be said of the tinker his doxy, the hideous old woman and the priest? In "The Playboy," the hero, Christopher, is a lazy ruffian who thinks he has killed his old father. He boasts of the deed in a shebeen where he is drinking and the landlord's daughter admires him for it and falls in love with him. He goes about the country bragging of his prowess, just as Baudelaire, to make the bourgeois sit up, once began a story in a Parisian cafe, by shouting, "After I had killed my poor father." Christy is the idol of the region and all the women are dying for the love of him, and one, a widow of 30, who had murdered her husband, entreats him to share her cottage. But the old father turns up with a bandaged head, and the people turn on Christy and revile him. He rushes at the old man, drives him from the house, and is supposed to make another murderous attack. The young widow's love revives. Christy is awkward or faint-hearted in his second murderous attempt, for the old man, hardheaded and persistent, comes in again, and the two depart together, while Pegeen, the landlord's daughter, wails: "Oh, my grief! I've lost him surely! I've lost the only playboy of the western world!"

There are other characters in this comedy who certainly are not amiable, as the men that pelted a maniac with stones until he jumped into the sea; as Pegeen's former lover, who got six months for maiming ewes.

In "Riders to the Sea," we meet men and women that Synge knew on the Aran Islands, and they meet death as calmly and grimly as they pass the days of life. There is also the one touch of the supernatural, the vision of the drowned son seen by the mother, dressed in new, fine clothes and riding behind his brother, about to die. But of "Riders to the Sea" and Mr. O'Brien's preface to it, I shall speak next Sunday.

"In the Workhouse"

One of three plays performed at the Pioneer Players' matinee May 8 was so important that the Pall Mall Gazette thinks no theatrical manager will have anything to do with it. "It was also so outspoken that it will no doubt be described as 'vulgar' and 'in bad taste' by critics of extreme delicacy and refinement."

"In the Workhouse" is by Mrs. Margaret Wynne Nevinson. The scene is a maternity ward, and seven mothers, of whom one or two are married, discuss the "poor law" as it affects women who are so poor that they are obliged to enter the workhouse when about to be confined. The married ones and those who hope to be married are there against their will. The "poor law" is less of a burden to the unmarried mother than to the "honest woman." One has five children, and the father of each pays her five shillings a week. She has a steady income of £65 a year, and she lets lodgings and helps in a countess' kitchen. When she is to become a mother she takes a rest in the workhouse, and when her "trouble" is over she can go home and take her child with her. "On the other hand, one of the married women cannot get out, although she is a dressmaker and can therefore earn a living, and has, moreover, a sister to whom she can go, and who will make a home for her and her child. And the reason (according to Mrs. Nevinson) why she cannot get out is that her husband, who is mainly responsible for her being there and is himself an inmate, has no desire to leave, and the two, being 'one,' must go, or stay, together. As the unmarried mother of five complacently remarks, 'The law is all on the side of us bad 'uns.' And the result of the general discussion is that one of the women, who had previously been looking forward to getting married next day, decides that, on the whole, she will be better off as she is."

This pamphlet play attacks not marriage, but a workhouse system. One of the characters is an idiot girl who croons and babbles over her third baby, "whose father she does not know, any more than she knows the fathers of the other two, or what has become of them or of the children, except that they were all named Bill."

The Pall Mall Gazette likens "In the Workhouse" to certain dramas by Brieux, "which plead for reform by painting a terrible and perhaps overcharged picture of things as they are." The piece was loudly applauded, and Mrs. Nevinson was called out and cheered.

"Playing with Fire"

Robert Loraine bas made a hit at the Comedy Theatre, London, as the hero in "Playing with Fire," produced April 29. The comedy is an English version of Franz Molnar's "Der Leibgardist." The Daily Telegraph declares that the play suggests collaboration between a humble admirer of Ouida and adevoted student of the mechanics of farce. The style shown by the anonymous adapter belongs "to the Ouida element in the play, and at times transcends its great exemplar with very entertaining results. There was a passage in which the wife referred to a zaraba of 'altar rails' as protection against her lover, of classic perfection in its kind. The Ouida spirit also contributed a blinding uniform and a meth-

[illegible] of overthinking to match and some [illegible] of the tropical-rococo ge[illegible]

Mr. Loraine took the part of Longton, an actor, married to an actress. "And off the stage too they were always acting. Their interior was composed of drapes from all sorts of scenes, with no perceptible connection. They were naturally in a state of nervous irritability, exhausted, no doubt, by the garish Japanese decoration of their flat." Longton grew jealous, and Mrs. Longton received bouquets and anonymous notes. She saw opportunities for acting by the hearth. It was her husband that sent the bouquets. "They had, you see, a sincere admiration for the older devices of the stage."

The husband pretends to go to Paris, but he returns in a shrieking uniform as the unknown adorer, Prince Loris, a Russian. It is said that Mr. Loraine's transformation was marvellous. "Face, gait, manner, voice, dialect, all are changed. You have never heard a foreigner's English better managed or more adroitly maintained."

The prince meets the wife in an opera box, belonging to a common friend of Mr. and Mrs. Langton. He makes wild love, but he is repulsed, until his volcanic ardor is rewarded. She cries, "Come to me tomorrow. At half-past five."

The husband returns without his uniform and wig, and without his nose—which, indeed, never well became him." He cross-examines her and she lies magnificently. He talks of the opera and the prince, and she threatens him with an atrocious vengeance if he dares to doubt her. But he disappears for a moment and puts on his disguise. There is her Prince Loris. And now the wife laughs and says she knew him all the time. If he was good enough actor to play the lover, she was good enough to play the consenting wife. "Besides, how could he disguise his wonderful voice, his beautiful eyes?" When the curtain falls they are ready to begin again with rapture. "Nervous irritability may be seen in the offing. In all this you are to imagine a number of familiar jokes at the expense of the traditional weaknesses of the actor's profession. And, really, they are quite appropriate in a play which you might like to take as a vast, elaborate jibe at the conventions of stage illusion. But its author has not encouraged us to suspect him of humor on that scale." Miss Alexandra Carlisle took the part of the wife.

What Is Tragedy?

A new edition of John Masefield's "Tragedy of Nan" has been published by Grant Richards, London, and in the preface Mr. Mansfield gives this definition of tragedy: "Tragedy at its best is a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exulting and cleansing. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought to the passionate knowledge of things exulting and eternal. Commonplace people dislike tragedy, because they dare not suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the liar and the fool in their deathy path across history." This leads "H. M. W." to say in the Pall Mall Gazette: "It will be observed that this view of tragedy dispenses with the old necessary qualities of a grave and dignified diction—by which verse has generally been understood—and an impressive and stately movement, and asks no more than a laying bare of the heart of life in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. And yet it is not so new as it sounds. About [illegible] years ago one Geoffrey Chaucer wrote:

> Tragedie is for to seyn a certain storie
> Of [illegible] that stood in great prosperitie,
> And is yfallen out of high degree
> Into misrie and endeth wretchedlie
> And they ben versified comounly * * *
> In prose een ben endyted many con.

"After all, and in spite of Shakespeare and Racine, Mr. Masefield is not so very far behind Chaucer in his definition of the highest form of dramatic composition."

TO A FAIR MUSICIAN.

The London Chronicle published this pathetic poem.

(While it is excellent for purposes of piano-playing to have a giant's strength, it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.—Mr. J. Alfred Johnstone.)

Whenever you may play,
Though I to my distress sit
A rod or more away,
I do but know
Fortissimo.
But feebly can express it.

To that small lily hand
What pains doth suffering man owe?
Far more than Teuton band
With tubes of brass
Stirs, you, alas!
Rouse with that banged piano.

Grant me one little thing—
I soothly can't require less—
Pray, play, soft-pedalling,
With notes, wrapped round
To check a sound,
An instrument that's wireless.

M. S.

Sunday Personal Notes

A melodrama in which the heroine kills the savage tyrant was performed lately at the Saratoff Theatre, St. Petersburg. The tyrant and the heroine were husband and wife in private life and the latter, who was having an affair with the actor who took the part of lover, drew a revolver on the tyrant and shot him dead. She then attempted to kill herself. The spectators who at first thought it was all in the play, were frightened at the sight of blood, and left the theatre in disorder.

Joseph Bonnet was chosen unanimously to succeed the late Alexandre Guilmant as organist of the Paris Conservatory concerts.

Gabriel d'Annunzio has been asked to write a libretto for Richard Strauss.

"H. M. W.," a London dramatic critic, wishes somebody would translate into English the drama "Pulsance de Rof" which has been crowding the Theatre Royal in Copenhagen. "It is a play of political life, depicting the rivalries and corruption of party leaders and the patriotism of a constitutional king, who, in the end, falls a victim at the hands of the populace as the result of the faithlessness of his ministers."

The Referee said of Miss Alice Cory, who gave a song recital in London: "This lady is an American mezzo soprano who would profit by frequenting London concert rooms this season and studying in London." By frequenting these concert rooms she would certainly find shocking examples. The Londoners have a pathetic belief in the supremacy of certain singers who, visiting the United States, are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Mr. Van Dyck gave a concert in London May 6. "Of course the curious style of his singing is hardly best heard in so different a branch of the art from that of opera. On the stage the range of extremes in vocal color and dynamic force can carry far more weight than in the intimate domain of the lieder, for the latter certainly suffers by the want of a more evenly sustained style. Yet Mr. Van Dyck has so strong a personality and sings with such conviction that his interpretations have a decided attraction of their own. To realize this it must be admitted that allowance has to be made for occasional lapses in intonation, an old fault with Mr. Van Dyck, and the excessive color contrasts already mentioned."

Mr. Mijatovitch told a London reporter that the Albanians are physically the finest race in Europe. "Their women are handsome, with dark hair, though their eyes are sometimes gray. To see them walk is a delight. We like to see the ballet at home. The first time I saw the Albanians walk gave me just the same pleasure. Their movements are so graceful, elegance and strength together."

Miss Fanny Lott of Boston was warmly praised by her critics for her performance of Leonora in "La Forza del Destino," and of Gioconda in Ponchielli's opera at Molpetta last month.

Discussing the question when the waltz made its first appearance in England, the London Chronicle says it was some time before it really became a popular dance. Miss Mitford abused it in 1814: "In addition to the obvious reasons which all women ought to have for disliking it, I cannot perceive its much-vaunted graces. What beauty can there be in a series of dizzying evolutions, of which the wearisome monotony banishes all the tricksy fancies of the poetry of motion and conveys to the eyes of the spectators the idea of a parcel of teetotums set a-spinning for their amusement." Byron's famous "Waltz: An Apostrophic Poem," was written in 1812 and published anonymously in the spring of the next year.

Abelardo Albisi, the first flute of the Scala orchestra in Milan, after experimenting for many years, has perfected a bass flute invented by him. He calls it, or someone gave it the name, "Albisiphon." The Signale, thinking that if the second "i" were spelled "y" there might be a sad mistake in ordering the article, prefers "bass flute."

Richard Strauss' piano music for the recitation of Uhland's "Das Schloss am Meere" has at last been published. It was composed in 1899 and has been given occasionally from manuscript by von Possart and Waldemar Staegemann. The music is described as simple and effective.

Miss Magdalen S. Worden's "Celtic Song Cycle" was performed for the first time May 15 at Quincy by Miss James H. Slade, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, B. E. Berry and L. Schalk.

Futurists to the Dramatists

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (London) wrote: "Our old friends, the Futurists, who, in the name of a new and virile art, want to pull down every statue, burn every picture, and, in particular, to throw all the buildings of Venice into the lagoon, are 'manifesting' again. Sig. F. T. Marinetti, their leader, issues a fresh declaration, addressed this time to dramatists. His main principles for the writing of plays are 'contempt for audiences and loathing for success.' All drama must be modern. Modern drama must express the great Futurist dream, which is suggested by our high-strung contemporary, viz.: 'Life, with its speed on earth, on water and in the air, dominated by steam and electricity.'

"Furthermore, 'dramatic art must not attempt photographic psychology, but an intoxicating synthesis of life in its significant and typical developments.' He urges upon authors of 'intoxicating syntheses' that they must not expect to get rich, and denounces the idea of getting rich as the obsession which preys upon modern dramatists. Finally, Sig. Marinetti inveighs against the monstrous habit of clapping and cheering in theatres: 'We mean,' he adds, 'to teach authors and actors the voluptuousness of being hissed.' This peculiarly ecstatic joy he has himself, he tells us, often tasted with delight. 'I have the great satisfaction of knowing that my genius, frequently booed and hissed by the audiences of France and Italy, runs no risk of ever being buried beneath dull and heavy plaudits.' This personal touch appears to be the most really philosophical part of the Futurist philosophy."

Pavlova in London

This reminds me that the Daily Telegraph published a wild rhapsody over Miss Pavlova the first of the month.

"There is no one like Pavlova. We have seen dancers of rare imagination, dancers of an invincible charm, of delicious grace, of an amazing technical skill. 'Few compass one whate'er their gifts may be.' Mlle. Pavlova is supreme in all. She can do everything that the queens of technique do, and do it with more beauty. She ventures far beyond any triumph that technique could ever win and she makes an unchallenged, unchallengeable masterpiece of dancing, no more to be described than a great picture is to be put into words. The delight, the glory, the loveliness of motion in her dance to the Rubinstein valse, in her Bacchanale to Glazounoff's music are to be seen and felt, not written about. Perfect expression in any art is not to be translated into terms of another.

"The world has mourned and trembled at he tragic news that Mlle. Pavlova and M. Mordkin would not dance together. But now that awful discord is composed, 'The world's great age begins anew, the golden years return.' That is to say, you may go to the palace when you will and see them together in the Bacchanale. A prince of the Renaissance would doubtless have ordered a public thanksgiving. We can at least make a private joyful noise from our stall. For they are at their best together, and their best is the most delicious dancing in the world. You may have little admiration to spare for male dancers. But M. Mordkin will persuade you to change your mind. His natural magnificence, his finely designed costumes, his skill, the wonderful spirit of his dancing charm you away into the Greek world, where the beauty of movement was as great a delight as any in life.

"Their Bacchic dance, of course, is the greatest thing they have given us yet. Unless memory plays strange tricks, it was not at its first coming—though even then admiration grew into incoherence—one-half so wonderful as now. When they rush on together, nymph and faun beneath that flaming veil, is it possible that ever before was there such a glorious frenzy, such an inspiration of wild life? The splendid tumult of it all, the mad delight in power, the divine intoxication with the wonder of the world—was that ever so vivid, ever with such a thrill. There is all the spirit of the strange mad boy god Dionysius here. The dance koes to one of those fantastic quivering choruses from the 'Bacchae,' or if you want a likeness in something of our own time it has the swiftness and fire of the great thing in Atalanta, 'When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces.' And for all its fierce ecstacy it has the crystal perfection of such a lyric as that.

"But the Bacchanale is not all. You will not easily forget the two in that Chopin valse. Mlle. Pavlova wears the ballet costume, and M. Mordkin is in something that might as well be early Victorian as anything else. But the dance is a crystallization of the mannered grace and sentiment of the 18th century—a Greuze or a Fragonard in terms of dance—a thing wonderfully finished, delicate, of far-sought design, and with a faint, subtle, sensuous appeal. Then there is Mlle. Pavlova alone in her swan dance to Saint-Saens, a lovely, languishing thing of slow and studied beauty. You will find no such chance to admire the infinite detail of her art, the minute changes of gesture and pose and expression that make up its consummate achievement. For a contrast watch the careless, fluttering grace of her in 'Papillons,' the gayest dance that she gives. Behind all the rest is a full, rich life. This is all light laughter. For her comrade there is a wonderful Greek dance of a faun exultant, a creature hardly human, just joy and joy, and again joy, without a thought of any of the burden of mankind. And as at the end of it all Mlle. Pavlova is careful to bring on all her company to share the applause, let us not forget gratitude for the delicious Rhapsodie Hongroise that they give us."

And this in the city where Miss Genee has long reigned supreme!

London Theatres and Concerts

Miss Marie Tempest appeared "in a very poor" sketch, "The Shearing of Samson," May 8, at the Hippodrome. She sang several songs. At the same house the dancing "proved once more one of the most beautiful things of the kind lately seen in London."

The Sicilians, with Grasso and Signora Bragaglia at the head, have been giving remarkable performances of condensed dramas.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Albert Spalding, who gave his second violin recital: "He is a very accomplished performer; if it has to be admitted that his playing does not interest much beyond the attraction of a steady, pure tone and the execution of any difficulties which may come to hand with surety and a sense of ease."

"A Fool There Was," transferred to the Aldwyck Theatre, with Miss Katherine Kaelred as the The Woman, is drawing well.

A German Volks theatre has been founded in London. The first performance will be given tonight when Philippi's "Das Arbe" will be played. The Volks theatre will be in the nature of a club. No money will be taken at the doors. The cost of membership will be one shilling to four shillings, according to the seats, for at least six performances in the year. J. T. Grein, who founded the Deutscher Theatre in London in 1900, is the honorary president.

Mme. Liza Lehmann's new song-cycle, "Prairie Pictures," was produced at Miss Palgrave Turner's concert, April 27. It is said that the composer was thus "moved to activity by her becoming intimate with the folk-songs of the North American Indians during her recent tour in their localities. If the new song-cycle does not add to the fame of the composer it provides amateurs with some agreeable songs with uncommon words."

"Baron Trench" has been fatted and, as the English say, is now "going strong."

Arnold Bennett's comedy, "The Honeymoon," will be produced by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eudie. It will probably be unlike John Tobin's comedy with the same title.

The London Times, speaking of the Sicilians in Guimera's "Feudalismo," given in condensed form at the Hippodrome May 4: "Signora Bragaglia can express a woman's agony and despair more naturally and with greater effect than any actress now on the London stage, and Grasso needs not to bite the throat of his mortal enemy to make one feel the elemental fury of which southern blood is capable as well as the intense torture from which he is suffering."

Mme. Jomelli, who gave a song recital in London May 2, appears to have suffered from the zeal of her press agent. The Daily Telegraph began its review: "If artists were only wise they would beware of the 'puff preliminary' and enjoin discretion on the part of those responsible for heralding their appearance in various cities. When a program book informs us that a singer 'helped to maker Oscar Hammerstein's first season of opera in New York the talk of the music world,' and asserts, moreover, that the self-same operatic star possesses 'a presence that never failed to charm, and an art well-nigh impeccable,' one of two things is bound to happen. Either the reader will expect too much or he will be prejudiced in the opposite direction." The Telegraph added that Mme. Jomelli is really an accomplished and well endowed artist. Her voice "is remarkable for its power in the high register; indeed, she was inclined yesterday too frequently to remind her hearers of the fact." Her technic was praised, although one felt here and there that in between the two extremes of forte and piano the singer might have commanded a greater variety of tone-color. It was a pity that her program was not of more level interest. From the examples of Debussy, Duparc and other French composers who figured in her first group it was a sad falling-off to most of the songs in her second, particularly those sung in English—some of them of American origin."

Notes About Opera

One of the Sonzogno prize takers, Lorenzo Filiasi, whose "Manuel Menendez" was performed at the Lyric Theatre, Milan, ventured to produce his "Fior di Neve" at the Scala and this second opera failed dismally. The libretto, based on a dull novel by the Countess Cantacuzene, is described as "detestable." Il Mondo Artistico complains apropos of this failure that important opera houses like the Scala are opened too easily to young composers.

Alfredo Cuscina set music to an opera in two acts, "Radda," founded on one of Gorki's "Tales of the Steppes," and the opera was produced at Messina.

A cycle of musical comedies and operas bouffes will be performed at the Kuenstler Theatre, Munich, beginning June 30. The cycle will open with Offenbach's "La Belle Helene." There will be two first performances:

hat of "Themidore" by Digby La Touche and that of "Cherchez la Femme" by Ralph Benatzky. There will be a second cycle in September, when the prices will be lower.

Mme. Kirkby-Lunn is so great a favorite in London that any adverse criticism must surprise her. Yet the Pall Mall Gazette would not have her Carmen. "She sings the music beautifully, and the lovely quality of her voice is heard therein to great advantage, moreover in her acting she shows an intelligent conscientiousness which is further marked by ease and a matured style. Yet the impersonation fails because of the lack of personal magnetism. Mme. Lunn is not able here, as in other things, to convey the temperamental characteristics, and in consequence the whole effect is somewhat studied, clever, but without the right appeal."

News from Vienna

A chorus for male voices by Anton Bruckner was recently performed at Vienna for the first time. The text is by von der Mattig and is entitled "Night Enchantment." The chorus was composed in 1878 and is said to be of high worth.

Liszt's second "Mephisto Waltz" has been performed at Vienna by the Vincent Society, led by Ferdinand Loque. The first Mephisto Waltz is well known here. The second was brought out in Budapest in 1881. It is dedicated to Saint-Saens and has been characterized as a waltz in augmented seconds. It was composed in 1880 at Rome for the piano and orchestrated in Hungary the next year. "This sort of a waltz does not take place in a village tavern, but toward the hills not far from Parnassus the dancers are attracted by the rhythm. It would be hard to say whether this musical incarnation of the spirit of the waltz is made to ennoble demons or degrade demigods." Liszt wrote a third Mephisto waltz for the piano and a fourth, still in manuscript, for the same instrument.

May 22 1911

It seems only yesterday that Frederick P. Vinton was looking at the exhibition of pictures by Philip L. Hale and speaking discriminatingly and generously about them. Mr. Vinton belonged to the old school, yet he was quick to appreciate both the good qualities and the extravagancies of ultra-moderns. In conversation he had the gift of explaining to a layman why a picture was good or bad without the use of technical terms or studio slang. It is a pity that he did not write about the art he loved and adorned, for he expressed himself clearly and had a pretty wit. Those who have heard him read a paper at a dinner, or speak in answer to a toast, admired his marshalling of facts, his ability to eliminate that which was unessential, his sharp thrusts at snobbery in art. And he was never long-winded.

Manufacturers of mince pie insisted at Washington that meat is not a necessary ingredient. O yes it is, and so is brandy. We refer to the mince pie that is for heroes. There is no mince pie for the faint-hearted and vegetarians.

A young man killed himself in New York and left this memorandum: "I have often argued that the inoffensive and useless should be eliminated from society." Alive, he was supporting himself. Dead, he left the expense of burial to his friends.

Fogazarro's "Lelia" has been placed on the Index Expurgatorious. But it was in this novel that Fogazarro was supposed to recant the unorthodox views which made his "Saint" obnoxious to the faithful.

May 23, 1911

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Cast:

Capt. Jack Absolute.....John Craig
Sir Anthony Absolute.....George Hassell
Bob Acres.....Donald Meek
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Frederick Murray
Fag.....Wilfred Young
Mrs. Malaprop.....Kate Ryan
Lydia Languish.....Mary Young

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Morison stock company in "The Man of the Hour," by George Broadhurst.

Alwyn Bennett.....Wilson Melrose
Charles Wainwright.....John Washburne
Scott D. Gibbs.....Rockliffe Fellows
Richard Horigan.....Edward Nannary
Percy Carter Wainwright.....
Fraunie Fraunholz
Judge Newman.....Harry Brooks
Henry Thompson.....Graham Velsey
Cynthia Garrison.....Juliette Atkinson
Mrs. Bennett.....Rose Morison
Dallas Wainwright.....Eleanor Gordon

TIMEBEATERS AND INTERPRETERS.

The death of Gustav Mahler has been the pretext for comment on the "exorbitant" sums that are now paid to conductors of opera or symphony orchestras. It is said that Mahler received $30,000 for his season; that Nikisch's income for conducting is between $20,000 and $30,000; and other large sums received by conductors in Europe and the United States are mentioned. Some of the statements are exaggerated and recall a Viennese story: A pianist of that city returning from a tour said to Rosenthal: "Well, how much do you think I made on my last trip?" To which Rosenthal answered: "One half."

These large salaries are of recent growth or establishment, for only of late years has the virtuoso conductor been a great drawing card, a close friend of the box office. In the old days the conductor was first of all a timebeater, whose chief anxiety was concerning precision. There was the music in the score before him. All that was necessary was to see that the men played accurately, to set the proper pace and to maintain it, to follow the signposts erected by the composer himself. Mendelssohn was a conductor of this class. He liked purity of tone, accuracy and a lively movement.

Timebeaters were modestly rewarded for their honest labor. But the interpreter arose, the virtuoso-conductor, and in a few years rivalled the prima donna. It is not now necessary to inquire into the origin of this school of conductors, whether it dates back to Berlioz giving concerts in Germany and Russia, or to the famous pamphlet of Richard Wagner. The interpreter is recognized and audiences are attracted by him, whatever the program may be, as they are by Mme. Melba or Tetrazzini, without regard to the opera.

The "interpreter" is one that tells an audience what Beethoven or Strauss or Debussy meant by certain arrangements of notes. The interpreter may be wildly romantic or calmly classical; he may be fantastical in appearance and behavior, or cool and comme il faut; he may swear only by the ancients or be passionate over the ultra-moderns; it matters not, provided he have a decided personality, a magnetic force, and, more than the superficialities of equipment and office, command of his men.

There are interpreters who have talent akin to genius. They might have been diplomats, successful generals, imaginative merchants who looked beyond parochial business. The critics may argue concerning the interpretations; but the people hear these readings gladly. There is a demand for these virtuosos, and the best of them may be numbered on two hands. What wonder, then, if they are at last persuaded to assume prima donna airs and demand prima donna wages?

They are expensive luxuries. A royal impresario, an opera house directed by a committee and an orchestra controlled by one man or a city engage them, partly because the engagement gives prestige, chiefly because the money invested brings the greater return. A picture or an old book has a fictitious value. These are some who think that the value of an orchestral interpreter is also fictitious. His answer is a simple one: He points to the crowded hall.

May 23, 1911

IRENE FRANKLIN AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Enthusiastic Reception for Head-Liner—Other Good Features.

Although she voluntarily gave six character songs in response to the demands of the audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night, Irene Franklin was not permitted to close her act until she gave her now celebrated wail of outraged childhood, "Red Head." Miss Franklin, who was the head-liner of a well balanced bill, was accompanied on the piano by Burt Green, who furnished considerable amusement by baffling the attempts of the gallery to whistle the tunes which he played between Miss Franklin's songs by continually changing the key.

Antony Torello, the contra bass virtuoso of the Boston Opera House orchestra, in his vaudeville debut, furnished a delightful surprise to the audience, accustomed as most of them were to associate the huge musical instrument as merely a complement to the bass drum. Mr. Torello succeeded in bringing out the sweetness of the 'cello and proved that the contra bass has a wide range extending far up into the treble, and is not confined to mere rumbles. In his second selection he gave an admirable exhibition of fingering, but as the linear measure of the fingerboard is approximately a yard, the piece rather suggested musical acrobatics than harmony. In his third selection and in an encore, for which he played the "Suwanee River," he restored the pleasing conception of his earlier effort.

J. C. Nugent in his own sketch, "The Squarer," gave an amusing skit built around a bibulous clubman who rescued a fellow evening rambler around Madison square. He was well supported by Miss Jule York in the role of an osteopathic physician.

Paul La Croix, the juggler of hats, struck the fancy of the audience, as did the Gordon Boys, dancers; Stepp, Mehlinger and King, in a musical act; Hill and Sylviani, balancers, and La Toy Brothers, acrobats.

The opening number was excerpts from "Il Trovatore" by the orchestra, with scenes from the opera shown by motion pictures. The selection of scenes adequately gave the story of the tragedy.

Close on the heels of the statement that George Baklanoff will return to the Boston Opera House next season, follows the story that he si now enamored of Ida Rubinstein, the dancer, who for the sake of the baritone has decided not to marry d'Annunzio. "Both Miss Rubinstein and Baklanoff preserve a Sphynx like silence. The baritone only smiles and shrugs his shoulders." It looks as though the Parisian press agen were more communicative. Friend of Mr. Baklanoff will not take the story too seriously. When he was in Boston, there was apparently only one woman in the world for him, and she spelled her name Lipkowska.

The late Karl Jaedicke, cook to the REmperor William, is dead. He, like his master, loathed all words not German, and described himself as "Mundkoch," not chef. Now "Mundkoch" ("month-cook") was originally used in the phrase "Mundkoch eines Fuersten," chief or master cook to a prince. Why "mouth cook" to any one? It's a singular term.

The 17-year locusts will not bother Massachusetts this season. In the Commonwealth they are snug under the ground, and they will stay there for some years.

Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly is reported as saying that children "should stop learning about fancy ladies of past ages who were not all they should have been." And yet Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Catherine de Medicis, Mary Queen of Scots, Catharine the Great, the Pompadour and their sisters have been thought to enliven history and make the study of it attractive.

In Cambridge the old saw a Bull in a China Shop may read in future a Bull in an India Shop.

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DR. DE LUXE AT COLONIAL

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Dr. De Luxe," a new musical play in three acts, by Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna. Produced by Joseph M. Gaites.

Dr. de Paw.....Taylor Williams
Miss Barker.....Dena Santos
Miss Ada Houston.....Marion Ballou
Sadie.....Polly Prim
Denni.....Ernest Treux
Kittie Melville.....Jeanettte Childs
Mrs. Dorothy Melville.....Helen Robertson
Dr. Robert Melville.....Harry Stone
Mrs. Clara Houston.....Frances Demarest
Margie Melville.....Ethel Green
Donald Houston.....Edward Earle
John Truesdale, otherwise known as Doctor De Luxe.....Ralph Herz
Col. Houston.....William Pruette
Toodlums.....Albert Lamson

"Dr. De Luxe" is a summer show of the ordinary variety, including a "kid ballet." The story is of one Truesdale, described as being of a prominent Boston family. Saving a boy from being run over by an automobile, he is made assistant in a cat and dog shop. Sent on an errand to the house of a physician whose wife is jealous, he is taken for a doctor from Bellevue, and in the absence of the master of the house he treats fancied complaints by giving them all in turn a dog powder. Farcical complications, of course, ensue.

The dialogue is at times amusing, especially when the jokes have the recommendation of antiquity; it is often common and stupid. The music is for the most part insignificant and there are one or two instances of reminiscence that is of close kin to plagiarism. One song, however, amiably sentimental, will no doubt be popular: "For Every Boy That's Lonely, There's a Girl Who's Lonely, Too." It is first sung by Master Lamson and later by Miss Green and others.

There are some good people in the company who are miscast or have too little to do. Miss Prim, for example, is deserving of a better part, and Mr. Treux has little opportunity to dance. Mr. Pruette has only one song, "Jealousy," with a refrain unfortunately like that of "Tammany," which had its day of fame. Miss Green is excellent in what she has to do, and Miss Ballou plays the part of a mischief-maker with considerable animation.

Whether Mr. Herz is really funny would be a good subject for academic discussion. The best answer would probably be that given by a first night audience, and the one last night was wholly in his favor. He was warmly applauded when he came on the stage and his jokes, old and new, his grimaces, and his tiresome gag, all provoked hearty laughter. The kid dancers—dancers by courtesy—were also applauded, and so were the other members of the company, including Miss Santos, who gave a curious performance of the sentimental song, a performance that appeared to be a blend of whistling and ventriloquism.

It is unnecessary to discuss seriously an entertainment like "Dr. De Luxe." It is framed and played for the purpose of amusing. If an audience enjoys it, the purpose of librettist, composer and manager is served. The audience last night did enjoy the performance. If there were some who could not laugh spontaneously at Mr. Hertz's jokes and pranks, they were probably in the mood of the listener in Poe's tale, "Silence." He could not laugh at the story told by the demon. "And the demon cursed me because I could not laugh."

The piece is prettily staged.

May 24 1911

Now and then you hear some one speaking of "sparrow-grass." Do not from on him as illiterate. Sparagrass and sparrow-grass were the polite names for the plant in the eighteenth century. Walker said in his Dictionary 1791): "Sparrow grass is so general that asparagus has an air of stiffness and pedantry." And so now there are physicians who deliberately throw the accent on the second syllable of "paresis" that they may not be thought ignorant by the general public.

May 25, 1911

We cut an advertisement from the London Times that should appeal to many: "Distinguished idler, tired of doing nothing, asks men who have done much to outline for him scheme of life which will combine activity and usefulness." Here is a chance for Mr. F. Townsend Martin to aid one of the idle rich.

"VICTIMS OF THE DOLLAR."

The Mittag-Zeitung of Berlin has published a "casualty list" of German singers, musicians, actors, who died before their time in consequence of the "nerve wracking and peculiar demands of American art." The list was published apropos of Gustav Mahler's death and as an awful warning. The list is a curious one, and it contains foolish and false statements. Nor should it be forgotten that Mahler had shattered nerves when he came to us.

The Berlin journal says, for instance, that Leopold Damrosch and Anton Seidl were both "victims of American overwork." As a matter of fact, the former came to New York in 1871, and did not die until 1885, when he was in his 53d year. He worked no harder in New York than he did at Breslau. His ambition was boundless, and his moderate or immoderate activity was not a matter of locality or climate. Seidl, although he accomplished much in his life, was proverbially cool and collected. As conductor of Neumann's Company in Europe, he lived more strenuously than he did in New York. Everybody knows that his end was hastened by his self-indulgence in food and drink. The direct cause of his death was ptomaine poison.

"Emil Fischer went to America with a big German reputation, only to sink to the level of mediocrity as a result of settling down there." This is a peculiarly stupid falsehood. Mr. Fischer, who is still living, was an ornament of the Dresden opera house. A generous soul and a free liver, he contracted heavy debts. The offer of the Metropolitan Opera House led him to break his contract. He was 45 years old when he came to New York in 1885, and his 40th jubilee was celebrated there in 1898. For many years he was an idol of the New York public. He was associated there with the best Wagnerian singers imported to make a New York holiday. Not till his voice was seriously impaired by age did he become "mediocre." Now 71 years old he is vigorous, alert, and he actually sang in opera last season.

That Henriette Sontag died of cholera in Mexico is hardly a case in point. She was warned against visiting Mexico at the time; nor is the fact that Mme. Janauschek was "financially ruined by American investments" a striking instance. How many actresses in Bohemia and Germany have saved their earnings or invested them wisely? "The tenor, Jovdworsky, was 'exploited' in the United States to such an extent that he had to return to Germany as a second rate artist." Jovdworsky? Who was he? "Rosa Sucher's star was ever in the descendent as soon as her American tour ended." Mme. Sucher was about 46 years old when she first sang in the United States. Her voice was worn and shrill before she landed at New York. Fanny Moren-Olden died, it is true, in an asylum, but not as the result of engagements in this country.

The Mittag-Zeitung says that no German, unless she have the strength of a Schumann-Heink, can hope to survive "the killing demands of American artistic life." What rubbish! A singer is not obliged to sing every night in the week, and the great majority of the Germans who have visited the Metropolitan Opera House have returned to the fatherland with money and also in fine health. They may have found fault, and justly, in past years, with careless stage management and inadequate scenery, but they were always willing to accept an engagement for the next season, if one were offered, for some of the German swans were in the eyes and ears of New Yorkers only geese.

May 26 1911

PASS THE MINCE PIE

To the Editor of The Evening Herald.

The discussion at Washington, D. C., over mince pie, editorialized yesterday by you, is one of more than ordinary interest. Certain manufacturers insist that meat is not a necesary ingredient of the pie. We have searched the books and find some support for their argument. In North Lincolnshire, England, it is said that mince pies and minch pies are not quite the same. "Mince pies, we are told," says a contributor to the English Dialect Dictionary, "have meat in their composition; minch pies have not." This is hearsay information. The contributor made no personal investigation.

A mince pie, some might argue, contains mince, or minced meat; hence its name. It is true that the word "meat" originally meant food in general; but for many years it has been understood as the flesh of animals used for food; and in England it is butcher's meat, flesh, in contradistinction to fish and poultry. Now mince meat was first of all a mixture made of currants, raisins, sugar, suet, apples, almonds, candied peel, etc., and sometimes meat chopped small; but minced meat was meat cut or chopped up very small, and as far back as 1585 there is mention of pies of minced meat. In the "London Cook" (1762) there is the direction "mix your minced meat and sweet meats accordingly."

But mince pie is a thing of contemporaneous human interest, not merely a subject for antiquarian research. It is not necessary to quote Muffet, who, writing in 1655, observed that dates are usually put nto minced pies, or to recall the lines from "Hudibras"

Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge,

with the note of Dr. Zachary Grey about a Mr. Peters who preached against Christmas pies the same day that he ate two minced pies for his dinner. Nor is it necesary to recall "The Mince Pie; an Heroic Epistle" by Charles Small Pybus, Esq., although he speaks of

The fragrant cinnamon, the dusky clove,
The strength of all the aromatic train
That careful Dutchmen waft across the main,

and, mentioning apples, curants, raisins and brandy, says nothing about meat. Nor, lastly, is it necessary to inquire into the theory that the minced pie, may have in view "the offerings made by the wise men, who came from afar to worship, bringing spices."

Cook books are in these matters more to be trusted than dictionaries. If ever there was a man who knew about cookery from the time of Lucullus to the brilliant reign of Soyer, that man was George Augusta Sala. Turn to his elaborate work "The Thorough Good Cook." There are two recipes on page 427. The first begins: "Take of neat's tongue or heart parboiled one pound and a half, chopped very fine"; and the second: "Rub with salt and mixed spices a flat bullock's tongue. Let it lie three days and parboil; skin, mince, or scrape it."

And now turn to "The Cook Not Mad; or, Rational Cookery," published at Watertown, N. Y., in 1831. This is a book of "good republican dishes." The author would not for the world have introduced in his work for the American public, "such English, French and Italian methods of rendering things indigestible, which of themselves are innocent, or of distorting and disguising the most loathsome objects to render them sufferable to already vitiated tastes." The recipe for minced pie begins: "Four pounds boiled beef, chopped fine, salted." And we are glad to find that this staunch Republican recommended "one quart wine or rich sweet cider."

There are pseudo cutlets for vegetarians; there may be meatless mince pies for the faint-hearted and week-stomached; but for men, the bone and sinew of the republic, for all who do the world's rough work or are sturdy gastropholists, mince pie with meat is the only one.

H. H.

Beverly Farms.

May 23 1911

JOHN A. O'SHEA'S CONCERT

Program of Pleasing Original Compositions in Steinert Hall.

John A. O'Shea, well known in Boston as organist, pianist and composer, gave a concert of original compositions last night in Steinert Hall. There was a large and highly appreciative audience. Mr. O'Shea was assisted by Mrs. Olive Whiteley Hilton, violinist and soprano; Miss Nora Burns, contralto; Mrs. Anna Howe Huntting, 'cellist; Michael J. Dwyer, tenor, and William H. O'Brien, bass.

The program included 16 songs, a duet for tenor and bass, two quartets for mixed voices, a piano solo, and two pieces for violin, 'cello and piano. The majority of the songs and pieces were in manuscript.

Mr. O'Shea's music gave much pleasure. The songs were agreeably melodic; they expressed the sentiment of the text; they were eminently singable. The singers were in each instance heartily applauded and recalled, so that the program was much lengthened. A feature of the concert was a Barcarolle for piano with the introduction of the violin toward the end. This charming composition was enthusiastically redemanded.

May 26 1911

Many will regret to hear that Mr. Constantino will not sing at the Boston Opera House next season. His voice is eminently agrecable, he sings with much taste, his repertory is a large one. It will be difficult to fill his place. Mr. Zenatello is excellent in certain parts, but he has not shown in times past the physical endurance of Mr. Constantino, who apparently sang better the more he had to do. Mr. Clement is an admirable singer and actor in French operas. Mr. Constantino, it is said, asks too high a price. A tenor is worth what he can get, and other opera houses, especially in South America, have made him liberal offers. When he first came here Mr. Constantino was the typical Italian tenor of the old school, having the audience always in mind, and addressing it in song rather than pouring out his soul to the heroine or defying the baritone villain. During his engagement at the Boston Opera House he gradually improved in this respect. This tenor, who never sulked before an audience, who always strove to do his best, whatever his physical or mental condition at the time, will be sorely missed. He was a favorite here, and a manager is generally wise when he "plays favorites."

The Daily Chronicle (London) recently said that "invalidity" meaning something other than sickness or accident is not a good English word. Tut-tut! Pish! Likewise go to. "Invalidity," meaning the quality of being invalid, and especially a want of legal validity, has been in use in England since the sixteenth century.

May 26 1911

A story is going about the rounds to the effect that Mrs. Katherine Macquoid was awakened one night to see the figure of George Eliot standing by the bed. The figure delivered a message, but all that Mrs. Macquoid could remember were the words, "Sixty-three." She told her experience to the family at the breakfast table. Later that day she learned that George Eliot was dead, but she never discovered the mystery of "63." If the words had been "23," there would not have been doubt or misunderstanding.

A member of the Daily Chronicle staff has pleaded against the use of "Esq." and demanded that he be addressed as "Mr." Correspondents have humored him and now his letters are mistakenly conveyed to Mrs. —— and opened by her. She apologizes with the malicious reminder that she had married an "Esq."

Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose debts prevent him from living in Italy, said in a fine burst to a Paris reporter: "I am a being not of this century; I am a great lord of ancient days—sumptuous in tastes and unable to control them. My endless enthusiasm and love for the beautiful lead me to actions that the cold reasoning world styles extravagant." And the cold reasoning world often puts these lovers of the beautiful in jail. D'Annunzio's remarks recall the characterization of the marquis by the hero of Artemus Ward's "Marion": "A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts, I hate him."

May 27 1911

Baba Varlika, 104 years old, summoned recently her daughter, aged 85, in a Bulgarian court for "refractory and irregular conduct." The magistrate sent the daughter to a reformatory, for under Bulgarian law unmarried females are subject to their parents' authority without any age limitation. Probably the daughter wished to go on the stage; possibly she looked forward to dancing in a pony ballet.

Appian reported a suffragist meeting in the second century A. D. "'Why should we pay taxes, when we have no part in the honors, the commands, the statecraft, for which you contend?' When Hortensia had thus spoken, the triumvers were angry that women should dare to hold a public meeting. * * * They ordered the lictors to drive them away from the tribunals, which they proceded to do until cries were raised by the multitudes outside, when the lictors desisted, and the triumvirs said they would postpone till the next day the consideration of the matter." There has been continual postponement since then.

It seems as though it had been decided by some unknown, mysterious authority that the plural of referendum is "referenda." But we do not speak of "musea," or "premia," or "nostra." The plural of lustrum is either "lustra" or "lustrums." Poe in his tale "Morella" preferred "lustra" and the word "musea" is found in English literature (nineteenth century) and admitted into the New English Dictionary. The plural of "premium" was formerly "premia." Last week apropos of the Hon. W. F. Cody, the question was raised at a club whether the plural of buffalo were buffalo or buffaloes, and no one was willing to speak decidedly; but the latter is the accepted plural form.

The processions in England in honor of distinguished visitors and Coronation ceremonies recall a story of Queen Victoria holding a review of volunteers in Edinburgh. As the troops marched by, she exclaimed, "Oh what a stuffy smell!" Lord Palmerston at once explained: "Esprit de corps, madam."

Some years ago a woman in Cambridge described Mrs. Ole Bull's house as a place where the heathen raged and the women imagined a vain thing.

May 28 1911

RUSSELL TELLS OF NEW OPERA

Henry Russell, managing director of the Boston Opera House, has written to The Herald an interesting letter concerning Aubert's opera, "La Foret Bleue," which will be produced at the Boston Opera House next fall for the first time on any stage. Mr. Russell's letter is dated Paris, May 14.

"Last spring I went to a concert and heard some orchestral music by a young French composer of immense promise called Louis Aubert. Through the medium of Mr. Caplet I made his personal acquaintance, and he told me that he was then writing a new opera called 'La Foret Bleue.' I asked him to let me read the libretto, which had been written at the suggestion of Mr. Carre and Mr. Lagard, the late artistic director of the Paris Opera House. I found the book delightful. It is founded on 'Les Contes de Perrault,' and is a combina-

has long reigned supreme!

"SEEING AMERICA FIRST."

Mr. John Barrett maintains that there should be "a national tax on very man and woman who has accumulated enough wealth in the Inited States to go to Europe and squander money earned by American oil." To determine the tax is so easy: "The amount should be judged y the length of time spent in Europe by the traveller and by the mount of money spent abroad."

The traveller of course would be delighted to answer these questions and he would feel in honor bound to answer them truthfully; yet, e would go still farther and keep a minute cash account. For the proceeds from this tax would be given to "worthy young men and women rom American colleges and schools" that they might see thoroughly he United States and "not only benefit themselves by it, but benefit the ation by their experience."

It would seem as though Mr. Barrett were without the saving grace f humor. His plan of taxation might come from the advisers to any erry monarch of a remote country known only in the geography of pera bouffe. The fact remains that too many Americans, whether they e old or young, college bred or disagreeably self-made, are shamefully gnorant of their own country.

How many undergraduates in Harvard or Yale can name correctly he capitals of the various states, or get beyond Montpelier on the nion and Albany on the Hudson? How many could sketch roughly a ap of the United States, with indication of the chief rivers and mountain ranges? What one of us having been asked reasonable questions y a German or Englishman has not been seriously ashamed of his own gnorance? There are Bostonians who still speak of Buffalo as a western city and are surprised when they hear of luxurious houses beyond he Mississippi.

One reason why the people of this country do not know it thoroughly the high cost of travelling. Another reason is the general poorness f accommodation for the traveller. The automobile has done much raise the standard of country inns, but the price of board and lodging as also been raised. In the majority of the hotels in small cities it is lmost impossible to obtain good bread, good butter, well cooked vegeables, tea or coffee that is fit to drink. There is always beefsteak; there always pie. Soup is greasy, or what Thackeray described as a hellroth.

In small towns of France, Italy, and even Germany, a traveller can at simply and well. The bed chamber will not be sumptuous, but the ed will be comfortable and the sheets, though coarse, will be clean. urthermore there will be civility and the suggestion of personal welome and attention.

It must also be said that there are great stretches in the United tates that are of interest only to the statistician, economist or geologist. he romance has departed from New Orleans and San Francisco. The dventurous steamboat life on the Father of Waters is a thing of the ast. But there is much to be seen at comparatively little expense of me and money. The green of Vermont is more vivid than that of the rish coast or of the Ormonts in the Canton Vaud. There are scenes long the Mohawk that are indescribably picturesque. Little New Eng and and broad New York are not too familiar to nine out of ten Bosonians.

on of three of the best known fairy les: 1, 'Red Riding Hood'; 2, 'Hop o' y Thumb'; 3, 'Sleeping Beauty.'

Welding of Fairy Tales.

These three delightful fairy tales ve been exquisitely welded together the poet Jacques Cheneviere. I imediately arranged an evening for Aurt to give me a private audition of s music. It is of the ultra modern ench school, as far as one can judge it on the piano, full of charm, and I n told by Mr. Caplet that the orchestation is admirable. Last spring, hower, the work was a long way from mpletion and Mr. Aubert plainly resed to guarantee that it would be ady for this year. I rushed off to rand, the editors, who had purchased e publishing and performing rights the work, and I explained to Mr. rand, who fortunately is an old quaintance of mine, my anxiety to ocure the right for the first producn in the world at the Boston Opera use. At the time he gave me little pe, but told me that while he had t signed with any of the French dictors, at the same time it was an derstood thing that the work should presented for the first time at the era Comique. It would take far too g to tell by what circuitous methods ave accomplished the result; the fact mains that I yesterday signed the ntract by which we shall be able to oduce this French fairy work for the st time in the world at the Boston era House next winter, and should it a success we have the rights to it three years to come. I am having libretto translated into English. I ed scarcely point out what the first oduction of this work means to the estige of the Boston Opera House th in France and in America.

To Frenchmen the name of Louis Aurt conveys the greatest promise for ench music. Whether or not the rk will have success with the Bosn public is more than any one can , but the fact that we have robbed ance of an important premiere should impress everybody who is interested in the artistic welfare of the Boston Opera House. It is to my mind much more to our honor to produce a new work by a new composer than to have obtained the rights of production of a work like the 'Girl of the Golden West,' by a composer whose reputation has already been established for years on this side. It shows more initiative force and more courage on our part, and the fact should be brought home in the most vigorous way to the music lovers of our city."

Opera in Paris.

Mr. Russell adds: "The average operatic performances in this city are literally shocking. The defective scenery, the bad conducting, the bad singing, the objectional claque, the eternal 'bisses' and the salutation of the artists to the public would make Bostonians realize what we have accomplished in two years.

"Debussy threw his arms around Mr. Caplet's neck after the first orchestra rehearsal of 'San Sebastien' and told him in the presence of the orchestra that he was the greatest French conductor of this century.

"I became a subscriber to the Opera Comique this year, and I get six performances of 'Aphrodite' in two weeks. I wish The Herald would issue a special edition announcing the fact to our subscribers. There might then be less kicks when 'Carmen' is played twice in a month."

Mr. Russell, who may well plume himself on securing the engagement of Felix Weingartner to conduct a series of Wagner's music dramas at the Boston Opera House, various singers of high reputation, and the first performance of Aubert's opera, has been extremely busy in Paris working in the interests of the Boston Opera House. He will not take his vacation before the end of July, when he will go to the south of Italy.

Miss Marcell, who has been engaged in company with Mr. Weingartner, will sing in "Faust" and "Tosca," on which occasions Mr. Weingartner will conduct.

Louis Francois Marie Aubert, the composer of "La Foret Bleue," was born at Parame, on Feb. 19, 1877. He studied at the Conservatory of Music in Paris and took several prizes from 1887 to 1899

"Little Red Riding Hood," based on Perrault's fairy story, with characters transformed by Theaulon, and with music by Boieldieu, was produced at Paris in 1818. An operetta of the same title, "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," with music by Serpette, was produced in 1885. "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," performed at the Chatelet in 1900, with music by Baggers, has only a slight relationship with Perrault's story.

"Le Petit Poucet" ("Hop o' My Thumb") is the title of an opera bouffe with music by de Rille, produced at Paris in 1868. Audran also wrote the music for an operetta of like name.

"La Belle au Bois Dormant" ("The Sleeping Beauty") is the title of French operas by Carafa (Paris, 1825), Litolff (Paris, 1874) and Silver (Marseilles, 1902).

It will therefore be seen that Aubert is not the first to choose these tales by Perrault for operatic treatment in French opera houses.

GOING ON THE STAGE.

The newspapers have published much of late concerning a young girl who wished to go on the stage and was resolved to carry out her purpose in spite of the objection of her relations. She wished to be an "actress." And her case is not the only one. Hardly a day goes by without the announcement that some young woman belonging to an "exclusive family" in Hockanum Ferry, Pittsburg, Lima or Putney has "gone on the stage," joined "The Girl from Hoboken" company, or will appear in that stirring melodrama, "Lost in the Cistern."

In the novels of the sixties and in real life young women, ambitious, restless, conscious of facial and bodily advantages or unconscious of their physical inferiority, looked forward to acting the part of Juliet, or saw themselves as Rosalind, Parthenia, Lady Teazle. Some years later they hoped to rival Ada Rehan. And so today there are young singers with piping voices and slight figures who are sure that they will soon win applause as Isolde, Aida, Tosca, Carmen. The ambition was and is honorable. If it is crowned with success every one is ready to pay tribute; but the tragedies of disappointment are many and pathetic.

The case of many young women today is different. To them the musical comedy, or the farce with music, is the supreme form of dramatic art. The show girl and the front row chorus girl and the singing and dancing soubrette seem to them true "artists" and the most enviable of mortals. They say to themselves: "I am as good looking as Flossie Golightly and I have as much voice," or "I know I have a better figure than that of Tottie Thudicum, and I am lighter on my feet." They see themselves in ultra-fashionable costume or becomingly undraped close to the footlights; they hear the roar of applause; they picture the joyous life.

The fact that they have not the slightest talent does not disconcert them. They would not believe they were lacking in this, though one rose from the dead. They turn deaf ears to any one describing the drudgery, the toilsome life when the company is on the road, the disagreeable experiences. All this may happen to others; it will not be their lot. Were they not highly praised when they took part in an amateur performance? The words "You should be on the stage," spoken carelessly by a flatterer, were accepted as from a tripod or a sacred grove.

The twaddle and trash published about insignificant stage folk in the daily newspapers inflame the imagination of these girls who sigh for a "career." They read about Jennie Jumpington, how she left a refined home and without preparation leaped into fame. For "fame" they should read "notoriety." They see Jennie's picture, in which she "shows her teeth," that of her pet poodle and that of her automobile; and when they read that she will marry the son of a rich distiller as soon as he is divorced from his prosaic wife, home seems to them intolerably dull and the sitting room no better than a family tomb.

"Riders to the Sea"

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has written a preface to "Riders to the Sea," a tragedy by J. M. Synge, published by John W. Luce & Co. of this city. The Herald of last Sunday spoke of Synge's visits to the Aran islands and described some of his experiences among the primitive men and women; it retold the story of the man drowned, washed ashore and at last identified. When at last the sister of the dead man was sure that the body was her Mike she began to keen. "For a while the people sat silent, and one could hear nothing but the lips of the infant, the rain hissing in the yard and the breathing of four pigs that lay sleeping in one corner. Then one of the men began to talk about new boats that have been sent to the south island and the conversation went back to its usual round of topics. The loss of one man seems a slight catastrophe to all except the immediate relatives. Often when an accident happens, a father is lost with his two eldest sons, or in some other way all of the active men of the household die together."

It was on this tragedy that Synge founded "Riders to the Sea." He introduced the element of second sight. No doubt he heard on Inishmaan the tale he told to us.

Michael has been drowned. The other son, Bartley, is going to the fair, and he hurries, for there is only one boat to it for a fortnight or more. He rides on the red mare, and the gray pony runs behind him. The old mother, Maurya, does not give him her blessing, but cries out: "He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world."

Cathleen cuts some bread and urges her to go down to the spring well and give it to him: "You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say 'God speed you,' the way he'll be easy in his mind." The mother is out of the way; the daughters now compare shirt and stockings of a body washed ashore with those at home. The stitches in the stockings are the same.

Cathleen—Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

Nora—And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

Maurya comes into the house very slowly. The girls question her.

Maurya—My heart's broken from this day.

Cathleen—Did you see Bartley?

Maurya—I seen the fearfulest thing.

Cathleen—God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

Maurya—I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms. * * * I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him (she puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes). The Son of God spare us, Nora!

Cathleen—What is it you seen?

Maurya—I seen Michael himself.

Cathleen (speaking softly)—You did not, mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

Maurya (a little defiantly)—I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red

mare, and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "the blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was sticks upon it—with fine clothes on him and new shoes on his feet.

Cathleen (begins to keen)—It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

Nora—Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

Maurya—It's little the like of him knows of the sea.

Clean Burial and Deep Grave

And Maurya tells of her husband and husband's father and her six sons—"and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now the lot of them." And while she talks without hearing anything old women come in crossing themselves and kneeling with red petticoats over their heads. Men bring in the body of Bartley laid on a plank with a bit of sail over it. The gray pony had knocked him into the sea and he was washed out where there was a great surf on the white rocks. Maurya goes on talking, but as though she did not see the people around her. "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening." She sprinkles Holy Water over Bartley. "It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking."

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter?

Maurya ends the play: "Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

Synge's Tragic Power

Mr. O'Brien in the preface says that many tales of second sight are to be heard among Celtic races. The gift of "taishitaraugh" is not uncommon even in this commercial, material age, nor are the believers in it only the uneducated and the simple. Edward MacDowell, a Celt by inheritance, natural disposition, and in his art, saw strange visions. For years Skye has been "steeped in a ghostly atmosphere." Douglas was superstitious on the morning of Otterbourne.

> But I hae dreamed a dreary dream—
> Beyond the Isle of Skye.
> I saw a dead man win a fight,
> And I think that man was I.

It is not necessary to journey so far as Skye or Inishmaan. Mysterious things have been seen and heard in New England villages and city houses.

It has been said, and Mr. O'Brien thinks with some show of justice, that great tragedy has necessarily departed with the advance of modern life and its complicated tangle of interests and creature comforts. "A highly developed civilization, with its attendant specialization of culture, tends ever to lose sight of those elemental forces, those primal emotions, naked to wind and sky, which are the stuff from which great drama is wrought by the artist, but which, as it would seem, are rapidly departing from us. It is only in the far places, where solitary communion may be had with the elements, that this dynamic life is still to be found continuously, and it is accordingly thither that the dramatist, who would deal with spiritual life disengaged from the environment of an intellectual maze, must go for that experience which will beget in him inspiration for his art."

This proposition might be disputed. It might be said that the very tangle of complications, the great and little ironies of civilization, the conflict between classes, the indifference or hospitality toward spiritual things, are subjects for the sternest and saddest tragic treatment.

Yet a writer in the Manchester Guardian said without hesitation soon after the death of Synge the "Riders to the Sea," was "the tragic masterpiece of our language in our time; wherever it has been played in Europe, from Galway to Prague, it has made the word tragedy mean something more profoundly stirring and cleansing to the spirit than it did." Now the secret of the effect made by the tragedy, according to Mr. O'Brien, is "its capacity for standing afar off and mingling, if we may say so, "sympathy with relentlessness."

"Its characters live—and die. It is their virtue in life to be lonely, and none but the lonely man in tragedy may be great. He dies, and then it is the virtue in life of the women—mothers and wives and sisters—to be great in their loneliness, great as Maurya, the stricken mother, is great in her final word. • • • The pity and the terror of it all have brought a great peace, the peace that passeth understanding, and it is because the play holds this timeless peace after the storm which has bowed down every character, that 'Riders to the Sea' may rightly take its place as the greatest modern tragedy in the English tongue."

An Egoist Tells His Story

Wagner's autobiography has been published at Munich in two volumes. The text, it will be remembered, was dictated to Mme. Cosima Wagner by her husband with injunctions to have it published at a reasonable time after his death.

In the first division there are minute accounts of his childhood, school years, adventures at Wuerzburg, Magdeburg, Koenigsberg and Riga, and his first wretched years in Paris. He tells of his love for his sisters, he describes the whims of his mother. His first knowledge of the theatre was as an angel in tights and with wings in a performance of "Der Freischuetz." He was told to stand gracefully and was rewarded with a huge bun. He was a wild boy, a confirmed truant, and when older given to drink and rowdyism. He had a passion for gambling, and once sent after his mother's pension lost it all at play. After a day of gambling, he wrote: "I fell into a deep and refreshing sleep, from which I awoke strengthened and reborn. No feeling of shame kept me from recounting the events of the night to my mother. She thanked God for His grace, folded her hands, and regarded me as saved from falling back into this vice. And in truth the world in which I had hitherto moved seemed now to me to be impossible and robbed of all its attractiveness. From this time forward I belonged to a quite different world, and began a new phase in my musical development."

As a child he showed little inclination toward music. I now quote from an article of portions of the autobiography published in the Musical Courier of New York: "Aged 9, he was introduced to Carl Maria von Weber, who asked him if he would like to become a musician; the child's mother replied that he was wildly enthusiastic about 'Freischuetz,' but otherwise she could not discover any signs of musical talent in him. 'This was well said by the mother,' writes Wagner, 'for nothing else moved me so much as the music of the "Freischuetz" and I endeavored in every possible way to reawaken the impressions made on me by the opera, but, strange to say, never by the study of music; it was enough for me to hear the music of "Freischuetz" sung and played by my sisters.' Little by little, however, the boy's love for music grew and he finally took lessons in harmony secretly, meanwhile almost wholly neglecting his school studies."

"But even in this the wildest period of my life," continues Wagner, "my musical development did not wholly stand still; rather did music become more and more the direction in which I seemed to desire to express my mental faculties. But during this period there was no real music study; even today I cannot understand how it was possible for me at that period to find time to finish quite a number of compositions."

As a child he was excessively timorous. The Berlin correspondent of the London Chronicle says: "When he was alone for any length of time the furniture in the room, the pictures, would begin, he often thought, to move, and he would cry aloud in his fear. At night he was constantly aroused from uneasy sleep by horrible visions of supernatural beings, and so unpleasant was his neighborhood to the rest of the family that he was kept in a bedroom by himself, where he finally grew accustomed to what he calls his nocturnal calamities. The dramatist and colorist in him first began to be apparent after a journey to Prague. The strange nationality, the head-dresses of the women, the wine, the girls with their harps, the universal symbolism of Catholicism, the numerous chapels and pictures of saints,' all made a deep impression and prepared his mind for its future development."

Paris and After

Wagner had much to say about his life in Paris: How Meyerbeer treated him with the utmost kindness, was interested in "Rienzi," endeavored to advance him. In after years Wagner treated Meyerbeer shabbily, as is well known, and abused him violently in print. There is little that is new about Wagner's life in Dresden and the activity as a revolutionary which led to his exile; but there are interesting glimpses of his life in Switzerland. "At Brunnen, on Lake Lucerne, he was met on the lake by the unsophisticated villagers in two barges hung with colored lamps—'amateurs of country origin who approached with a brass band, and with federal honesty and without undue accuracy played some of my compositions. There was a little speech of welcome which was followed by an informal speech from me, which was followed again by several bottles of wine and much shaking of horny hands on the shore.'

"In after years Wagner was met by men in Brunnen who reminded him of this festival in his honor, and insisted on shaking hands with him, because they had played in the band."

And in the portion that relates to his life in Switzerland there is much about his dogs Fips and Peps.

"He devotes pages to these pets, tells of their illnesses, how he had them doctored, how he took a boat and rowed across the lake to procure poison for Fips, when this true companion of his exile was in his last agony. We are told to the minute when Fips died; we are told of his burial in a beautiful garden on the shore of the lake; we are told of the tears shed by the Wagners at the funeral, and of the visit paid to the tomb long years afterward."

The correspondent adds in the course of his review: "If the overweening egotism of the narrative is somewhat repellent, we have full compensation in the truthfulness stamped on every page, and in the evidently sincere desire of the author to weave no false colors into his fabric. We have here an artist's life laid before us, the artist himself leading us through its mazes. He is frequently silent when we would know more, but he never glosses over the truth, and hence he succeeds in richly supplementing what we already knew in fragments. We feel grateful to the gifted wife who wrote this all down at her husband's dictation, but we do not forget in reading these strange pages that other gifted woman, Mathilde Wesendonck, or patient, much-tried, misunderstood Minna Planer."

"Espana" on the Stage

Chabrier's brilliant and seductive "Espana" is familiar to Symphony and "Pop" concert audiences in Boston, although the fantasie has been poorly played here of late years. It has been turned into a ballet divertissement by Mmes. Catulle Mendes and Rosita Mauri and one Staats, and was produced at the Paris Opera on May 3, when Chabrier's opera, "Gwendoline," was revived. Mr. Pougin inveighed against this treatment of a masterpiece. "They have imagined a bizarre action, that of a village fair with all its spectacles and the entrance of dancers 'tra los montes' to end the festival by dancing to the music of 'Espana.' I like the piece better in concert; there is its place. And where did one fish out the rest of the music? From the composer's portfolios? Fragments without continuity and connection, taken as from a grab-bag. And who took upon himself the duty to sew these patches together and give them the semblance of unity? I know nothing about it."

It was in 1882 that Chabrier journeyed in Spain. He wrote to a friend his enthusiasm was over towns, cathedrals, paintings, natural scenery. "I have not seen a really ugly woman since I have been in Andalusia. I do not speak of their feet; they are so little that I have never seen them. Their hands are small and the arm exquisitely moulded. Then add the arabesques, beau-catchers and other ingenious arrangements of the hair, the inevitable fan, the flowers in the hair with the comb on the side." Chabrier gave a long description ending, "and all this laughing, gesticulating, dancing, drinking! Behold Andalusia!" He also described a hall with one or two women dancing, with strange persons thrumming stranger music on guitars, while a half dozen women clapped hands and howled encouragement. "It's vertiginous! It's indescribable!"

Men and Women

Gemma Bellincioni, the famous soprano, after a brilliant career of about 30 years, will settle in Berlin next October as the director of a schools for singers. She was 16 when she first sang in opera, in a little Neapolitan theatre. She sang with her father in an opera by Pedrotti. Her wish to sing in a first-class theatre was realized when her father was engaged at Lisbon. The great singers of her time did not seem to her great, for she had revolutionary views. Discouraged, she went back to Italy, determined to leave the stage as soon as she could marry. Tamberlik engaged her, and one night when the prima donna was sick gave her the first opportunity, to show what she could do. She was then 19 when her ability was recognized. Her first appearance in Rome was in "La Traviata." The critics agreed that her interpretation was an insult to the sacred traditions. They were horrified when in the last act she sang sitting on a divan, whereas her predecessors had stood as though in rude health, near the prompter's box. She will be 45 years old next August.

Saint-Saens says in the course of his reminiscences, publishing in the Echo de Paris, that Victor Hugo had no understanding for music. There was a time when the two were not on friendly terms, for Hugo wished Saint-Saens to write an opera based on "Notre Dame de Paris," and the composer was unwilling to do this.

Admirers of Joachim intend to erect a monument to him that will stand in the hall of the Hochschule fuer Musik in Berlin.

Hermine d'Albert, the dramatic singer, who succeded Teresa Carreno as the pianist's wife—No. 2 in fact—but there is a No. 3—has been engaged for the new Kurfuersten Opera in Berlin.

Karl Burrian, the tenor, well known in New York and Boston, whom the King of Saxony is suing for breach of contract, has been offered $25,000 for an engagement of eight months at the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, with five appearances a month.

The town authorities of Trieste have granted Antonio Smareglia, the composer, a yearly allowance of 2400 crowns. He is now totally blind.

Max Reger has decided to accept the conductorship of the Meiningen ducal orchestra, and his appointment will date from Dec. 1.

Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, has written to Sir Frederick Bridge: "As you know, I commenced by singing at the dear old Abbey, and sang there to the praise and glory of God for upward of eight years. I should very much like to sing in the choir at the coronation, and so finish my career under the same roof." Sir Frederick has acceded to the request, and Mr. Lloyd will take the tenor solo in the Homage anthem, to the accompaniment of organ and harp. Mr. Lloyd is now 66 years old. He first sang in Boston at a Handel and Haydn concert April 6, 1890 ("Elijah"), and in other performances at the 75th festival. He was here again in the spring of 1892 and was heard at concerts of the Handel and Haydn, "The Messiah," Passion music according to Matthew, and "The Creation," but he was then vocally indisposed.

The announcement that Sig. Grasso is studying our language in order to play "Othello" recalls the fact that all the English Salvini knew was acquired from that play and from "Hamlet." In 1880 Salvini toured the United States with an American company whose repertory was confined to these two plays, the leading part in each being played in Italian, while the other characters spoke English. In his well known autobiography Salvini describes the difficulty he experienced at the first rehearsals in taking his cue, as he knew no English until "gradually a few words, a few short phrases, remained in my ear, and in course of time I came to understand perfectly every word of all the characters. I became so sure of myself that if an actor substituted one word for another I perceived it. I understood the words of Shakespeare, but not those of the spoken language."—Pall Mall Gazette

Miss Ethel Levey has poured out her soul to a representative of the New York Dramatic Mirror. She thinks Paris is the only city in the world. "I love and adore Paris," and yet she would like to live in San Francisco if it were not for hay fever. "English critics are fairer than the American." In the fall she expects to marry M. Crepin. "I hope that will be the last of the stage for me. Why marry if I must keep on working. That is the way I look at it. Let the man support his wife. The trouble is, I suppose, that the stage spoils a woman by giving her the means for living in luxury. Accustomed to all this, she is unwilling to go without various little pleasures which a man cannot supply unless he is wealthy. She will be better off, I believe, to content herself with less and to stay away from the stage. I hope never to return to the stage, for I like home life better." For the sake of palpitating posterity, it may be added that Miss Levey wore a trimly tailored dark suit, a white waist with lace applique, and bracelets on the ankles.

The Princess Barlatinsky (Lydia Yavorska) spoke at a dinner given to her in London. "We are all worshippers of the beautiful," she said, "that is the link between us—and the worship involves at once a great privilege and a great responsibility. We must not mind if people fling at us the old taunt of the 'artistic temperament,' nor must we take it amiss if the majority of the world call us mad. We are, in truth, a little mad. Ordinary objects of ambition do not appeal to us. We wish to lift up our eyes to the hills; we watch the snow-mountains on the horizon. And that is a thing which the world does not understand."

The Pall Mall Gazette spoke knowingly on May 6 of the composer "Gabriel Chabrier."

Henry Arthur Jones has been compelled to stop work on account of a serious indisposition.

Arthur Bourchier's lecture on "Some Reflections on the Drama—and

nakespeare," delivered at Oxford ast February, will be issued in book orm.

New and Old Pieces in London

"The Smile that Beguiled" was produced April 30 at the Little Sunday lub, a society for the "Alleviation of abbatarian satiety among the upper lasses." "Miss Rita Jolivet played he lady with the glued-on smile. or whom there is no polite descrip- on. The man in the case was named lgernon and he was even more ague than most stage Algernons. ie pinched his cheek and his pearl uds, and when this only made him esire to see more of her, she mod- tly took off her tea gown and nced on the divan in the drawing om in a shawl and some purple oonlight which somehow or other und its way through the ceiling. My tural curiosity as to what would ppen next was nipped in the bud the arrival of the lady's hypotheti- l husband, who came up as the rtain came down. Mlle. del Frate, 10 produced extraordinary vocal unds, gave 'selections from her pertoire.' A lady sitting behind me marked that there was no one like r. Probably not. In conclusion Sent Ahesa, a young girl in early Egypt- undress, went through a series semaphoric movements, contor- ns and gyrations which nowadays ss, by courtesy, as dancing."

Live goats were introduced in a vival of "As You Like It." at the w Theatre. They were seen in forest scene "and had to be pulled the stage by the scruff of their ks. They neither looked happy nor re their doleful bleatings a desira- obbligato to the dialogue." An- er critic remarked: "When the nished duke made his first entry concentrating his gaze upon the ee quadrupeds, began his cele- ted speech, 'Now, my co-mates brothers in exile,' we had the ling that he was carrying the hu- lity of his 'sweet and quiet style' far." In the performance Audrey represented as a visible and pre- terous idiot, and there was also foolish business with the apple the turnip. Touchstone surely ld not have married such a k. Rosalind was allowed to sing nen Daisies Died," which belongs "Love's Labor's Lost." "It was sant to see Adam as a lusty old , indeed, frosty but kindly, in- d of the doddering old gentleman a beard about two feet long, has so often made a bid for a erly' until we have fiercely longed second act by echoing Orlando's rly 'until we have fiercely longed ee and hear the last of him."

he costumes in the performance of ney" commanded by the King were y Victorian. The women wore the l skirt and long bodice of the pe- o with poke bonnets and massive vlry, including cameo brooches and celets. The men wore light breeches, tig without a crease and strapped r the boot, coats fitting tightly at waist, with collars well up at the of the neck, and fobs of all sorts. of the men wore stays. The side hkers were not the Dundreary type, that was the fashion of a later end.

he first performance of the corona- ballet at the Alhambra will be rrow night. An Indian rajah falls eep and dreams a wonderful dream which he sees four epochs of ballet. e music has been arranged and com- ed by George W. Byng. The chief cers will be Tichomeroff of Mos- , the rajah, and Miss Gheltzer, a ssian ballerina, who flits through l the scenes pursued by the enam- d rajah.

he pantomime, "L'Enfant Pro- ue," has beeen shortened by the il- tist and composer to a 35-minute e for performance in London.

Mrs. Pleasance," by Frederick Def- e, was produced at the Kingsway atre, London, May 13. "It is cruel unsatisfactory, and drawn out to unnecessary length, but has ngth and sincerity, and at least two the characters are perfectly acted." story is of life in a Cambridge ege. Mrs. Pleasance, a bed-maker, stensibly a widow. She loves Jim, college cook, and is loved by him. husband turns up when they are othed, and forces her to choose ween Jim and her daughter. Mrs. sance had thought the rascal was d. She sends Jim away without explanation.

The Bear," produced that same ing, is from the Russian by n Tchekhoff. A widow has posed constant and irreconcilable. Her band had been unkind and unfaith- but she will show the world what idow should be. The Bear comes her room. He demands money ch he had lent the departed. She him she will pay him in two s. They shriek at each other until proposes a duel. He succumbs with more shrieks they agree to ry. Only the performance of Nor- Trevor kept the farce from being tedious.

The Times says of Grasso's Othello in an expect at the Hippodrome: "Sig. Grasso's Othello has been seen and warmly admired in London already. It is an intensely emotional performance. The great speech which ends 'Othello's occupation's gone' is given in a voice broken and shrill with tears. Sig. Grasso, to use a schoolboy term, fairly 'blubs' over it. And this is typical of the whole performance. One feels inclined to speak of it as Otello, not Othello—in the Italian form, not the English. For deeply as we are moved by the tremendous passions of the man—passions which no English actor in our remembrance has expressed so forcibly—we still miss something of that sheer greatness which Shakespeare's character never loses, a kind of immense simplicity which makes the torture he endures at once more tragic and more pitiful. Sig. Grasso is tragic enough; he scarcely moves our pity. For all that, his Othello has greatness of a kind which we look to actors from the south to give us. As Desdemona Signora Bragaglia had little to do, but did it very prettily in an unbecoming wig; and Sig. Campagna managed to combine a great show of craftiness with a sufficient show of the 'honesty' and devotion of Iago."

Miss Cecilia Loftus at the Coliseum has been imitating Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Lady Patricia." "Mrs. Patrick Campbell is easy to imitate, no doubt, up to a certain point. Miss Loftus passes that point. Shut your eyes and you can hardly believe the speaker is not that willowy penitent in deepest black, and that the dean and the sensible matron are not there by the breakfast table in the Deanery garden. Open them, and you will see all Mrs. Patrick Campbell's attitudes and gestures caught to a nicety. First rate, too, was the imitation of Miss Julia Neilson in 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' with the characteristic use of the voice and some at least of the characteristic motions just a tiny bit exaggerated. Miss Maud Allan, Miss Vesta Tilley and Miss Constance Drever were also hit off. The only protest we feel inclined to enter is against the Mme. Yvette Guilbert in 'Les Cloches de Nantes.' It was exceedingly funny, but it was rather burlesque than imitation.

Notes from Paris

"The Opium Smoker," with Mme. Polaire in it, has been an attraction at the Folies Bergere. The story is in dumb show. The Paris correspondent of the Referee describes it concisely: "A Chinaman who keeps an opium den conspires with Jim to kill a rich American owning some money and the obviously U. S. A. name of Bob Eckins. Norah (Polaire), a devotee of the black smoke, sees Eckins knocked over the head, and is kicked into a corner and silence. If you have not seen Polaire expressing the pain of that kick in dumb show you have not lived. My own little Mary positively ached for her. She helps Eckins (God bless you!) to get away. Jim and Chang Li fall on her, and Chang gouges her throat with his long Chinese nails. Red paint, policemen, Bob Eckins, the gory death wriggle, and curtain. Pretty playlet, isn't it? But the prime joke of the thing is that the newspapers of the Gay City all declare solemnly that Polaire saw this charming scene occur in real life while she was in America.

I think, Polaire, there must be something wrong with that eyelid of mine. I cannot keep it still, somehow."

"Coeur Maternal," at the Odeon, is a dramatization by Oscar Franck of a similarly named novel. A stepmother fails to win the affection of a daughter by the first wife.

The Figaro of April 30 published a note about Robert Lassalle, tenor, which will interest Bostonians who heard him here last season: "M. Lassalle has already acquired a great reputation in foreign lands. He is admirably endowed and wholly worthy of the name he bears. His debut as the Duke ('Rigoletto') will surely be sensational."

The Figaro also spoke of Ugo Colombini, who sang here once or twice, once as "Kolombin"; A tenor of the rarest quality, a fine actor and exquisite singer, M. Colombini, who will make his first appearance at Paris, has for several years triumphed in the opera houses of St. Petersburg, Odessa, the Manhattan of New York, and the Boston Opera. He excels in great lyric parts and is considered an unequalled interpreter of Des Grieux, Werther and Don Jose, also of Italian and Russian parts." Mr. Colombini was announced to sing May 3 at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre (Russian season).

Notes at Random

Wilbelm Bruch, conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Nuremberg, made a curious experiment some weeks ago. He put on the program a new orchestral piece that neither he nor any member of his orchestra had seen before. Furthermore there were no indications of expression in the orchestra parts. It was his purpose to show that music could thus be played effectively through the immediate influence of the conductor. A movement from a symphony by Beer-Walbrunn of Munich was chosen. The Neue Zeitschrift fuer Musik says the bold experiment was brilliantly successful.

A Wagner Society will be established at Madrid by musicians, critics, artists, authors. A Wagner Library will be founded and there will be concerts and lectures for the members.

Symphonies and symphonic poems by Liszt will be played at the festival concerts of the Concert Society in Munich this summer in honor of the centenary of the composer.

Arnold Daly has been talking freely about himself in London: He is anxious to play Solness in "The Master Builder." "But I must get a great Hilda. I believe in surrounding myself with the best actors. Such environment makes one act one's best!"

Clothilde von Derp, the dancer, is highly praised in London. The Times said of her: "She dances as they all do nowadays, with bare feet. But her dresses are not quite like anybody else's. Neither in her interpretation of dance music nor in what she wears is she a mere imitator. Her black hair, parted in the middle, is smoothly brushed and gathered into a little knot behind. The simplicity and the grace of its arrangement is typical of the way in which she dances. She has practically no elaborate steps. Often she stands almost still. And yet all the time she is feeling and expressing the meaning of the music with every inch of her body." Her performance "has the refinement and beauty and poetic charm of her face."

William Jaggard's "Shakespeare Bibliography" has been published. It costs 63 shillings net and the price will be soon advanced to 84 shillings. The edition is limited to 500 copies. The book is the result of labor for 22 years. It is "a dictionary of every known issue of the writings of our national poet and of recorded opinion thereon in the English language." The London Chronicle, praising Mr. Jaggard's industry, has one regret. "Every item which legitimately bears the name of Sidney Lee has here been denied that name and entered under that of 'Soloman Lazarus Levi.' This does not look over kind. It is assuredly wrong as wrong can be and quite indefensible."

Mr. R. Ellis Roberts in "A Roman Pilgrimage," just published, writes about the Vatican choir: "The strong sexless music (Palestrina's), full not so much of meditation as of thought, expressive in so high a degree of organized embattled religion, tinged ever so slightly with that scholasticism that the pure plain-song escapes, was not ill-mated with the professional choir of the Vatican."

Jules Wertheim, Composer

Compositions by Jules Wertheim, a native of Warsaw, were played in London May 9. The Pall Mall Gazette said of the music: "Mr. Jules Wertheim, who appeared in London some while back as a pianist, gave an orchestral concert of his own music last night at the Queen's Hall. The most important work played was a symphony in E minor. The form is obviously not to be taken lightly, and it may well be to the good that composers should refrain from attempting it until their powers are fully developed. Mr. Wertheim's work bears out such a theory well, for there are only too many traces of immaturity both in design and in the invention of themes of sufficient import to make it seem a suitable medium for their expression. We do not deny to the themes certain qualities in themselves; there is not a little character and some originality, but the thought is neither of much depth nor inevitability. The first movement one felt to be the most interesting, for although there was small power shown of development and working up to a climax, the climaxes when they did come were definitely shaped and made a due effect. The scherzo was too trivial in subject-matter, though cleverly put together. In the finale, which had a slow introduction, the composer seemed to have attempted too much, and his series of contrasted sections did not bind together into a significant whole. The scoring at times was quite good. Altogether, Mr. Wertheim gave the impression of having talent as a composer, and, with further experience, might well be expected to write really interesting music. His style, it may be added, is straightforward in type, a little influenced by Tschaikowsky, perhaps, but without the extravagances noticeable in some youthful work, as though an effort must be made at all costs to do something startling and original. Mr. Wertheim is not afraid to employ musical phraseology from the common stock, which has yet to be shown to be incapable of receiving the impression of a fresh individuality. Later, he displayed his double gift of composing and pianoforte playing in a 'Rhapsod,' with the orchestra, and a group of preludes and a set of variations for pianoforte alone. The orchestra was the London Symphony, and the conductor Mr. Hamilton Harty." The Times said:

"The writers of the program notes told us that the Symphony has a 'program' which the composer prefers to keep a secret, but they let several cats out of bags later on by drawing attention to a 'hymn-like tune,' 'suggestions of tolling bells,' and, best of all, one passage 'suggestive of the wind rushing among the tombstones.' These stage properties all come on in the finale, and it may be said that most of its music is as crude as they. But we had expected better things from the first movement, which, though it contains no very important ideas, yet has a certain poetic feeling and plaintive charm in its melodies, and the whole movement is cleverly woven together. Between the promising first movement and the rather poor conclusion there is a Scherzo, the life of which depends chiefly upon a reiterated rhythm, first announced by the drum. There is no slow movement, and its omission is certainly wise, since so much of both the larger ones is in a melancholy vein."

Notes About Opera

Patriotic Dutchmen purpose to establish a National Dutch Opera House in Amsterdam in opposition to the German Opera House. The money for the building and also a large sum for running expenses have already been raised.

It is said that Giordano's "Mme. Sans Gene" will be performed for the first time on any stage at the Metropolitan Opera House next season, with Miss Farrar and Caruso and Amato.

The Camorra has an important part in Wolf-Ferrari's new opera, "Der Schmuck der Madonna," which will be produced at Vienna. The subject is a tragic one, the fate of a man who despoils a madonna for the sake of a beautiful but frivolous maiden.

It seems that Mr. Gatti-Cazzaza was much struck by a performance of "The Magic Flute" in Berlin, for the cinematograph reproduced a Swiss waterfall. He therefore is thinking of reviving Mozart's opera at the Metropolitan. But what has a Swiss waterfall doing in "The Magic Flute?"

"Lancelot" in the Referee has been going to the opera in London. He saw "Carmen" and sorrowed over "the wasteful heroine, wasteful of all that is best in life." He notices—for he is a close observer—that of late years there has been importance attached to librettos. He saw "Louise." "There is much in the book of this opera with which the English folk can have little sympathy, but there is also very much that rings true to human nature."

SEASON AT THE HOLLIS

When the performance of "Judy O'Hara" by Aphie James and her company ended at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening, the regular season at that playhouse came to an end. The year just closed has been one of interets. The regular Hollis stars have all been included in the list, and many works have been presented for the first time in this city. The full summary of the year will be found as follows:

Sept. 5—Elsie Ferguson in "A Matter of Money," by Paul Harness, first time in Boston, two weeks.

Sept. 19—A. E. Matthews in "Love Among the Lions," by Winchell Smith, first time in Boston, three weeks.

Oct. 10—Nance O'Neil and Charles Cartwright in "The Lily," translated from the French of Pierre Wolf and Gaston Leroux, first time in Boston, three weeks.

Oct. 31—William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," one week and three performances; "Secret Service," one week and one performance; "The Private Secretary," one week and three performances; "The Private Secretary," one week and three performances, and "Held by the Enemy," one performance.

Nov. 28—Francis Wilson in "The Bachelor's Baby," by himself, first time in Boston, three weeks.

Dec. 15—Ruth St. Denis in Egyptian dances and the Balalaika Russian orchestra, first time in Boston, two weeks.

Jan. 2—David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," by David Belasco, first performance on any stage, four weeks.

Jan. 30—Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp," by Langdon Mitchell, one week.

Feb. 6—John Drew in "Smith," by W. Somerset Maugham, first time in Boston, two weeeks.

Feb. 20—"The Spendthrift," by Porter Emerson Browne, first time in Boston, two weeks.

March 6—Miss Billie Burke in "Suzanne," by C. Haddon Chambers from the Belgian of Frantz Fonson and Fernard Wicheler, and "The Philosopher in an Apple Orchard," by Jerome K. Jerome," first time in Boston, two weeks.

March 20—Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way," by Eugene Walter, first time in Boston, four performances.

April 10—Ethel Barrymore in "The Twelve-Pound Look," first time in Boston, and "Alice Sit-by the Fire," both by J. M. Barrie, two weeks.

April 24—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson, two weeks.

May 15—Aiphie James in "Judy O'Hara," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Frederick Arthur Stanley, first time in Boston, two weeks.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Among Mr. Johnson's Papers

Among the notes sent to The Herald by Mr. Herbert Johnson is a sort of autobiographical sketch written on legal cap and not in the chirography of the eminent sociologist. It is not easy to determine whether the man who describes here his early life is an imaginary character; whether Mr. Johnson dictated his own reminiscences; whether Mr. Johnson received the article from some friend. There are personal touches that would lead the reader to believe in photographic realism: as when the unknown author tells of lying on the roof of the Rev. Dr. Hall's house and shooting with a sling and buckshot at passing teamsters, dogs, pedestrians; as when he tells of seeing his sweetheart home and being obliged to go by a large and peculiarly gloomy graveyard on Bridge street.

This autobiography is wholly without pretension to literary merit, nor is there any attempt at chronological order. It is unblushingly frank and would require careful editing if it were to be published for general distribution. Those who have been permitted to see it are of the opinion that it was intended as material for Mr. Johnson's colossal work. It is impossible to consult the distinguished sociologist, for his address is at present unknown, even to the postmaster at Clamport. It is possible that Mr. Johnson is now in New York discussing problems of life with the Mrs. Gordon who stated last week that marriage should be ideal, mental companionship, although her husband did not agree with her. Passages from the autobiography may be of interest to the public.

Children's Books in the Sixties

"The first book that I remember reading was 'Mother Goose' in hieroglyphics. It was thin, oblong, red-covered. There was no book like this for wit and wisdom, although some of the best nursery rhymes were necessarily omitted. Thus it was not until later that I became acquainted with 'One misty moisty morning.' The version given by Halliwell is sadly incomplete, for the lines

> I began to compliment
> And he began to grin,

are not included. The pictures were rude, but no ruder than those in 'The Adventures of Alexander Selkirk,' in boards of a wonderful blue.

"In my father's library were two old illustrated family Bibles. They were not so quaint as the one that enlivened the childhood of Anatole France, but a group of antediluvian animals and a portrait of the Witch of Endor filled me with terror, and an exact plan of Solomon's temple taught me that there had been architects before Mr. Pratt, who designed the 'residences' in the village. Another illustrated book, Verplanck's 'Shakespeare,' was a constant enjoyment, although it contained pictures of ghosts and murders that were to be looked at only at noon when the sun was high and all was cheerful.

"There was a children's magazine—I think it was called The Schoolfellow. It was published in New York. I see some of the pictures now. There was one of Napoleon Bonaparte as a bogyman with a tail. There were pictures to Wordsworth's 'Lucy,' one with the father armed with a lantern and searching for the child. Some years afterward Our Young Folks came out, and 'Winning His Way' seemed to us children a most romantic story. The description of the good and poor boy and the son of the rich man waiting outside the church and stepping up to the girl, and her reply: 'Thank you both, but I will accept Paul's offer,' still thrills me. Afterward came the Riverside, and La Farge's pictures of the piper, followed by fawning wolves, made an indelible impression.

From the Sunday School

"The library of the Sunday school in the chapel of the Old Church was more entertaining, more humorous than the teachers knew. 'Irish Amy' and 'Tim the Scissors Grinder' were in demand, as was the story of a circus girl who, cruelly treated by the ringmaster, was at last converted. De Goncourt's 'Freres Zemganno' is not so realistic in its description of circus life. It was a most immoral circus. There was an immoral spotted horse, as in Artemus Ward's 'Only a Mechanic.' Bunyan's 'Holy War' was preferred to 'Pilgrim's Progress,' for the pictures were more stirring. 'Dick and His Friend Fidus' was a favorite. The great majority of the Sunday school books were trash, with page after page of pious sentimentalism, with gross misstatements of fact. Even children recognized the silliness. What was the title of the book with a frontispiece showing a youth and a middle-aged man with a dissipated plug hat going into a theatre and underneath the inscription, 'The Way to the Pit'? The youth after robbing his employer and serving time in jail came to a fearful end, and all because he was tempted one night to go to the playhouse.

"The 'Rollo' books never entertained me. I mean the series describing Rollo at work, Rollo at play. I read them now that I am far advanced in middle-age with shrieks of delight. The 'Franconia' stories were tabooed. They were thought to be novels in disguise, and C. P. Cranch's 'Last of the Huggermuggers' and 'Koboltozo' were viewed with suspicion. A. Oakey Hall's 'Old Whitey's Christmas Trot,' on the contrary, was regarded as an improving work. And this was the A. Oakey Hall of Tammany notoriety, who was infatuated with Ada Dyas, and in 1875 appeared at the Park Theatre, New York, as Wilmot in his own play 'The Crucible'!

The Immortal Three

"Then there were the books of the immortal three: Mayne Reid, Ballantyne and Kingston. There was a distinction made between Reid's novels and his books for boys. 'The Rifle Rangers,' 'The Scalp Hunters,' 'The White Chief,' 'The Quadroon' and others were read on the sly, as my mother read 'Jane Eyre' in the garret behind a trunk with leather hinges; but 'The Plant Hunters,' 'Bruin, or the Grand Bear Hunt,' 'The Cliff Climbers,' were approved as educational. I have forgotten whether Ballantyne spelled his name with an 'i' or a 'y,' but 'Gascoigne the Sandal Wood Trader' was a masterpiece, as was the story about the coral reefs.

"Who edited the 'Boy's Own Book'? It was a thick volume, published originally in London, with queer illustrations, wood cuts and diagrams. It covered everything boys were thought to be interested in from cricket to making a kaleidoscope. There were all sorts of games, outdoor and indoor; there were chapters about natural magic. Although it was designed for English boys, it was a fascinating book. I recently tried to pick up a copy. As usual, the answer was, 'Yes, I know the book; we sold one only last Wednesday.' Ten to one it was a copy of the 'American Boy's Own Book', published later, pretentious in scope, better adapted, perhaps, to the wants of American boys, but not so interesting reading.

"I first knew the 'Arabian Nights in a huge volume published in England. It was filled with curious wood cuts which years after I learned had been stolen from a popular French edition of Galland's translation. Lane's version attracted us boys on account of the imaginative and decorative pictures, but the book was an expensive one, and we took it out of the public library. There were cheap editions of Andersen's tales. There were the Leather Stocking Stories condensed and rewritten for boys, with pictures by Darley. 'The Swiss Family Robinson' and 'Robinson Crusoe' excited discussion and the disputants sometimes came to blows over the respective merits. There were some who preferred a story by 'Vieux Moustache' to either.

Dime Novels and Dearer Shockers

"Beadle's Dime Novels were generally read behind geographies in school. Parents looked on them more favorably after the North American Review devoted a long article to these novels and deigned to praise some of them. Munroe's novels were of a lower standard, and yet I have not forgotten 'Mad Mike the Death Shot and 'Snaky Snodgrass.' There was a boy, the son of a lawyer, who obtained Beadle's regularly as soon as they came out. Perhaps he had subscribed for them. He would appear in school with an unusually smug face, and at recess take out of his pocket a fresh novel, show the cover picture for a tantalizing moment, smile and put the book back in the pocket. He was a slow reader; we suspected him of reading a novel twice, or committing pages to memory, before he passed it on to the first of a long line of expectants. The morning he showed the cover of 'Silver-heels, the Delaware,' the school was restless, lessons were not learned, and three or four were punished. There were paper-covered novels with lurid covers, miserably printed, devoted to the lives of admirable highwaymen and pirates. Some of them unmasked the iniquities of European courts. If readers of these shockers were caught the books were confiscated, and the parents were informed. In the sixties there was little talk about education through kindness or mental suggestion. My father had two whips in the house—a riding whip and a carefully selected rawhide. For capital offences there was the carriage whip in the barn, where there was also more room for the exercise of paternal authority and activity. The barn was across the road, so that the yells of the victim did not so seriously wound the mother's ears. And yet I should like to read 'Sixteen String Jack' again. I bought not long ago 'The Pirates' Own Book.' It is easier to read than the majority of picturesque novels published and hoomed today. The style is direct, vivid, sinewy, far to be preferred to that of Mr. Hewlett or young Mr. Jeffery Farnol. Turn the pages at random; begin 'The Remarkable History of the Joassamee Pirates of the Persian Gulf' or 'The Bloody Career and Execution of Vincent Benavides,' and you will read, spellbound, to the end. I commend especially 'The Life of Charles Gibbs, Containing an Account of His Atrocities Committed in the West Indies.' And Gibbs once lived in Boston. "He opened a grocery in Ann street, near what was called the Tin Pot, a place full of abandoned women and dissolute fellows. As he dealt chiefly in liquor and had a 'License to retail spirits,' his drunkery was thronged with customers." Note the simplicity, the reticence of the style on page 107: 'Gibbs found the mate and seized him, while Atwell and Church came down and struck him with a pump break and a club; he was dragged upon deck; they called for Dawes to come to them, and as he came up the mate seized his hand and gave him a death gripe! Three of them then hove him overboard, but which three Dawes does not know; the mate when cast overboard was not dead, but called after them twice while in the water.'

"Old Books to Read"

"Here is a better model than one of Mr. Pater's books for a youth ambitious to write. George Borrow compiling the 'Newgate Lives and Trials,' was struck with respect by the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. Henry Simms said, or was made to say: 'So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand.' 'I have always looked upon this sentence,' added Borrow, 'as a masterpiece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so very clear.'

"And what has become of the old books that were new and a delight to us boys in the sixties? Is Mayne Reid read today? Can any boy tell off-hand in what story of sea life Peterkin figures, and who invented him? Where, now, are all the Anthon editions of the classics, which were popular with schoolboys by reason of the continuous and free translation in the notes and, therefore, prohibited by churlish schoolmasters, who saw in Horace, Virgil and Juvenal, only a pretext for a drill in grammar? Happy is the man who has kept his Cornelius Nepos and Felton's Greek Reader, even though he may not be able to construe three lines in either one! Thrice happy he who sees on a shelf today a book that came to him on a Christmas of his youth!"

May 29. 1911

The old story is revived: How a drop of nicotine put n a cat's tongue kills the cat almost instantaneously. Dr. Charles G. Pease, who abhors tobacco in any form and resigned from the National Art Society because a little girl was permitted at one of its entertainments to recite verses in which the noxious weed was favorably mentioned, has given minute instructions. You smoke the best cigar you can buy, and place a sheet of white paper horizontally between the nose and the mouth. Smoke will stain the paper and leave a deposit of nicotine. Then catch a cat and put a small portion of the scraped poison on its tongue. A good many years ago "C. S. C." gave the answer to Dr. Pease et al.:

> Cats may have had their goose
> Cooked by tobacco juice;
> Still why deny its use
> Thoughtfully taken?
> We're not as tabbies are;
> Smith, take a fresh cigar!
> Jones, the tobacco jar!
> Here's to thee, Bacon.

May 30 1911

TREMONT THEATRE — First production in Boston of "The Red Rose," a musical comedy in three acts, by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith; music by Robert Hood Bowers. Principal characters:

Lola	Valeska Suratt
Dick Lorimer	Wallace McCutcheon
Alonzo Lorimer	Alexander Clark
Silas Plant	John Daly Murphy
Hon. Lionel Talboys	Ernest Lambart
Daisy Plant	Lilian Graham
Raphael Spiegle	John E. Hazzard
Mme. Joyant	Flavia Arcara
M. Duprez	Henry Bergman
Andre	Craig Campbell
Gyp	Carrie Reynolds
Baron Leblanc	Louis Casavant
Maxime Dupont	Henry Bergman

Full many a [illegible]

SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

The fame of Sir William Schwenk Gilbert, librettist of a series of operettas, overshadowed the reputation of Gilbert, the writer of plays, and yet the author of "The Palace of Truth," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Engaged," should stand high in the list of English dramatists. When his "Fallen Fairies" was produced late in 1909, Gilbert, called on the stage, proudly said: "There is life in the old dog yet"; but his last successful work was the libretto of "The Yeomen of the Guard," produced in 1888. His wit in the later pieces was characteristically bitter, but it had lost its freshness. His last piece, "The Hooligan," might have pleased an audience at the Grand Guignol. The brutal frankness and unrelieved horror of the little drama shocked the careless frequenters of a London music hall.

Gilbert had served in a Government office; he had been called to the Bar of the Inner Temple; he had been a militia captain; and he began his literary career as a journalist. He knew men, their manners and humors. His peculiar talent was first shown in the Bab Ballads contributed to Fun as early as 1861. The humor and cynicism of these verses leavened the whole of his after work. Some of his librettos or plays are simply amplifications of these ballads, so that at a Savoyard dinner in London four years ago he avowed his indebtedness to this balladist from whom he had unblushingly stolen.

His characters move in a topsy-turvy world, where the fantastical is presented as the matter-of-fact, where the grotesque is the common-place. Men and women are obliged to speak the truth, and what disastrous results follow! The slave of duty is thrown into all manner of misadventures because he is consistently high minded. Strephon is in a wretched plight, for he is a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal. The singular premises, the astounding paradoxes, the incredible situations were all accepted by the men and women who moved in the comedy, and as the actors and actresses under Gilbert's direction played with the utmost seriousness and with utter unconsciousness of any absurdity in action or dialogue, the audience admitted the inexorable logic of the dramatist's conclusions and his irony was the more poignant.

This irony in the librettos as in the comedies without music was often lambent, but sometimes cruel, almost inhuman. It was as though an inhabitant of the air made mock of mortals, their hopes, illusions, griefs, desires. Even in many of the lyrics, charming as they are, there is a suspicion of irony, a melancholy that the smile does not conceal.

Associated with Sullivan, this ironist revolutionized English operetta. He himself knew nothing about music but he had an appreciation of rhythm and he worked in happy understanding with a genius in his own field. The only partnership that rivalled the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan was that of Meilhac, Halevy and Offenbach. When the two began, they resolved that their plots, however ridiculous, should be coherent and the dialogue should be void of offence.

It is not necessary to recall the enormous popularity of the series beginning with "Trial by Jury" and ending, as far as the American public is concerned, with "The Mikado" for in this country the operettas that came afterward did not make the same appeal, although the favorite of Gilbert were "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Ruddigore" and "Utopia Limited." Did Gilbert say this in defiance of the public's verdict? After he and Sullivan separated, it seemed as though his strength departed, and when they came together again, there was no longer the whimsical spontaneity or the delicious fancy.

It was said not long ago by an Englishman that since Shakespeare no dramatist's words had so entered into the English familiar speech and become an essential part of it as [illegible]

has long reigned supreme!

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW.

The Referee of London publishes with each issue a column headed: "The Lady at the Round Table." It is immaterial whether this column be edited or written for the most part by a woman or a pipe-smoking male, with abundant whiskerage. If the editor be a woman she prefers, being English, to be known as a "lady." Mr. G. W. E. Russell tells of a district visitor, who, seeing disfiguring teeth marks on the cheek of one of her charges, said: "I suppose it was done by a dog?" "Oh, no, mum; it was another lidy wot did it."

This editor, as a woman, gives a list of what a man should know. First of all he should know how to carve a joint or fowl. The ideal man, wooer or husband, never hacks, never spills the gravy, never sends the duck into a lady's lap—nor, we might add—does he put his foot on a tough and slippery goose in order to have a firm hold. "Men admit that they were meant from the beginning to be the 'providers' and do the heavy work." This statement is not ethnologically true. There have been races in which the women hunted, fished, "provided," while the men stayed at home, wove, spun, looked after the children. "No man should be allowed to leave school, let alone get married, until he has passed a proper exam. in carving."

A man should be taught the art of carving, if only for the purpose of criticising his wife intelligently when she attempts to carve. But in many English houses in the good old days, women carved, and the art was a part of their education. We know families in Boston where the wife insists on carving, possibly because the husband is unskilled, rough and not often ready.

"Every man ought to understand the ordering of a good dinner. Every woman likes a man to know by instinct just what she wants when he takes her to dine in a restaurant. She likes him to be able to take charge of the whole thing in an almost dictatorial manner." There are women who would resent this show of authority. They have decided views concerning the procession of dishes. Suppose the man with a fine show of authority should order honeycomb tripe, or a New England boiled dinner, or beefsteak and fried onions with dill pickles. Would she play the hypocrite and coo: "Just what I wanted. How did you guess it?" The majority of men are gross feeders. If they display in a restaurant a too fastidious taste, would not a sensible woman think: "I could never run the house to suit him"?

According to this London lady, "a man should be a good judge of wines and the particular sort that we would like without our telling him." But how is the man to know whether a preliminary cocktail would be acceptable, or whether the lady in her heart of heart would not prefer malt liquor to burgundy or the wine of New Jersey? The ideal man as described in the Referee reminds us of the old story of life in New York: "Well, Sal, wot'll you have?" "I'll have a bird on toast and a glass of champagne." "Yes, you will on 50 cents. Waiter! Two stew!"

"We have down in our hearts a certain contempt for him if he cannot mix a salad. Also we think he ought always to be able to say that he can cook some special dish to perfection—fry a fish in some enchanting way or make a delicious sort of coffee." Rest, perturbed spirit! Nine men out of ten are cock-sure that their recipe for salad is the only one, and every man knows that he has no superior in the making of a Welsh rabbit.

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ences from Gilbert's librettos. It was worth while living to call forth such a eulogy. It was also something to have contributed for many years to the innocent gaiety of nations; to have invented a species of entertainment that delighted the purist and the man in the street, to have written librettos that are still read with pleasure in the library and quoted on all occasions, public or private.

RINGLINGS GIVE THRILLS OF JOY

VARIETY FEATURE OF B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Interesting Hot Weather Vaudeville Program Given at Theatre.

Louise Meyers, in a sketch with Mildred Warren and Bert Lyons, carried off the honors at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. The sketch was used to introduce a series of songs by the trio, which were admirably given. Miss Meyers is a natural comedian.

Thomas J. Ryan and company shone in a skit by Will M. Cressy, built round the attempt to amuse an old, gouty gentleman upon his birthday: A very laughable game of poker, in which a butler, who knew a "little" about the game and was pressed into service, gave Mr. Ryan ample opportunity, as did the osteopathic treatment administered by his daughter.

Frankie Carpenter and Jere Grady won applause in a sketch, "The Butterfly," as did Carle Stowe, formerly of the Cadet shows, who made his first professional appearance here. The Guatemalan Marimba Band furnished a novel and interesting number. A quartet with a leader gave several selections from the operas upon an instrument resembling an enlarged xylophone and gave a tuneful performance.

"Little Billy," a diminutive performer, built along the lines of Tom Thumb, gave a series of dances and character songs and met with the favor of his audience. The Aerial Smiths, a man and a woman, performed a series of thrilling and graceful feats on the flying trapeze, while Hill, Cherry and Hill mixed comedy with their exhibition of bicycle riding. Pauline Walsh gave several songs.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig Stock Company in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," a comedy in four acts by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise. Cast:

Senator William H. Langdon....George Hassell
Senator Stevens.....A. L. Hickey
Senator Peabody.....Frederick Murray
"Bud" Haines.....Donald Meek
Charles Norton.....Robert Middlemas
Col. Beverly Stoneman.....Al Roberts
Grant.....Arthur Fox
Caroline Langdon.....Gertrude Binley
Hope Georgia Langdon.....Florence Shirley
Mrs. Spangler.....Mabel Colcord
Amelia Butterworth.....Maudie Richmond

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morison stock company in "The Warrens of Virginia," by William C. DeMille.

General Buck Warren.....Wilson Melrose
Ruth Warren.....Juliette Atkinson
Agatha.....Eleanor Gordon
Arthur.....Fraunie Fraunholz
Bob.....Danny Dellea
Betty.....Madeline Moore
General Griffin.....Edward Nannary
Lieut. Burton (U. S. A.)....Rockliffe Fellows
Blake (U. S. Secret Service)..William Hasson
Sappho (servant at Warren's)...Rose Morison

A corporal, one Spohr, sentenced to death at White Plains for the murder of his sweetheart, turned pale when a bluebird began to chirp as soon as the judge was at an end. "That is my evil spirit; I knew it all along." To Spohr this bird was as a crane of Ibycus, and yet the bluebird is now regarded as the symbol of happiness.

TWO DIFFERENT ENDINGS FOR A PLAY.

The announcement that a new and sumptuously appointed theatre, with a shower bath for each dressing-room, will be erected in Boston and devoted to the production of musical comedies is significant. "These be thy gods, O Israel." Look over the plays of the season that is nearly at an end. The most successful pieces, successful as regards the box-office, have been musical comedies and shows that were a blend of farce, spectacular effects, dancing, lively jingle, and in one or two instances with a pornographic flavor.

Nor are these entertainments attended only by superficial persons, curious youths intent on "seeing life," and elderly gentlemen who wish to renew their youth. We heard a man talking at the Porphyry Club about the theatre: "I pick up the morning newspaper and read about murders and men that kill themselves, about disappearances and defalcations, about shipwrecks, fires and railway accidents. When I go to the theatre at night I do not wish to see a tragedy or a problem play. Daily life is stuffed with tragedy. I am solving problems all day, and for my wife there is always the servant girl problem. No, give me a jolly, foolish musical comedy, with dance tunes and pretty girls." This man was a mature, well educated, highly respectable citizen.

It has been said here as in London and in Paris that the public is tired of plays that end unpleasantly, that present situations once expected only in French novels for exportation; plays in which the characters are vicious or stupid; plays that leave a bad taste in the mouth.

In Paris a playgoer has made a suggestion that is applauded. He asks that if an unhappy ending cannot be abolished without serious injury to the logical construction of the drama, managers should require playwrights to supply two different endings, one the old-fashioned happy one; the other, the new-fashioned unhappy one. The play with the happy ending should be performed on certain evenings during the week and at the matinee; the one with the unhappy ending on the remaining evenings.

There have been noteworthy changes in endings to "suit the taste of the American public." Mr. Belasco gave a comparatively happy, or at least a more "moral," ending to "The Lily," by Wolff and Leroux, and in Bernstein's "Israel," as it was played in this country, Thibault did not kill himself, but married a gospel-eyed girl who was lugged in by the heels in the adaptation. It is needless to say that the two plays were thereby spoiled. The last scene of "Samson" was also doctored that the audience might leave in better humor.

The old fairy stories began "once upon a time" and ended: "And they were married and lived happily ever afterward." The old-fashioned novelist rang down the curtain on his puppet show to the music of wedding bells. Even "The Thousand Nights and a Night" has the consecrated ending, for King Shahriyah and his brother "abode with their wives in all pleasance and solace of life and its delights till there took them the Destroyer of Delights, and the Severer of Societies, the Desolator of Dwelling places and the Garnerer of grave yards, and they were translated to the ruth of Almighty Allah." Nothing of interest to a reader or an audience was supposed to happen after the heroine and hero entered into the holy state of matrimony.

There have been versions of "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," with happy endings, although at the time there was no musical comedy. Romeo did not kill himself, Iago admitted to the Moor that he had been mistaken, Cordelia did not die. There are traditions in favor of absurdities, thrown as a tub to a whale. Why should not Camille recover from her hacking cough, and Paula Tanqueray be a leader in society? It might not be easy to tinker "Oedipus Rex" or "Ghosts," but many plays, now neglected, might be restored to favor if there were two different endings, to be used according to the character of the audience.

May 31 1911

A FRENCH GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES.

"Le Guide Francais aux Etats-Unis," published in Paris by Dupont, and sold at Antony by the author, is a useful and entertaining little book. We naturally turn at once to the description of Boston: "the old historic city of the United States and also the American Athens, the city of culture and letters, the centre of New England, where the Puritans once triumphed, where the Irish now rule." We are informed that it is admirably situated between the Atlantic ocean and the Charles river. The chief attractions are mentioned and The Herald is described as the leading morning newspaper. The author is a man of fine discrimination.

The chapter on "the social and intellectual life in the United States" might well be read by the suddenly rich of our own country. "The American is not a very demonstrative person * * * Even with women, with whom the Americans are always very 'correct,' they confine themselves to a simple inclination of the head." "In an elevator a man should always uncover when a woman enters." "A dress coat should never be worn before 6 P. M." This sentence is italicized. "A derby, a soft hat, and even a straw hat are worn with a dress coat." Without commenting on this sweeping statement, we pass to another paragraph.

"It is an almost obligatory elegance in the United States to have a longitudinal crease in one's trousers. Every man careful of his appearance has his trousers pressed in order to preserve the rigidity of the central crease. Trousers that bag at the knees are always a sign of negligence and slovenly dressing. The cleanliness of linen, the crease in the pantaloons, the shape of the shoes and good taste shown in cravats are some of the conditions in the United States that contribute toward the making of a 'gentleman.'" There is a separate paragraph for the cravat: "Shun shrieking cravats and those that are in bad taste. They, more than many other details, give an erroneous idea of the mental distinction and the good breeding of those that wear them."

It appears that in the United States the lunch of a business man consists generally of pie and coffee or chocolate. There are certain bars

ew York where the stranger can obtain without charge a cracker, cheese, or a bit of sausage with the ordered beer. "But the bar-room is generally understood as a place for drinking strong waters. Many persons prefer not to be seen in them."

The barbers and hair dressers are highly recommended "All the most recent inventions of industry are immediately introduced in the barbers' saloons. Instead of blowing down the neck of a customer to brush away stray hairs, a tube is used which sends out a current of air. Tipping is not customary, except perhaps in the most expensive hotels."

The character of the domestic servant is pleasantly discussed. "In the United States the domestic considers himself or herself the equal of the master or mistress." The equal? The superior. There are many shrewd observations in this guide book, and if some sentences may provoke a smile, let us remember that not long ago in geographies for the use of American children the French were characterized only as "a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines."

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1911.

STRANGE WORDS FROM A PULPIT.

A clergyman in Boston is reported as having said in the pulpit: "It is not hard work that makes a man gray before his time. It is sometimes worry and fretting. But it is most often sin. In the cases of prematurely gray women it is almost always a sign of sin." He might also have said that premature baldness comes from sitting in the front rows at musical comedies, although the Rev. John Wesley did not refer to this well known fact when he recommended the bald to rub the pate morning and evening with a raw onion and then to apply a little honey without regard to flytime.

The poets and moralists tell us that violent grief, intense terror or horror changes the natural hue of the hair to gray or white in a day or even in an hour.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor came it white
In a single night,
As men's have done from sudden fears.

But the hair is not always affected by the passions, those "vultures of the mind," nor is gray hair a necessary result of a sinful youth. The statement that women prematurely gray have generally been sinners is preposterous, scandalous, libellous. The wonder is that the congregation listened to it without immediate remonstrance.

There are families of blameless life known to every reader of The Herald in which the women are all prematurely gray, women who might be justly characterized as "enski'd and sainted." To many of these women gray hair is singularly becoming. The contrast between gray hair and langourous or sparkling black eyes and a girlish figure is irresistibly fascinating to an amorist or a lover of the beautiful. The premature grayness gives distinction to men who might otherwise be classed as ordinary.

Consult that invaluable book, "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," by A. J. Cooley, a work that should be on every woman's dressing table. There is this comforting foot note on page 239: "It may here be remarked that when the hair rapidly gets gray before the middle age, the health of the party being at the same time good, it often does not otherwise deteriorate, but continues strong and vigorous for many years, and not infrequently until a late period in life."

It is true that the excessive use of oil, pomatum, grease, hair cream may wither the hair bulbs and thus gray hairs arrive before their time. The ingenious author states this fact and also insists that the introduction of waterproof clothing, plug hats and the general use of tobacco by the scarcely mature encourage baldness. But gray hairs may be seen on the heads of robust children. Cooley has seen them: they come from blows, pressure and strain, or local affections. When these hairs occur singly or are few and scattered they may be removed by tweezers or lifted from the neighboring hairs and moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver.

Gray hairs should be respected. "Gray beard" is in colloquial English sometimes a term of contempt, and Dutch earthern jugs used for smuggling gin on the coasts of Essex and Suffolk were in 1811 called graybeards, just as in 1886 a potent whiskey in the United States had the name "reverent." In no century and in no country until the sermon of last Sunday have gray hairs been held up to ridicule and shame. On the contrary, they have been treated with religious respect. Neither the young gray-haired woman nor the chemical blonde is necessarily a sinner. The sensible woman will conduct herself as Ephraim in the Bible: "Yea, gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not," nor would she therefore be as Ephraim was: "a cake not turned."

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1911.

DRAWN FROM LIFE AND NAMED.

Mr. George Moore has been suspiciously quiet of late. He has made no discovery in French literature: he has not written in behalf of the Irish drama: he has found nothing new to say against the accepted and traditional leaders among English novelists: there has been no news about his exact relationship with the church that he abandoned with a flourish of trumpets. Worst of all he has written nothing for publication, and even his latest essays contributed to a magazine have not been collected in book form.

Many will rejoice to hear that he is at work on a new novel; for the author of "Esther Waters," "Celibates," "The Lake," "The Untilled Field," is one of the masters of English fiction—one of the great line from Fielding to Hardy. It is said that in this novel he has taken every character direct from life and affixed in each case the name of the original. Thus Yeats, the poet, who is supposed to figure as Ulich in "Evelyn Innes," Synge, Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum, Dr. Joyce, and others in contemporary Irish life will figure without disguise.

Novelists long before Mr. Moore went to Paris have drawn from life. Thackeray's Steyne and Foker were at once recognized. Dickens spared not his father, mother and the girl whom he thought of marrying. Although he denied it, Skimpole was undoubtedly meant for Leigh Hunt, and Landor was introduced in the same book. Disraeli was famous for using public men and women for copy, from "Coningsby" to "Lothair." Charles Reade brought in Broadhead in "Put Yourself In His Place." Women novelists have taken the same privilege from Caroline Lamb to Mrs. Ward. In the United States novelists have done likewise: witness, Theodore Winthrop, R. H. Newell,—there were many before Mr. Winston Churchill made his study of political life and bosses in New Hampshire.

To introduce men and women now living under their own names is a different matter. Mr. Moore is an audacious person, and often screamingly audacious. He has irritated many. He delights in controversy, and not only smelleth the battle afar off, but saith among the Frumpets, Ha, ha! Could he contrive a plan that would more inevitably lead to controversy and shedding of ink? He said to a reporter some days ago that when he went to Dublin, which is now his dwelling place, the Celtic poets and their friends gave him a dinner. "I found them individually and collectively, to my more or less definite surprise, vital, interesting, picturesque."

The question now is, how will the living look on Mr. Moore, after he has used them for copy? Mr. George Russell has read chapters of this forthcoming novel in three volumes, entitled respectively "Ave," "Atque" and "Vale," and is enthusiastic over it "as a work of art and a living document of the highest contemporary interest." Perhaps Mr. Russell is the hero. But what will the others say?

June 1 is the day sacred to Carna the tutelary goddess of door hinges. She also presides over the vital parts of man, especially the liver. A goddess to be propitiated! For, according to the wisdom of the ancients, the liver is the seat of the affections and, as some say, the soul. Let a libation be poured in the shape of a gin Rikey. Col. Rikey of blessed memory made the drink that immortalized him of whiskey, but gin is supposed to be more beneficial to the internal clockwork, in spite of the fact that there is gin-drinker's liver for immoderate tosspots.

A good leak in June
Sets all in tune.

The London Daily Chronicle pays a graceful tribute to Annie Wakeman Lathrop, whose letters to The Herald in years past were enjoyed by thousands. "She was one of the chief journalistic ambassadors from America to London, and she wrote with a love of England day by day, and she produced the best book in the world about a London charwoman. She married a countryman of her own, who holds an official position of great responsibility. * * * It is scarcely difficult to explain the love that Annie Wakeman gathered round her, since she had up to the last painful months the love for the life of others. And in those last months it was the etiquette of her friends—on the hint of her husband—to send her the jolliest letters they could write. Morning by morning they came to Cardiff, were read aloud by the husband at the bedside of the woman as they were, warm from the brains of friends. Those letters should make a huge wreath of lilies of love for a husband to lay upon the coffin of Annie Wakeman Lathrop."

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The Herald spoke recently of Karl Baedeker, the son of the creator of the guide-books. Foreign newspapers, apropos of his death, say that the circulation of the guide book to France was once forbidden in that country on account of an alleged libel on an inn at Nancy, and the Chamber of Commerce in Naples denounced certain cautions against hotels as "insults and defamations." The first Baedeker was the "Rhinejourney" published in 1828, but the early books are not so eagerly sought as those of Murray by collectors. The first edition of the latter's "Guide to Switzerland" (1838) antedated the popular pastime of mountaincering and declared in the section concerning Mont Blanc: "It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made this ascent have been persons of unsound mind."

WELLESLEY CLASSIC PLAY

The poetical play, "Achilles In Scyros," by Robert Bridges, with incidental music arranged by Alice Smart, was given outdoors at Point Tuvelo on the campus near the lake at Wellesley College last evening. June 3 1911

The principals were: Thetis, Laura Dalzell; Achilles, Harriet Coman; Lycomonedes, Marjory Sherman; Ulysses, Helen Stinson; Diomede, Susan Newell; Abas, Helen Reynolds; Deidimia, Alice Smart. Lillian Brouet, '08, an instructor at the college, was coach. Incidental solos were given by Helen Goss.

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What is the derivation of the word "slum"? Mr. Frederick Hackwood in "The Good Old Times" says "slum" is a curtailment of "slumber," and meant originally in thieves' language the place where they slept. But was not the word taken from "slum," meaning "to hide"? In that case the "slum" would be the alicy or court in which an offender hid from the police.

The American Society of the Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses, meeting in solemn session at Park Street Church, decided that a nurse has every right to break contract when she becomes betrothed. Nurses have a way of marrying interesting patients. It is not surprising that a patient is thus led into the holy state of matrimony. He has an opportunity of studying the woman's disposition. He sees her at all hours, not merely when she is on dress parade. How many men out of the sick room have the like opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the woman of their choice before the ceremony?

Dr. Korshet, a physician and Socialist, gave his bride books by Hugo, Balzac, Shaw, Ibsen, Tolstoi and Zangwill instead of an engagement ring. The ring, he remarked, is a symbol of inferiority. "My wife will not be my chattel, but my equal, my companion and helpmate." This explains, possibly, why he did not include a handsomely bound, interleaved cook book in his gift.

That Mme. Nordica, impersonating Isolde, was slated by critics in Berlin is not surprising. When she sang at Bayreuth there was noisy opposition. It was considered presumptuous for an American to dare to appear on the stage of the temple. "The dean of Berlin critics remarks that Mme. Nordica may be good enough for America and England, but not for Germany." This is true, for the Germans prefer Wagnerian heroines who weigh over 250 pounds, sing out of tune and without knowledge of vocal art. It is not to be denied that Mme. Nordica's voice is not so fresh as it was, but she is still an accomplished singer and her Isolde is an impressive impersonation. Meanwhile the Kaiser favors American singers at his opera house. In this he resembles Frederick the Great, who preferred Italians and said that he would rather hear a horse neigh than a German sing.

has long reigned supreme!

Mr. Hubert Bruce Fuller in the urrent number of McClure's Magane tells of Sunset Cox being inited to address a Democratic meetng at Montpelier, Vt., and replying: If the Democrats of Vermont insist, should be glad to address them in e library of my home almost any fternoon after 4, when they may find convenient to call." Thus does anher bear away the honor. It was eorge M. Stearns of this commonealth, lawyer and wit, who in anwer to an invitation, replied that he ould not go to Montpelier, but if the emocrats of Vermont would meet in is back yard he should be happy to ddress them.

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MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Return to Perfumed Gloves

There is talk of perfumed gloves to be worn at the coronation exercises. They say e first to go into England were sent a present to Queen Elizabeth, but ey had long been in favor on the ntinent, and noble dames had been isoned by donning them. Gargantua's other preferred benjoin as the perme. Grammont years afterward orred perfumed gloves from Paris that might win the favor of court women London. Nor did men disdain them; en the philosophical Locke wore them ithout shame.

Last winter Mr. Edgar L. Walker was rested in Chicago. He was known in ciety ae "The Perfumed Kid," and order to maintain his reputation he ould climb through transoms and pry en windows in search of perfumee at appealed to him. He was conscious his weakness. As he said to Lieut. onin: "Perfume is my hoodoo; I n't pass it up." He should have lived the 18th century, when men and omen preferred musk and bergamot d frangipane and marechale to soap d water; when the Marquis de Pomdour expended yearly more than 500,- livres on perfumes alone; when the ic de Richelieu was so bemusked on e battlefield that a satirical singer presented the Duke of Cumberland nning away from the smell of Richeu and the valor of d'Estrees.

New Englanders were often odorous church 40 and 50 years ago. It was e custom then "to slush" the hair d whiskerage with scented grease. ere was scriptural warrant for this actice. There was the thought of e precious ointment upon the head, at ran down upon the beard, even ron's beard. The face was rubbed th bay rum. Men poured cologne Florida water upon their handkerfs. And it was in old New Engd churches that departed brothers re praised in the pulpit as having t a sweet savor behind them, as a ench canon of the 17th century dered that the bodies of the just uld be odoriferous, "as a vase filled th roses, flowers, ambergris, musk, all aromatic odors."

No doubt Maud's brother,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull,
Smelling of musk and of insolence

espasian and Mr. Lungstras

was more obnoxious to the hyeterical lover by reason of his violent and farching perfume. Men are more reable today, and the finest women ly suggest a trace, as the chemists y, a suggestion of a sweet odor that not necessarily their own.

The healthy, normal woman would be lined to applaud the speech of Vessian ae recorded by Suetonius, transed into Englieh by Philemon Holnd: "When a certain gallant youth elling hot of sweet balms and perfmes came unto him, to give thanks an office obtained at his hands, aft a strange countenance shewing his like of him, he gave him aleo in rds a most bitter and grievous check, ying: 'I would rather thou hadst nk of garlic,' and so revoked his ters patents for the grant."

We looked over the sociological notes at Mr. Herkimer Johnson sent to The rald. There was nothing pertinent cept a few vague allusions to Dr. bert Hagen's "Osphresiologie," which ems to be a treatise on smelling and ors, and a question from Mantegazza out Indians in Paraguay, who alough they bathed daily had an eth odor that was like unto a blend of e smell of a menagerie and of spoiled ions. There is also an extract from tract by Sir Thomas Browne: "With iber, musk and civet we meet not in scripture, nor any odors from anils."

We found, however, a note that is, rhaps, of more general interest. It s headed: "Note for volume on 'Dirce'; St. Louis, 1907":

"To show hie divorced wife how much missed her, August Lungstras posed all fours in front of her boarding house and howled like a dog. 'Prancing like a gorilla across the lawn in the same fashion, he struck his head several times against a tree. 'How very amusing,' commented Mrs. Lungstras, watching her former husband's capers from her window. 'I think the policeman on the beat would like to see that. Please send for him.' The policeman came, restored Lungras to a normal attitude and led him away. Judge O'Hallaron heard the story of his capers in the City Hall police court and fined him $5. Lungstras is sane." Sane? Of course he was.

But does a gorilla "prance"? Du Chaillu says the gorilla's most usual mode of progression is on all fours and resting on the knuckles. Burton says he "shuffles" on all fours; "'rocking,' not traversing." He sways the body to and fro. Sometimes he raiees himself slightly upon the dwarfed asthenogenic and almost deformed hind limbs. The wild huntsmen in Gorilla Land cried with laughter when they say du Chaillu's picture of a gorilla standing etiffly upright and beating the breast with huge fists till it sounded like an immense base drum. No, "prancing" is not the one inevitable, descriptive word, and Mr. Johnson should change it before he incorporates the passage in his colossal work.

Collars Again and Costumes

There are other notes of interest in the package sent to The Herald by Mr. Johnson.

"Lord Rotheram told of a case of heredity. It was of a family said to show the hereditary influence of letters. The mother wrote novels that nobody would read; the daughter wrote poems that nobody would buy; the son wrote plays that nobody would produce, and the father wrote checks that nobody would cash."

Mr. Holbrook Jackson said not long ago in Black and White: 'When we English people are uncomfortable we feel good.' Whereupon 'A. W. B.' sent a poem to the Daily Chronicle. The first verse ran as follows:

When collar studs annoy me,
With button holes agape;
Or fastenings employ me
Replacing bands with tape;
Or razors cut the soil and not
The herbage that they should,
I may be vicious, yet I wish
I always felt as good.

"The costumes worn by the actors in the recent 'command' performance of 'Money' in London struck men of today as uncomfortable, especially the high-collared coat. This coat was fashionable for many years after Bulwer-Lytton's eomedy was produced. Sir Algernon West describes the clothes he wore about 1850: 'A pair of dove-colored trousers, with two-fluted stripes down the sides and buttoned under the foot with broad straps of the same material; Wellington boots, which were sine qua non with a man of fashion in those days; and a coat so high in the collar that the back of the hat rested on it. Indeed, every hat had a crescent of cloth on the back of the brim to prevent the rubbing of the beaver, or imitation beaver, of which the hat was made, for silk hats were not hten invented.'"

Mr. Johnson on Asparagus

Mr. Johnson had a long note on asparagus. "My neighbors speak of sparagras or sparrow grass, and in the 18th century this spelling prevailed in polite circles. Philips in his 'History of Cultivated Vegetables' says the plant is a native of England, but Jacob in his 'Inquiry Into Precious Metals' isists that it was not grown in England before the 17th century. In Elizabeth's time it was eaten boiled in water or in broth and well seasoned. A superstition prevailed in the 16th century that if a ram's horn was buried or hidden in the ground it would bring forth asparagus. The poet Southey preferred the spelling 'sparagrass' and ate the plant with plain butter. Dr. Muffett shows us that in 1655 it was a common delicacy: 'Asparagus was in old time a meat for such emperors as Julius Caesar; now every boon in served with them.'

"There are various ways of cooking the plant: Asparagus in cream, ragout of asparagus, in the Italian fashion, forced asparagus in French rolls, asparagus in croustade, not to mention the soup with asparagus tips. Personally I prefer it hot, without trimmings, and on buttered toast. I know a man who has it cooked this way simply to seat the toast. Cold asparagus with a dressing is to me comparatively tasteless, but as Mrs. Johnson objects to my taking the stalks from the plate with my fingers it is usually served as a salad, and why make a fuss over a thing of so little moment? Thus I gain easily among her women friends the reputation of being amiable, and I am called a good husband. No doubt I am held up by them to their consorts as an example. Asparagus tongs were shown at the exhibition of 1851, and described in the catalogue as 'an elegant appendage to the dinner table.'

"Aeparagus grows wild on my place at Clamport. Last summer I cut at least five stalks. They have a saying on the cape that chickens cannot be raised successfully where asparagus is not grown. Can any one throw light on the origin of this saying? Some think the asparagus in Germany is the best. In my student days I thought so, for it could be eaten to the end of the butt. The English swear by the small green variety, the sprue. Others champion the Italian violet headed, or the white sort found in Flanders. In Berlin asparagus broth is served hot in restaurants and cafes to any one suffering from Katzenjammer. Clam juice is much more palatable and as efficacious.

Triflers with First Names

"The staid Evening Post of New York tells of Mr. Rhinelander Waldo sitting in a restaurant when a man passed him and called out 'Hello, Rhinelander, how are you?' Waldo's friend asked who was the man. 'I'm eure I don't know,' replied Waldo. 'He can't be anybody I know because he called me "Rhinelander." I have never been called by that name by anybody but a stranger.'

"There are many men who are thus unduly familiar. When Artemus Ward lived in Cleveland and wrote for the Plain Dealer, he described a Mr. Blowhard. 'He knows Ned Forrest like a book. Has taken sundry drinks with Ned. Ned likes him much. Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all of his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant.'

"There are certain men desirous of being ranked as genial persons. They welcome this familiar address. They are hurt if they are 'mistered.' They in turn call every one by his first name, even though they have been formally introduced only the day before. It matters not whether the one addressed be a man of great personal dignity, rather austere and forbidding, a man that has been honored by scientific societies. To the genial he is only 'Bill' or 'Tom' or 'Dick.' This genial often thumps you on the back with a 'How are you, old sport?' or when he sits by you he strokes your thigh or arm, so that others may see how chummy he is with you. There is no rebuffing him. He will not take a snub. He does not know when he is snubbed. If, goaded to madness, you insult him brutally, he looks like a wounded fawn, but does not answer back. And he will say of you the next day: 'Hank is peculiar, I admit. You have to understand him, but he is really one of the best fellows in the world. I have been very thick with him for a long time.'"

Gilbert's First Libretto in Boston

Now that Sir William Schwenck Gilbert is dead, it is not impertinent to ask how the theatre-goers in Boston first became acquainted with his series of librettos, and who were the first to play and sing in the operettas signed by Gilbert and Sullivan, or by Gilbert and another.

The first of Gilbert's librettos that amused the Boston public was that of "Trial by Jury," which is one of the best. I have been unable to find a program of the first appearance of this operetta. Miss Emily Soldene in her delightful "Theatrical and Musical Recollections" writes: "At the end of October, 1876, the Soldene Opera Bouffe Company, under the management of Mr. Chizzola, sailed again for the States. On Nov. 19 we opened in Boston at the Globe Theatre, playing 'Mme. Archiduc' and 'Trial by Jury' to an immense house. 'Trial by Jury' was a sensation in Boston, where it had been previously played by the Alice Oates Company, but made no particular impression; no pains being taken with the presentation, no mise-en-scene, and none of Mr. Gilbert's 'business.' We gave it, with the scenery, costumes and effects as in London, and this burlesque of British institutions (burlesque which afterward found fuller expression in 'H. M. S. Pinafore') caught on with the Americans to an unprecedented extent. Boston simply went wild, and every night 'Trial by Jury' was played twice, every number being encored and repeated. What havoc the bridesmaids created! and there was a movement all over the house when the fair plaintiff appeared."

This was Miss Soldene's second visit to the United States. She came to New York in the fall of 1874. After the company had played in that city and in Brooklyn, it made a tour. Let Miss Soldene again be heard:

"In Boston, beautiful bald-headed Boston, we played at the Globe Theatre, and the great Harvard University supplied us with supers. The up-to-date students thereof bribed the real supers with dollars to get out of the theatre, and filled their places. One night they assisted in the performances; the next in faultless evening dress, they occupied the front rows of the fauteuils, their places on the stage being taken by another contingent. On our last night the whole college turned out, and they set up a barrel of beer in the greenroom for the chorus. Never was such a scandal. Afterwards we heard dreadful stories of 'rustication' and other terrible penalties."

To the best of my knowledge and belief, the dates given below are those of first performances, with the exception just noted.

Dates of First Performances

"Trial by Jury," Globe Theatre, Nov. 19, 1876. Soldene company: The plaintiff, Clara Vesey; judge, John Wallace; defendant, Knight Aston; usher, J. T. Dalton; plaintiff's counsel, C. J. Campbell; foreman, T. Grundy; first bridesmaid, Annie St. George. Fred W. Zaulig, conductor.

"The Sorcerer"—Gaiety Theatre, March 13, 1879. Aline, Adah Richmond; Constance, Jennie Winston; Lady Sangazure, Lizzie Rich; Mrs. Partlett, May Sylvie; Sir Marmaduke, Harry Rich; Alexis, William A. Morgan; Dr. Daly, A. H. Bell; Notary, James A. Sturgis. John Wellington Wells, William A. Hamilton. Edward Hassa, conductor. The performance was, it seems, a miserable one and the operetta was really heard here for the first time when it was produced at the Boston Theatre April 27, 1880, under the direction of N. Lothian by the Ideal Opera Company (Mary Beebe, Geraldine Ulmar, Adelaide Phillips, Lizzie Burton, George Frothingham, W. H. Fessenden, M. W. Whitney, G. Kammerlee, H. C. Barnabee.

"H. M. S. Pinafore"—Boston Museum Nov. 25, 1878. Josephine, Marie Wainwright; Little Buttercup, Lizzie Harold; Hebe, Sadie Martinot; Sir Joseph, George W. Wilson; Capt. Corcoran, J. H. Jones; Ralph Rackstraw, Ross Temple; Dick Deadeye, B. R. Graham. John Braham, conductor. This was the first performance in America.

"The Pirates of Penzance"—Globe Theatre, March 15, 1880. Mabel, Blanche Roosevelt; Kate, Rosina Brandam; Edith, Jessie Bond; Isabel, Miss Barlow; Ruth, Alice Barnett; Richard, Mr. Brocolini; Samuel, Furneaux Cook; Frederic, Hugh Talbot; Maj.-Gen. Stanley, J. H. Ryley; Edward, sergeant of police, F. Clifton. Alfred Cellier, conductor.

"Patience"—Boston Museum, Sept. 17, 1881. Lady Angela, Sadie Martinot; Lady Saphir, Miriam O'Leary; Lady Ella, Gertie Blanchard; Lady Jane, Anna Granger Dow; Patience, Emily Pearl; Bunthorne, G. W. Wilson; Grosvenor, J. S. Haworth; Col. Calverly, E. F. Goodwin; Duke of Donegal, Harry Pepper; Bunthorne's solocitor, J. S. Maffitt, Jr. John Braham conducted.

"Iolanthe"—Boston Bijou Theatre, Dec. 11, 1882. Lord Chancellor, H. E. Dixey; Strephon, Mr. Brocolini; Earl of Tolloller, W. H. Fessenden; Earl of Mt. Ararat, Ed P. Temple; Private Willis, Augustus Kammerlee; the Train Bearer, James H. Finn; Iolanthe, Clara Poole; Phyllis. Janet Edmondson; Fairy Queen. Mary A. Sanger; Celia, Annie Calloway; Lelia, Hattie Delaro; Fleta, Sylvia Gerrish, Conductor, John Braham. The Bijou was opened that night.

"Princess Ida"—Boston Museum, Feb. 11, 1884. King Hildebrand, Alfred Hudson; Hilarion, Alfred Wilkie; Cyril, Percy Cooper; Florian, J. B. Mason; King Gama, Goerge W. Wilson; Arac, Lithgow James; Guron, George R. Parks; Scynthius, Robert Evans; Princess Ida, Janet Edmondson; Lady Blanche, Carrie E. Knowles; Lady Psyche, Blanche Thompson; Melissa, Miriam O'Leary; Sacharissa, Helen Dayne; Chloe, Mary Sears; Ada, May Russell. First performance in America.

"The Mikado"—Hollis Street Theatre, Nov. 9, 1885. The Mikado, Arthur Wilkinson; Nanki-Poo, S. Cadwallader; Ko-Ko. Joan Howson; Pooh-Bah, Mr. Brocolini; Pish-Tush, George Olmi; Yum-Yum, Laura Clement; Pitti-Sing, Hattie Delaro; Peep-Bo, Perle Dudley; Katisha, Rosa Cooke. John Braham, conductor. This was the opening night of the theatre.

"Ruddygore"—Globe Theatre, April 4, 1887. Robin Oakapple, Charles Reed; Richard Dauntless, Philys Branson; Sir Despard, Mr. Brocolini; Old Adam, Joseph Fay; Sir Roderick, George Broderick; Rose. Helen, Lamont; Mad Margaret, Alice Carle; Dame Hannah, Emma Baker; Zorali, Edith Jennesse; Ruth, Hattie Clark. John Braham conducted.

"The Yeoman of the Guard"—Globe Theatre, Feb. 11, 1889. Sergt. Meryll, Mark Smith, Leonard. Charles Lang; Sir Richard, George Broderick; Col. Fairfax, Charles Campbell; Wilfred, Richard Cummings; Jack Point, J. H. Ryley; the Headsman, C. L. Atkins; Elsie, Bertha Ricci; Phoebe, Sylvia Gerrish; Dame Carruthers, Isabella Urquhart; Kate, Marie Glover. John Braham conducted.

"The Gondoliers"—Globe Theatre, April

14, 189—Duke of Plaza Toro, W. A. Mestayer, Luiz, J. J. Rafael, Guiseppe, Frank David, Marco, Paul Brapson, Don Alhambra, George Lauri, Gianetta, Addie Cora Lloyd; Duchess, Mabella Baker; Casilda, Bettina Padelford; Inez, Miss Irwin; Tessa, Theresa Vaughan. Later in the first week Esther Palliser took the part of Gianetta.

"Utopia Limited"—Boston Museum, May 14, 1894. King Paramount, J. J. Dallas; Scaphio, J. W. Hooper; Phanias, Frank Danby; Tarara, J. H. Poskitt; Calynx, Leslie Walker; Lord Dramaleigh, Frank Boor; Capt. Fitzbattleaxe, Clinton Elder; Capt. Sir Edward Corcoran, Mr. Peterkin; Mr. Goldbury, John Coates; Sir Bailey Barre, Percy Charles; Mr. Blushington, Buchanan Wake; Princess Zara, Isabel Reddick; Princess Nekaya, Aileen Burke; Princess Kalyba, Millicent Pyne; Lady Sophy, Kate Talby; Salata, Alice Pennington; Melene, Edith Courtney; Phylla, Maisie Turner. John Braham conducted.

"The Grand Duke"—Hollis Street Theatre, May 3, 191. Performed by students of the Institute of Technology. John Mullaly conducted.

The following operettas with libretto by Gilbert, but with music by another than Sullivan, were produced in Boston as follows:

Gilbert Without Sullivan

"The Mountebanks," Boston Theatre, April 3, 1893. Alfredo, C. Hayden Coffin; Pietro, W. T. Carleton; Bartolo, Louis Harrison; Arrostino, Charles Dungan; Giorgio, John Dudley; Luigi, Charles Rout; Risotto, Henry Hallam; Elvino, George Broderick; Beppo, Russell Malcolm; Guiseppe, A. Bassi; Teresa, Lillian Russell; Ultrice, Mabella Baker; Nita, Laura Clement; Ministra, Ada Dare. Charles Puerner conducted.

"His Excellency"—Tremont Theatre, March 2, 1896. Prince Regent, Julius Steger; Griffenfeld, Cairns James; Erling Sykke, William Philp; Dr. Tortenssen, A. Cramer; Mats Munck, John Le Hay; Corp. Harold, Ernest Snow; Christina, Nancy McIntosh; Thora, Ethel Sydney; Nanna, Gertrude Aylward; Dame Hecla, Alice Barnett; Blanca, Violet Dene. Gustave Howig conducted.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Chieftan," libretto by F. C. Burnand, was an expansion of their "The Contrabandista." "The Chieftan" was performed in Boston for the first time at the Tremont Theatre, Jan. 13, 1896. Grigg, Francis Wilson; De Gonzago, Rhys Thomas; Ferdinand, J. E. Brand; Sancho, J. C. Miron; Jose, E. P. Temple; Pedro Gomez, P. M. Lang; Rita, Lulu Glaser; Inez, Lillian Carlismith; Dolly, Christie MacDonald; Juanita, Alice Holbrook; Marquita, Glena Wright; Zitella, Jeanette Emery; Anna, Martha Stein. Antonio De Novellis was the conductor.

"The Contrabandista" was performed in Boston for the first time at Oakland Garden, July 12, 1880. Grigg, William Forrester; Jose, J. A. Gilbert; Sancho, Paul Bown; Vasquez, Percy J. J. Cooper; Capitaine Alphonso, Mr. Bogle; Rita, Geraldine Ulmer; Inez, Flora E. Barry. Richard Kurth conducted.

Gilbert's Own Recollections

Sir William S. Gilbert—did he take his knighthood ironically, as he took so many thing in life?—spoke at a Savoyard dinner in London four years ago about the beginning of the famous partnership:

"When Sullivan and I began to collaborate, English comic opera had practically ceased to exist. Such musical entertainments as held the stage were adaptations of the crapulous plots of the operas of Offenbach, Audran, and Lecoq. The plots had generally been bewildered out of intelligibility, and when they had not been subjected to this treatment they were frankly improper, whereas the ladies' dresses suggested that the management had gone on the principle of doing a little and doing it well. We set out with the determination to prove that these elements were not essential to the success of humorous opera. We resolved that our plots, however ridiculous, should be void of offence; that, on artistic principles, no man should play a woman's part and no woman a man's. Finally, we agreed that no lady of the company should be required to wear a dress that she could not wear with absolute propriety at a private fancy ball, and I believe I may say that we proved our case. As regards the sumptuary law which we imposed upon ourselves, I may say that it is indorsed today by the producers of musical comedy, for you must all have remarked that the ladies who play in those very unfairly depreciated entertainments are generally clothed in dresses of irreproachable propriety.

"We are credited—or discredited with the conspicuous failure, 'Ruddigore, or The Witch's Curse.' Well, it ran eight months, and, with the sale of the libretto, put £7000 into my pocket. In the blackness of my heart the worst I wish to my rival dramatists is that they may each have a dozen such failures, and retire upon the profits. By the way, it is not generally known that, bending before the storm of press execration, aroused by its horrible and blood-curdling title, we were within an ace of changing it from 'Ruddigore, or the Witch's Curse,' to 'Kensington Gore, or Robin and Richard Were Two Pretty Men.'

"And, while I am dealing with 'Savoy Opera,' I am anxious to avow my indebtedness to the author of the Bab Ballads, who, I am told, is present this evening, and from whom I have so unblushingly cribbed. I can only hope that, like Shakespeare, I may be held to have so far improved upon the original stories as to have justified the thefts that I committed."

How Gilbert Worked

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in his history of the Savoy Opera tells how Gilbert worked. "No brilliancy of dialogue, no skilful elaboration of character will supply the want of a story, serious or comic, as the case may be." Gilbert first let the story he moulded. He wrote the plot out as if it were an anecdote. This covered a few quarto slips of copy, and was written almost without correction. He then expanded the anecdote to the length of an ordinary magazine article by the addition of incident and summaries of conversations. This was corrected and cut down to a skeleton. It was then ready to be broken up itno acts. The scenes, entrances and exits were arranged. The play was not illsutrated by dialogue until the fifth version. The important scenes were written first, and these were gradually knit together by the shorter scenes. The work was then ready for Sullivan. There were mutual concessions, suggestions, alterations.

When Gilbert was asked where he "got his plots," he answered: "Plots? Good gracious! Where do they come from? I don't know." A chance remark in conversation, a trifling incident or object suggested a train of thought. "'The Mikado' was suggested by a Japanese sword which hangs in my study; 'The Yeomen of the Guard' by even a more unlikely incident. I had 20 minutes one day to wait at Uxbridge station for a train, and I saw the advertisement of the 'Tower Furnishing Co.,' representing a number of beef-eaters—why, goodness only knows. It gave me an idea, and I wrote the play originally as one of modern life in the Tower of London."

Gilbert's discipline as a stage manager is well known. He demanded the strictest adherence to the text and to the business designated by him, also the utmost seriousness on the part of the comedian. The traditions are fast disappearing. Even at the Savoy in the course of late revivals gagging has been allowed. Those who saw the early productions in this country tremble when they hear of a revival in 1911, especially when the cast is characterized as "ideal."

Men and Women

Arthur Bourchier preparing to play Bottom in the recent revival of "Midsummer Night's Dream" told a reporter that he studied all the biggest asses he had ever known and then embodied them—made a sort of composite picture—in his makeup so that the first thing Puck would think of would naturally be to make an ass of him. "It was not half so difficult to study the asses I have known in real life as to study the animals themselves. At home I had two donkeys. The first I tried to study died the next day, whether from a broken heart or not, I can't say. With the second I was equally unfortunate. My motto for a donkey is 'Scratch and bray,' but this beast evidently disliking the idea of being made a pantomime of, would do neither." Mr. Bourchier also said that the drama has a serious mission and is a greater power than the pulpit.

Miss Jeska Swartz of the Boston Opera House sang in "Madama Butterfly" at Covent Garden May 12. The Pall Mall Gazette did not appreciate her excellent interpretation. "Mlle. Swartz's Suzuki was perhaps scarcely more than adequate." Miss Destinn was so pleased with Miss Swartz in Boston that she insisted on her appearing as Suzuki at Covent Garden.

And what did the Pall Mall Gazette say about Miss Destinn as the heroine? "Her impersonation of the title part is a highly finished effort in every way; the music suits her beautiful voice admirably, while her histrionic gifts have every chance. In the latter respect it can only be suggested, by way of criticism, that the tragic note is introduced just a little too soon; perhaps, though, this is the result of a virtue becoming a failing, in that her intensity of expression sometimes seems to need a little more relaxation to get the full effect out of the emotional climaxes. In 'Madama Butterfly' the effect is cumulative, but the growth should be slow. In this connection it might be argued, with some truth perhaps, that dramatically the opera drags. Musically, Puccini makes many an immediate effect by his charm of melodic outline, but there is a certain monotony necessarily attaching to his method when one reviews the acts as wholes." The reviewer regretted that the subject of the opera is "of such a painful nature" and was looking forward to Puccini's "Girl" because it has "a happy ending."

Christian Sinding is at work on an opera, "Der heilige Berg," which he hopes to complete for next season.

Mme. Melba visited the Guilhall school of music, London, May 19, and attempted to speak at length on the art of song, for she has presented a scholarship of the value of £30 a year to the school. "There had been an ominous break in her swet voice when Mme. Melba spoke of the honor it was for her to address such a gathering of teachers and students of music. She threw out her arms desparingly, and gave a melancholy little shake of her head: 'I cannot go on,' she whispered in an aside to Mr. Ronald, but encouraged by the cheers of the company, she struggled with her feelings and continued her address. The breakdown came a few minutes later." She said she was too nervous; that she had never made a speech in her life. Mr. Ronald read the rest of the address.

The Kaiser is not the only composer among German royalties of today. His brother, Prince Henry, has composed a number of pieces, one of the best known and most popular of which is the "Matrosenmarsch." Prince Albert, Regent of Brunswick, and his son, Prince Joachim, have each published several compositions. Prince Albert's sister, the widowed Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has written and composed over 30 songs for mezzo-soprano, including one of which the words are English. Her works, however, are issued only for private circulation under the initials "A. H. M.," and nont has been placed on public sale. Several of the Hapsburgs have won fame as composers, and a ballet by the Archduke John is still on the repertory of the Vienna Opera House.

In view of the publication of Wagner's autobiography, the following advertisement from the Berliner Tageblatt comes as a coincidence: "Villa to be let in Lucerne. The Villa Tribschen (Richard Wagner's domicile, 1866-1872), situate in most glorious surroundings on, and commanding perfect view of, the Vierwaldstattersee, contains: Fourteen reception and living rooms, kitchen, cellar, bathroom, etc. Annual rental, £300." It was here that the composer wrote his autobiography, which comprises his reminiscences from 1813 to 1864, based on diaries and notes kept uninterruptedly since 1835.

Enrico Bossi, organist and composer, has resigned from the directorship of the Lyceum of Music at Bologna.

Miss Goodrich's Novel

Edna Goodrich, it appears, has written a novel, "Mrs. Deynard's Divorce." The New York Dramatic Mirror publishes perfervid extracts from the manuscript. The heroine is, of course, a beautiful and blameless actress. The husband is old and jealous and there is a philandering leading man.

Here is a picture of the heroine: "Becomingly gowned in rich, dark seal velvet, with a suggestion of barbaric Orientalism in its striking scarlet and gold embellishment, she made a picture of sultry-eyed, warm-cheeked and moist-lipped loveliness that held the indulgent gaze of every man in the room, her husband alone excepted."

The husband is less attractive: "In spite of high living, not to say dissipation, he looked usually no older than his years. But as he emerged into the crystal, clear air of this cloudless midday, age seemed suddenly to have set her mark upon him. His generally erect figure drooped. His face was not merely bloodless, but below the cheek bones, lacking its regular morning shaving, it was dead gray. His eyes were dull and bloodshot from anxiety and loss of sleep. Wrinkles showed at their corners and at the corners of his rather lascivious mouth, from which depended an unlighted cigarette." The "c" in "lascivious" should not be pronounced as "k," in spite of the tradition handed down to barn-storming tragedians.

The heroine and the dull-eyed husband quarreled with dramatic climax:

"After a while he said: 'Do you remember how once, when I came home very late, or very early in the morning, you referred to your nickname and said to me, "You don't seem to need your Sunshine any more."'

"She smiled at him and dried her eyes. 'I know,' she answered quickly, and you said 'I don't want Sunshine after dark!'"

Grand Guignol Plays

The latest shockers at the Grand Guignol, Paris, are "Atelier d'Aveugles" ("The Blind Men's Workshop" and "Sous la Lumiere Rouge" ("Under the Red Light."

In the former play blind men are making brushes in an institution. They are prepared to revolt and they complain that they toil for the benefit of a capitalist. One of the men draws a knife and makes for the boss. The latter goes after the police and as he leaves locks the workshop door. The blind are now alone; they begin to be disquieted. No one answers when they telephone to the porter's lodge. There is an awful silence. Blind as they are, they think the room grows darker. They hear the horn of the fire brigade. The house must be in danger and they mutter in their fright. One jumps out of the window; the others are half-crazed. The manager arrives with the commissaire of police, but the blind have already been punished for their revolt. The acting is said to be most impressive. The realistic gestures of the blind were rehearsed for three months.

In "Under the Red Light" a young man mourns his dead sweetheart. She is taken to her tomb and the lover develops a photograph that he had taken of her as she lay a corpse on her bed. Under the red light of the lamp he discovers that her eyes were open. Then she was not dead at the time? He at last obtains a permit for exhumation. The coffin is brought in. The man's friends ask him to wait in another room. The coffin is opened. The face shows there had been a struggle. It was true—she was not dead. The lover rushes in to know the result. "She was dead—happily," says his friend, who at the same time looks at the physician who had hastily given the death certificate.

Mme. Bernhardt and Her Plans

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has definite plans for next season. She may appear as Mephistopheles when she returns to France. "I have always thought," she said recently to a reporter, "that the popular conception of Mephistopheles is erroneous. They always present him in grand opera as a great, big, muscular person. He should be portrayed as less material, something ethereal, elusive, a mental more than a physical character. I believe I could show a more real and convincing Mephistopheles."

"Wouldn't it seem audacious for a woman to impersonate the archangel of evil?"

"Why more audacious than for a woman to portray an angel?"

"But have you really come to prefer male parts?"

"I have played almost every type of woman," Mme. Bernhardt answered; "I have portrayed almost every conceivable phase of woman's emotion from the utmost refinement of maternal love to the final word in the sexual relationship. Exhausted the character of woman? Yes, that is right. I have run the gamut. Now the parts that appeal to me are those of the intellect, the mentality of strong men. I must express myself now with the brain alone. I find that big male parts afford me that medium of expression. But they have for me, alas! a limit. It is impossible for me to make love as a man. In 'Hamlet,' 'L'Aiglon,' 'Mephistopheles,' that emotion does not enter. I can portray the mind, the intellect of a man, but make love like a man—that is impossible and ever will be."

"How long do you believe you will be able to remain before the public?" asked the interviewer.

"As long," said madame gravely, "as I am able to portray the parts I am now playing. I will put it more concisely. I shall keep on playing as long as I can play 'L'Aiglon.' Ah, that is the touchstone. There you have youth, masculine youth, vivacity, energy, life, gayety, sadness, tragedy—everything. As long as I can play 'L'Aiglon' nothing is impossible. As long as I can play 'L'Aiglon' I shall remain on the stage."

Music Department of Boston

The music department of the city of Boston has issued its report for the year 1910-11. The appropriation for the department was $19,000, of which $17,583.75 was expended; $1778.36 for office expenses, $9161.42 for summer band concerts, $6643.97 for winter concerts. One hundred and thirty-nine concerts were given during the year—84 summer and 55 winter.

The Municipal band, led by Albert Kanrich, performed at 30 evening concerts to an estimated attendance of 83,700. Seven summer concerts at Franklin Park on Saturday afternoons were given to 17,200. The work of the Municipal band (25 men) was supplemented by other bands. These in all furnished entertainment to a total of 192,000 people. A tabulated attendance list will give a distinct idea of how well attended these concerts were at the various places throughout the city:

	Estimated total attendance
Boston Common, Kanrich's band, nine concerts	75,00
Marine Park, nine different bands, nine concerts	65,00
Franklin Park, Municipal band, eight concerts	32,20
Wood Island Park, Municipal band, four concerts	19,00
Jamaica Pond, seven different bands, seven concerts	39,00
School playgrounds, municipal subsection, four concerts	1,8

ong Island. Municipal band, two concerts	800
harlestown Almshouse. Municipal band, subsection, one concert	115
egular evening concerts in various sections of city. Municipal band, 30 concerts	83,700
Estimated total	316,615

There were other concerts, as at Long sland, the Charlestown almshouse.

The orchestra of 10 for the winter conerts was conducted by William Howrd. During the season there were 47 rchestral concerts, 7 chamber trio conerts and one organ recital. It is estinated that 40,215 attended.

The concerts were given in the various ections of the city, in the largest halls vailable, as follows:

aneuil Hall, North end	4
ranklin Union, South end	4
ord Hall, West end	4
ris' Latin school, Fenway	5
orchester high school	8
oxbury high school	6
outh Boston high school	5
harlestown high school	3
hapman school, East Boston	4
heverus school, Orient Heights	1
Vest Roxbury high school	5
owell school, Roxbury—West	2
righton high school	1
Knights of Honor Hall, Roslindale	2
hawmut Congregational Church, organ recital	1
Total	55

The committee urges the erection of mall band stands on the larger playrounds in the various sections of the ity.

Notes from England

The dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette writes apropos of a revival of "Hedda abler" with the Princess Bariatinsky s the heroine: "There are many who onsider 'Hedda Gabler' Ibsen's most ffective play. I should certainly say hat it is easier to act effectively than The Doll's House,' and much easier han 'The Master Builder.' It must be little disconcerting to the anti-Ibsenes—of whom there are still plenty who rave, recite and madden round the and'—to find three of his plays being cted almost simultaneously in the Vest end of London."

Arnold Daly made a decided hit in ondon May 18 in "Arms and the Man." he Times said: "He is certainly the est Capt. Bluntschli we have seen—quiet ry, with a touch of the brogue and a herry twinkle in his eye. He can lisen as well as talk expressively, and, hat is more, can sit still expressively -a talent in agreeable contrast to the estlessness of many of his present comades."

Delibes's ballet, "Sylvia," has been ompressed into one tableau for the Empire, London. "The story remains lear and a ballet of 40 minutes is about s long a ballet as London audiences are to sit out. This is one of the ases in which one wishes for more." Miss Lydia Kyasht was the chief ancer.

Conan Doyle has made Sherlock Holmes the principal figure in a variety ketch which will be produced at a ondon music hall next October.

Seymour Hicks and his wife have one to South Africa.

Cosmo Hamilton's comedy, "Mrs. keffington," has been renamed "The nd screet Mrs. Thynne" and the Ameri. an rights have been secured by Miss Rose Dupree, "whose reputation as a omedian stands high in the United tates."

Edward Burlingame Hill's "Nuns of he Perpetual Adoration," chorus for omen's voices and orchestra, was erformed at the town hall, Birmingam (Eng.) by the Midland Institute rchestra, led by Granville Bantock, ay 10. Ernest Newman wrote as ollows in the Birmingham Post of he next day: "Far more interesting as one of the other novelties, a etting for female choir and orchestra f Ernest Dowson's poem, 'The Nuns f the Perpetual Adoration,' by Mr. . Burlingame Hill, a well known merican musical critic. Mr. Hill has vidently studied all that is good in iodern music, but he has assimilated it nd has been able to add something of ls own to it; nowhere do we get he impression of a mere echo of imitaon. The little cantata is as excellent a iece of work in its own line as one has eard for some time. Mr. Hill evidently as a delicately poetic imagination, and as reproduced the half mystic, half assionate words of the poem with singuar success. The music falls very gratehlly on the ear throughout, the orchesration being particularly effective. The erformance was capable, though one an imagine the work being both sung nd played in more subtle style."

"Girofle-Girofla" was performed by ampstead amateurs May 19. The harming operetta had not been heard London for 37 years, according to he Pall Mall Gazette.

Alma Moodie, an Australian violinist, years old, played in London, May 19. is said that she has laid the foundaon of an excellent technic. "Not only d one observe, in the playing of the econd and third movements of the chaikowsky concerto, very neat and ean execution, but a tone of purity nd admirable dynamic range for one y ng. That her performance was ome of the schoolroom type in her aspects, straightforward, and ther tter-of-fact is perhaps all one an expect at present; but there were ertainly signs of a genuine musical nare."

Revival of "Le Roi s'Amuse"

Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse" was revived at the Comedie Francaise, May 15. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "Some critic announced that this evening's revival of the drama, or melodrama, in verse would settle the point once and for all whether Hugo is a dramatist or not. I am afraid that after seeing 'Le Roi s'amuse' we all decided that we preferred 'Rigoletto.' If the grand old man of French literature is to stand or fall by 'Le Roi s'amuse' he stands unsteadily. At times it was difficult to suppose that the tragedy was not a farce. Its exquisite humor was added to when one remembered that Victor Hugo, when he wrote it, thought he was being Shakespearian." The correspondent then fills space by telling most unnecessarily the story of the play, which ends "with a long scene, parodying in hundreds of lines the few unforgettable words of Lear carrying Cordelia dead in his arms. If 'Le Roi s'amuse' were representative of French early 19th century romanticism, we should be driven to conclude that French romanticism is dead, and ought to be buried."

This is a philistine correspondent. Hugo's fame as a dramatist never rested on "Le Roi s'amuse," which was always considered boresome. When it was revived in 1882, 50 years after the first performance, the art of Got, who took the part of Triboulet, could not save the piece, and he was not successful in his impersonation. He entered in his journal the night of the performance, "What coldness, what boredom! But if it is a defeat, I have the proud but painful consciousness of having done all that was possible for me to do, even to the impossible." The correspondent apparently forgets that Hugo was also the author of "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Angelo," all extravagantly romantic but far more interesting and better adapted to stage effects than "Le Roi s'amuse."

Strange News from America

The Era (London) publishes entertaining news from the United States. How many Bostonians are acqualnted with "a new Shakespeare theory"?

"Miss Harriet P. Cherstow, an American lady, claims to have discovered, through the falling in of the walls of her home at Boston, a long-missing document which shows that Shakespeare was a murderer. 'From the height at which he might have been happy as a most successful dramatist and the husband of an almost divine woman,' writes Mrs. Cherstow, 'Mr. Shakespeare fell into the depths of secret criminal homicide, assisted, in the latter part of his career, by a blood relation—discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

" 'From henceforth this fearful, guilty secret became the ruling force of his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish and insane dread of detection. His various friends, seeing that he was wretched, pressed marriage upon him.'

"Shakespeare's daughter, Susannah, it appears, assisted him in slaying some rival dramatists whom he had invited to Startford, and Anne was his accomplice.

" 'On one occasion, after their removal to New place, she came upon him sitting wiht the partner of his guilt beneath the fatal mulberry tree. She went up to them, and he, looking down upon the grave among the nettles, with a sarcastic smile, said: "When will those three down there meet us again?" She answered, "Not in heaven, I fear." ' "

The other story is headed "Fact and Fiction."

"In March, 1902, says 'Answers,' there was produced at Wyndham's Theatre a one-act play called 'Heard at the Telephone.' This play created a positive sensation, and was denounced as too grucsome for representation on any stage. The central idea was that of a husband hearing, by means of a telephone, the cries of his wife, who was being murdered by tramps in a lonely country house. Two years later—to be precise, on Jan. 8, 1904—an innkeeper named George Hartsock, living at Minneapolis, the great grain city of Minnesota, was called up on the 'phone by an acquaintance, James Garfield, an actor. 'Wait and listen,' was the message. Hartsock heard Mrs. Garfield apparently pleading for her life, and supposed that the couple were rehearsing a new play. Suddenly came the heavy report of a revolver, a piercing scream. Then a second report, an awful groan—and silence. Thoroughly alarmed, Hartsock telephoned to the police headquarters, and two officers were sent to Garfield's rooms. There they found Mrs. Garfield lying dead, with two bullet wounds through her head, and her husband beside her, dying. He had shot himself after committing the murder."

"Heard at the Telephone," the Era neglects to state, was an adaptation of "Au Telephone" by Andre de Lorde and Charles Foley, produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, Nov. 28, 1901.

MONDAY, JUNE 5, 1911.

WE'LL GO NO MORE A-SAILING.

One steamship company now vies with another in building gigantic and luxurious vessels. If the length of the Titanic is 882½ feet, a rival company at once announces that it is planning for a ship that will be 950 feet long. Luxury, not speed, will be the object, although the engines of the proposed vessel will be of 80,000 horsepower.

There will, of course, be a ladies' drawing room, a Ritz restaurant, a winter garden, a spacious hall with potted plants, fountains, and at no distant time orchids will be grown, directly on the deck. There will be "quiet summer houses in old English rustic style for tea and coffee parties." A marble swimming bath will extend through two decks, and it is promised that there will be a change of water at least once in two days. The fulfilment of this promise will be unessential, for the bath will be an exact copy of one found at Pompeii, with mosaic pavements copied from Roman remains at Treves. Nothing is said about arrangements for baseball and polo or the chase of the anise-seed bag, but these are probably taken for granted.

In spite of all the luxurious appointments, which to some are now necessities, there are many who look back regretfully to the simple life on the ocean. They that went down to the sea in ships often requested the prayers of the congregation and made their last will and testament beginning with the stately formula: "In the name of God, Amen." They packed thick, rough clothing, and affected a pilot jacket and a flannel shirt. They were prepared for certain discomforts and would have been disappointed had they been thoroughly at ease until they landed. Their bath was on the deck early in the morning; it was taken standing and the water came from a hose. There were no amusements except shovelboard, cards, checkers or chess, and as pianos were not often found on board there were few concerts.

The one idea of the voyager was to have a change of life in every respect and from ten days to a fortnight. He took a few books with him, but he was too lazy to read. He smoked and dozed. He watched through half shut eyes the water and the sky. There was even then a pool on the ship's run, for man is by nature a gambler, but the pool was a small one. In those days an occasional shilling bought much civility. There was good talk at meals and neither man nor woman dressed for dinner. There was dissipation in the form of a Welsh rabbit and ale at night. The romance of journeying by sea faded with the appearance of the dress suit as indispensable baggage. (The word "baggage" was then used by Americans, and any one saying "luggage" would have been looked on curiously as a hopeless victim of Anglo-mania.)

Voyages in those days did the passenger a world of good. There was no excitement except in case of accident. There was no feverish anxiety to reach the other side. Yet there was the consciousness of adventurous days and nights. Something might happen. There was no possibility of reaching the business man. There might be failures, deaths. The passengers were happily ignorant. When they landed, their clothes smelled of the sea, and the first night in the inn at Liverpool or Boston or New York the bed rocked. We have changed all that, and not for the better. There is no thought of the romance of the sea. The vessels in which Thackeray and Dickens came to us seem as contemptible as the ships of Columbus or Sir Humfrey Gilbert. Who remembers today the City of Paris and the Alaska and the tales of their fleetness? There is hardly anything left now for the old-fashioned voyager except a wheezing, laboring, foul-hulled tramp.

Miss Beatrice Farnham, popularly known as the New England Cowgirl, is to be married on the topmost point of Independence Monument in Western Colorado, about 550 feet in the air. Thus will she and her husband always remember that they have been married. Women have been married in balloons, diving-bells, on mountain tops, in caves, women that abhorred the conventional. Here in Boston several years ago Miss Wiberg was married to Mr. St. Andrassy in a den of lions at the Zoo. Engraved invitations were sent out and the lions endured even the whining and the bleating of a cabinet organ.

Because a servant girl in Tioga County, N. Y., disrobed before an uncurtained window, a neighboring farmer shot at her and badly wounded her. He said he shot "to teach the girl a lesson." In cases like this, much depends on the girl. Sometimes there are mitigating circumstances.

Secretary Wilson says the woodpecker is the friend of man. That's the reason, then, why the bird hammers on the bedchamber roof a little after sunrise.

June 6 1911

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a play in three acts by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Earl of Dorincourt	George Hassell
Cedric Errol	Henrietta McDannel
Mr. Havisham	Cyril Biddulph
Mr. Hobbs	Donald Meek
Dick	Florence Shirley
Mrs. Errol	Gertrude Binley
Minna	Mabel Colcord
Mary	Kate Ryan

"The Duke of Argyle's Wit" is the heading of a short article in the Pall Mall Gazette. The Duke met Calvin Brown, the promoter of the Earl's Court Exhibition, and asked him from what part of America he came. "From Nebraska," proudly answered Mr. Brown. "The Duke thought for a moment and replied with a smile: 'Oh, Nebraska; it is famous for its horizons, is it not?' Nebraska is one great plain, and the wit of the remark delighted those who heard it." Yet it should be remembered that the Duke "thought for a moment." While the jest cannot be applauded as spontaneous, it is probably above the ducal average. There was a Duke of Argyle years ago who had the reputation of being a philanthropic humorist. He caused scratching posts to be erected in frequented places.

The story of Jacob Seitz of Lockland, Ohio, who went to bed for three days and hatched out 60 chickens was anticipated by Guy de Maupassant. H. C. Bunner made a delightful paraphrase of the French story.

"CONSUL THE GREAT" BACK AT B. F. KEITH'S

"Monkey with More Than Human Intelligence" Heads an Excellent Bill.

"Consul the Great" is the leader at B. F. Keith's this week. The "monkey with more than human intelligence"

does many astonishing things, some of them new since he was here last. His behavior in the restaurant might well be imitated by a number of young men of the present day. "Consul" is, in fact, a model of deportment—a Turveydrop of monkeys.

It is a good seasonable bill. Clara Nelson and Jim Diamond, in "Something New," are confidently prescribed to sufferers from mental and physical depression. Miss Nelson used to have a leading part in "Up and Down Broadway." Diamond is a clever comedian.

Adolph Glose is a pianist—but he plays in the "make-up" of some of the old composers. His impersonation of Liszt is remarkable and his Wagner is also excellent. His playing is good enough to keep up the illusions he creates.

There are other good things. They start with the Dorians in a remarkable aerobatic pantomime, entitled "A Terrible Night." Brent Hayes, fresh from a trip to Europe, does some things with a banjo. For one, he gives an imitation of an orchestra; and his "Old Kentucky Home," with accompaniment and variations, is something to be heard.

Clara Whitney and James F. Leonard, in Charles Horwitz's skit, "Duffy's Rise," show that many undesirable things go with wealth and that there are many pleasures money cannot buy. Kate Watson, as an eccentric character comedian, gives a picture of the village girl of the middle West who has never been away from home. Sergt. Brennan performs feats in diabolo. Swor and Mack, as black-face comedians, give some of the best impressions of the southern negro seen in Boston for some time.

June 6 1911

A large house witnessed the debut of Mrs. George A. Hibbard, widow of former Mayor Hibbard, at the Majestic Theatre last night. Every part of the house was filled, and the audience was enthusiastic. The play was "The Chorus Lady," by the Lindsay Morison stock company, and the production was well up to the standard Mr. Morison has set this season.

Mrs. Hibbard showed decided talent. More than this, she played in what might be called a workmanlike manner. Her part, that of a show girl to whom fine clothes, jewels and luxury are everything, is difficult; but she seemed to hit the proper mean. In the dressing room scene her attitudes of superiority to and scorn for the rest were well assumed.

At the close of the second act, bouquets were brought in in quantities. Miss Gordon, who played the leading part, got many of these; but the greater quantity were for Mrs. Hibbard, who was cheered again and again.

Then Lindsay Morison had to be Mrs. Hibbard's spokesman. "This poor lady is tired out," he said. He told what a week of rehearsals she had had, of posing for photographs and paying generally the penalty of celebrity. He reminded the house that she had been the first lady in Boston, and concluded by announcing that she would stay with them for the rest of the season.

Of the others, Miss Gordon added to her triumphs. Mrs. Morison was admirable. There is no more capable actress in the company. Miss Valaire had a part that suited her.

Mr. Nannary was all that could be wished for as Patricia's father. His acting as well as that of Mrs. Morison in the first act was altogether natural. Mr. Melrose was an attractive hero.

The chief members of the cast were:

Patricia O'Brien	Eleanor Gordon
Nora O'Brien	Valerie Valaire
Mrs O'Brien	Rose Morison
Sylvia Simpson	Mrs. George A. Hibbard
The Duke	Fraunie Fraunholz
Patrick O'Brien	Edward Nannary
Dick Crawford	William Hasson
Dan Mallory	Wilson Melrose

June 10 1911

Mascagni's "Ysobel," with a libretto based on the story of the Lady Godiva and her celebrated ride, has at last been produced—but at Buenos Ayres, not New York. The composer had bad luck when he was in the United States. He conducted a memorable performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in Boston, and produced his "Iris" and "Zanetto," and then he and his company went up in the air. There were a few concerts in Symphony Hall, also a misunderstanding with his travelling manager which led afterward to angry words and law suits. This manager is now in an asylum for the insane. Mascagni was a child in many ways and would not accommodate himself to American hours. When a performance was announced as beginning at 8 o'clock he wondered why the audience was impatient at 8:45 and calling for the curtain to rise. His wife was superstitious, saw the evil eye at every corner, suspected everybody of cheating. She made much trouble, but inasmuch as she had nursed Mascagni when he was sick nigh unto death, he married her and thought her his mascotte ever afterward. The sensitive should not shudder at the thought of Lady Godiva in opera. She rides only in an orchestral intermezzo and is not seen even by a Peeping Tom.

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Polo, a Myopia friend informs me, came from Persia, and there are curious old pictures representing princes at play. One of these illustrations is in the fourth edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam." The game is mentioned in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," and in the story a learned leech puts a medicament in the handle grasped by his patient. Is the game still played in Persia by noble natives? A match between a team from the country in which the game originated and that of Meadow Brook would indeed be international.

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Mr. Sherard told the court in the suit brought for separation by his wife, Irene Osgood, that she sometimes threw things at him, sometimes covered him with caresses, sometimes forbade him to enter her room for 20 days and sometimes sent for him 20 times in the morning." The romantic would delight in such a wife. Uniform courtesy or affection is boresome to the man and dangerous to the wife's peace. In this instance, the wife kept Mr. Sherard guessing. What if she allowed him only $500 a year? That was enough for spending money, and as he was busy, as he says, writing her books, and as she lodged and fed him, he should have saved some portion of the $500.

It was recently stated that a clergyman was not called to a parish because as a candidate he had crossed his legs while sitting on the platform. Some years ago Dr. Josef Garzourka of Budapest said in Philadelphia that American women cross their legs so much that they become nervous and their health is undermined. Dr. Alice Scabrook of Philadelphia applauded the practice because it is comfortable. Dr. W. M. L. Coplin believed in letting women do as they please. While he said that the position is restful "and is, to my mind, a form of individualism," he admitted that it is not dignified, "and in some cases it works physical harm to the individual."

June 7. 1911

A German newspaper asserts that Germans do not make a good appearance in civilian dress. If the reference is to German officers, no one will contradict the statement. Many American women have been disillusionized seeing strutting German officers not in uniform and without their corsets. The Kaiser himself is not imposing in civilian dress. Witness a picture of him taken recently in London in which he sports a queer light-colored plug hat. The newspaper, greatly daring, says that the Kaiser wears his trousers too short. Other great and good men have thus shown themselves mortal. The trousers of Cesar Franck and Johannes Brahms were generally at half-mast.

For authentic information concerning the King and Queen of England and everything relating to the coronation, Mr. F. Townsend Martin is always on tap. He is a source, a tank, a tun of facts acknowledged and things not generally known. As he said to a reporter in London on June 3—a date that should be remembered if not publicly observed in future: "Queen Mary is a most wonderful woman. I know her children's governess well." And what have the butler and Boots not told him!

"Green maple worms at work." Let 'em work. This is not the time of year when they will fall into the sap. Nor does maple sugar in these ingenious days necessarily come from maple trees.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, 1911.

SIGNED EDITORIALS.

Senator Grady of New York, irritated by a violent editorial article against him, has introduced a bill compelling the addition of the writer's name to every editorial published in any newspaper of the state. Is it possible that in his heart of heart he expects the bill will be passed?

There was a time in the United States when the personality of the editor who was then the leader-writer was of great influence. The people bought the Tribune to learn what Horace Greeley thought about a public measure or situation. What did Henry J. Raymond say in the Times, or the elder Bennett in the Herald? The Courier and Inquirer was only another name for James Watson Webb. William Cullen Bryant was the Post. The dwellers in the Connecticut Valley took the Springfield Republican to read the editorial articles of Samuel Bowles, and while many disagreed with his opinions the newspaper was nevertheless read and respected. And so for many years men said: "Did you see what Dana said in the Sun?" Yet the article in question was possibly written by another.

There were other editors who were thus held peculiarly responsible for all important editorial paragraphs, as Geo. D. Prentice and Thurlow Weed. The last of the race is Col. Henry Watterson. For the old order changeth, and as in England it was the Times that thundered whether the Jove happened to be Sterling or Delane or Chenery, so now in this country the newspaper is quoted, applauded or harshly criticised without thought of the person that expressed the editorial policy or opinion.

It has been said that the writer of an editorial article has an unfair advantage over the man attacked from motives of public interest or public morals, because he is an anonymuncule, to use the word coined by Charles Reade in one of his frequent moments of rage. The reproach is unfounded. If the article were signed, the aggrieved would have no better remedy at law. Nor should in that case the writer be held solely responsible. In the majority of leading newspaper offices, important editorial articles are as a rule the result of deliberate reflection on the part of those in control. A writer is selected to express the views of these men. The article may be modified, strengthened before it appears in print. It is then the opinion, the appeal, the attack of the newspaper. If even a senator thinks himself wronged, he can bring an action against that journal, for it is responsible.

In France and in some other countries, signed editorial articles are common. However forcible or witty these articles may be, they are the opinions of M. Chose or Signor Niente, and the readers make allowance for personal prejudice; nor do they easily separate the individual as known to them from the opinion which is expressed in accordance with the wishes of editor and publisher. It is not now necessary to ask whether editorial articles, even in the London Times, have the weight and influence of former years. It is enough to say that the impersonality of a newspaper with a strong and established character is more influential than what this or that man may write for it and sign.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1911.

THE SANE OR FANTASTICAL SICK.

Some, reading the account of a case in a Maine court, wonder at the gullibility of a person who had such faith in a physician that she would accept his theory of nutritious milk from pumpkin seeds, or bread of raw grain, red pepper and walnuts. Then there was the mysterious medicine from India, the land of mysteries, strange red sticks, stranger black pills, which crushed gave out a pungent odor.

They forget that the woman was sick and had not obtained relief from "regular practitioners." Nor is it only a fantastical person that is ready to accept any theory, to follow any regimen, to swallow any medicament. Sane and shrewd men and women, a prey to disease, after physicians with orthodox certificates have been in vain, will do anything, submit to anything in the hope of a recovery.

The history of the world is full of these instances in every land. In legends and fairy stories, the court physicians are unable to save the princess who is wasting away, possibly from witchcraft. The stranger enters and cures her. He is from the East. He knows the properties of rare plants. Cures have been whispered in his ear, cures not to be divulged but practised. This wandering doctor is a magician, or a disguised prince who has been reared by a supernatural nurse with secrets handed down by jinn obedient to Solomon.

Nor is it necessary to go back to legends. Diaries and memoirs abound in stories of incredible remedies and cures. Men and women put faith in the most disgusting or grotesque medicaments. Paullini's "Dreck-Apotheke" and Capt. Bourke's "Scatologic Rites" show the amazing courage and simple faith of generations.

Take the cures for pleurisy alone. Rushworth gives a sure cure: "When the pleurisy is past the time of blood-letting, take an apple and cut away the top of it to make a cover, then pick out the core and fill the empty room with the white of frankincense; then lay on the cover and roast it; and when it is soft, bruise and mix it all together, then put so much sugar to it as will make it savory, let the sick person eat it, and it fails not to cure."

John Wesley knew three persons entirely cured of confirmed dropsy: one by drinking six quarts a day of cold water; the second by drinking two of three gallons of new cider; the third by drinking a gallon or two of small beer and the same quantity of buttermilk. He also knew confirmed invalids, paralytics and other folk, who said: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me whole; be it according to thy will!" and immediately the pain and disorder ceased and they "enjoyed perfect health" for many years.

There are well educated, eminently sane and successful business men in Boston who are treated by irregular practitioners with theories that seem preposterous to the plain man in the street. One of these "natural doctors" gives no drugs, but has powerful and electric hands. Another obtains amazing results from herbs which he will not name. The patients have implicit faith. They long ago abandoned their family doctors. They say they are restored to health.

The wise man does not laugh at the thought of milk from pumpkin eds. He knows that in France and Algeria these seeds are given to e sufferers from tape-worm. The bread of raw grain, red pepper and alnuts recommended by the Brooklyn physician is probably no more ipalatable than many "health foods" sold frely in the shops. One man cured by a diet that would kill another. The wisdom of the Orient s been traditional for centuries. Nothing that the sick believe or do uld be regarded as surprising or absurd.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1911.

HOPE FROM MINERAL SPRINGS.

The establishment of the New York Mineral Springs Reservation Saratoga Springs has been solemnly commemorated. There was a nner, there was at least one address, "prominent residents" were esent, and there was music by a "special orchestra," with a program ntaining an original piece, composed by Arthur Levin of New York, hich had as its theme the springs of Saratoga." Nothing was said reporters as to the structure of this piece, nor was it analyzed. It obably has no traces of limestone or pernicious vegetable matter and a lively movement, allegro con fuoco, possibly presto, and with agreeble contrasts between forte and piano.

Now that the Canfield gaming palace is no more and there is gislation against bookmakers and track bets, will the glory of the d watering place return? Years ago there were two great summer sorts, Newport and Saratoga. Life at the latter was especially interting. Public men from all parts of the country were to be seen on e long and broad verandas. Women dressed for the walk on these randas and were conspicuous by reason of their jewels.

Each hotel had its band, and Mr. Lothian, who is still living in oston, could tell entertaining stories of what he saw and heard as nductor in Saratoga for many summers. There was the drive to the ake. There were the live Indians, warranted genuine, who made noes and bows and arrows. There were the hops at night. Bankers, oliticians, clergymen, teachers, all sorts and conditions of sound or verish men and women met at the springs, and there were some who, aving confined their attention to alcoholic beverages for ten months, ank the waters with a zest unknown to the temperate.

The dining room life was a source of wonder to visiting foreigners. he superb dignity of the head waiters, the indifference of their subdinates unless a substantial fee was given in advance and a weekly p was forthcoming, the procession of courses, the complex breakfasts, e capacity of the guests—all this was strange, amazing to them. And ere were Americans that viewed the scene cynically, as Charles Astor risted, who found copy for his amusing book, "The Upper Ten Thouand," sketches of American society in the fifties that are invaluable to e sociologist.

Then there was the chief gambling house, famous under the rule f the gentle voiced, mild mannered John Morrissey, celebrated under e management of Canfield, lover of the arts, for whom a game of olitaire is named. The croupiers looked as though they were retired rofessors of theology or venerable philanthropists. Mr. Morrissey, ugilist, state senator, member of Congress, honest citizen, would not llow the young, not even university seniors, to tempt fortune.

When Saratoga and Newport were at the height of their glory the ummer cottage was almost unknown. The rich preferred hotel life. he poor stayed in the city or visited country relatives. There was hen no golf, no tennis. Today summer palaces line the coast and rown the hills. The man of moderate income looks forward to opening is bungalow or little shack. The hotel and boarding house are avoided hen possible, yet they are numberless and in August are crowded. But there is now no life like that of the old days at Saratoga. Is a eturn to it possible?

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1911.

OFF THE HONDURAN COAST.

The news comes from San Diego, Cal., the town made famous by the prose and verse of John Phoenix, that treasure seekers are heading for that port with an immense amount, anywhere from $15,000,000 to $65,000,000, which was hidden years ago by the crew of a Chilian cruiser off the Honduran coast. The steamer that carries these lucky seekers and their fortune is appropriately named the Eureka.

Who is so old that this news does not thrill him for days? The very words Chili and Honduras are as a trumpet call to many whose naturally adventurous souls chafe in routine or inaction. Only a few months ago a benevolent-looking person, venerable and gold-spectacled, went about this city offering stock in a Honduras gold mine at a ridiculously low price and with the promise of certain and enormous returns. Then there is the Honduras mahogany. How ran the old formula? "The building is solid with Rock Island granite and finished throughout with Honduras mahogany."

Only the carper, the low-spirited, the lineal descendant of Doubting Thomas, would ask where the Chilian crew obtained the treasure; why they hid it; what they were doing off the Honduran coast; how the seekers worked in secret. We see the treasure now: Chests and bags of ingots, doubloons, moidores, pieces of eight; sacred vessels, the plunder of the sacrilegious; ropes of pearls, heaps of Brazilian diamonds; all sorts of precious stones, set and unset. The loot years ago of men under the Jolly Roger sailing the Spanish Main. Aladdin never saw the like; the Forty Thieves in comparison were area snatchers, working the kitchen lay; Edmond Dantes was a beggar in spite of his applauded gesture and cry: "The world is mine!"

We are speaking of fortunes obtained legitimately, by bold deeds, by peril on land and sea, not of the fortune of a Harriman or a Rockefeller. The pirates fought in the open. Their victims walked the plank or were slaughtered on the deck, and there was at once an end to their troubles. The victors always had before them the thought of a body swinging in

Fifteen thousand plumbers will be in convention at Galveston, and not an unsanitary one among them!

June 8 1911

EDWARD HARRIGAN.

The name of Edward Harrigan means little or nothing to the younger generation of playgoers, and yet the late actor and dramatist deserves an honorable place in the history of the American theatre. Beginning as a song-and-dance man, applauded as a partner of Hart in variety shows, he conceived the idea of giving realistic sketches of life among the lowly of New York—the Irish, Germans, negroes—known to him and to all with observing eyes.

Making these sketches—for Harrigan's plays were only sketches connected by a thread of a story—he breathed the breath of life into his characters so that they did not have photographic hardness. They were intensely real in speech and action. Many of us remember with delight Mr. Mulligan and his faithful friend, Mr. Walsingham McSweeney; Cordelia and her aspirations, the Rev. Pewtel Palestine and others who appeared in the famous series. They were not caricatures; they were creatures of flesh and blood.

Harrigan's little theatre became famous. It also became fashionable. He and his partner Hart were admirably supported, and the plays were produced with a care and a verisimilitude that M. Antoine himself or the Meiningen Company would have applauded. The songs with music by Dave Braham were heard from the Pacific coast to Eastport, for Braham in his way was a genius. He had a melodic gift and his melodies suited Harrigan's words. They were for some years the folk songs of New York. Harrigan became a favorite, an institution. He was graceful, never extravagant, quiet in his methods; his voice had a peculiar charm in song or speech. Mr. Howells praised him and his plays in words that made the actor's friends tremble for him.

Harrigan and Hart finally separated and the latter died. The later plays were not so successful. They were perhaps of a more ambitious character. Forsaking the scenes that gave him rich material, Harrigan was less fortunate. The Mulligan plays were always intensely local. Performed in Boston, or Albany, anywhere outside of New York, they lost in force and savor. Only a New York audience fully understood and appreciated the scenes and dialogue. The types themselves disappeared with the rapid changes in city life. The audiences also changed so that when some of the early plays were revived spectators wondered whether New York had ever seen the people represented on the stage. Before Harrigan died his plays of the seventies might as well have been located in the fifties or thirties.

Mr. Howells likened Harrigan to Gozzi and Goldoni, and said that, unlike Shakespeare, he was never vulgar. This eulogy excited discussion and even laughter at the time, but Harrigan did for New York what the Italians did for Venice; he represented faithfully the every-day life of the common people; he introduced familiar types. And he did this not as one throwing figures on a screen and lecturing in explanation. There was no suggestion of some one manipulating puppets. The rollicking humor was in the minds and mouths of the characters. Their actions were natural, inevitable. Nor was the essential element of pathos lacking, nor was it ever mawkish. Edward Harrigan was indeed an artist, but he and his works were so local and so contemporaneous that the man and the dramas were traditional before he died.

P. W.

Alfred Prala, president of the Royal Miniature Society, says that among men the Americans have the best mouths. Yes, yes. If some of them would only keep their mouths shut!

FRISKY FRIARS FROLIC FREELY

Artless Antics Entertain Large Audiences at Boston Theatre.

ELTINGE AS GAY FRIARESS

Carle, Hitchcock, Cohans and Other Favorites Take Part in Program.

P. M.

Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, the admirable violinist and composer, has for some years been living in Medfield instead of Boston, and not long ago he bought a farm and made over an old house in the Stony Brook region. His farm is next that of Mr. Benjamin Kimball, the counsellor at law. Since Mr. Loeffler has been in Medfield he has been interested in the choir of St. Edward's Church and has trained the boys to a high degree of efficiency in Gregorian chants. Wednesday a concert was given under his direction for the benefit of the church. The program included Gregorian chants by the choir, instrumental pieces by Franck, d'Indy, Monsigny and Bach, and songs sung by Mrs. J. S. Fay, Jr., among them Mr. Loeffler's "Homage," which was then sung for the first time. Mr. Loeffler's songs, by the way, are heard too seldom in Boston, although they are to be classed with those of Debussy and Gabriel Faure.

Confederate veterans, we learn, were shocked when girls rode astride in the recent parade at Little Rock. Yet on plantations in Virginia the daughters of the "quality" seldom ride in any other way, and in the North there have been brave attempts to abolish the side-saddle as uncomfortable and dangerous. It's all a matter of fashion. French women, as those of Ireland and England, rode for many years astride, but Catherine de Medicis brought the side-saddle into France and noble dames accepted it. It is said that England's Queen disapproves of women riding like men, but she is of the disapproving kind.

There is a tragic irony when a prominent railway official or any one of his family is seriously injured or killed in his own railway car. Years ago when accidents in England were alarmingly frequent Punch published a cartoon representing directors bound firmly to the front of the locomotive and thus called attention to a possible remedy. Of all the deaths of railway officials in collisions, by derailment, or a treacherous bridge, that of Wagner in the car named after him is perhaps the most memorable.

Aweary of the meretricious glory of stage life, Mr. Mike Donlin, the distinguished actor, returns to that larger theatre the diamond, on which the umpire plays the villain's part.

June 10 1911

MRS. M'NALLY GIVES RECITAL

A very enjoyable recital was given last evening in Faelten Hall by Victoria Johnson McNally, mezzo soprano, assisted by Mrs. Pulsifer, pianist.

The program was well arranged and finely contrasted. Mrs. McNally sang these songs: Meyerbeer, "Liete Signori, Salute"; Beach, "Ah Love But a Day"; Nevin, "Desire"; Delibes, "The

chains, a trunkless head thrust on a spike. $65,000,000—it is pleasant to think of the larger sum—is, no doubt, a trifle to modern captains of industry. It is a colossal fortune to be acquired through old-fashioned business.

We wait impatiently the full details of the discovery. There was, of course, an old chart and on a corner of it the mark of bloody fingers. Was there at first an error in the calculation, an error that led to bitter disappointment? When the treasure was unearthed, were there the skeletons of those obliged to dig? Surely, and they were the bones of slaves or pirates suspected of repentance and betrayal. Was the work done at night by the feeble light of a lantern? Did mad, exulting cries follow horrid oaths? Ah, the age of romance is not gone: "Off the Honduran Coast." There's magic in those words.

There was an Englishman of some prominence named George Meredith, a novelist and a poet, and his reputed father was a military tailor at Plymouth. Readers of "Evan Harrington" will remember how the hero rose in the world although his father was a tailor. We say "reputed," for there is a story told by London publishers to the effect that Bulwer Lytton was the father of Meredith and they point to the strong resemblance between the later portraits of the two. **Col. Gerrard please take notice.**

June 11 1911

BERNHARDT IN DOUBLE BILL

BOSTON THEATRE—Double bill. Maeterlinck's "Soeur Beatrice," preceded by Theuriet's one-act drama, "Jean-Marie," performed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and her company from the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris.

The Holy Virgin / Sister Beatrice	Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
The Abbess	Mme. Boulanger
Sister Eglantine	Mlle Seylor
Sister Clemency	Mlle. Thomas
Sister Felicity	Mme Duc
Sister Balbine	Mme. MacLean
Sister Regina	Mme. Desroches
Sister Gisela	Mlle. Romani
The priest	M. Laurent
Prince Bellidor	M. Lou Tellegen
Petite Allette	Mme. Laurent

Maeterlinck's beautiful miracle was written in 1901 and it is believed that the author sought the original Dutch version of the ancient legend. But many are familiar with the story through John Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun," and Adelaide Anne Proctor's "Legend of Provence," while the tale was also told by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who called it "Soeur Natalia," and placed the convent in Andalusia.

In Maeterlinck's play the convent is situated near Louvain. Sister Beatrice, who was but a child when she became a nun, loves Prince Bellidor with whom she played in childhood and who was sworn to marry her. She is innocent. She has heard of the wicked ways of men, but he cannot be like them. She beseeches the Virgin for enlightenment and in the face of his passionate wooing she entreats for a sign from the Virgin, which shall stay her going. She makes no sign and Beatrice goes with the prince.

The staute of the Virgin comes to life and descending from the shrine, assumes the duties of the departed Beatrice for whom the nuns mistake her. But the abbess discovers the lost statue and the sacred garments are found beneath the nun's habit. The supposed Beatrice, accused of sacrilege, is led away to be scourged, but the scourgers are changed to followers and Beatrice is proclaimed a saint.

Twenty-five years afterwards Beatrice crushed with the weight of sin and unhappiness returns to die, while the statue again assumes its place.

A translation of the play was produced at the New Theatre in New York March 14, 1910, with Edith Wynne Matthison as Sister Beatrice. It was performed here at the Shubert Theatre April 20, 1910, by the same company. It then suffered from the translation, excellent as it was, for Maeterlinck's exquisite and subtle phraseology is but with difficulty Englished. It suffered, too, from Miss Matthison's set delivery of the lines, which resembled the practiced rhetoric of an elocutionist rather than the eloquence of a well graced tragedian.

Yesterday afternoon was but the seventh performance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in this part, and her impersonation is to be ranked among the most finished, the most impressive and the most memorable of her repertory. Besides the advantage of the original text, the infinite variety of shading and the delicate nuances of the golden voice, although weaker than its wont, lent vivid charm to the poetic lines and an additional realism to the characterization. The actress was successful, too, in suggesting the illusion of youth. Each act was in itself a perfectly conceived and rounded piece of acting, an expression of consummate art.

With what delicious naivete did Beatrice, adorable in her innocence, implore the Virgin's help, and, when torn from the shrine, and newly awakened to the glory of her own hair, with what tremulous moanings of joy and fear did she sink into her lover's arms!

How fraught with dignity and religious solemnity was, too, Mme. Bernhardt's portrayal of the Virgin, when as the supposed Beatrice and with infinite tenderness she distributes gifts to the poor! Her gestures were queenly, her long maintained repose before the clamoring nuns was supremely eloquent and her expressive hands were ever full of meaning.

How tragically sincere her terrified shrieks at the approach of the sisters, upon her return to the convent, and with what pathetic eloquence was her confession spoken and her abasement reiterated.

Mr. Tellegen was an admirable Prince Bellidor and wooed right gallantly. Mme. Laurent was an impressive Abbess, and the supporting company was excellent. The piece was artistically staged. There was appropriate incidental music by Paul Pitou, although it may be questioned whether any music would add to the solemnity.

The preceding piece, "Jean-Marie," is of a stirring emotional nature. The situation is keenly dramatic.

Jean-Marie	M. Lou Tellegen
Joel	M. Piron
Therese	Mme. Sarah Bernhardt

Therese, a Breton woman, is married to Joel, a man much older than she, but whose one thought is of her happiness. She, however, longs for Jean-Marie, to whom she was once engaged and who has supposedly perished at sea. She mourns and will not be comforted, and finally confides to her husband the reason for her continual sadness. He is grief-stricken, and his sorrow moves her, but just after he has gone to plan for their departure to a place further inland where Therese cannot see the taunting water, Jean-Marie returns. He beseeches her to fly with him, but she will have none of it. She will remain faithful to the man to whose existence she is the one joy. Sublime in her renunciation she denies Jean-Marie the solace of kissing her on the mouth. She sends him away and imposes silence upon him as to his momentary return.

In this Madame Bernhardt revealed an infinite charm and her confession to her husband and renunciation of her sometime lover were fraught with the most poignant anguish.

M. Tellegen's denunciation of her imagined faithlessness and virile impersonation of the sailor were masterly and powerful, while M. Piron was a rugged though lovable Joel.

There was a large audience and tumultuous applause.

BERNHARDT AS MADAME X

BOSTON THEATRE—Alexandre Bisson's La Femme X.

Jacqueline	Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
Fleuriot	M. Maxudian
Noel	M. Denenbourg
Raymond	M. Lou Tellegen
Perissard	M. Canroy
Laroque	M. Decoeur
Rose	Mme. Boulanger

In the Jacqueline of Mme. Bernhardt, there was possibly more of the Madame of years ago, of the Madame whose golden voice and wonderful acting thrilled Marie Bashkirtseff, than in any other play in which she has appeared here. In her most glorious days she could not have met with a more enthusiastic reception than was given to her last night. Curtain call succeeded curtain call, and, not content with that, persons in the upper parts of the house shouted their admiration at her.

The emerging of Jacqueline in the second act from the languorous lady to the woman of passion and fire was a pretty bit of acting. The old fire which sprang up at intervals in the stirring court room scene was enough to make one forget that here was a woman defying youth, and carry away the image only of an actress of consummate ability at the height of her powers.

PARK THEATRE

When the curtain fell upon "The Commuters" at the Park Theatre last evening it closed another season for the theatre. The season has been notable for the small number of plays between August and June. The complete summary of the season just concluded will be found as follows:

Aug. 29, "The Climax," by Edward Locke, first time in Boston; four weeks.

Sept. 27, Marie Doro in "Electricity," by William Gillette, first time in Boston; four weeks.

Maids of Cadiz"; Lehmann, "Wood Pigeon," "The Owl"; Nevin, "The Woodpecker." Besides accompanying the singer Mrs. Pulsifer played these pieces: Tschaikowsky, "Meditation"; Arensky, "Etude"; Massenet, "Papillons Noirs, Papillons Blancs"; Brassin, "Nocturne"; Gluck-Balakirew, "The Lark"; Ryer, "Three Pieces from 'Aus meinem Tagebuche.'"

Oct. 24, "Seven Days," by Avery Hopgood and Mary Roberts Rinehardt, first time in Boston; 10 weeks.

Jan. 2, "Arsene Lupin," from the French of Francois de Croisset and Maurice Le Blanc, first time in Boston; four weeks.

Jan. 30, William H. Crane in "U. S. Minister Bedloe," by George Ade, first time in Boston; three weeks.

Feb. 20, "The Commuters," by James Forbes, first time in Boston; 16 weeks.

The Park Theatre will now remain dark until early in the autumn.

SHUBERT THEATRE

The following is a list of the past season's attractions at the Shubert:

Aug. 22, Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," two weeks.

Sept. 5, Frank Daniels in "The Belle of Brittany," two weeks.

Sept. 19, Fritzi Scheff in "The Mikado," two weeks.

Oct. 3, Gertrude Elliott in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," four weeks.

Oct. 31, Lew Fields in "The Summer Widowers," two weeks.

Nov. 14, Sothern and Marlowe in repertoire, three weeks. First week, "Macbeth." Second week, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday nights and Thursday matinee, "As You Like It"; Thursday, Friday nights and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday night, "Hamlet." Third week, Monday and Tuesday nights, "Taming of the Shrew"; Wednesday and Thursday nights, "The Merchant of Venice"; Friday night, "Twelfth Night"; Saturday matinee, "As You Like It". Saturday night, "Macbeth" (owing to illness of Miss Marlowe "Hamlet" was played).

Dec. 5, Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," four weeks.

Jan. 2, Olga Nethersole in "Mary Magdalene," one week.

Jan. 9, Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot," two weeks.

Jan. 23, "The Balkan Princess," two weeks.

Feb. 6, Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee," two weeks.

Feb. 20, "The Fourth Estate," three weeks.

March 13, Guy Bates Post in "The Nigger," two weeks.

March 27, Fritzi Scheff in "Mlle. Rosita," two weeks.

April 10, house dark one week.

April 17, De Wolf Hopper in "A Matinee Idol," two weeks.

May 1, Lucille La Verne in "Ann Boyd," two weeks.

May 15, house dark one week except Saturday night.

May 22, "The Kiss Waltz," Saturday night and two weeks.

June 3, closed.

THE NEW OPERA.

A new opera will be produced at the Boston Opera Houso next season for the first time on any stage. This opera, "La Foret Bleue," composed by a Frenchman of the ultra-modern school, who has, however, regard for melodic lines that are not merely illusive or imaginary, was written for the Opera-Comique in Paris, but Mr. Russell has come to an understanding with composer, manager and publishers, and Boston will have the pleasure of attending the first performance.

The new opera is fortunate in this: The libretto, charmingly poetic in expression, is based on three fairy stories known to all children, young and old: Stories told by Perrault about Little Red Riding Hood, Hop o'My Thumb, and The Sleeping Beauty. That audiences welcome a libretto of this character is seen by the enormous success of "Haensel und Gretel," with its amusing story full of homely, honest sentiment, illuminated by the innocence and simple faith of childhood. The libretto of the new opera is still more entertaining; the scenes are more varied; there is opportunity for more marked contrasts in musical expression.

A production like this gives prestige to any theatre. That the first performance will be in Boston should naturally heighten the reputation of the Boston Opera House in foreign countries and be an incentive to foreign composers, who often complain of the delay in bringing out their new works in the cities of their own land. The production of "La Foret Bleue" will necessarily be spectacular, with its village and forest scenes, the view of the palace in which the enchanted Princess sleeps, the apparition of the fairies, the entrance and discomfiture of the Ogre. The fame of the productions at this opera house is already established, and a French composer need have no fear in that respect. He should also esteem himself fortunate that his music will be directed by a fellow-countryman, the sympathetic, imaginative Andre Caplet.

Mr. Russell has already done much to insure a brilliant season. His engagement of Mr. Weingartner, who has never conducted opera in the United States, to lead performances of Wagner's music dramas; the contracts made with world-famous singers; the production of a delightful and important work written by a foreigner; these not only give promise of memorable months; they show the energy, shrewdness, enthusiasm, catholicity of the managing director.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald has received the following letter:

Clamport, June 8, '11.

Editor of The Herald:

The Change in Augustus Simpson

I have never seen any one so thoroughly, so radically changed as Augustus Simpson since he bought three or four acres near Clamport and built a summer cottage. In Boston he is known as an amiable, rather timid person, ready to agree with anybody, and like Dorothea's father, a man of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote.

When I was in town last March—busied in correcting the proofs of the first volume of my colossal work—alas, it is not yet published—I expect now it will be in 23 volumes (elephant folio, sold only by subscription)—I saw Simpson at the Porphyry. He told me he had been selecting a library for his cottage, the Binnacle. He showed me the list of books he had ordered. They were all connected with the sea and them that do business in great waters. There were the novels by Cooper, Marryat, Melville, Clark Russell. There were the voyages of Capt. Cook, a set of Hakluyt, Edge's "Ten Voyages to Spitzbergen," Schouten's "Sixth Circumnavigation," Cowley's "Voyage Round the Globe," Falconer's "Shipwreck," Obed Macy's "History of Nantucket," books about whales and whaling by Thomas Beal, F. D. Bennett, Ross Browne, volume after volume about Arctic explorations, books about pirates and buccaneers—Simpson must have spent a lot of money. He said to me, "Herkimer, old boy"—I repeat his words, although at the time I resented his familiarity—"Herkimer, old boy, I believe in reading according to the season and the place." He then ordered rum for two without asking me my preference.

A Cottage Far from the Sea

Yesterday I was tired with fighting the tent caterpillars on my cherry trees, so I thought I would go over to Simpson's and see his place. I hitched up and drove through the woods over a back road. Everything looked dry, for the rainfall of one night was of little good, and I was as dry as the road. I found his place, a good enough lot with a plain, comfortable house. There were two broad verandas, a windmill, a flagpole, and the inevitable rubbish waiting the convenience of some native with a cart. But there was not a glimpse of the ocean, not even of a bay, or a salt water creek.

Simpson came out to give a boisterous welcome. He wore a rough shirt, yachting cap and shoes, and trousers of the kind sported by joyous sailors in an operetta chorus. He carried a spyglass under an arm. After we had talked for a few minutes he insisted on showing me his books. "I bought 'Foul Play' on account of the island life and the description of the ship going down. I am reading 'Treasure Island' over again. The only place to enjoy sea stories is by the ocean." "Yes, but where is the ocean?" "Come with me, Herkimer." We went tramping through rank grass and over marshy ground. There were wild rose bushes, scrub pines, beach plum bushes. Now and then I caught a whiff of a skunk, mephitis mephitica (American Indian, seganku). Finally we reached the top of a bluff. "There," said Simpson proudly, "do you see that?" I looked and far off was a little strip of water. "That," said Simpson, "that is the ocean. Here, take this spyglass, you'll see better. I come up here and sweep the offing." "Do you own this bluff?" "No," said Simpson; "it's part of a neighbor's cow pasture. Stiff breeze, isn't it? Nothing like being used to it."

The Complete Amateur Mariner

Going back to the house and sitting on the veranda, I found Simpson the complete amateur mariner. Looking closely at his belt, I saw he carried a dirk. No doubt his cutlass was in the dining room ready to repel boarders. He talked of nothing but vessels, winds, soundings, lighthouses and buoys, shipwrecks and miraculous escapes. Hospitable as ever, he brought out rum in a case bottle. It was pineapple rum, dear to pirates and retired skippers. He smoked a short black [illegible] engagement,

found the gentle, refined Augustus of the city chewed plug tobacco and pigtail as essential to his impersonation. Now and then he rapped out an oath, and really he did it pretty well. There was no clock in the house as far as I could see. There was a ship's bell and he left me twice to strike it.

Questioning Augustus Simpson, I found that he did not own a boat and never went sailing. He cannot swim; never could learn to swim; but he is not afraid of the water, for he is convinced that if he were to sail and meet with an accident, he would float. A life-preserver by the way, was lashed to the veranda railing. He did not go a-fishing. What did he do? He greased the windmill, put ashes on the road, walked to the village for groceries and the mail, and the rest of the time was spent on the far-off bluff or in reading books about the sea.

When I left this happy man—I took more rum than was good for me—he said: "Look back when you get down to the gate. I have a surprise for you." When I turned about he blessed if he wasn't flying the Jolly Roger.

A Yachtsman Without Books

How different the character and life of Broderip! He lives on the water's edge in Clamport. When the wind is east or northeast, the windows rattle, the curtains stand out horizontally in the living-room, the sea roars. You might as well be on the deck of a tossing boat. He is an expert yachtsman and knows every inch of the coast. He is one of the few that bring home bluefish. He is on the water or in the water the greater part of the day. A huge, shaggy, powerful fellow!

I visited him last week and for a wonder found him loafing, dozing in a Canton chair. There were only three books on the table: "The Complete Barkeeper's Guide," a treatise on golf, and a treatise on bridge. He gave me an excellent cigar, so good that one was enough for the day. Friends were staying with him and luncheon was prepared and served as though we were in his city house. I suspect Simpson of eating only salt beef and plum duff, with possibly a little pemmican on Sunday. And Broderip didn't ask me to look at the ocean, or use a spy-glass, nor did he talk about his boats. On the contrary the talk was about the polo match, the Bull will case, the late Edward Harrigan and other matters of contemporaneous interest. "Unless I am on the water," said Broderip, "or in swimming, I turn my back to the ocean. It gets on my nerves and I can't stand the glare. My wife wishes we had a cottage nearer the village where it isn't so damp, and I think I'll sell this place and build elsewhere for next season. It's nothing to go to the beach in an automobile."

Which of the two is the happier? I am inclined to thing Simpson's condition is the more enviable. He is a gentle, harmless maniac. There is really no ocean as the one he sails in fancy. If he were to meet a real pirate he would fall in a faint. I am sure that when he is not acting on the stage of his own invention he smokes cigarettes. Plug tobacco does not agree with him, and what would happen if Mrs. Simpson should catch him in the masticatory act? She belongs to one of the finest families in Putney, and was educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary in the rigid days of that institution. Nor is rum good for Augustus. It heats his blood and enlarges his eczematous patch. No, no. Soda lemonade is the thing for Augustus in hot weather, and a little ale, a quart or two supplies his wants when the weather is favorably cold. Nevertheless, Simpson is the happier man, for he lives in an unreal world.

Good Summer Reading

And what books are the best for summer reading by the sea? I have a neighbor who has brought down Spencer on Education, Mill on Utilitarianism and Liberty, Xenophon's "Memorabilia," Spinoza's Ethics, Finlay's "Greece Under the Romans" and other solid and improving volumes. He tells me he is going to read them, and no doubt he thinks he will; but sitting with him the other afternoon I saw a pile of illustrated French novels on his desk. I looked at some of them, and they were variations on the old theme, two women and a man, or two men and a woman. Sentimentally erotic stuff! And the illustrations! The women looked as if they were drawn for fashion plates and the men to display Luggerheimer's "correct and classy" coats and trousers. I thought of Augustus Simpson and honored him. Surely the Pirates' Own Book is healthier reading, and Broderip showed sound taste in his choice of The Complete Barkeeper's Guide. As for myself, I am now in the third volume of John Wesley's Journal and find many interesting statements for my magnum opus, "Man as a Political and Social Beast." I see that the book reviewers of New York newspapers are discovering Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." They are late. This story by one of the most entertaining of modern novelists was published in the Tauchnitz edition eight years ago, and before that, of course, in England.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

By Phi

The New Opera for Boston

The Herald has received from Messrs. A. Durand and Sons, publishers in Paris, the libretto and the score for piano and voice of "La Foret Bleue," the opera which will be produced for the first time on any stage at the Boston Opera House next season under the direction of Mr. Caplet.

Mr. Russell has told in a letter already published in The Herald how he obtained the rights of the production. It will be remembered that the libretto in verse is based by Jacques Cheneviere on fairy tales by Perrault and the music is by Louis Aubert. Louis Francois Marie Aubet was born at Parame, France, on Feb. 19, 1877. He studied at the Conservatory of Music in Paris and took several prizes there from 1887 to 1899. Music by him has been performed in Paris.

When "Cavalleria Rusticana" first made its triumphal way through Europe it apparently aroused Massenet to unwonted energy. The laurels of Mascagni would not let Massenet sleep. The composer of "Manon," that charming opera in the Dresden china style, and of operas that were erotic, some might say pornographic, suddenly went in for "thunder and guns and all that," and the result was "La Navarraise," a striking work, wholly unlike any other opera of the composer, an opera that might well be likened to "The Yorkshire Tragedy" of the Elizabethan period, by reason of its short and brutal intensity.

It would seem as though Aubert in "La Foret Bleue" had wished to rival the success of "Haensel und Gretel."

Fairy Tales Three Old

The librettist has made use of three fairy tales known to all children. This is, perhaps, a sweeping statement. Do children in New England read fairy tales? I asked a little girl some time ago whether she liked "Alice in Wonderland." She said she could not read it. "It's so silly." Questioning her further, I found that she had not read "The Thousand Nights and a Night"; that she did not like the stories of Grimm or Andersen; that she and her little friends did not "waste their time over such nonsense." What did she read? A primer of biology? The prefaces of Bernard Shaw? No doubt she was ready to pass an examination on Paleozoic Time and could recite pages about the Silurian, Devonian and Carboniferous ages.

The stories chosen by Mr. Cheneviere are three familiar ones: "Little Red Riding Hood," "Hop o' My Thumb" and "The Sleeping Beauty." Each one of them has served the purpose of other French composers. Boieldieu wrote music for "Little Red Riding Hood," as did Serpette. Two operettas with Hop o' My Thumb for a hero, have been produced with music by De Rille and Audran. Carafa, Litolff and Silver set music to "The Sleeping Beauty," and the three operas were produced in France.

Mr. Cheneviere has made the three tales into one story, and thus exercised considerable ingenuity. The libretto in French is pleasant reading. Let us hope that the translation into English, which, Mr. Russell says, is now making, will at least be adequate, if it does not wholly preserve the charm of the original.

Prelude with Fairies

The characters are Prince Charming, tenor; Hop o' My Thumb's father, baritone; a reaper, tenor. Hop o' My Thumb, Little Red Riding Hood, the Princess, the Fairy are sopranos. Red Riding Hood's mother, the baker and a servant are mezzo-sopranos, and Hop o' My Thumb's mother is a contralto.

The opera is in three acts: The Village, the Forest, the Palace. There is a short prelude in which fairies only are introduced. There is no overture in the score before me.

The stage is thus set: The comfortable house of Red Riding Hood's mother is at the right. There is a well with rope and bucket. At the left is the village inn. Beyond is the dilapidated home of Hop o' My Thumb. It is night, a clear summer night. The stars are shining, but the day will soon break and the village come to life.

After nine orchestral measures a chorus of invisible fairies is heard. They give happy dreams to children; they put them gently to sleep. These fairies live in the forest and their white souls flit like will o' the wisps at night under the branches. While this chorus swells the curtain rises slowly. The good Fairy appears clad in a long robe. She moves in a light that follows her and reveals her in the darkness. She goes mysteriously from door to door as a familiar genius. And she sings. She is the good friend of unhappy little children and comes to them at night, invisible, protecting. Little Red Riding Hood and Hop o' My Thumb are under her special care. She addresses each and tells them not to think of wolves and ogres; she will tenderly watch over them. It is now dawn and her form grows more and more indistinct—her voice weaker and more distant. She returns to the forest, but she will guard her little friends, for she is faithful to those she loves.

The Two Little Playmates

And now the morning light gilds the roofs. A clock is heard. A reaper sings in the distance of Rosine, whom he sees daily at the spring, where she picks flowers and meets her sweetheart. One day it will be his turn. Other reapers take up the song. "I shall bear you off that day, robust and supple, in my arms, and the sky will burn above us. You will then listen to me, Rosine." A serving maid comes out of the inn and puts jugs of wine on the table. The village is wide awake and the reapers enter. They drink to give them courage for the day. And, as all field laborers in opera, they sing and drink and talk of the village girls.

Little Red Riding Hood comes out of her house to draw water. She has opened her eyes and laughed, "for the heart is light when one is good." The reapers leave for the field singing their song about Rosine. Little Red Riding reapers leave for the field singing their Hood does not go with the other girls.

The Serving Maid—He that keeps you here is your playmate, Hop o' My Thumb. He is poor, but we all know you love him. Is it not so?

Little Red Riding Hood—He is sad and his father is sick.

Hop o' My Thumb, the lazy boy, at last comes out with a little cage in his hand. He runs up to his sweetheart, dips his hand in the bucket without being seen and splashes her face. He helps her carry the bucket. He has caught a bird for her, and it is in the cage. She cannot play with him this morning, for she is going alone for the first time to see her grandmother, who lives in the forest. As they are talking and she is telling him how beautiful the forest is, her mother appears on the threshold and orders her to leave that beggar's brat. The mother tells Hop o' My Thumb to let her child alone, and she and her daughter go into the house.

He puts disrespectful fingers to his nose, whistles, catches a fly for the bird and leaves the stage.

Poverty and a Stern Resolve

In comes the baker woman with bread. She passes before Hop o' My Thumb's home. His father is seen, wretched, with an arm in a sling. The ragged children cling to the threshold. He begs for bread. No, there is no bread for a man without money. "Do as I do," says the woman, "work." But how can he work when he hurt his arm with an axe? The children ask their parents for food. There is nothing for them, although they cry with hunger. The father knows what he will do. He will take them into the forest and leave them. The Fairy will look after them, for one day as he was walking aimlessly and without hope in dark woods he saw the Fairy and heard her singing. "I rescue little children when they are abandoned. I love them and guard them." Hop o' My Thumb has overheard his father and he makes up his mind to follow.

Little Red Riding Hood comes out with a basket of cakes and a jar of butter. Hop o' My Thumb joins her and kisses her cheek. She gives him a cake, but instead of eating it he will break it into crumbs, so that, scattering them, he can find his way back from the forest. The girl goes on her way and Hop o' My Thumb is told by his father to join his brothers and sisters for a walk.

The Princess and the Prince

And now there is drinking in front of the village inn. A page announces the arrival of the Princess who will visit the village for the first time. She is beautiful and good. Her locks are long and golden; she is not yet twenty and she lives in a palace of red marble and gold; but she never leaves it, they say, for she is afraid of a spell that a fairy worked. No one has wooed her, although she has silken robes and diamonds and knows songs both gay and tender. And what is most wonderful, she is ashamed of her wealth. While the villagers thus chatter, the Princess appears with flowers in her hands. In the crowd Prince Charming lurks, shrouded in a sombre cloak.

She is a true Princess of operetta, for she is happier in the village than in her palace. The villagers give flowers to her and she in turn distributes gold pieces. The Prince would give his life for a smile from her. She begs the girls to go about their spinning. Yes, she is happy, for it is good to forget rank and wealth. The saying, "Happy as a King," is all wrong. She herself is fated; for it was predicted when she was in her cradle that if she took up a spindle and was pricked, she would then fall into a deep sleep only to be awakened by the kiss of a lover.

The Prince Charming comes up to her in a rich costume. "May a noble lord who is passing humbly ask the favor that you should hear his oath? Allow me to give you my love and promise of fidelity for I am not a King's son and I have no crown."

And the Princess answers: "When a lady passes, a graceful bow suffices; there is no need of an oath. If I should ever give you my love and pledge you my faith you would wear a crown that a king might envy."

The women put their spinning wheels in front of their doors. The Princess would fain join them, but she remembers the prediction. The women sing as they spin. She asks one of them to let her take her wheel. The Prince is on the point of warning her. She says to herself: "If I should fall asleep, a lover will come to give me the kiss that will awaken me." She sits at the wheel, and seeing the Prince, sings: "When a noble lord passes by her the spinner lifts her eyes. If he grows bold and says that she is beautiful, the spinner lowers her eyes." She pricks her hand. "My fate is upon me." Sustained by her pages, she leaves the stage. She waves back the Prince who would help her. "No, you ought not to follow me. In order that I can love, some one must deliver me." The Prince sings a farewell, curses the unoffending spinners, and then swears that he will brave the dangers of the enchanted forest.

Lost in the Forest

When the curtain rises on the second act the stage is deserted. There is only the forest, silence, solitude. But in the path comes Hop O' My Thumb's father with the children following him. Last is Hop O' My Thumb scattering the crumbs of Little Red Riding Hood's cake. The children are taken into the depths of the forest. Birds alight, pick up the crumbs and fly away. The voice of Little Red Riding Hood is heard behind the scenes. "I have the soul of a bird, of a will o' the wisp, of a bee, and I sing my song like a finch when I awake." She picks flowers and is happy, but suddenly hearing the howling of a wolf, she runs away. On the other side of the stage the father hastens, looking back to see whether his children are following. They are heard behind the scenes piteously calling after him. They see a light and go towards it. Hop O' My Thumb can find no crumbs. He thinks the wind has swept them away. He too is lost, and he misses the companionship of his sweetheart. He hears voices. His brothers and sisters hurry in, afraid of the Ogre, big eyed, with a huge paunch. He is pursuing them. The children scatter, and Hop O' My Thumb hides behind a tree. The ogre is a terrible monster. He comes along, panting, and brandishing a knife. He smells fresh flesh and his stomach craves it and his tongue is parched. He runs after the children.

Little Red Riding Hood is also frightened and she comes in and falls in her playmate's arms. For as she was singing on the way to her grandmother and was stopping here and there to gather flowers, she heard a wolf. The boy comforts here. He will defend her against wolf and ogre, for he is brave. The young logician says: "I am brave; because I love you." Then he tells her to lie down on the moss under the starry sky and go to sleep. "I'll go to sleep if you wish, after you have kissed my eyes." He prays the fairy to watch over them, and if she has nothing to say she will at least let a star twinkle to console him. He, too, falls asleep and a moonbeam caresses the children.

The fairies are heard singing, then they are seen moving, all white, and slowly, under the trees. The fairy thanks the boy for his prayer, and while she sings her sisters cover the children with leafy branches and bid them sleep and dream pleasant dreams. The fairies are no more seen and their voices die away.

A Slave to Drink

The Ogre returns and as he hears the sleepers the good Fairy reappears for a moment. She makes a gesture and red and sparkling wine gushes from the trunk of a tree. The ogre is enraptured at the sight. He shouts out a ditty in praise of wine, which is dearer to him than even the fresh flesh of tender children. He begins to stagger, and soon he babbles, falls to earth, and is lost to the world.

The day is breaking, and the light is filtered through the branches. There is a faint murmur. The forest is awaking. Birds sing. The bushes that cover the

children part above them and the boy and girl rub their eyes. Never had they slept so well before. Little Red Riding Hood dreamed of princesses all in white with hair the color of the sun and robes the color of the moon. They smiled on her and sowed spring flowers about her and their songs were like a prayer murmured just before sleep. "They are the women in legends who, of a summer night when all are sleeping, come from the stars and pass through forest and meadow. Blue or snow colored butterflies accompany them. They have white arms and beautiful eyes, these women, and they know marvellous songs."

But there is the Ogre, snoring, and his belly moves up and down like a bellows. He stirs and is putting his hand to his knife. And what is to be done? There is no use in running away, for he wears seven-league boots. The children are brave. They pull the boots off and then they mock the monster. Hop o' My Thumb points to his playmate and says: "She thought your boot hurt you and she has courteously taken it off without jarring you." They dance about him and sing: "The Rondo of the Bigbellied Ogre," who goes about eating children alive. While they are dancing and mocking the Ogre, a fanfare is heard. Prince Charming enters. His hunters have killed the wolf, and now they bind the Ogre and lead him away.

The Sad-Eyed Prince

The prince is sad. He has lost her whom he loves and, searching, cannot find her. Little Red Riding Hood tells him to invoke the aid of the particularly well disposed fairy. He prays that she may show him the way to the mysterious castle where, hidden from all eyes, the princess sleeps.

O wonder of wonders! The trees in the background move apart and far off is seen the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The prince exclaims: "My song will wake her, my kisses will fall on her hair and on her lips so pure and the Fair One will love me." The fairies sing: "You will know how to please her, since it is necessary only to be the Prince Charming, he whom she longs for, whom she looks for." And as the prince and the children gaze, amazed, on the far distant palace, the curtain slowly falls.

Sleeping She Awaits Him

There are a dozen measures of gentle, sustained music before the curtain again rises. The scene is a hall in the palace. The princess is asleep in a high-backed chair, and behind her is a great tapestry curtain. Pages, a court dame and two halberdiers are also sleeping the magic sleep. There is absolute silence on the stage until Hop o' My Thumb appears behind a window, pushes it open and looks into the hall. He calls to Little Red Riding Hood. They enter and try to arouse the sleepers, who do not budge. "The prince is coming." Are they dead or of wood? And why is the princess asleep? "What a fine dress she has! And why does she sleep, with her ladies and her pages in this castle?" Hop o' My Thumb answers: "Let us say nothing, and be good." "But she does not know that Prince Charming follows us. I am going to tell her." "No! No! keep still! Not a sound! The prince comes. They will be happy, for they are going to marry. They will live for a long time." And Little Red Riding Hood asks: "Do you think he knows how to wake her."

The prince comes through the door. He sees his beloved, but he hardly dares to awaken her. He is happy, merely seeing the adored one, and he has no longer any sorrow, fear, regret or melancholy longing. Is it not better to let her sleep and so prolong his joyous dream? There she lies, far from the world. There is a vague smile in a corner of the rosy mouth. Her hair falls over a polished shoulder. Her head is bent and her dreams are peaceful.

The children leave him. The prince is close to the sleeper. "Awake. I am your friend and lover. Hearken unto me; I have crossed the dense forest, and was not lost; I came toward you, blonde princess." She does not stir; she does not hear. The sleep is that of death. Then Prince Charming kisses her on the forehead and takes her in his arms and his mouth is on her mouth.

The princess awakens as from a dream. "Is it night? Is it the day that breaks and throws a ray of love into my dream?" She recalls the village and the spinners, the noble lord who followed and spoke to her. Her heart has awakened, and seeing her lover she says to him: "Since you have saved me I am no longer the Sleeping Beauty." They sing their love. Why should he tell of castles and flowery meads and azure lakes that belong to him; it is enough to say he adores her. Why should she tell of her white arms and handsome jewels and azure eyes when she wishes to bestow on him her soul and smile, her dreams the color of springtime, all the tender innocence of her 20 years. To them each day will be a poem. They will journey alone through the woods to the land beyond the sun and moon, where lovers dwell; by day they will tell each other their love, and they will be still happier under the star-mantled night, enarmed, drunken with love.

Happy Ending for All

The children come back from going over the palace. "She is no longer asleep. The Prince is a very skilful man. How did he do it?" "It was only necessary to kiss her, and that is not difficult, when you are Prince Charming." The Princess wishes the children to stay in her palace, but they think of their mothers. No, they must return. But the sky has grown dark. They are not afraid of the forest or its wolves. The Fairy will protect them. And they are about to start on their journey, when, lo, at the back of the scene the Fairy appears, smiling, and in a great light and behind her the gloomy forest is now peaceful and sunny. "I love you," she says. "The sky is blue; there is a gentle breeze; the darkness of the forest is no more threatening and malicious. Let your restless hearts grow calm, for my soul is always kindly disposed toward you." She disappears.

There is bustle in the palace. Servants come and go. "A miracle! He of whom she dreamed has come at last. The handsome and expected Prince is here!" And as the children go, the Prince says to them: "Your humble story will be told by grandmas near the fire. A fairy tale will be made of your adventures and through all the ages children will adore you, and you will live in the leaves of picture books." Hop o' My Thumb also has his say: "Madam and you, Prince Charming, the beautiful story of your enchantment will be cherished by the lover and his mistress and told by them. You will live eternally." And the children go out regretfully attended by servants laden with presents.

They go, as the chorus says, to see again the brown roofs of their cottages, the butterflies and cherries in the garden, the charm of familiar things. They will live at peace and perhaps later they will tell their secret to each other and remember the good princess.

Prince and princess are alone. They walk enarmed toward the rear of the stage, now opening on a serene landscape. The sun is setting; 'tis twilight, for the rosy clouds have faded and a star is seen. "Behold the night, my well beloved, the blue night, the warm and odorous night, with its shadows." "And there a white, calm star looks on us." And the lovers say together: "We are going to be happy."

Such is the story the Jacques Chenevière, the poet, based on the old fairy tales of Perrault for the music of Louis Aubert.

It is not wise to judge any opera of the modern school by a score for piano and voice. There is need of the stage and the situations. There is need of the orchestral colors and nuances. Yet it may be said that Aubert's music is fresh, original, full of character, with contrasts necessary for dramatic effect, with a pervading spirit of poetry. The production of this opera should give additional prestige to the Boston Opera House

Margaret Catchpole as Heroine

Lawrence Irving brought out his melodrama "The Life and Adventures of Margaret Catchpole" at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, May 20. This adventurous woman did not then figure on the stage for the first time. Edward Stirling wrote a melodrama over 60 years ago for the old Surrey Theatre and told on the playbill how it set forth "the vicissitudes of the real life of the lady." There have ben other plays founded on the adventures of "the heroine of Suffolk." "Margaret Catchpole" as adapted by Walter Faith was played in the English provinces a year ago. No author's name is given to the present melodrama.

As Mr. Irving said before the performance: "Don't forget it is a melodrama. Nothing of the subtle or psychological about it. It is cast on purely popular lines with intent to please a popular audience. Margaret is a fine-spirited, constant, loyal English woman; simple, loving and lovable. She had a had temper, certainly, but does that make her less a woman? Anyhow, there is nothing of the whining, doleful, black-cloaked 'heroine' about Margaret. The Dictionary of National Biography describes her as an adventuress. I would not so describe her. I went around the Catchpnle country some time ago, and an obliging East Anglian took me to see a woman 90 years of age. She remembered a younger brother of Margaret. We asked her whether Margaret was ever regarded as a 'bad girl,' as some have said. That veteran lady answered, 'No, but she was that venturous!' "

Mr. Irving said when the play was tried at Ipswich some months ago the local interest was so great that crowds were turned away. From this it would seem that the play is by Frith. He also said that when he presents "Hamlet" he will do it in Elizabethan costume; "as it was played in the author's time."

The melodrama must be very long, for it is described as "an exciting, vivacious and spectacular drama in 14 scenes and three tableaux." There is dancing, too much of it, they say, and much singing of old English songs, among them "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," by Henry Russell, the father of the director of the Boston Opera House. There are smugglers and sailors, villains, a tableau showing Lord Howe's victory over the French. Margaret's ride on a stolen horse for 70 miles in eight and a half hours is shown on a biograph. Her escape over the prison wall, when she is disguised as a sailor, is one of the thrilling scenes, "and in the end we see her New South Wales home among the Blue mountains, and find her an honored subject of his majesty in that new land, being thanked by his excellency the governor for a fresh and more disinterested act of valor than those which had secured her deportation, and happy in meeting with a good fellow who has long loved her and whom she now loves." Thus does the play differ from the story of Margaret's life as told by the Rev. Mr. Cobbold.

Mabel Hackney took the part of the heroine, wore many costumes, and performed feats of agility in old Adelphi style. Mr. Irving impersonated John Luff, "a peculiarly diabolical old captain of a gang of smugglers, a person with few teeth, one eye and no morals, save a sort of desperate courage in evil doing." Toward the end of the play he is thrown to his doom over a cliff.

Another Stirring Melodrama

Mary Stafford Smith's "A Freak of Fate," was produced at the Fulham Theatre May 8. Richard Marsh swindled Fred Baxter in connection with a mining claim. He then knifed him and left the body with Carrie West, his cast-off mistress. Marsh and Dow, a comic villain, fell in on the way to England with one Hardy and his pal Billie. Hardy talked too much. He told Marsh that he had come into a fortune and a title, and had the papers to prove it, whereupon Marsh knocked him on the head and relieved him of the proofs. Hardy was blinded by the blow and could not remember the past, so he accepted the statement that he was Marsh.

Marsh lorded it as the rightful Sir George "up at the hall." Hardy was engaged as steward of the cottages. He was engaged by Lola Denville, the ward of Marsh. He soon become engaged to her. Then Carrie West appeared; put an end to Marsh's tricks and put him into the hands of the police. Apparently a rousing melodrama of the good old sort.

Sir Herbert Tree revived "Julius Caesar" May 22 at His Majesty's. "Sir Herbert still plays Mark Antony," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "with the result that the action seems to centre in him rather than in Brutus, the real protagonist of the tragedy. We wish that one day he would play Brutus, if only for the sake of restoring the just 'values' of the play. Last night this part was played by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who made a very hearty, matter-of-fact gentleman of him. For example, his reference to the 'exhalations whizzing in the air' in the orchard scene sounded like a genially contemptuous allusion to the limelight man and the flashes that were coming from the wings from time to time. We should say that when Macready played the part he put into the [illegible]s a touch of that 'sublimity with which Tennyson credited him.' The Pall Mall Gazette reviewer should have seen the Brutus of E. L. Davenport.

Short Plays in London

Miss Cicely Hamilton's "Jack, Jill and a Friend" (The Kingsway, May 8) castigates the tyrant man and shows his jealousy of woman with brains. Jack and Jill are struggling authors. Each secretly enters into a competition for a prize of £250 for the best novel, with a view to end their long engagement by marriage. The girl wins the prize. The man is disgusted and when she speaks of marriage says he is not the sort of person "to live on a woman," and in a fine burst sets her free. Then Jill shows him she can look out for herself, but she finally weakens and becomes Jack's wife.

"Why She Did It," by Lucy Dale, was produced by the dramatic subcommittee of the Lyceum Club May 11. "She" is Kitty, a linnet-headed typewriter, employed by the Charity Distribution Society, of which Poppleton is the head. Despard, his nephew, is his private secretary. Despard falls in love with Kitty. Poppleton writes a letter to the Times in praise of a newly-appointed peer, about whose elevation there has been adverse criticism. Poppleton expects some return for this; but Kitty forgets to post the letter, and the news came that the new peer is an embezzler and has absconded. Poppleton sees himself the laughing stock of London, but Despard tells him that Kitty, wise beyond belief, withheld the letter and thus saved him. Poppleton blesses his children.

Miss Bertha N. Graham's "Taffy's Wife," produced with the "Why She Did It," tells of a female detective who, running down a gang of thieves, finds her husband is the leader. She gives him twenty-four hours to leave the country or hand himself over to the police. He decides to go to the police.

Does the Stage Pay?

The Strand Magazine asked, "Is the stage a calling in which there is a reasonable chance of earning a fair income?" and "How does it compare in this respect with other professions?" The Referee gives a summary of answers.

"Sir Squire Bancroft heads the list. Very skilfully he skates round both questions; but he offers advice based on a wide experience. 'When the young actor enters the stage door he soon learns that the palace or hovel are alike but paint and canvas. He should be careful, however, to keep the disillusion to himself instead of being in a hurry to let his friends know that he has found his new world out.' Here is support for my oft-repeated contention that the actor is too fond of giving away the game by which he seeks to live. If I tell Sir Squire that he has been giving it away to a multitude of the magazine readers he may reply that he has retired from the fighting line and can afford to. And when he tells the members of the profession that they are too fond of being photographed I am tempted to tell you that a portrait of Sir Squire stands at the beginning of his remarks—and a good portrait too.

"Miss Irene Vanbrugh says that if the stage is overcrowded it is not by ability, but by the incompetent. Sir Herbert Tree answers with a 'Yes,' and a 'No.' 'Yes' to those who possess real ability, 'No' to the others who only think they have it. Mr. Lewis Waller replies in similar strain, and hits the mark splendidly when he reminds the young actor and actress in receipt of £5 a week that they are very unwise when they fancy they have an income of £250 a year and are careful to live up to it. Mr. Gerald du Maurier holds that there is room and to spare for real talent in the dramatic profession, but not a square inch of space available for the incompetent. 'Teddy' Payne says in effect, 'It is dogged as does it,' and tells how at 15 shillings a week he had to play five parts. Mr. G. P. Huntley considers the theatrical the most arduous of the professions and suggests that carpentering is better. Mr. Arthur Bourchier says, 'Heaps of room at the top.' Miss Gertie Millar says that in no other calling are the powers that be more eager to recognize true merit. (Indeed!) Miss Phyllis Dare hath it that in musical comedy good looks alone will never point the way to a leading part. But they have frequently paved the way. What do you think?"

"The Count of Luxembourg"

Lehar's new operetta, "The Count of Luxembourg," was produced with brilliant success at Daly's Theatre, London, May 20. The story is amazingly like that of Herbert's "Mlle. Rosita," produced in Boston at the Shubert Theatre last March. The count agrees for a sum of money to be married to and divorced from a woman whom he has never seen and never is to see, so that she, having obtained the title of countess, may then be acceptable at the Russian court as the wife of Grand Duke Rutzinoff. And the second act shows the reception hall of the grand duke's house. Of course the count and the woman, in this instance an actress, meet, fall in love with each other, not knowing their relationship, and in the end live together for ever afterward, happy, as man and wife.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that the action drags, and there is need of more speed in the dialogues. "Lehar's music is extremely fanciful in melody, rhythm, and most of all in the orchestration. One listened in vain for a waltz of the languorous charm of that in the 'Merry Widow,' but there are several tunes in that measure which are quite taking in their way. One song for the count in the second act has quite an [illegible]anced flavor for a musical play. [illegible]ssessing something of the Puccini [illegible]fluence.' The composer conducted. He told George Edwardes that Daly's orchestra was the best he had ever conducted, from which it will be seen that Mr. Lehar knows his business and is wise in his own generation and in a foreign city.

"Le Martyre de St. Sebastian"

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote an account of d'Annunzio's new play. It was published on May 23. The letter was dated the 23d.

"'Le Martyre de St. Sebastien' is an extraordinary play, recalling the mediaeval mysteries and the stained-glass figures of dim religious edifices, yet with something in addition: a Byzantinism florid and exotic and displeasing, somewhat, in its atmosphere.

"A success or failure? It is difficult to say. I imagine that the verdict tomorrow will be entirely favorable to the music of Claude Debussy, and the stage-setting of M. Armand Bour; but less definitely satisfactory is the quality, not to say sveniliness, of the poem. D'Annunzio reveals here the feverish and disconcertingly strange talent of his books, and considering the subject and its sacred associations, it is not wonderful that the church objects.

"Yet praise is due to the superb, if weirdly fascinating figure of the saint as presented by Mlle. Rubinstein. Exquisitely formed, with the long flowing lines that belong by right to a leading 'danseuse,' Mlle. Rubinstein reveals a remarkably artistic perception of the part. There is symbolism and suggestion, more than a positive saintliness, doubtless, in the presentation, but the play as it stands is more paganly mystic than triumphantly Christian.

"I can imagine, also, objections to the words given to the saint—often those spoken by Christ himself in the Gospel—and his attitudes are evidently intended to recall the divine passion. It is for this reason that the performance will be ungratoful to many Catholic ears.

"In the texture and composition of this remarkable production—a real triumph of art in many of its aspects—is very little that could definitely be termed Christian. St. Sebastian, according to the legend, was one of the early Christians to be converted in Rome and suffer martyrdom there. And yet the costumes and manner of being of the men and women have nothing Roman in them.

"Clearly, the brilliant artist, who is the Russian Bakst, has woven these admirable pieces of coloring out of his own artistic consciousness. The result is a gorgeous fantasy in a frame of mediaevalism and pseudo-religiosity.

"The mystery of the play was imparted to the 'repetition generale.' At Issy-les-Moulineaux a terrible accident had thrown the nation into mourning. In deference to this spirit the public rehearsal was suppressed, but in its place was a private rehearsal, to which the invited were admitted by the stage door.

"In keeping with the unusual character of the performance were the clothes of the audience; some appeared in regulation evening dress—decollete and diamonds and the latest confections of the Rue de la Paix; while others contented themselves with 'tailor-mades' and ordinary town costume.

"To proceed with the story. After a prologue in the mediaeval fashion had announced the subject of the play, the curtain rose on a scene of persecution. The Roman prefect, Jules Andronique (M. H. Krauss), had bound two Christian saints to pillars, previous to their torture. They were the twin brothers, Marc and Marcellin. Their heroic endurance of suffering accomplishes the conversion of their mother (Mme. Dudlay) and that of Sebastian, chief of archers.

"Making confession of his faith, Sebastian emerges, scathless, from the trial of burning coals. A miracle is vouchsafed in his favor, and he walks and dances, with unscarred feet, upon the glowing way. At the moment when this wondrous act is accomplished, a chorus of angels appear in the sky. The Saint, as personated by Mlle. Ida Rubinstein, exhibits a beauty of pose and line, which is perfect in its aesthetic expression.

"Act. II. makes a larger claim on our indulgence. It is declamatory and fatiguing in its repetitions—a trait equally visible in D'Annunzio's novels. We are in the home of Chaldean mysteries. The sick and the infirm are there; a strange and picturesque assemblage grouped with an astonishing vision of scenic art, and they ask for explanations of the personality of the Christ. Sebastian is dumb, knowing but little of the faith; but the Woman Ill with the Fevers (Mlle. Vera Sergine) arrives, and, out of her eloquent and inspired mouth, the crowd is taught the beauties of the new religion, whilst reverence is done to sacred stigmata.

"The third act incarnates, with a haunting suggestiveness, the struggle between Paganism and Christianity. Impressed by the beauty of the saint, the Emperor Diocletian (M. Desjardins), before whom he appears, offers to raise him to the Pantheon of the Gods. 'Qu'il est beau,' he says, and the word is taken up by the choir. 'He shall be the god of Beauty: Apollo and Adonis!' For the moment there flickers before the eyes of the saint the vision of mythological grandeur, but he rejects it for the humility of the New Spirit. He proclaims the Christian faith, and is condemned to torture. He is buried beneath scarlet flowers.

"In the fourth and final act (a prolongation of the other) the saint is shot at by the archers of his former company, but none attains the mark. Yet an arrow shot into the air mounts until it reaches Heaven. Thereupon, the soul of the saint is lifted to the highest celestial enjoyment, and, in a glorious apotheosis represented by streams of golden light, his spiritual being is wafted to the skies, amid the serene voices of the angels."

The Referee publishes this poem, which is not especially in the line of a sporting, dramatic weekly:

TO ENID—AND "CARROTS" GENERALLY.

[One of the things that gave me an unhappy childhood was the color of my hair—red. —The Lady at the Round Table, May 7.]

Blest of the Gods! Girl of the flame-red hair,
Whose coiled tresses glow like rolls of gold,
Give me to worship there, where I behold
The dazzling meshes that mine eyes ensnare!
Auriferous halo! When the sun's glad glare
Lights up those splendors, be your locks unroll'd.
Those radiant glories let no tie withhold—
Red living lustre, that makes fair more fair!

Rich golden russet strewn o'er shoulders white,
Like summer sunset on a field of snow,
Bespeak the praises that are beauty's due;
Vain, vain, for language, hush'd in sheer delight,
Stumbles to silence and no words may show
Or speak the glories of the Titian hue!

"A. O. E." writes to the Pall Mall Gazette as follows:

"In his theatrical notes on Monday 'H. M. W.' wrote strongly against the idea of 'abolishing the evening dress rule for the theatre,' because 'the hardship of having to dress is ridiculously ever-rated by a number of men.' But why should not that number of men be considered? Many have no time occasionally to go home and dress before the theatre, so they go to music halls instead. Others are more comfortable in a dinner jacket than a tail coat. Many ladies dislike wearing low-necked dresses in the theatre, because they catch cold easily, and so keep on their cloaks throughout the evening. Why should not the high necked evening gown be as comme il faut in London theatres as in Paris, or the dinner jacket as civilized here as in New York? Is there any one who would refrain from going to a play because he might be seated next to some one in a morning coat or a lady whose neck is covered?

"Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, in announcing 'it's you we want, not your clothes,' seem to me to be taking a very sensible step. If people want to go to see a play, why should not the attire which is considered eminently right at a matinee be equally welcomed at an evening performance?"

June 12 1911

In Constantinople physicians recommend patients suffering from rheumatism to ride in a tramcar and hold the arms rigidly straight out before them. This treatment is said to be better than that of carrying a horse chestnut or a raw onion in the pocket. It is to be regretted that the Boston herdic is no longer in fashion. It was Mr. Alexander P. Browne who said that the Carthaginians put Regulus in a barrel with spikes and rolled him down hill, inasmuch as the herdic was not then invented.

What's this? Mr. Jack Johnson sleeping in the chief engineer's cabin and seated at a small table in a corner of the dining room? Another outrage! Mr. Johnson should sit in glory at the right hand of the captain, with champagne provided by the grateful and admiring company he patronizes, and he should stretch his sculpturesque legs in the Imperial suite on the top deck.

June 13 1911

KANGAROO BACK AT B. F. KEITH'S

The boxing kangaroo came back to B. F. Keith's yesterday, and showed that his paw has not forgotten its cunning. He boxed three rounds with one of the Gordon brothers, and knocked his man down once, and then down and out. It might have been what the sporting editor calls a frame-up; but it looked all right. Jeff, as the kangaroo is named, deals in swinging blows. He does not hit from the shoulder. He does not guard, but always counters. He can stand a lot of punishment; but whenever one of his blows lands, his opponent knows it, or hears about it. Besides their turn with Jeff, the Gordons did some clever work with punching-bags.

Another to come back yesterday was Eddie Leonard, who sang some of his old songs and some new ones. His dancing was his strong point. He does his steps like a man who has made a study of the art, and he deserved all the applause he got yesterday. He was ably supported by Miss Mabel Russell, who contributed some good singing and comedy of her own.

Marian Merrill and Louise Hilton gave "The Maid of Cinnabar." This is an Indian idyl. Miss Hilton is Red Feather, a chief, and Miss Merrill is an Indian maiden with the poetic name of Golden Eyes. The act is one continued duet. The young women have good voices. Miss Merrill does what is presumably a symbolic dance on the departure of her lover for the wars. It was graceful enough, but what it symbolized, if anything, was not clear.

Arthur Whitelaw, "the Irish-American," sang some songs and told some stories. His pathetic piece, "The Top o' the Mornin'," had some passages of genuine sentiment. The De Voie trio are wonderful gymnasts. Frank Gordon and Rose Kinley, eccentric acrobatic dancers, were clever and amusing. Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence, in "The Piano Store," gave an amusing turn. Charles and Fanny Van and company were funny enough in a nonsensical piece called "A Case of Emergency." Mr. Van has a face which, if not strictly beautiful, is worth something to a vaudeville entertainer. Martinetti and Sylvester, "The Boys with the Chairs," do their share toward the amusement.

The orchestra was more in evidence yesterday than usual. The opening number was an elaborate affair and some of the selections stirred enthusiasm.

The death of Edward Harrigan revives the memory of the songs for which Dave Braham wrote the music. One song drives out another, and in the great popularity of one are the seeds of its speedy death. Who whistles "Bill Simmons" or "Tammany" today? Yet it was only a little while ago that these ditties were heard everywhere and at all hours. Dave Braham's tunes were out of fashion long before the two just named were sung and whistled, but in their time they were even more popular, and the older generation is inclined to grow sentimental thinking of them. Dave Braham's brother John was well known in Boston, which was for many years his home. An experienced man of the theatre he conducted the first performance of "Pinafore" in the United States (at the Boston Museum) and the first performances in this city of other Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, as "Patience," "Iolanthe," "The Mikado," "Ruddygore," "The Yeomen of the Guard." He conducted "Utopia Limited" and to the best of our recollection "The Gondoliers"; also "Princess Ida" when it was performed here for the first time in the United States. Another brother Harry, had the honor of being the first—was he not the first?—husband of Lillian Russell. Dave was the melodist of the family, and his talent was genuine and individual.

CHAMPAGNE, HYDROMEL AND BURGUNDY

The champagne question in France is still a question. The Council of State now recommends that the wine of the department of the Marne be labelled "champagne," and wine made in the department of the Aube be labelled "champagne, second zone." Why not "temperate zone"? For any champagne drinker who has a fine taste—we do not refer to the noisy "opener" or to the man who alludes to champagne as "wine"—would naturally drink more of the Marne vintage than of the Aube.

Fortunately there are many to whom this war means nothing. Sir Algernon West relates that when he was a young man two bottles of champagne were allowed for a dinner party. "These were handed round after the second course, and drunk in homoeopathic doses out of small tubes of glass, which contained little but froth. Lord Alvanley was the first who had the courage to protest against this meagre allowance, exclaiming one evening: 'You might as well expect us to drink our wine out of thermometers.'" There are men to whom a thermometrical allowance would be poison. They would prefer a glass of burgundy, or Scotch and soda or, better yet, rye and water, the wine of the country and that of Adam in a judicious blend.

In England they already know a substitute for champagne. Two dealers advertised a select brand of wines, guaranteed after analysis. Two qualities of white and two of red were for sale at £3 10s. and £4 the cask of 50 gallons. The wine was carefully described as "hydromel." Orders came thick and fast. For some reason or other the customers did not like the wine. Some of them called in an analyst. He found water, honey, sugar and coloring matter from red currents; but not a trace of grape juice. There was the label, "hydromel." Hydromel had been honestly sold. What cause of complaint had the customers? They had bought nectar and did not like the taste of it. They were mortals, not immortals on Olympus.

There are people who are afraid of burgundy. They say it goes to the nose, also to the joints. But champagne goes to the vital organs. In France there was war for 70 years or more over the respective merits, and a thesis on the subject was presented to the University of Paris in 1652 by some one applying for the degree of doctor of medicine. He favored beaune. The champagne owners were furious, and when Fagon, physician to Louis XIV., forbade him to drink champagne they were ready to take up arms. The Faculty of Rheims defended champagne as though it were an excellent substitute for family butter and removed superfluous hair. There were pamphlets and odes for and against, and the authors were paid in burgundy or champagne.

In like manner there was an outcry against Spanish wines when they were first imported into England. Sir Richard Hawkins remembers that when he was young and wine of Spain was not to be found in England, hot burning fevers were unknown, and men lived many more years. "But since the Spanish sacks have been common in our taverns, which (for conservation) is mingled with lime in its making, our nation complaineth of calenturas, of the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other diseases, not heard of before this wine came in frequent use, or but very seldom."

"Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling?" Not only they that tarry long at the wine and go to seek mixed wine—and this, liberally construed, may be said to include blended whiskeys and 'arf and 'arf—but also those who own vineyards and insist that theirs is the only wine.

It is said that Mrs. Constance Fauntleroy Runcie, who died a few days ago at New Harmony, Ind., was the mother of women's clubs. Probably the mother of American women's clubs, for when Hellogabalus ruled, there was a female senate that decided social matters, and even mingled in political affairs. And a senate of men is a club, often expensive and exclusive, as the Senate of the United States.

"Jupiter and the moon in conjunction exerted unusual strain upon the earth." Prof. Woodworth gives this explanation of the recent earthquakes. So Jupiter is up to his old tricks.

June 14. 1911

Ex-Senator W. A. Clark rejoices in the organ installed in his winter palace in Fifth avenue, New York. The instrument is said to be the largest chamber organ in the world. A once prominent Chicagoan looking with admiration on his jewelled wife at a ball, said to his neighbor: "As she stands she cost me at least $350,000." At an organ recital, ex-Senator Clark can say: "She cost me $120,000 as she stands," for to some an organ, as a clock in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, is "she," not it. There are two or three excellent house organs in Boston, although they are not so large or expensive as Senator Clark's. The organ in the house of the late J. Montgomery Sears is beautifully voiced, and Mr. Sears in his lifetime took great pleasure in it, especially when it was played by Mr. S. B. Whitney. Mr. Samuel Carr also has a fine house organ. It will be remembered that he was for many years the organist of the New Old South, serving the church in that capacity for love of music.

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Mr. Slezak tells a Vienna reporter that the critics in the United States are admirable. "They know their business and have sound judgment. They are mostly independent and well-to-do persons." Mr. Slezak also knows his business, and should henceforth receive only kind attention from the young and old lions of the press. Yes, they are all well-to-do and write only for the love of art.

A policeman in New York, getting off a trolley car, was knocked down by a taxicab. In Boston passengers trying to board a trolley car are the sport of taxicabs and other automobiles. It is as though the chauffeur said to himself: "Ten to one, she won't make it. Not if I can help it."

Mr. John A. Johnson does not go to London merely from vulgar curiosity. What is a coronation to one that wears the crown of crowns? His real purpose in going is "to show folks that a black man knows how to dress and be a gent, too!" No one doubts Mr. Johnson's ability to do this, and no one, at least, will be bold enough to dispute it.

The Mr. W. E. D. Stokes who was shot at by two young women was a Yale man, class of '74. He was rather prominent in his class, and at a time when all undergraduates had disparaging nicknames, his was "Prevaricating Stokes."

June 15 1911

A sister of Mary Garden has been sued for divorce. She should have followed the example of her famous sister, or at least pondered her views on matrimony. Mary has not been shy in expressing them.

June 16 1911

Mr. George R. Sims, speaking of Garibaldi festivals, reminds his readers that the shirt waist or blouse was first known in England as a Garibaldi and was then red. The shirt has disappeared in the blouse, but the Garibaldi biscuit, square with a layer of currants in the centre, is still sold by grocers and is dear to schoolboys who call it the "Jerry Bald Eye." Was the Jackson ball that distended so many American boys' cheeks in the '60's named after the hero of New Orleans?

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1911.

THE REHABILITATION OF THE PIPE.

Anthropologists, sociologists and all that are well disposed toward man should rejoice in the rehabilitation of the pipe. It is doubtful whether this rehabilitation is due to the statement of M. Schlossing, a member of the Institute, that the combustion of tobacco produces more formaldehyde in a pipe than in a cigarette, and formaldehyde lessens the evil activity of nicotine. Men never doffed a bad habit because they were told it was harmful to health. A man whose eyesight was growing dim consulted an oculist. The oculist ordered his patient to give up smoking or he would be blind in two or three years. "What did you say to that?" asked a friend of the patient. "I said, 'Doctor, I've seen most things.'" And the man laughed, puffed his pipe and smoked to hasten the end.

It is said that King George is a pipe smoker, and likes nothing better of an evening than to put on his slippers, smoke away and read from some improving book to his beloved wife. Possibly this encourages the more timid and conventional Englishmen in smoking a pipe in public, although we doubt whether King George will smoke even a briarwood pipe or a meerschaum on his way to the coronation. It is said that in the Piccadilly and Pall Mall clubs members may be seen boldly smoking pipes at the windows. But Anglomania is not so prevalent or acute in the United States as it was some years ago.

The rehabilitation of the pipe in Boston is proved by the fact that pipe smoking is now not only tolerated but encouraged in two or three Boston clubs where it was formerly offensive to the great majority of the members. Some clubmen bring their pipe and tobacco in their pocket. Others keep them ready for use in the club. The pipes are usually of briar. Those of clay are not yet seen, though a church warden would go admirably with ale in pewter. Nor is the corncob often sported, although a writer recently characterized it as "the great American pipe." The Virginia clay is, alas, unknown—the clay that comes from the tidewater region, the pipe with the brownish-yellowish bowl, not the white pipe of Appomattox county.

Nor is the meerschaum often seen in a club. To this pipe a man must devote his whole attention for several years. There is no more pathetic sight than that of a college student endeavoring to color properly his meerschaum, smoking it with a protector, ready with a piece of chamois skin, dreading injury. Where, then, is the enjoyment?

Not many years ago the pipe room in the University Club of New York was a dismal place, as though it were designed and fitted up to show contempt for the practice. Possibly the house committee is now more liberally minded, and allows pipe smoking in the dining room except immediately after breakfast. In well-regulated clubs smoking is not allowed in the breakfast room, for to some smokers tobacco is without relish until after the noon meal, while to others the breakfast pipe is the sweetest, sweeter than the waters of Gelum sung by the poet.

That the pipe is now in favor is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not easy to obtain a good cigar at a reasonable price. In a club a pipe is more homelike. It stimulates good-fellowship. The naturally solitary become gregarious. They chirp. The dull man puffs and is silently wise. The confirmed bore loses his terrors except when he is always begging a pipeful. But pipe smoking in the street is another matter. We should have no objection to "the looks of the thing" were it not that young men on their way to the office are generally awkward in their treatment of the pipe, are so self-conscious that they assume an air of bravado, and on the whole appear singularly uncomfortable.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911.

THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE BILL.

Dr. Hamilton Biggar, welcoming the Ohio branch of the National Medical Association, spoke a kind word for poor patients. "The rich man often scans the doctor's bill closely in search of possible overcharges, but the poor man rarely protests. The worthy poor man pays to the best of his ability and gives the doctor his heartfelt thanks. Many rich patients toss their money at you and forget the debt with the mere payment of cash. But there is something more than mere money payment; there's a payment that comes from the heart."

If physicians would only accept with tears of recognition payment that comes from the heart instead of the pocket! And is it true that many rich patients "toss their money at physicians"? Is it not often necessary for physicians to extract the rich patients' wad with forceps? Dr. Biggar perhaps is not in a position to see clearly. Mr. John D. Rockefeller is one of his patients, and, it has been said, has offered $500,000 to anyone who cam give him a new, practical stomach with a digestive apparatus in working order.

One reason why the rich man often scans the doctor's bill closely is because he knows that, being rich, he is considered fair game. He is constantly paying the penalty of being rich. In Europe potentates and noble lords of high degree have of their own free will paid enormous fees. Dr. Thomas Dimsdale for vaccinating Catherine II. at St. Petersburg received about $60,000 in cash, a pension of $2500 a year and a barony. But there was then enthusiasm over vaccination: Catherine named the first Russian child who was vaccinated Vaccinoff and educated him at the public expense.

The Tsar of Russia once paid Prof. Zacharine—the name sounds like a substitute for sugar, or a cool tar remedy against sleeplessness or a chill—$75,000 for the attendance of two days. An English army surgeon materially helped the Nawab of Rampur suffering from rheumatism and received $50,000. These are comparatively recent instances. Noblesse oblige! But years ago Sir Astley Cooper earned $30,000 in a week for performing six operations, and, going to Vienna at the call of Prince Esterhazy, received $25,000. A physician, recalling these glorious instances in the history of his profession, knowing the enormous wealth of many captains of industry, seeing how their money is often thrown away by them, realizing the extravagance of their daily life, would be more than mortal if he did not charge roundly for the exercise of his skill.

June 16 1911

New York is now mourning the disappearance of Mendelssohn Hall as a room for chamber concerts and other concerts that should not be given in a large auditorium. Real estate owners are indifferent, because there is no demand for such a hall except from October till May or June, and the profits must be made during the season. The passing of Chickering Hall in Boston as a room for concerts is regretted by managers. Steinert Hall with its remarkable acoustic properties is an ideal hall for a singer, pianist, violinist; it is well ventilated; it is comfortable and attractive; but the audience is necessarily small. Jordan Hall is excellent for orchestral and choral concerts and pianists are favorably heard there, but chamber clubs for some reason or other are not wholly satisfied. There are other halls not so desirable for concert as for other purposes. When Symphony Hall was planned, it was the wish of Mr. Gericke, then conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, that the building should contain a smaller room for chamber concerts, and there was serious thought of this construction. There were outs in Chickering Hall as a room for concerts, but the room was about the right size and most conveniently situated.

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Miss Alice L. Higgins thinks that the singing of songs will drive the desire to drink out of the soul of man. Unfortunately song and the love of wine, malt liquors and strong waters have been associated for centuries. The proverbs of all nations bear testimony. Did not the Psalmist cry out in his humiliation: "I was the song of the drunkards"? (Psalms lxix., 12.)

June 17 1911

Many will hear with pleasure the news that Miss Bernice Fisher of the Boston Opera House will appear at the Opera Comique, Paris, next spring. Last season Miss Fisher showed not only vocal skill but unusual dramatic talent. She took minor parts and gave them distinction. When she was called on to take more important parts at short notice, she surprised even her admirers. Her Micaela in "Carmen" was charming in every respect. For once there was the impersonation of the country girl, simple, trustful, affectionate. Voice, face, figure and art here found appropriate and full expression.

The question, When does a pig become a hog? excited lively discussion in the Circuit Court at Booneville, Ind. In Boston it is easily answered. It is when a man or woman in an end seat refuses to slide along and compels a woman or old man with a bag or bundle to go by him.

June 18 1911

Season at Tremont.

Last night ended the regular dramatic season at the Tremont Theatre and now the house will remain dark for the summer vacation. Under the direction of Manager John B. Schoeffel the season has been one of unusual interest with long runs and plays new to the Boston stage. The summary of the year will be found as follows.

Sept. 5—"The Aviator," by James Montgomery, first time in Boston, two weeks.

Sept. 19—John Barrymore, in "The Fortune Hunter," by Winchell Smith, first time in Boston, 11 weeks.

Dec. 5—Christie MacDonald, in "The Spring Maid," by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, from the original, by A. M. Willmer and J. Julius Wilhelm, music by Heinrich Reinhard, first time in Boston, three weeks.

Dec. 26—Carter de Haven, in "The Girl in the Taxi," one week.

Jan. 2—Edmund Breese, in "The Scarecrow," by Percy Mackaye, first time in Boston, one week.

Jan. 9—"The Follies of 1910," first time in Boston, eight weeks.

March 4—Margaret Anglin, in "Green Stockings," by A. E. Mason and George Fleming, first time in Boston, four weeks. March 24 special matinee of "Hippolytus," by Julia Ward Howe, first time on any stage.

April 3—Richard Carle, in "Jumping Jupiter," by Sidney Rosenfeld and Richard Carle, first time in Boston, six weeks.

May 15—"A Country Girl," by James T. Tanner and Lionel Monckton, two weeks.

May 29—Valeska Suratt, in "The Red Rose," by Harry B. Smith and Robert B. Smith, music by Robert Hood Bowers, first time in Boston, three weeks.

THE ARROW MAKER, A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS. By Mary Austin. New York: Duffield & Co.

The play was produced at the New Theatre, Feb. 27, 1911, when the chief parts were taken by

The outraged and explosive Englishman still uses the Times as a wastepipe for his rage. Not long ago "Senior" protested against the habit of his family doctor: the sending every six months a bill "for professional attendance" and not an itemized account. (Why did not "Senior" reason with the doctor in private, for the physician perhaps does not read the Times?) "Senior" also growled at the persistent and rapid growth of medical charges. He remembers Mr. Gladstone saying twenty-five years ago that the charges were becoming "so excessive as to approach the verge of scandal." This is all wrong, roars "Senior"; charges should be moderate and the bill should be itemized; then it will be promptly and cheerfully paid.

It is in medicine as in the other professions. There are the generous and benevolent; there are the selfish and avaricious. The rich patient should not be necessarily a prey; the man in moderate circumstances should not expect to escape without a reasonable bill. There are many poor men and women in Boston who bless the name of a physician or surgeon; there are both poor and rich who are more inclined to curse. There should be a sliding scale: no physician should charge a visiting servant girl the fee her mistress would expect to pay.

FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1911.

TO PROMOTE SOCIAL HAPPINESS

There is a club in Yorkville called the Silver Heel Club. The superintendent of an apartment house in the immediate neighborhood complained in court that the members of this club annoyed the dwellers in flats. The more fortunate who live in their own houses near by made similar complaint. The club members were accused of sitting at open windows and whistling at young women passing by; of singing, playing the piano, and frequently shouting so they could be heard a block away. One of the neighbors testified that his three-year-old daughter died of heart trouble, as he believed, in consequence of the exercises in the clubhouse.

In the newspapers a bridegroom or an embezzler always belong to "exclusive clubs," although the membership of one may be over 2500; but the Silver Heel Club is really exclusive: it contains only twenty-five members. One of them, Mr. Tietelbaum, appeared in court. He said the object of the club was to promote social happiness. Inasmuch as there are various definitions of happiness, it is pleasant to hear from Mr. Tietelbaum that the Silver Heels play cards "to pass time," sing, and use the piano up to 11 o'clock at night.

Here is a club that is without a pompous or hypocritical charter. There is no pretence of encouraging literature, reforming social evils, uplifting business, politics, the theatre, or the morals of the community. The members meet to have a good time, "to pass time." Thus they respond to the best definition of a club: an implement to kill time.

These young men are charged with sitting at open windows and whistling at women. This is better than sitting with the windows shut, for the reproach made against many writers, thinkers, moralists, is that they view life through a club window and therefore write or act without true sympathy, without knowledge of the needs and condition of humanity. The Silver Heels are eminently human. Their expression of appreciation, sympathy, admiration by whistling may not be applauded, but it is sincere. Or possibly the women going by prescribe to themselves too preposterously and the clubmen whistle only for want of thought.

Their idea of social happiness may seem primitive to some who do not realize that to the great majority of the race happiness consists in making a loud noise. This is seen at a ball game, a political convention, an afternoon tea. If "hearty applause" were forbidden at theatre and opera house, audiences would not be half so large. Did not Emerson speak of noisy squeals of joy? Perhaps poor mortals are boisterous that they may not hear the approaching footsteps of the Lean Man with the Scythe; that they may have no time to ponder the eternal problems.

To each one of the Silver Heels his fellow-members are "clubable." There are clubs in which this recommendation of a candidate for membership at once prejudices the Elections Committee against him; for the word is used when there is nothing specifically favorable to be said. But in this Yorkville club the members apparently all scream together and would accept "a clubable person" in case of a death or a resignation. They have solved the question of social happiness. The magistrate adjourned the case to July 7, "to see if the club could not come to some pacific agreement with the neighbors." The best solution would be to extend the membership and take in the objectors, so that all the evening stars could sing together and the sons of Yorkville shout for joy.

With Wynne Matthison, Leah Bateman-Hunter, Frank Gillmore and Ben Jonson. It was then said that the play lacked dramatic interest. This would be the conclusion drawn by any one reading the printed scenes. Miss Austin contributes a preface in which she says that the greatest difficulty in writing an Indian play is the extensive misinformation about Indians. "My real aboriginal of my acquaintance resembles his prototype in the public mind about as much as he does the high-nosed, wooden sign of a tobacco store, the fact being that among the 58 ligulstic groups of American aboriginals, customs, traits and beliefs differ as greatly as among Slavs and Sicilians."

In this play Miss Austin has attempted the explication of a primitive attitude toward a human type common to all conditions of society. The Misera, the heroine, is simply a genius who happend to become a medicine woman. The question in the drama is how the tribe to which she belongs shall work her to its best advantage. If this drama be read profitably, Miss Austin thinks, the story, with its lessons, should be applied to the present social awakening to the waste, the enormous and stupid waste of the gifts of women." All this is moderately interesting, but it is not dramatic in the present instance, and it is not surprising that "The Arrow Maker" failed as a stage play, except as a spectacle. There is a portrait of Miss Matthison in character.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN.

Mr. Russell, the managing director of the Boston Opera House, makes the announcement that operas of the French school, especially the modern and ultra-modern, will be an important feature of the next season. To insure noteworthy performances he has engaged competent French singers, a French stage manager and a French prompter. M. Carre of the Opera-Comique, Paris, has put at his disposal the mise-en-scene of that famous theatre.

This announcement is welcome news. Some years ago when Gounod's favorite opera was constantly performed at the Metropolitan, Mr. W. J. Henderson happily suggested that the name of the house should be changed to the "Faust-spielhaus." So great is the influence of the Ricordis, publishers in Milan, that some feared lest the Boston Opera House might be known as the "Puccini Theatre."

Though certain operas of Verdi are among the noblest works of the lyric stage; though certain operas by Puccini are entertaining and brilliant; it is not good for an opera house or a community when they dominate the stage. It is said that at the Metropolitan the repertory will include chiefly Italian and German operas, and little attention will be paid to the French school. This is illiberal and unwise. Is the success of Mr. Hammerstein, as a producer of French opera, so quickly forgotten?

There is no opera that will bear constant repetition. "La Boheme" is charming, but there are equally delightful French operas that deserved to be better known or introduced. It is not necessary to be a "Pelleastre" and condemn everything that preceded Debussy's music to the drama of Maeterlinck. There should be room on the stage of the Boston Opera House for Gounod, the composer of other operas than "Faust," as well as Debussy; for Thomas and Massenet as well as Laparra and Auber. Some of Auber's operas might well be revived, and there are works by Bruneau, Reyer, Saint-Saens, that are surely worthy of consideration, for Saint-Saens is not known in Paris solely by his "Samson and Delilah," which will open the season at the Boston Opera House.

There are other works that should be produced on this stage. No repertory is of the first rank until it includes "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," immortal Italian operas written by an Austrian. We may reasonably expect to see these masterpieces added to the repertory, and then possibly at least one of the lyric tragedies of Gluck.

Thus is Mr. Russell fulfilling promises. The Boston Opera House should be the home of opera without regard to nationality of composer, without prejudice for or against a school. Opera is an art of Italian invention, but musicians of other countries have reshaped it. To ignore the French or the German composers, or the composer of any country who creates something noble or beautiful, would be a blunder. Mr. Russell is too much enamored of his art and too shrewd a manager not to recognize the imperative claims of the French school, ancient, modern and ultra-modern.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

A Fine Old English Gentleman

Let us now praise famous men.

The London Chronicle, discussing the question, when oysters should be eaten, revives the memory of Mr. Hastings, Henry Hastings, second son of the Earl of Huntington, who ate them twice a day throughout the year. The Chronicle also mentions the fact that his great hall was strewn with marrow bones and full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers; that he died in 1650. But there is more to be said about this fine old English gentleman, who did not know

> Those four sad months wherein is mute
> That one mysterious letter that has power
> To call the oyster from the vasty deep.

Mr. William Gilpin—was he of John's family?—gives a pen portrait of Mr. Hastings, whose clothes were always of green cloth. Let us gaze on his lineaments as an eater and drinker. "His olster table" (for thus Gilpin spells the word and if he had been living in Cornwall he would have preferred "estren") stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round; for he never failed to eat oisters both at dinner and supper; with which the neighboring town of Pool supplied him." In the house there was an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion, "but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple pye, with thick crust, well baked. His table cost him not much, tho' it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding, and he always sang it in with 'My part lies therein—a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tun-glass of small beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary." On tables in his parlor were hawks' hoods; the old hats mentioned; backgammon boards, dice, cards and store of tobacco pipes. There was a closet where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, "which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house, for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed."

Mr. Hastings lived to be a hundred, and never lost his eyesight, nor used spectacles. "He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past fourscore."

Famous Oyster Eaters

Who would not like to have tasted Mr. Hastings's apple pie? "Thick crust, well baked." Edward FitzGerald disliked the sight of people enjoying their food, and once after a man had drunk a glass of wine and gone out of the room, he said: "Did you notice how he took up his glass? I am sure he likes it. Bah!" And the close friend of Omar the Tentmaker lived principally on apples, pears and other fruits, with cheese, milk puddings now and then, and on festival occasions he added a turnip. This man who sang the praise of wine would only join with zest in one social meal: tea, plain tea, with bread and butter.

One of the innocent joys of life, however, is to talk about good things to eat. The most temperate are the most extravagant in verbal debauch. Was Mr. Hastings' pie of the deep kind, baked in a nappy, without a bottom crust, and with a teacup in the middle as a regulator of juice? And was the assiduity displayed in eating oysters the secret of his lusty old age? How many did he eat? The Emperor Vitellius, "the beastly Vitellius," as Gibbon characterizes him, is said to have eaten oysters nearly all day long, but he perished violently at the age of 57. The Emperor Trajan received oysters in Parthia at a distance of many days' journey from the sea. The Romans were great oyster eaters, and could recognize from the shell in what river, marsh or mud the oyster was raised. Seneca ate several hundred every week, yet wrote against them, as Cicero, saying he was fond of them, added that he could get along very well without them. How much more honest was Henry Machin, citizen and merchant tailor of London, who made this entry in his diary: "On the 30th July, 1557, himself, Master Dave Gyttons"—he named others in the company—"did ett alff a bushel of owsters in Anchur-lane, at Master Smyth and Master Gyttons' seller, a-pone hoghedes, and candyll lyght, and onyons, and red alle, and clarett alle and muskadylle fre cope, at VIII in the mornying." And at a feast of the East India Company in 1622, there was roast mutton with oysters in the first course and in the second, "boyled oysters, dicto brolled, oyster pie, and pickled oysters." And so we come down to the French of about a century ago who ate 12 dozen for a relish before dinner; to Dr. Croy, who ate two dozen every morning before breakfast, and attributed to them his vigorous old age; to that great advocate G. T. Jenks, "the Cicero of the Brooklyn bar," who thought nothing of 100 on the shell before attacking his dinner.

Distressing Domestic Scenes

Here are notes for Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work—for the volume, or one of the volumes, on the domestic relations.

In Atlantic City, N. J., a woman, "24 years old and good-looking," was fined as a common scold, because she objected to neighbors calling her husband "a skinny runt." Now the word "runt" is a good old English word and not necessarily an abusive epithet. The dictionary in its wisdom defines a runt as the smallest and weakest animal of a litter, birth, or flock; any stunted animal; but in Yorkshire a runt is a person of a strong though low stature. In Lincolnshire "runty" means bad tempered, obstinate. It was probably the combination, "skinny runt" that [illegible] the wife in Atlantic City. What would she have done had the neighbors called her husband a "fat slob"? This woman, for defending her husband and telling the neighbors what she thought of them, or possibly characterizing Mr. X and Mr. Y in terms that did not please their respective wives, was haled into court and fined $40; fined for her loyalty to the oath she had taken to love and honor the man of her choice. It is barely possible that secretly she agreed with her neighbors and had endeavored to fatten her spouse. Even if he were a poor thing, he was her own. And this is New Jersey justice! The wife deserves a statue in the public place. In the old days there was the ducking stool for "common scolds"; there was also the cucking stool, a more ignominious punishment; there was the brank, or scold's bridle. No doubt there were men among the punishers who were as guilty of the charge. Famous men have been common scolds, scolders of women, as Juvenal, Tertullian, John Knox, and was there ever a woman that scolded as violently and volubly and constantly as Thomas Carlyle?

Mr. Bedleski of Swoyersville, Pa., sold his wife for $25 to a boarder, possibly the star boarder in his house. He sold

her at auction, and Mr. Krokoss was the highest bidder. "Mrs. Bedleski had listened to the sale with an amused smile, and when Krokoss attempted to assume the part of her lord and master she knocked him senseless with the handle of a mine pick." Then she went to the justice and had her husband arrested on the charge of desertion. The justice fined Mr. Bedleski, made him apologize to his wife, and return the money to the boarder. Possibly Mrs. Bedleski was piqued because she did not bring all her price, and the boarders, with the possible exception of Mr. Krokoss, will fare poorly. Yet, as prices go in England, $25 was a high bid. Mr. Joseph Thompson, in 1832, sold his Mary Anne for 20 shillings and a Newfoundland dog. She had qualifications which he named at the sale: "She can read novels and milk cows; she cannot make rum, gin or whiskey, but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them." In 1815 a man at Pontefract knocked down his wife for 11 shillings. Mr. Brouchet, in 1820, sold his for 5. But in 1835, a woman, sold by her husband for £15, went home with the buyer, survived him and her seller then married her again. She was probably worth the price.

Dr. Cabot and Quotations

Dr. Richard C. Cabot, in his definition of a drunkard, spoke of those who drink whiskey, beer and gin. He said nothing about rum, specific or generic; he did not differentiate between New England, Santa Cruz, Jamaica. This is to be regretted, and yet some may argue that, inasmuch as rum is not named as a first aid to immoderate thirst, it is, therefore, harmless, whether it be old Medford or pineapple, whether it be taken hot and with butter, hot and drunk from a saucepan, as when Mr. Daniel Quilp gave it to Mr. Sampson Brass, or with cold water as recommended by Dr. Maginn. There is, unfortunately, the old association with the demon. Rum does not go with everything. Thus, Mr. John R. Philpots, in his invaluable work, "Oysters" (in two volumes, London and Leicester, 1890), quotes approvingly a writer who names any sound, pale ale or porter, light wines as Chablis, sauterne, Moscaux, Marsault, Medoc, still champagne, Moselle, any light Rhenish wine, and failing these Madeira or sherry, as an accompaniment to oysters. They enhance the taste and assist digestion. Among spirits, good English gin, genuine Schiedam, or Irish or Scotch whiskey, are named as admissible; but rum or brandy will surely make the oysters indigestible and liqueurs are wholly out of place. Dr. Cabot says that those who exceed three whiskeys daily, or eight glasses of beer, or more than two drinks of gin, are excessive users of alcohol. Will he not kindly give an opinion as to the precise amount of rum that can be consumed daily without injury to liver and kidneys, in case these organs are not nickel-plated?

A school girl in Dighton was dismissed because she could not commit to memory 44 lines of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." The punishment was unreasonable. There are many well versed in literature, incessant readers, who cannot repeat correctly a dozen lines of any familiar poem. Hazlitt, who was reproached by De Quincey for his habit of quotation when writing an essay, was notorious for misquotation. Accurate quotation like spelling is a gift. There are men who can recite page after page, but cannot talk intelligently about what they recite, nor have they a fine appreciation of the prose or poetry. On the other hand, there are lovers of the best authors, who see in their mind the printed sentence, but cannot repeat it; yet, by a curious twist of memory, they can recite a hundred limericks, which were told to them in schooldays, which they never saw in print; nor can they dismiss them from their mind. These limericks often occur to them on the most incongruous occasions.

By Phil

A Boston Critic of 100 Years Ago

A friend recently picked up in the bookshop of a southern city a copy of the poems and prose writings of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., born at Taunton in 1773, the second son of Robert Treat Paine, and named Thomas. The eldest son died and Thomas assumed his Christian name.

The volume lacks the title page and a few pages of the preface, but as the biographical sketch is dated Sept. 1, 1812, the book was probably published in that year. I am not able, writing at a distance from Boston, to verify this date.

The biographical sketch is the work chiefly of Charles Prentiss. The final pages were written by Mr. Selfridge. The biography is singularly frank and in the Asiatic style of the period. It is enough to say that Mr. Paine was graduated at Harvard in 1792, when he delivered an English poem; that he became a clerk to a prominent merchant of Boston, but grew interested in the drama, left his employer and started a semi-weekly newspaper—the Federal Orrery," published with a motto from Virgil; that he sold this newspaper in 1796 after two years and was appointed "Master of Ceremonies" in a theatre with a salary sufficient for a considerable support; that he studied law and was admitted a practitioner in 1802; that he died when he was 38 years old.

We are not now concerned with his poems—not even with his famous political song, "Adams and Liberty," his Phi Beta Kappa poem, "The Ruling Passion," or the "Stanzas to a Young Lady on a Bamboo Fan, Accidentally Torn," beginning

Erst, wanton Toy, 'twas thine to move,
By beauty's lovely queen caressed;
While, waving, like the wing of love,
Thou fanned'st a flame in every breast!
'Twas thine, in her imperial hand,
The cold to warm, the proud subdue;
The female Franklin's magic wand,
Olivia's sceptre, sweet Bamboo!

We are concerned with Mr. Paine as a dramatic critic.

Mr. Paine's Early Life

Mr. Paine excelled at Harvard in Latin and Greek, English grammar and rhetoric, and he devoted much of his time to natural philosophy and "elegant literature." At one of the class exhibitions he delivered an oration written in Greek without any preparatory sketch in English. He was favorably known in college as a poet. He was esteemed for his varied knowledge, lively wit, vigorous imagination.

He became interested in the theatre in 1792-3.

"The law of this state against theatrical exhibitions had never been repealed; but a small company of actors had contrived to evade it: a temporary theatre was erected in Board Alley.

And plays their heathen names forsook,
And those of "Moral Lectures" took.

"The law was abrogated; and in the summer and autumn of 1793, a large and elegant brick theatre was erected in Federal street."

The proprietors offered a gold medal for the best prologue to be read at the opening. There were 20 competitors, but Mr. Paine's prologue was unanimously chosen by the judges for the first prize. It was spoken by C. Powell in the character of Apollo. Mr. Prentiss said of it: "This prologue, as first printed, contained some bombast, and several inaccuracies; yet a greater volume of poetic mind has seldom, if ever, been embodied in the same compass. In conceiving greatly, Mr. Paine sometimes conceived extravagantly or obscurely." And Mr. Prentiss quoted a passage he considered extravagant, "although supported by the authority of an Augustan poet." In the first draught there were lines making Apollo swear by Shakespeare, as the rainbow, that there should be no second deluge of dramatic dulness.

A company of comedians arrrived from England, and the theatre was opened. Among them were Mr. Baker and his wife and their daughter, Miss Eliza, then aged about 16; "young, handsome, amiable and intelligent, she was not viewed with indifference by Mr. Paine, and the stage had now for him more than the usual attractions. His views were, however, governed by affection, delicacy and honor." During the season of 1793-94 he spent much time in writing theatrical criticisms, and the playhouse was more attractive than the merchant's office. When he started his newspaper "it was expected that his publication, while it should adhere to the gospel politics of federalism, would teem with the effusions of fancy and taste," but his love for the theatre and Miss Eliza and a natural indolence led him to neglect his editorial duties. He was married to Miss Baker early in 1795. She then left the stage. In 1796 her father was keeping an inn.

The New Federal Theatre

The theatre was destroyed by fire in February, 1798. In the fall of the year it was rebuilt and enlarged. For the opening of the New Federal Theatre (Oct. 29, 1798), Mr Paine wrote a dedicatory address, which was spoken by Mr. Hodgkinson. The following lines are of interest as showing protection guaranteed the audience:

Now (heaven forbid!) by hidden ways and means,
Should whelming fire again invest our scenes,
Lest on your heads the blazing roof should fall,
We'll spring the Aqueduct, and drown you all!
"I'll burn first, smoke me," cries a spruce young bobby,
"Splash me, I shan't be fit to walk the lobby!
If roast or drown's the word, your fire commence, sir,
That clownish water always spots my spencer!"

How wise men differ! Water, some would think,
Would wash away the stain of taylor's ink!
But don't swoon, beaus! another mode we'll try,
To save our lives, and keep your ruffles dry.
From fire and water your escape is certain,
Your shield of safety is—our Iron Curtain!

The Playhouses vs. the Law.

Mr. Paine was Master of Ceremonies in the new theatre and for several seasons he had been accustomed to have profitable benefits. When he went to Newburyport in 1799 to study law with Theophilus Parsons, he dissolved his connection with the theatre. In 1803, a practitioner in Boston, diligent in his profession, he was gainging reputation and accumulating property. "Though he attended the theatre and partook of the amusement of a social whist club at Concert Hall, he neglected not his duty to his clients for the pleasures of the drama; and at the club, his bets were moderate and his play judicious. He was never intemperate; and his retirement was seasonable." The theatre began to work its spell. Plays and comedians engrossed his time. "Some favorite in the green room, for distant admiration, or more familiar intimacy, seemed always essential to his felicity." He was fascinated by a Mrs. Jones, singer and performer, then at the zenith of her reputation upon the Boston boards, and later, in 1809, he wrote a "monody on the death of Sir John Moore" for Mrs. Stanley, the actress, which she recited in Quebec repeatedly, "to overflowing houses, and with the highest commendation from the Quebec audience."

He made progress in writing a pantomime of Blackbeard. "He digested in his mind the principal scenes; when, a few pages being misplaced, he was so disconcerted that he never resumed it. He bad projected another play of a higher order, and had filled some of the more important scenes. The plot was imaginary, and the action was thrown back some centuries. The principal scene was laid in the Appenines (sic), which afforded full scope for picturesque scenery." He also wrote long epilogues to two original plays by William C. White, repeatedly acted during the season of 1810-11. "Whatever might be the merit of the plays, the epilogues were of sufficient attraction to secure a respectable audience. Hundreds of dollars he had frequently received from the sale of a poem of one or two hundred lines, and he had no reason to doubt a similar success from a similar exertion at any time; yet to such exertion, for his own advantage, he could not be incited, though, from pure benevolence and a wish to encourage American literature, he wrote for a small gratuity an epiloguo of above 200 lines!"

"In 1811 he had a benefit, by the indulgence of Messrs. Powell and Wickenson, the Boston managers, which yielded him, although the weather was inclement, $200."

His love of the theatre lasted until the end. He saw a play, sick as he was, two days before his death.

"Soon after Mr. Paine's death, the managers of the theatre, upon application, liberally granted a night for the benefit of Mrs. Paine and her children. Unavailing efforts were made to obtain the benefit, exempt from the customary expenses; but the opulent proprietors did not relinquish their rent! Encumbered with the charges, the benefit yielded a profit of $450."

As a companion, he must have been delightful. Yet easy among friends, and courtly to strangers, neither too anxious to associate with the high nor avoiding the low, he was a stickler for good manners. Mr. Prentiss says that he frequently deplored a supposed decay of manners, and asked with concern where the successor of Gen. Knox was to be found. He complained that "'the old, genteel, town families, had been elbowed out of house and home by newcomers'; that 'instead of the polished manners of a city, we should soon exhibit that growth of gentility, which is produced by ingrafting dollars upon village habits and low employments.' 'There is as wide a difference,' said he, 'between the old school and the new, as there was between the polished ease of the reign of Augustus, and the rude turbulence of the epoch of the Gracchi."

The same complaint may be heard today in Boston, although not so "elegantly" expressed, for it is no longer the fashion to point a moral by a reference to Roman history.

Critic's Equipment

Mr. Paine's college attainments have been named. He read French with ease. In philosophy, geography, philology, history, metaphysics and criticism, he was well versed; in chemistry and medicine, he was also a considerable proficient • • • No man ever enjoyed a more singular felicity in the command of his powers." Add his lively imagination and spontaneous wit; and it will be seen that he was as well prepared for theatrical criticism as the man characterized by Vitruvius as an ideal architect or by Lucian as the accomplished pantomimic dancer.

He loved the theatre and as a critic went from love and not merely from a sense of duty or as a means of earning a salary. "When the opposition to the erection of the thatre was overcome, he remarked, 'The vandal spirit of Puritanism is prostrate in New England' • • • He had an intuitive knowledge of stage effect, as well in the drama of reality as in the humble scenes of mimic exhibition. He could predict with accuracy the success of a play and the issue of a campaign, the turmoils of the green-room and the agitations of the republic."

An Attack on Babes of Learning

It is not surprising, then, that Mr. Paine was impatient with ignorant, superficial, shallow critics, amateur and professional. The only criticisms written by him contained in this volume are those published in the winter of 1808 in a weekly miscellany, the Times. It is to be regretted that earlier criticisms were not included in the volume.

In a review of a performance of "Venice Preserved," in which Cooper and Fennell were "the rival candidates for the wreath of Thespian victory," Mr. Paine freed his mind concerning those that applauded Cooper roaring and Fennell extending his "'many a rood of limb' in two gigantic strides from one stage door to the other."

The following quotation shows his indignation: "We have not indulged this vein of sarcasm to ridicule the exertion of eminent talents, which has so justly 'earned its chronicle,' but to expose to merited contempt that fashionable affectation, that most excellent foppery of taste, which has of late usurped the balance and the rod of criticism among the full grown babes of learning, who have suddenly become commentators on playing, by going to school at 30 to learn their mother tongue, and have formed an intimate acquaintance with authors by spelling their names on labels at the backs of their volumes! Without knowing the distinction in terms between pronunciation, emphasis and reflection, yet with the aid of a little effrontery in a side box and a well committed rosary of words, which they use in succession without choice or connection, they acquire a frothy reputation for classical wisdom which at once gives tone and circulation to their opinions throughout the wide range of the shallow profundity of polite life! What a facility of literary education! Why it were a device worth the experiment if a patent might be obtained for it; the market women in the public streets of Athens repeated lines from Homer while they sold apples and filberts; then wherefore should not the discipline of a tailor and a friseur make as good a commentator of a beau as the persua[sion] of Malone, Johnson or Walton! This process, too, would prevent a grea[t] many fruitless headaches, would kee[p] down the price of calfskin, and would save the expense and trouble of learning to read! What a crop of connoisseurs should we have; they would grow up, like the dragon's teeth, and destroy themselves for the amusement of their wits! This, then, will be the very milennium of letters, whe[n] taste shall be reduced under the dominion of fashion, and

The flop, the flirt, the pedant and the dunc[e]
Start up (God bless us!) critics all at once.

"From this little episode of pleasantr[y] in which we have sported rather free[ly] with the frivolous importance of ou[r] new race of theatrical virtuosos, we re[turn] to the more congenial and gratef[ul] task of rendering to genius the due re[ward] of its exertions."

In a review of Fennell's Iago, M[r.] Paine returned to the attack:

"The petulant puerility and bombast nonsense of some of Mr. Fennell's a[d]mirers would provoke retort, and d[e]serve it, were we not convinced th[at] Mr. Fennell himself would most willin[g]ly exchange the panegyric of such lea[d]ing-string scribblers for their abuse. Y[et] all unite in a most goodly buckr[am] style, and in terms of art measured [by] the rood! One of these sesquipedali[an] witlings has rifled Johnson's Rambl[er] of all its verbal inventions, its floun[ce]s and furbelows of style, to decorate a[nd] bedizen Mr. Fennell in his princi[pal] characters. After twisting and disto[rt]ing the King's English into every pos[si]ble agony of meaning, he invents a n[ew] term in prosody to make his Rose[n] hero take leave off the stage in "v[ale]dictory verse!" nay more, eheu! O [res] deeflendum! he retires 'with the gr[ati]tude of his mother tongue!' The inv[en]tion of the compass, the founder [of] printing, or the discoverer of the ci[rcu]lation of the human blood, sink at o[nce] in the scale of original genius, be[fore] this mysterious magician of words, [this] jackalent constructor of luminous [sen]tences, whose light attracts, but ne[ver] can be followed. How fugitive is [the] bright in costure; it flashes, and is [en]veloped in deeper darkness from its [own] explosion. Dulness, like vanity, alw[ays] mistakes its element."

Old-Time Tragedies and Comedies

The dramas [th]at Mr. Paine revie[wed] in these critic[isms] were "Adrian [and] Orilla": it is a play "formed on [the] German model, and abounds with p[...] description; yet it is enlivened by [oc]casional coruscations of wit, and [ad]dressed to the feelings by many [...]

named after the hero

terly touches of nature"; Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" with the "conduct of the plot most industriously busy, the features of the characters well diversified and defined, the colors of the colloquy strikingly adapted to the design of the sketch, and, tempered with the correcting dilutions of Garrick, sufficiently chaste"; "Venice Preserved"; "Othello"; certain forgotten comedies as "Two Strings to Your Bow"; "George Barnwell," "Pizarro," "The Voice of Nature," "John Bull"; and there is passing mention of "The School for Scandal."

When was the last performance of "Venice Preserved" in Boston? Perhaps Mr. J. B. Clapp or Mr. E. F. Edgett can say without undue exertion? How many theatregoers today know the speeches of Pierre and Jaffier or even the name of Belvidera? Mr. Paine thought this tragedy would never leave the stage. "Such is the power of genius to give immortality to its own works that this dramatic poem will probably be coeval with the English tongue; and, still blooming in its fame, unwithered in its attraction by all the blighting cavils of criticism, will continue to convey to successive generations the strong and varying impulses of human passion, whether corrupted by ambition, seduced by sensibility, or disgraced by shame, which revenge and love and contrition alternately fill and agitate and shroud the theatre of the human mind."

When "Pizarro" was produced, Mr. Paine remarked that "the impressive merits of this play assembled 12 audiences during the last season." He then asked why Mr. Whitlock, the manager, should voluntarily incur prodigal expense in its preparation.

"It is in evidence from the manager's whole direction of the stage that he will never insult or delude the public with an immoral or imbecile play; but his is not a negative praise; for he has also evinced that while he considers wit and sentiment the 'lawful lords' of the drama, he has not refrained from the expense of spectacle, but has been anxious to assist the charms of the Muses with appropriate decoration." Three months were spent in preparation of the scenery. Mr. Bromley, a young man from Drury Lane Theatre, painted it and Mr. Paine said that he would amply deserve the praise of having furnished the Boston stage with the most correct and fascinating exhibition, both of landscape and architecture, which its lamps ever illumined."

Specimens of Paine's Criticisms

In his criticism Mr. Paine was seldom carping or savage. "The task of combining the scattered slips of theatrical excellence is to us, we confess, a work of more pleasure than that of plucking the faded leaf and pruning the excrescent branch. The one is the exercise of taste, the other the injunction of beauty." Yet he was by no means a honeybuber. When young Mr. Whitlock played Barnwell he was so imperfect of the text that "'Barnwell' seemed to be like a fine child stolen away by gypsies and stained with walnut juice to prevent detection! At least the trick passed very well upon us, for the identity of the person was kept a profound secret from our eyes. * * * If Mr. Whitlock would become eminent he must consent to be instructed."

Mrs. Barrett's best scene suffered from "the strumming 'notes of preparation' sounded from the orchestra." This gross error should be corrected, for the best scene of many an act has been mutilated by such voluntary cadences and syncopations of catgut.

> Those squeaks are as dissonant, grating and harsh
> as a file rasping knots, or lewd frogs in a marsh.

Mr. Paine's idea of criticism was not to deal out to the public a tissue of panegyric; but to substract the record of fame, where the lovely individual stands registered in excellence is a darker offence than to leave 'penanointed a whole tribe of demerit 'with all its imperfections on its head.'"

He praised lavishly. "Mrs. Jones, whose very self is melody and whose sweet ballad could not derive a more touching charm, even from the lyre of Sappho." Mrs. Stanley was the "lawful heir" of the honors of Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Abington.

In his treatment of men he was discriminative. He praised Mr. Bernard for his flexible powers. "One of the most luminous traits of his merit is that he marks his delineation of characters almost homogeneous, the minutest shades by which they differ. Many comedians take too much in the habit of dashing the pound brush, and all they aim to show upon the canvas is a dazzling confusion of the primary colors without intermixture, graduation or lincament. The whole is illegitimate, a picture without a likeness. It claims affinity to nothing but one of Caliban's dreams, and thus, having no human relations, it is not entitled to Christian baptism. But so with the designs of Mr. Bernard. If, if not the pencil of Titian, is at least that of Hogarth." Mr. Paine showed how Bernard's clowns had different patents of rank. "Gregory Gubbins can laugh 'till his face be like a cloak ill laid up.' Caleb Wilkins belongs to another family. His head is dull and sterile, yet has he been taught by Ostaff's 'first human principle, to forsake thin potations and addict himself to sack.' The character is not a sot, but his humor has a mellower tilth from having been husbanded and manured by 'the excellent endeavor of drinking.'"

It was the "common fault" of Mr. Fox "to blaze without directing his fire." His glow of sentiment and pitch of intonation had no variety. "Fiery and unaccommodating, his enthusiasm perceived no diversity in the situations and characters, with which it was concerned."

Woe to the actor who was slipshod in the delivery of the text! Mr. Paine was there to correct him. In his admirable comparison of Cooper and Fennell he found fault with them both for their reading of Iago's lines

> And nothing can, or shall content my soul,
> Till I am even with him, wife for wife.

The actors emphasized "for." Mr. Paine insisted that after "wife" there should be a pause, and the second "wife" should be strongly accented.

The best of Mr. Paine's articles preserved in this volume are fine examples of the old school of criticism, thoughtful, dignified, scholarly. "We are aware," he said, "that criticism has little zest for the fastidious palate, unless some imperfections, apparent or imaginary, are either detected or invented." He was not hypercritical.

But what would he write today when the majority of plays produced in Boston are not worth serious attention? And if he were to see a classic play, or one of the standard melodramas revived, what would he say concerning the reading of the text? Fortunate man! He did not live in an age when an actress or an actor relied first of all on a "charming personality." The play was the thing; the comedian was judged by the fidelity or the bold originality of the impersonation.

The Roasting of a Hare

Sir John Hare, addressing a meeting at Manchester, Eng., in support of a movement for establishing a national theatre as a memorial to Shakespeare, said, or was reported as saying: "No nation in the world possesses such great dramatic literature as ours; no nation has produced so great a dramatist as Shakespeare; yet we suffer from the reproach of being a nation that pays no public homage to his genius and to his immortal fame."

For this expression of opinion and for other statements the Referee chastizes Sir John, "Within limitations, an actor, who has done uncommonly good work in his time." The Referee thinks Sir John is imperfectly informed. "An actor may be a very good actor, and a theatrical manager may be a very good manager, without being intimately acquainted with the literature of his own or any other country. So when Sir John says, 'France, proud of its illustrious countrymen, has its House of Moliere; where is our House of Shakespeare?' I should like to ask him whether he really believes that the Comedie Francaise lives and thrives on Moliere, and whether he is aware that the House of Moliere is just as much, no more and no less, the House of Corneille and the House of Racine, and, more than anything else, the house of the whole race of French dramatists who—Sir John Hare may be surprised to hear it—have contributed to the theatre a very great deal more work of permanent value in the theatre than all the English dramatists who have written for the stage since the age of Shakespeare to the time of Sheridan."

The Referee then speaks of Mr. Flanagan's revivals of Shakespeare at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, which have made history in their way; of Mr. Benson's four separate companies which have for years been playing Shakespeare "up and down the country"; of Sir Herbert Tree, the manager of the leading theatre in London, who has been playing Shakespeare and only Shakespeare for a year at His Majesty's, where the annual Shakespeare Festival was in progress at the very time when Sir John voiced his complaint.

There is this personal thrust: "When all is said and done, it is to the theatrical managers and the actors that we must look to render homage to Shakespeare on the stage, and if Sir John Hare himself, in the course of a long and prosperous career as an actor and a manager, did not do anything in particular that I remember for the honor and glory of the great dramatist to whom he professes such passionate devotion, he should be aware that other actors, other managers, with higher ambitions, have given us Shakespeare in plenty."

Notes from Paris

"Percival," writing from Paris, does not speak highly of the new operetta at the Apollo. "Les Transatlantiques" is based on Abel Hermont's novel, and Mr. Franc-Nohain assisted in preparing the libretto. The music is by Claude Terrasse. "To make the whole thing tres Parisian it was produced in a theatre with a Greek name, run by German money, with an Irish and an English girl in the cast playing American parts. And, O my friends, it was and is a very dull show indeed." Now, Mr. Terrasse has fancy and a melodic gift, but "Percival" says he has written only three pretty tunes for this operetta: a trio of tradesmen, which "reminds one a little of a number in 'The Merry Widow';" the Kissing Quartet with a whistle in it, "English as English can be," and "Schumann in one of his lighter moments had, I am certain, a good deal to do with the Christian Wife song, which was the success of the evening. And although every Paris critic whom I saw at the Apollo on the first night said how terribly he had been bored, the newspapers next morning said all sorts of charming things about the show. This is a new and an unpleasant peculiarity of the Gay City. The critics have become so slavishly polite to all the theatres that it is quite impossible for a stranger in Paris, who does not know that he must read between the lines, to realize whether a play be worth seeing or not. I think this is a great pity. The duty of a critic surely is to express his honest opinion on a play, to give praise only where he thinks praise due, and not to mislead the public. If I had paid for seats to 'see 'Les Translantiques' I should feel like making a round of the newspaper offices here and asking for my money back."

Tristan Bernard's new one-act play is called "The Incident of April 7." A woman lawyer has been chosen to defend a nymph of Montmartre who has been rude to a policeman. The public prosecutor and the woman lawyer are intimate friends, and the prosecutor is so kind to the defendant that her lawyer, in a jealous fit, does her best to get her client sentenced. Among the characters is a Montmartre poet who gives his evidence in verse. Both Bernard and Hermont are witty and cynical, but the former has humor and is more human. See for instance the former's delightful novel, "Memoires d'un jeune Homme range" and compare it with Hermont's stories about the Vicomte de Courpiere or the novel and play, "Les Transatlentiques."

To go back to "Percival." He treated d'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" most irreverently. "I was very much afraid that there had been a little too much talk of a great masterpiece before production. Somehow or another the best plays, like good wine, do not need much advertisement. And I am quite sure that Gabriele will excuse me if I say that the impression which he made upon his audience was that of an excited and over-ecstatic Italian troubadour who had been feeding upon too much Ibsen duck a la Rouennaise and had not quite digested either. The play begins cheerfully—in the dark—and M. d'Annunzio's lines brought little light with them. The whole affair was very hifalutin and I confess that I laughed at the pink legs of the saint when Miss Ida Rubinstein's gold leggings were removed and she danced like a very charming cat upon hot bricks. The second act was also wropt in mistry. Sebastian smashed the images of the false gods, and a young lady whom the program called by a name from the Bible had a great deal to say in language which was so exalted that I could not understand it. The Zodiac appeared in the background and I really thought myself for a moment back at the fair at Maisons Laffitte. If I had had a gun just then I would have spared the author and waited for an egg shell to appear upon a dancing fountain, so that I could shoot at that. * * * The whole thing struck me, as a Philistine, as simple balderdash magnificently mounted. And I don't think that even a great man like D'Annunzio should be allowed to keep his audience inside a theatre until 1:20 in the morning."

Parisians think that everything Georges Feydeau says is funny. They are laughing over his reply to a Roumanian actress who begged to be introduced to him in a restaurant. She told him she had played all his masterpieces in French in her own country, and, as she spoke, her accent was atrocious. Mr. Feydeau answered solemnly: "Dear lady, don't apologize. I am not in the least bit angry with you." This was not funny and it was exceedingly rude.

Music in London

When Raymond Roze, son of Marie Roze by her first husband, Perkins, was in Boston two seasons ago as one of the stage managers at the Boston Opera House he was anxious to have his opera "Joan of Arc" produced. He talked of friends who might pay the expense of a production. Excerpts from this opera were performed at Queen's Hall, London, May 24. The solo music was sung by Mmes. Maggie Teyte and Marta Wittowska and Messrs. Tiverio and Rabke. The composer conducted and it is said that he was greatly applauded. "It is impossible to judge of the dramatic value from the excerpts given, but it may be said that the music is melodious and shows that the composer has a lively sense of climax." Mr. Roze himself said of his music: "It is not of the ultra-modern school. I have always felt that music was never meant to portray and illustrate the disgusting, revolting and loathsome incidents of life." But works of the ultra-modern school are not necessarily written in illustration of the life that is so obnoxious to Mr. Roze. Surely "Pelleas and Melisande," Franck's "Beatitudes," Ravel's "Spanish Hour" are not based on any revolting or disgusting episode, and they are ultra-modern. Pray, what does Mr. Roze mean? Is he referring only to Richard Strauss? If so, he is intemperate in speech and philistine in judgment.

There are differences of opinion about Elgar's second symphony, which was performed for the first time May 24. Some of the critics prefer it to the first, which seems reasonable; others find the music middle-Victorian. Let us possess our souls in patience. The symphonite will no doubt be played in Boston next season, for Mr. Fiedler is a hardened Elgarite.

Granville Bantock's new orchestral poem, "Dante and Beatrice," was also performed on May 24. "It has no definite program, but is intended to suggest Dante's passion for 'the glorious lady of his mind.' Gravity and tenderness, with occasional outbursts of exultant thought and bursts of despairing grief, find expression in direct manner. The music possesses little subtlety, but it has the merit of clearness of design and part writing."

Percy Pitt's new English rhapsody was performed on May 23. The thematic material is taken from British traditional music. Dr. Walford Davies's new orchestral suite (produced May 24) is based "on an old melody called 'Parthenia,' found in 'Music's Delight on the Cithren,' published in 1666. The fine old tune has inspired the organist of the Temple Church to unite five movements distinguished by old world grace, beautiful balance of tone and musical interest."

Harold Bauer at the Strauss concert on May 25 played the piano part of that composer's "Burleske."

The Drama in London

Mme. Lydia Yavorska was adversely criticised for her interpretation of Hedda Gabler on May 27 at the Kingsway Theatre. One of the critics, not friendly toward Ibsen and his works, began by describing Hedda as a spoiled and petty ballroom belle of Suburbia. "When, as she put it, her time came, she married, by one of nature's ironical tricks, a stupid, commonplace, well meaning fellow, her very antithesis. Bored by her husband, her surroundings and her aimless, meaningless existence, she gradually worked herself into a state of chronic hysteria and hyperaesthesia ,and finally, in a moment of courage foreign to her usual condition, had the strength of mind to shoot herself. In this last particular only does Ibsen's Hedda differ from the ordinary herd of Heddas. Her tragedy was to die. Their greater tragedy is to live. To grin and bear it." Then the critic described the Russian actress as impersonating "a sort of up-to-date Cleopatra—fascinating, seductive, beautifully gowned. She stormed, she posed—gracefully and effectively, it is true. She was overemphatic where she should have been subtly suggestive, and her great, sweeping gestures more became a tragedy queen. Her natural difficulties with the language were a constant brake on the action of the play, and perhaps partially accounted for the overemphasis."

A duologue, "The Touch of Truth," by W. H. Walbrook, was produced on May 26. Richard Cumberland, actor, and Jimmy Bray, a newspaperman, are supping in Cumberland's sumptuously furnished flat. Bray is envious and declares that he will tourn actor and earn £500 a week. Cumberland, irritated by the young man's presumption, declaims bitterly against amateurs who think they can learn the actor's art in a week and jumping on the stage shove off those who have made the art the study of their life. The journalist answers that acting is not an art and to prove how easy it is to act proceeds to show how he would play the part of a husband returning home to find that his wife has run away with a man. Cumberland laughs at his performance, shows how the scene should be played and finally convinces Bray that he is nothing but a stick.

"Judged by Appearances," a one-act play by Frederick Fenn, produced about nine years ago, has been revived at the Shepherd's Bush Empire. The story is an amusing one. A timid little husband has a romantic wife who knags him for his lack of courage. Weary of it, he thinks of killing himself and debates the question, with devolver in hand. He is surprised by a burglar. Here is the way out of it. The husband begs the burglar to kill him, but the latter has scruples about committing murder. The husband grows braver and braver. The wife comes in; she is now convinced of her husband's courage and begs him to spare the burglar, who is allowed to go in peace.

The Pall Mall Gazette of June 6 published this editorial note: "The return to London of the Dublin Abbey Theatre company is, artistically, one of the most interesting events of the season, and it is to be hoped that the many attrac-

tions now appealing to the public in the capital will not affect the size of their audiences. In several respects their work is quite unique. They bring with them plays that are varied in every respect save those of excellence and originality and treat them with a sincerity, a forgetfulness of the audience and an absence of all stale trick and artifice which cannot but cause the lover of histrionic art a quite exceptional joy. There probably is not a theatrical manager in London who would give £10 for their whole stock of scenery and properties—which is, of course, another way of saying that they are very excellent scenery and properties for plays of which the real interest is literary and artistic. On the other hand there are a good many managers who would give many £10 notes for English plays so original, witty and powerful as the Irish ones of the Abbey Theatre dramatists. And the end of it all is that, even on these warm evenings, there is a delicate delight to be enjoyed at the Court Theatre, less sophisticated, but, perhaps, rarer and finer in its quality than anything else to be had at the present moment in London."

Reger's 100th Psalm

Max Reger's 100th Psalm has been performed in London and characterized as an extraordinary work. The music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette is broad-minded. He is not disturbed seriously by modern harmonic schemes, nor does he look on the compositions of the French and Germans with an insular eye. Let us read his review. "Rarely, if ever, has the Queen's Hall been subjected to so great an acoustical shock as the dynamic force of Reger's score provided. It called to mind the famous remark of Gretry when asked his opinion of a duet in Mehul's 'Euparosyne et Coradin,' where the horns used their 'culvre' color. 'It is enough to split the roof of the theatre with the skulls of the audience.' This was when the 'ein' feste Burg' choral melody was blazed forth by trumpets, trombones and organ on the top of a maze of contrapuntal writing for chorus and the rest of the orchestra in the final verse of the Psalm to the words of the English paraphrase: 'It's great mercy lasteth ever and his own truth endureth evermore.' But nearly all through the composer has indulged in massive sounds, and to such an extent that he really seems to have defeated his own ends. Just as the ear refuses to distinguish high rates of vibration, indeed, some people cannot hear the cry of a bat, so a continued accumulation of sound at last almost ceases to become perceptible, that is, to any tangible degree. The interesting thing is how it is done by multiplicity and complexity of part-writing.

"It is a commonplace that Reger's method resembles that of Bach, in a modern guise; counterpoint and plenty of it is certainly a chief feature of this choral work, and while, frankly, it is impossible to say that a first hearing gives the impression of a corresponding result in musical beauty, there is an undoubted underlying strength which makes it seem hardly fair to deny the existence of what is not readily apparent. It is easier to suggest that the fault of the work lies in the preponderance of detail, that in inventing themes which will work in double counterpoint diminution, augmentation, and the like, the composer had forgotten the necessity for breadth of outline. Another question arises, and that, how far it was possible to be satisfied with the performance. Granted great difficulties, especially in endurance, the Norwich Festival chorus did not appear to possess sufficient technic; the singing was often, so it seemed, wanting in point and in a continuance of character in the attack. Sir Henry Wood achieved fine climaxes, but in between there was a suggestion sometimes that more lay in the music than was revealed.

"The Psalm was composed for a special occasion, the 350th anniversary of the Vienna University, and is a recent example of Reger's art. That he is a composer to be reckoned with, some day, if not just yet awhile, is an opinion which has been expressed in these pages from time to time of late. The opinion is not modified after hearing the astonishing music produced last night. Other works have, all the same, pleased far more on a first acquaintance; the pity is that no general enough impression of a favorable nature has yet been made in London to make conductors or concert promoters repeat performances of the orchestral works so far produced and so allow some knowledge of the composer's individual style to grow. It is to be feared that the 100th Psalm will take us no further in a desirable direction unless the provincial festivals will take it up, if only just to give the singers a remarkable opportunity for showing what they can do."

Notes at Random

The Herald spoke two or three weeks ago of a performance of Synge's "Riders to the Sea" in Boston. Some one has sent to The Herald a program of four plays of the Irish National Theatre performed at the Colonial Jan. 25, 1906, under the direction of Clayton D. Gilbert. The parts in Synge's play were thus taken: Maunya, Cornelia Hollingshead; Bartley, Brayton Byron, Kathleen, Estelle Van Horn; Nora, Fay Latham. The other plays performed were Colum's "Saxon Shillin,'" Hyde's "Lost Saint," and "The Twisting of the Rope."

Joseph Bennett, for many years music critic of the Daily Telegraph (London), died on June 12. He was a man sincerely fond of music, who often wrote agreeably about it. To him Mendelssohn was a sacred tradition, and he bestowed an enlightened patronage on second class oratorios composed by orthodox English musicians. For some of the oratorios and cantatas he wrote or compiled the libretto. He was not favorably impressed by modern music—modern beginning with Wagner—and it is not unfair to say that he did not understand it. Mr. Bennett once visited the United States at a season of the year when there were no concerts; he did not hear the best orchestras or the leading choral societies. He concluded that the United States was a barbarous land as far as music was concerned. His letters descriptive of this trip were amusingly ignorant.

Ricardo Martin made his reappearance at Covent Garden as Radames. "Some disappointment must be expressed in his singing—at any rate so far as the first act was concerned—for, although there is no doubting the excellent range and quality of his voice, the dramatic color was not very varied, and in this respect he did not appear to have made the advance expected after his work here last season."

Attention has well been directed by the writer of the article in the Athenaeum on the late Sir William Gilbert to the elaborate and jealous care which he devoted to the details of the presentation of his plays. This care went, of course, a great deal further than questions of scenery, costume and stage management. He enforced his will in the smallest details of emphasis and inflection, with the result that what the public heard was generally what the author intended them both to hear and to understand. He was perfectly right in this course; and every dramatist should supervise his own rehearsals—as Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Bernard Shaw do—and leave them to no "producer," however intelligent he may be. So far as the author is concerned, even the best "producers" are often obscurantists. Sir William Gilbert had various devices for getting his own way at the rehearsal of his plays. Often he did it by kindness, often by severity, and occasionally by walking out of the theatre. On one occasion, when a play of his was being rehearsed, he had a rather emphatic discussion with the actor-manager, who was one of the finest actors of the day; and when it was over he was observed by two or three members of the company to put on his hat and coat very quietly and walk out of the house, munching his mustache, as was his wont when irritated. Presently the leading actor noticed that he had disappeared. "Where is Gilbert?" he demanded loudly. "If you please, sir, I think he has left the theatre." "Left the theatre?" came the reply. "Go and call him back at once. Tell him I'll do whatever he likes—stand on my head if he wishes it—but bring him back!" This happened half a dozen times during the rehearsing of that particular play—and it never failed.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 5.

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NATIONALITY IN MUSIC.

Johann Svendsen, the Scandinavian composer who died at Copenhagen last Wednesday, is known by his music in Boston; that is to say, his music has been heard at Symphony and chamber concerts. He has a respectable name; yet how many concert-goers remember a page, or even a theme of his music, with the possible exception of a romance for violin?

He showed musical instinct at an early age, was a military bandmaster, and, encouraged by royal aid, studied at Leipsic; he lived in Paris for a season, conducted concerts in Germany, came to the United States to wed an American, was intimate with Wagner as he had been with Liszt. Returning to Christiania, his birthplace, he was granted an annuity by the government and honored with decorations. In 1883 he was called to Copenhagen as Court conductor.

It will be seen that his experience was varied. He was industrious and fertile. He received recognition from the very beginning. And yet he will be ranked among the minor composers.

This is a period in the history of music when stress is laid by some on the necessity of the national element in a composition. If a composer is Norwegian by birth, they argue that his music should be Norwegian. If he is a Bulgarian, Italian, American, his music should reveal his nationality. Now great music, the music that lives and affects the hearer in any land, is universal, not national, not parochial. The country of music is the world.

Svendsen was a cosmopolite. One of his best known compositions is "The Carnival in Paris." He took the subject of his symphonic poem, "Zorahayde" from a tale by Washington Irving; he wrote an overture to "Romeo and Juliet." He composed absolute music, symphonies and chamber works; also pieces professedly Norwegian; but in no one of his compositions did he reveal a commanding individuality. His Carnival, his Moorish poem, his overture, his Norwegian pieces are simply more or less well-made compositions that are neither warmly poetic nor nobly imaginative. He invented nothing. His music is amiable, agreeable, easily forgotten.

And his music would be this and nothing more even if he had written only "Norwegian" compositions. His is not a name to point a moral. To cite the case of Grieg would be irrelevant. Grieg is illustrious, not because he was patriotically, radically Norwegian; not because he invented themes of a folk-song nature, but because he was Grieg, a musician of marked individuality, original in expression; a charming miniaturist, a skilful cutter of cameos, who occasionally rose to a greater height in art. The Russian, the Italian, the American hearers can enjoy his music without thought of Norway, its mountains and fiords, or the hame life of its people.

A Yale man will own Mory's in New Haven so that the institution will still be one of the chief features of the Yale curriculum. A newspaper speaks of Mory's as the "home of Welsh rabbits and Southdown mutton chops." When Frank Moriarty was alive, and his place was down town, no chops were served. The dishes were Welsh rabbits, golden bucks, eggs on toast, and grilled sardines. And there never was such ale in this country as Mr. Moriarty drew from the wood. Beer, as known to the Germans, he would not draw. He despised it and called it swipes. He died in the '70's. His successor opened a place nearer the college buildings and he drew both ale and beer.

DULL, IRRESISTIBLE, AND HAPPY.

Mrs. Hasbrouck, discussing love and marriage, did not hesitate to say: "There will always be all sorts of people in the world." Reasoning with inexorable logic from this premise, she arrived at the inevitable conclusion: "There will always be stupid men." She added: "These must marry rather stupid women; the clever men and women must of course marry each other if they are to be happy." But this does not necessarily follow; reason and experience contradict Mrs. Hasbrouck's last proposition.

In any town, in any village, stupid husbands are yoked with quick-witted, intelligent wives, and dull wives with brilliant husbands; and in the great majority of instances the marriage is a happy one. When "clever" men and "clever" women are mated, there is too often disagreement, a curious and mutual jealousy incited by mental activity, a dislike that is born of envy, though the parentage may be concealed or denied.

Love, Mrs. Hasbrouck also remarked, is the rock of ages. Let the statement be accepted as significant, if only through courtesy. Some stand securely on this rock; others are dashed to pieces against it. The dull are not reckless sailors; if they stand on the rock they have the surer footing.

Jones, for example, is recognized as a brilliant man. It is not worth while to inquire whether his brilliance is gemlike or brummagem. He writes with force and wit, or he is respected in court, operating room, State Street—it matters not what his profession or business may be. He is at ease in society, he coruscates, he is welcomed. Mrs. Jones had a father and mother, also grandparents. She went to the right school, she was admitted to the Sewing Circle. She is amiable and dull. Dense, is perhaps the better word. She does not read; she cares little for music or painting; she answers in monosyllables, and when she leads in conversation it is with a commonplace. Some wonder why Jones married her. It was not for her money, for he is rich and she brought little or nothing. She has an attractive face and figure, but she is not conspicuously handsome.

Jones married Miss Stillingsworth because she was quiet, unobtrusive, not given to chattering, restful. She is in many respects his opposite. She has the old New England sense of duty. She makes his home comfortable. Not given to questioning, she has the gift of listening. Nor is she dull in the eyes of Jones, for his own brilliance is the more dazzling and his wife furnishes the appropriate background.

Robinson's wife as a girl was famous for her vivacity, ready speech, intelligence, feverish desire to know, see, hear everything. As a wife, she is a composite of Minerva, Lady Gay Spanker and a French court dame of the 18th century. Robinson is a bore; heavy, kind-hearted, ponderously benevolent, an honest host, incapable of a mean thought or action, but a bore, one that would put the teredo or shipworm to shame. He worships his wife, everything that she does is right; he is the happiest of mortals. She, too, is happy, for she has her own way; it is a case of Mrs. Robinson and her husband. "You must meet her," says a gushing hostess to a distingulshed foreigner; "her husband is a little heavy, but he's not a bad lot."

But Brown, a man of more than ordinary intellect and attainments, married a woman of unusual mind. The one criticizes the other. Suppose Brown is a novelist, dramatist, journalist, composer. His wife is in a position to criticize. She writes entertainingly, can plan a scenario, has contributed amusing sketches and stories to periodicals; her songs have been published. The laurels of the one will not let the other one sleep. Brown's last story was rejected; Mrs. Brown's was accepted. Brown's friends say his problem play is worthy of Ibsen. Mrs. Brown finds faults in the construction and insists that the heroine is untrue to nature. The two are high strung, irritable. Neither one is willing to burn incense under the nostrils of the other.

And Mrs. Hasbrouck forgets the fundamental law of attraction, physical and mental, through opposite qualities. She also forgets that handsome women easily obtain husbands, and a very handsome woman cannot afford to be vivacious. She is most brilliant when in repose and silent.

Prof. Irving and Prof. Hendrixson the United States Geological Sur- y expect to make valuable re- arches in mineralogy in Peru. They e not the first. Pizarro anticipated em.

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MEISTERSINGERS SEEN IN B. F. KEITH'S

ombined Quartets Head an Enjoyable Summer Vaudeville Bill.

"The Meistersingers," composed of mbers of three Boston quartets, the hubert, the Harvard and the Weber, nd a well balanced bill at B. F. ith's Theatre this week.

his organization presented an excel- t singing act, with songs ranging m the rollicking "Mulligan Mus- eers" to "The Beautiful Night" m the "Tales of Hoffman."

he title of the act is "Swept by an Breezes." The stage settings unusually good, the scene being i on the seashore with the light- se with its small light in the dis- ce and the waves rolling up against shore.

ne two solos, "All That I Ask Is e," by Harold S. Tripp, and "Any Port in a Storm," by A. Cameron ele, won much applause.

ne of the features of the act was introduction of the "Elfman" song. nita," the original Palmer Cox wnie, danced around in true Brownie ion and then disappeared with a e of the hands.

he act was well received last night there were many encores.

elmore and Oncida gave a novel ar- c posing act on the Japanese bal- ng perch. While a man balanced a pole a young woman posed from angles.

ster, Laurie and Quinn, who are d as "Those People with the Lively ," certainly lived up to their repu- on. The two men and a young man gave a neat, clever dancing act. e Great Richards gave a dancing singing act which was aided by va- s colored lights. Nat Haines and Vidocq are a couple of clever en- ners who have a large number of stories and jokes. Other acts on bill are Leona-Thurber and Harry ison presenting "A Shopping Tour" George B. Snyder and Harry Buck- musical comedians, in a novel act which they introduce their famous man band, and the five Piroscoffis, pe of Parisian jugglers.

AJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Mori- stock company in "The Man Who s Broadway," musical comedy by ge M. Cohan.

dy Lyons.....Wilson Melrose
Bridwell.....Edward Nannary
ge Burnham.....Russell Randall
Bridwell.....Rockliff Fellows
Robinson.....William Hasson
ews.....Fraunie Fraunholz
Curtis.....Mrs. Geo. A. Hibbard
Wilson.....Miss Valerie Valaire
.....Miss Rose Morison
Bridwell.....Miss Eleanor Gordon

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John stock company in "The Lottery a," a comedy in three acts, by Rida son Young. Cast:

Wright.....Donald Meek
Peyton.....George Hassell
Roberts.....Gertrude Binley
Heyer.....Florence Shirley
Peyton.....Kate Ryan
Wright.....Maude Richmond
g Jensen.....Mabel Colcord

The New York Sun says apropos of statue to Verlaine in the Luxem- g Gardens: "Those who were stu- some seventy years ago can re- his figure as he haunted the cafes he 'Boul' Mich.'" Verlaine was in 1844, but he was a precocious

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Carlos Montezuma, a full- ded Indian, appearing before a mittee in Washington, D. C., out: "Whoever heard of Indian There is no such thing. The with Indian music. It is dis- ng." This testimony is worthy attention of the young enthusi- who believe that truly "Ameri- music" should be based on Indian es.

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Oliver of the New York Assem- open session characterized the York Bar Association as "the est and most narrow minded of bigots that ever came over ike." Thus is respect shown the The language is as strong as h it came from Oyster Bay.

ARTHUR MORRISON AND DETECTIVE TALES.

Mr. Arthur Morrison's detective stories, now publishing in The Evening Herald, are singularly ingenious and entertaining. No wonder they are read eagerly. Was Mr. Morrison led to write them from a desire to show the creator of Sherlock Holmes that others could do the trick? It is said that George Meredith wrote "The Shaving of Shagpat" to prove that the Occidental mind could plan and express itself after the manner of an Oriental, but Beckford was before him with his "Vathek." Balzac deliberately wrote his "Contes Drolatiques" in the spirit and the style of Rabelais.

For Mr. Morrison began as an unflinching realist. Witness his "Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago." His "Green Eye of Goona," a most amusing fantasy, reads like a burlesque of detective stories. Why did he leave the East Side that first made him known? His success was popular, not merely literary.

There is a peculiar fascination about detective stories, tales in which amazing ingenuity is employed in running down a criminal, finding hidden treasure, saving an honored name, preserving a state secret. All the moderns go back to Poe, the master of them, as Sir Conan Doyle has gratefully acknowledged; to Poe, whose literary criticism was unique at the time and is still memorable, whose tales of romance and horror remain unequalled, whose prose poems "Silence" and "Shadow" are even now incomparable, whose lyric flight is far above that of his countrymen. Yet Cambridge and Concord knew this genius only as the "Jingleman."

There was a good detective story, "The Dead Letter," in Beadle's Magazine. Here and there were entertaining "detective novels" before Gaboriau. Wilkie Collins had the instinct; so had Dickens. But were Sergt. Cuff, the lover of roses, lank, grim Sergt. Cuff in "The Moonstone" and Inspector Bucket really such fine fellows? The latter is the old-fashioned sleuth of the stage. Mr. Tulkinghorn is the true detective in the story. The Inspector with his apparently artless questions and his interview with "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," is wholly theatrical. You can see him looking at the audience and taking it into his confidence after each speech and movement. Nor is it possible to accept Sergt. Cuff as infallible, in spite of his make-up.

The ingenious Gaboriau and lesser lights of the French school modelled themselves after Poe. M. Lecocq is only our old friend, the hero of "The Purloined Letter," the Murders and the Mystery, under an assumed name. Nor is it easy to follow the adventures in the Arsene Lupin series; the characters are too confused; the intrigue is labyrinthic; the reader mistakes the pursued for the pursuer, the detective for the criminal. However dense the mystery, the statement and the story of its solution should be told simply, soberly.

Next to Poe comes the name of Doyle. However involved the plot, the narration is lucid and the characters are not merely puppets, managed by Sir Conan's hands and explained by his ventriloquism. To be sure, there is Watson; but Watson, the foil, is a bore of the first water. He is well depicted; not by the author, but by what Watson says and does. Nor is he allowed to figure prominently. There is the sufficient contrast. The duller Watson is, the more brilliant the glory of Holmes. Furthermore, there is the superb Arch-Criminal, the duellist worthy of Holmes's steel.

Mr. Morrison may yet be a close second to Doyle. He is always clear. He invents surprise after surprise. He supplies false scents so that the reader pluming himself on his acuteness is baffled. There is the requisite hint at science, not pseudo-science. The men and women have life. There is baleful suggestion in a sentence. There is power in description without recourse to melodramatic rhetoric. What a pleasure it is to read these stories in serial form! There is suspense and not only for a week. "What was the significance of the Red Triangle?" "What was the mysterious association of men apparently varying so widely?" The reader lives in anticipation—and is, therefore, happy.

CONCERNING CORONATION CEREMONIES.

The English journals are full of curious notes concerning coronation celebrations. They give minute details of the costumes to be worn; they describe at length the weaving of the coronation carpet, the crowns have been weighed; will Queen Mary carry a fan? There is no show like unto that of a coronation. There is no combined circus and menagerie that affords such entertainment. And loyal sturdy Englishmen who take part in the ceremony don strange costumes without the thought that they may thus be grotesque.

The Queen will carry a fan, for it was originally one of the attributes of royalty. So was the umbrella, which in some countries is still among the royal insignia. We are told that the handle of a fan showing holes for feathers was found in a tomb of the seventeenth century B. C.; that fans were originally used in churches to keep the flies off the sacred elements; that folding fans were a Japanese invention. What then becomes of Mr. William Pulleyn's solemn statement that fans, muffs, masks, etc., and false hair were first devised by loose women in Italy, and went to England from France in 1572?

The Metropolitan Water Board has decided to erect standpipes on the route of the royal progress. These are degenerate days. For a fortnight before and after the coronation of Edward I. banquets were given to rich and poor. Tables were spread in new halls erected for the purpose and 300 barrels of wine were provided. Conduits and fountains ran with white wine at the crowning of Edward IV., Richard II. and Henry IV. When Anne Boleyn was crowned: "The great conduit in Cheape ranne continuallie wine, both white and claret, all the afternoon. At the Coronation of Mary the conduit in Cornhill and the great conduit in Cheape ran wine." And when Mary Tudor was crowned the wives of citizens loaded tables in the streets with fattest capons and choicest wines, and there was feasting for all.

That prisoners will receive extra allowances of food was to be expected, for thus tradition will be observed. At the coronation of Queen

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A woman in New York, seeking a divorce, testified that her husband was intoxicated because when carving at table she was obliged to steady him. This evidence is by no means conclusive. The meat might have been a goose or a duck. Would she have had him put his foot on it?

Mayor Gaynor wishes the house numbers in New York to be put where they may be seen at night. There are many houses in the Back Bay not easily identified by day or night, even by those who carry a Blue Book or Social Register in the pocket. Nor does every one know intuitively where Messrs. Jones, Brown and Robinson live, although of course they should know as well informed citizens. Even the trees in the Common are named so that the passer-by can distinguish them.

We knew it would be so. Even in these coronation days Mr. John Arthur Johnson is followed by admiring hundreds and cheered in the streets of London, and the shouting crowds block traffic. Wait till he arrives in Paris. The nymphs of Montmartre and the "Boule Mich," the fair dames of the Bois and those who are known in the catalogue as actresses will swell his triumphant train. It is only in America that color is regarded with prejudice.

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MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Alley and Parlor Cats

Some one recently recommended the indiscriminate slaughter of cats as enemies of mankind, and classed them with pest-breeding rats and mad mongrels. He asked contemptuously: "Who cares for cats, anyway? A day or two afterward it was announced that the government at Washington, D. C., appropriated a small amount for the maintenance of cats, or at least a cat, in a department building. Then followed the announcement that Mr. Louis Wain, who has drawn and painted — not drawn and quartered — about 150,000 cats during the last 14 years, had returned to London after a sojourn in America. Among his subjects are the long-haired cats of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who has a "remarkable cattery" in Windsor Great Park—for the cats live in little villas with windows and doors, dining rooms and drawing rooms, with couches to lie on, bells with which they ring for food, orchards to prowl about in, and no doubt fully equipped nurseries with all modern and sanitary conveniences.

"Who cares for cats?" A foolish question. It is not necessary to go back to Mohammed or Montaigne. There was Dr. Parr. When his first wife destroyed his favorite cat he was so angry that he cut the throat of his wife's portrait. Nor is it necessary to speak of worshiping Egyptians and pompous tombs at Bubastis. In France alone there are learned, sympathetic, anecdotical books about cats by Paradis de Moncrif (1727), Straus-Durlkheim (1846), Vives (1853), Champfleury (1869), E. Rolland (1881), Gaston Percheron (1885), De Cherville (1888), Alfred Ruffin (1890), A. Landrin (1894), and among the poets and novelists who loved cats and showed their affection by word and deed were Barbey d'Aurevilly, Baudelaire, Gautier, Huysmans, Coppee. Other names could be added to the list, as those of Pierre Loti and Rachilde.

Maeterlinck in his "Blue Bird" makes the cat a despicable character. The poet's affectionate regard for the dog, which rises almost to worship, led him no doubt to underrate poor puss. It is true that in many fairy tales and in the old romantic satire of Reynard the Fox, the cat is represented as a rascal, amusing, clever, but a rascal. Nevertheless there is Puss in Boots.

It may be said that cats have for centuries been associated with Satan and witchcraft. Whereas in countries where wolves abounded men and women with the aid of the devil could turn themselves into wolves—it is well known that the inhabitants of Ossory, Ireland, became wolves once in seven years—the Italian women usually became cats. It is also true that when the black death ravaged Europe learned men attributed the displeasure of the Almighty to the introduction of boots with pointed toes which were supposed to be peculiarly offensive to the Lord.

Kisses of Ceremony and State

Irreverent Englishmen reminded King George before his coronation of the dreadful fate in store for him, for the archbishop would kiss him, and not only

Victoria each inmate of the Fleet received half a gallon of porter; the oakum pickers and hemp beaters in Bridewell were better and more bounteously fed and they rested from their labor. In Newgate each prisoner was furnished with a pound of beef, a pound of potatoes, a pound of bread and a pint of strong ale, and those condemned to solitary confinement were allowed to associate a short time with their companions in misery. A pint of ale, however, was wholly inadequate to the joyous occasion.

The Chinese had a fine practice. When an Emperor was crowned it was customary to present him with several sorts of marble, of different colors. A mason handed them to the new emperor and said verses that may thus be translated:

> Choose, mighty sir, under which of these stones
> Your pleasure is that we should lay your bones.

They did this, says a dry chronicler, that the prospect of death might restrain his thoughts within due bounds of modesty and moderation in the midst of his new honors.

A coronation, whether it be of Tsar, Emperor, or King, is a gorgeous spectacle, and no good republican need be ashamed of enjoying it. He may remember the speech of Andrew Johnson in Washington to the representatives of foreign governments displaying decorations: "You uns there with the gewgaws on," but it would be in poor taste for him to be cynical.

The inaugurations of the first Presidents of the United States were perhaps more impressive to the idealist, and Walt Whitman rejoiced that he lived in a country where the President took off his hat to the people, and not they to him; but children of all ages like to look at a show. Emerson represented the Lord as saying he was tired of kings; but the people, denying their divine right to rule—much to the disgust of the Emperor William—still find legitimate pleasure in observing them on state occasions, when they are on dress parade.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1911.

AS HE SAILED, AS HE SAILED.

The London Times recently announced the publication of a book that should interest all boys, whether they be at school, in the middle of the journey, or within sight of the last earthly inn. The title of this book is "The Real Captain Kidd," and the biographer is Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton, K. C. M. G., C. B. It appears that the biography is in the nature of a vindication. The Times publishes this note: "Most readers' knowledge of Kidd is derived from Macaulay's inaccurate account of him; and Sir Cornelius Dalton * * * here undertakes to rehabilitate his character and to show that he was 'one of the unluckiest men that ever lived.'"

We have not seen this new biography of the hero, but Macaulay's account is certainly superficial. There is not a word about the burial of the Bible in the sand. There is no mention of William Moore, the gunner, murdered by Kidd, who used a bucket as a weapon and was haunted thereafter by the apparition of the bucket filled with blood, whether he were asleep, on deck, at table, on a lonely beach, or defiant in the prisoner's dock. Macaulay says nothing about treasure hidden along the coast of New England and Long Island. There is no description of the trial.

The Whig historian relates only the story of the subscriptions for the fitting out of the Adventure Galley to seize pirates in the Indian ocean, and makes the Arabian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal secure highways for trade, how Kidd, the able mariner, a veteran, sailed, turned pirate, and showed the utmost cruelty; how he and his merry men made large fortunes; how Kidd, returning to New York—for his crew was not complete until he had found volunteers in that city—returning in the hope of making his peace and living in splendor, was placed in close confinement by Richard Coote, Earl of Bellamont, Governor of New York and Massachusetts.

Macaulay does not even discuss Kidd's baptismal name. He calls him William. In the old ballad, the name is Robert. Nor does he give the reasons for Kidd's cruelty on board the Adventure Galley, the terror of the merchants of Surat, and of the villagers of the coast of Malabar. The piratical traditions along this coast were opposed to cruel deeds. In Marco Polo's time—the Venetian left Constantinople in 1260—the pirates of Malabar did no injury to the persons of the crew; they turned them on shore, "recommending to them to provide themselves with another cargo," so that if the vessel passed again that way the captors might be enriched a second time.

If it is the purpose of Sir Cornelius to whitewash Captain Kidd, there should be vigorous protest. Too many heroes and heroines have suffered in this way, or been blotted out of existence. Every schoolboy will glibly say that there never was a William Tell. We prefer the testimony of the Inquisitor Sprenger, who in his book about witchcraft accepted William Tell, his son and the apple, and ascribed the famous shot to the assistance of the devil. We are now informed that Tiberius was the best of rulers; that Macbeth was a quiet person of blameless life, while Duncan was an oppressor and Banquo a desperate villain; that Richard III. was handsome and benevolent; that Lucrezia Borgia was a prude devoted to charitable work. Let all this be granted, but spare us Captain Kidd.

All healthy youngsters have played at pirates, and in their dreams have been real pirates, condemning the school teacher, the neighbor who reported their misconduct—as tearing pickets off his fence or riddling schoolhouse windows with buckshot—the playmate who rubbed the faces of the weaker with snow or walked off from a Sunday school concert with the girl, all other objectionable characters, to walk the plank. The hero of these boys was Captain Kidd. "I see him now on his low black rakish craft," said the treasure-seeker in "A Parlor Match." And treasure-seekers see him today, burying his spoil before he was taken to England for trial. The ballad with the refrain that has haunted thousands —among them the gentle George William Curtis —is a much more important document than any to be found in an appendix of the "vindication" by Sir Cornelius. Nor is "most readers' knowledge of the Captain" derived from Macaulay's account.

the archbishop but the princes of the Blood Royal and the representatives of the peers. Kissing was the common salutation among Englishmen in the time of Charles II. and in other periods as it is now on the continent. A London journal stated not long ago that the British boy "has quite given up being kissed by his father, and he is kissed by his sister and his aunt only by compulsion." No doubt he is disgusted when he reads of Nelson's words as he was dying: "Kiss me, Hardy."

The English were for a long time inveterate and promiscuous kissers, so that they excited the wonder of visiting foreigners. A Venetian gave this report of London ladies early in the 16th century: "If they meet a friend, they take his hand and kiss him full on the mouth, and go into some tavern and eat with him. And their people do not take it ill. And they are most beautiful ladies, and most pleasant." There was this free kissing everywhere, openly in the street and in the church. Samuel Kiechel warned his countrymen to do in England as the English did. "A guest does well to take his hostess in his arms and to kiss her; who doos it not is looked upon as ignorant and ill-bred." Books of travel written by visitors of various countries abound in evidence of the habit that is now regarded as dangerously microbic.

But Englishmen, apparently, drew the line in Cowper's time, for when Mr. Grenville, standing for Parliment, called on Cowper to secure his vote and influence, and the poet told him he had neither vote nor influence, he did not embrace him. "He squeezed me by the hand, kissed the ladies and withdrew. He kissed, likewise, the maid in the kitchen, and seemed, upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind-hearted gentleman."

Outwardly Cold New Englanders A Danish university professor wrote a book about kissing some years ago. His name is Nyrop—Dr. Nyrop. I have not seen the history, study, treatise, whatever it may be; but a quotation, or, rather, an allusion, is not uninteresting: "He noted that, while even the stern Romans had three words for a kiss, according to the nature of the salute—oscula, basia and suavia—the sentimental English have one term for every sort of kiss. The Germans have over 30 different styles of kisses recognized by and entered in the dictionaries." It is a curious fact, that Dr. Nyrop has surely discussed it, that the good, old French word "baiser" (to kiss) has passed from the dictionary of the genteel and been replaced by "embrassir."

The early New Englanders were not openly demonstrative in this species of lip-service. There is the famous case of Capt. Kemble in Boston, related by the late Mrs. Alice Morse Earle: Capt. Kemble who "was in 1656 set for two hours in the public stocks for his 'lewd and unseemly behavior,' which consisted in 'kissing his wife publiquely, on the Sabbath Day, upon the doorstep of his house,' when he had just returned from an absence of three years." But New Englanders for many years were not emotional on a Tuesday or Wednesday. They would have pointed the finger of scorn at Bucstrode Whitelock or thought of the stocks, for when he, a Puritan, sent by Cromwell as ambassador to Sweden, arrived at the court he was commanded by Queen Christina to teach the noble dames the art of kissing after the English manner. Whitelock did not shrink from the task, and he noted that the pupils offered only "a few pretty defences."

In the age of repression, when a New England boy away from home was expected to address his father in writing as "Respected Sir"; when the husband was in the habit of addressing his wife as "Mrs. Smith" in the presence of others; when she always alluded to him as "Mr. Smith" and neither one ever allowed a neighbor to suspect that they were man and wife, it was not to be expected that parents would be lavish with kisses. There was a father in a Massachusetts village some 50 years ago who attended all services in the meeting house and prayer meeting and concerts of prayer in the chapel. He would not allow a pack of cards in the house. He shook his head at the name of Dickens, yet he read Montagne, Sterne, Thackeray, Hugo, allowed a copy of "Moll Flanders" to stand on a top shelf; dozed over Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," and when Renan's "Life of Jesus" appeared found certain inaccurate statements. Backgammon was to him for many years a sinful game, probably, on account of the dice. He was regarded by some of the neighbors as an austere man. He had been reared in a rigid manner. Yet he was in the habit of kissing his sons, even when they were in college; he would have been wounded to the quick had one of them drawn back. This father was a sentimentalist at heart, but it took him years to escape from the traditions and the early influences. He probably had missed parental affection in his youth. The majority of New England boys before the civil war were afraid of their father.

Attempts to Escape Monotony A congressman from Texas changed his name when he went to live with his second wife in a village of Maryland. At Washington he is known by the name for which his constituents voted. In the village he is identified by his new name. He told a reporter a fortnight ago that he and his wife moved to avoid people. "We do not care for society and we want to save a little money. I do not see any harm in living under the name of Davis, instead of Dies, if we care to do so." He thus prefers to be a "Dies non."

A man who has this strength of character is to be envied. There are men who disappear without apparent cause, not driven away by shame, not necessarily adventurous. There is always a Waring, who gave all his friends the slip,

> Rather than pace up and down
> Any longer London-town.

One of the finest scenes in "The Master of Ballantrae" is where the Chevalier Burke in India recognized the Master sitting cross-legged on a veranda and heard him talking to his companion in the barbarous native dialect; and the Master would not admit that he understood English and only asked through his servant as an interpreter how the Irishman came into the garden. Who does not like to think of Mr. Everett, "formerly a wealthy and socially prominent resident of New York," now reigning as King on Arorai, one of the Gilbert islands in the South Seas? His subjects catch sharks and gather cocoanuts for him and bow humbly as they present them. The women sing to him and fan him when he sleeps of an afternoon. There is no jealousy, for he takes a new wife every few months. A considerate man of regular habits is this monarch, whom even the King of Yvetot might envy.

Why should not a man change his name in an endeavor to escape from the monotony of life? If he could only escape! There was a fine young Roman gentleman who killed himself and wrote in explanation—for he was of a courteous nature—that he was tired of doing the same things. Imagine his disappointment at finding a certain routine on the other side of the door, which Epictetus tell us, stands open to all.

June 25. 1911

Irish Plays Old and New John W. Luce & Co. of Boston announce the publication this month of J. M. Synge's plays, "The Playboy of the Western Girl" and "In the Shadow of the Glen." "Upon the completion of the present single volume edition of Synge's works a library edition in four volumes will be issued by the American publishers, who have concluded a contract to that effect with Maunsel & Co. of Dublin, representing the Synge estate, which holds the United States copyrights."

"The Playboy of the Western World" was performed again in London on the opening night of a three weeks' season of the Irish National Theatre Society at the Court Theatre (June 5), and the comedy was again pronounced to be a wonderful work. It was preceded by a one-act play, "The Pie-dish," by George Fitzmaurice, "which told an almost tragic story in terms that were nearly comic and concluded with a death scene so realistic that some of the ladies in the stalls found it too much for their composure and uttered faint protests."

Another Irish play, "Birthright," in two acts, by T. C. Murray, produced for the first time in London (June 8), made a profound impression. The story is simple. A hard working farmer has two sons; the elder, industrious in the fields, devoted to athletics, the pride of the countryside; the younger, who is physically the stronger, lives only for the farm, a sullen fellow, who frowns on all sports. The elder favors his mother and is gentle and sympathetic. The father in a hurst of rage determines to send the elder son off to America. He accepts his lot, but quarrels with his brother and the quarrel grows into violence. At the end of the play the parents kneel in anguish over the dead body of the elder son, while the younger runs across the hills into the night. "It is all told in dialogue of admirable economy and entire naturalness, and the definition of the various characters is sharp and masterly. Perhaps the greatest beauty of the play from the point of view of art is that all its characters, even the grim father and the dour brother, are also shown to have a human and kindly side. The tragedy with which the play concludes was not really inevitable, although, led up to as it is it seems so; and it is here that we feel not only the pitifulness, but the truth, of the story. The figure of the mother is one of the most beautiful and affecting in the whole range o

the modern Irish theatre, and its composition has apparently been a labor of love. Acted with great delicacy by Miss Eileen O'Doherty, it created a profound impression, and even after the curtain had been raised five times in response to the applause, it had to be lifted once again to show Miss O'Doherty standing alone on the stage."

St. John G. Ervine's "Mixed Marriages" was performed for the first time in London on June 10. The play is described as "a capital example of an art in process of evolution—rich in material and inspiration, but still a trifle lacking in dexterity. His play reminds one of the stiff drawing of an early Hals or the ingenious crudities of the smaller Elizabethans—those babies who played with thunderbolts. His Orange workman, who cannot abide Papists, and is prepared to sacrifice every interest, public and private, before he will consent to his son's marriage with a member of the Roman Church, is instinct with the double lineaments both of personality and of class. * * * Equally true to standards of observation is his shrewd, kindly, diplomatic wife, who acknowledges the supremacy of passion, and yet discerns in the vista the crucial difficulties of mixed marriage; and perfectly conceived are the two sons, the 'daughter-in-law-elect' and the visionary politician, Michael O'Hara. Life is made as big with meaning in this shipwright's kitchen as if the scene were shifted to the camp or the palace. It is only when the author has to approach the technical business of creating a denouement that he breaks down. He has tied a knot which could artistically be unloosed only by humor or philosophy, and he has unfortunately elected to sever its strands with a gunshot. Following three acts which are pure nature, he has given us a fourth which is very transparently borrowed from the resources of 'the trade.' But Mr. Ervine will do better with practice, and we shall always be eager to observe his progress. We should like to know how many of our fashionable dramatists could keep an audience engrossed so long with the conversation of six characters and the affairs of a working-class family. Verily, the Irish drama has got the root of the matter in it, and some remarkable foliage as well." Thus the Pall Mall Gazette.

The Opinions of W. B. Yeats Mr. W. B. Yeats was found at the Court Theatre by a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette. The poet reported encouraging progress in Ireland. Last year at the Abbey Theatre the Irish Players were able, for the first time since they have been on their own resources, to cover all expenses and even clear a small profit. "The popular support we have always had in Dublin in our democratic audiences, but the difficulty has been to fill the more expensive seats in the house, hitherto sparsely occupied. Now we are getting all classes. People are willing to pay for the better places, which means that the theatre is more or less full in all parts." Mr. Yeats said that new native dramatists were coming forward, among them three new realist-dramatists from county Cork, men who are studying conditions and problems of national life. The reporter, thinking of Brieux, asked: "Are not you, poet and idealist, opposed by nature to the drama of realism? The 'salutary' or tractarian drama, I mean, as opposed to the purely imaginative." Mr. Yeats answered:

"I do not think the play that displays argument is the best, nor the best that a writer can probably do. Logic in art should be hidden as bones are hidden by flesh. But I look upon realistic drama as a phrase in the evolution of national drama in every country. You have waves of it. And so we are delighted to get plays setting forth the clash of interests and of thought at work today. Every temperament, you know, leans or drifts ultimately either towards politics or religion, to Parliament or the cloister; and both tendencies are seen in contrast in the work of Brieux and Synge. Meanwhile the artist sits by the wayside."

Mr. Yeats sees no new Synge on the Irish horizon; Synge's temperament was unique. The realists are R. J. Ray, Lennox Robinson, St. John H. Ervine, whose play dealing with the conditions of labor in Belfast was the great financial success of the Irish Theatre; T. C. Murray, George Fitzmaurice and others. "Some of the plays sent in this year are marked by a Wilder note."

"No new plays by Yeats will be produced at present. "I have acquired from Mr. Gordon Craig"—Mr. Yeats spoke of Mr. Craig as "the greatest inventor of artistic stage effects in Europe"—"the right to use (in Ireland) his wonderful new scenic system of folding screens, built to mathematical proportions to fit into numbered squares on the stage floor, and I do not want to stage any of my verse-dramas without them. Gordon Craig knows how to copy nothing, and to suggest all; and by the use of his screens, which are of many sizes, and fun on stors, you can create an entirely beautiful scene, full of suggestion (not realistic) and build up vast Cyclopean buildings. The costumes of the players should show a corresponding dignity of design and line to harmonize with this staging, which has a fine severity." Mr. Yeats used these screens as a setting for "The Hour Glass." The result awakened enthusiasm. "My screens are of a plain ivory tone. The lighting is effected through a transparent roof—getting rid of everything above the stage. By this method you can use your shadows and bring into play moving figures and changing lights, elements of beauty lacking in an ordinary stage setting, where the light is only painted and the figures do not move."

Synge and the Irish Public It will be remembered that when Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was first produced at Dublin, the supposed satire of certain racial characteristics provoked a riot. Early this month the Roman Catholic bishop of Elphin drew a gloomy picture of public morality in Connaught of today. Dr. Clancy reproached the people for idleness, gross and widespread intemperance, and an inclination to perjury that turns law into a farce. Not a single Nationalist newspaper commented on the bishop's charges, according to the London Times of June 7.

The Pall Mall Gazette lifted up its voice: "Indeed, it needs a good deal of courage for even a Roman Catholic bishop to declare, as Dr. Clancy did on the occasion under notice, that the drink evil in Ireland is 'worse than landlordism.' Yet every thinking man and woman in Ireland knows it, and knows also that over large parts of that country morality—apart from what is called sexual morality—is utterly absent. The late Mr. Synge and others of the group of realists who write plays for the Abbey Theatre have exposed it again and again in the most fearless fashion, and their chief reward has been booing in the gallery and abuse in the Nationalist Press. Now and then a Nationalist writer, driven to recognize facts, turns and blames England for having 'driven all the good men and women from the country, leaving only the scum'; but this is obviously shirking the explanation rather than stating it."

The Pall Mall Gazette writer might ponder certain statements of Lecky, as when he said of Italians, Spaniards and the Irish, that they display "a certain laxity of instability of character, a proneness to exaggeration, a want of truthfulness in little things, an infidelity to engagements from which an Englishman, educated in the habits of industrial life, readily infers a complete absence of moral principle. But a larger philosophy and a deeper experience dispel his error." The journalist, writing about "sexual morality" as though he grudged the praise, might also have said that the Irish poor have long been pre-eminent in Europe for the high standard of female chastity, a standard resulting from the nearly universal custom of early marriages; he might also have said a word about the complete, unparalleled absence among the Irish priesthood of moral scandals "which in every continental country," according to Leeky, "occasionally prove the danger of vows of celibacy."

It is said that the Irish Players will come to the United States next season. They will be most welcome visitors. In London they have crowded the theatres.

The Oncomers Society in London The Oncomers' Society at the Little Theatre brought out on May 29 four new plays in one bill. The chief characters of "The Blind God," by Olive Lethbridge and Gerald Fitzgerald, are the respondent and co-respondent in a divorce case. They wait for the decree to be made absolute and the woman expects to marry the co-respondent. He in the mean time has fallen in love with a girl friend of the respondent, who listens to his pleading and finally hands her friend over to him for his wife.

"For One Night Only" is by Miss Gladys B. Sternon. A sloppy, unattractive soubrette is wildly in love. The leading lady does not turn up one night and her part is given to the soubrette, for she is the only one of the company that knows the lines. Thrilled with the thought of being heroine to her idol, she makes herself up so that she is lovely. A message comes that the leading man and the leading lady were married in the morning. "So what did the disappointed soubrette do? Why, pure and honest though she seemed to have been, she flung down her gorgeous costume and went straight out to supper with a motoring swell whom she had never heard of till he had sent her an amatory note a few minutes earlier. As the curtain fell her woebegone fellow-actresses plainly indicated what would happen." The Referee was shocked, as it was, by "In the Workhouse."

"Nobody's Sweetheart" is a Breton drama by Inez Bensusan. Margot Caillac gave up the hope of marriage to devote herself to a boy foundling. The boy is now marriageable. Called to take his place in the lifeboat, he cannot be found, and not wishing him to be thought a coward, Margot puts on a boatman's costume and goes in his place. After a perilous experience she returns injured and unconscious. Recovering, she sees the lad, who only now knows he was needed, and also the sail on whom she has rescued. The sailor is her "long lost lover."

The fourth play, "What Some Men Don't Know," is by H. F. Maltby. Three sturdy roadmenders attempt to get money out of a woman cyclist who seeks warmth by their brazier. They are armed with crowbars and other implements. She fears them not for she is a suffragette. "Cracking a dogwhip which she keeps for cabinet ministers, she shows that she has broken more windows per diem than they have fractured commandments" and leaves them "a terrified, huddled up mass." This play is said to be capitally written.

A Note on "Monna Vanna" How the London critics differed concerning Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," played at the Royal Court Theatre June 1, under the auspices of the Women's Aerial League! The Times said: "A very interesting performance of a very beautiful play—" and described the play as "the story of a contest between great, beautiful things and little mean things. The great, beautiful things are the purity of Monna Vanna, who is ready to give her honor to save Pisa from the Florentines, and the love for her of Prinzivalle, the Florentine's general, who demands that price for the raising of the siege. The little, mean things are the self-love, the self-pity and the conventional morality of Vanna's husband, the Pisan captain, Guido, who can see no heroism in his wife's action, and will not believe that there can be such love as Prinzivalle's—the love to which mere possession is dust and ashes. Guido was bound to be a tiresome person, and M. Maeterlinck, of course, was perfectly right to make him also a stupid person. But when you come to put Guido into flesh and blood, and especially when you give him to so powerful, so convincing an actor as Mr. Fisher White, he tells, on the stage, far more forcibly than do the two rarer souls."

On the other hand, the Pall Mall Gazette thinks the writing is not distinguished and the construction, particularly of the first act, often shows penury of dramatic invention. It finds the main theme profoundly impressive. "A better dramatist than M. Maeterlinck might make a great play of it. Even as it is, its second act is undeniably fine; but its frequent long-windedness, its touches of self-consciousness, its repetitions, and its arbitrary delays of natural speech and action, must always weigh down even the finest actors in it."

The Referee, of course, took a flippantly philistine view. A short quotation will suffice: "It shows some intrepidity on the part of the ladies to produce a play which has been banned by the Censor; but nobody who knows, and loves, the sex as I do, can have any doubt that the ladies—heaven bless 'em and dress 'em!—have a great deal more courage in matters of this sort than men, who are always very much more concerned to spare the women's blushes than the women themselves are."

Only the meanly foul-minded can find anything "objectionable" in "Monna Vanna." Ouida once said: "To the pure all things are nasty."

"The Gods of the Mountains" Lord Dusany's new comedy, "The Gods of the Mountains" in one act, is not like anything else. Beggars in the city of Kongros, on the border of the desert, pass themselves off as the Seven Gods of green jade, who have slept for centuries in the desert, but now come to life. The citizens at first are sceptical, but they finally believe and worship. And the beggars enjoy juicy lamb and fruit and wine and see the dancing girls, until a rumor creeps in that the true gods have left their haunt and been seen walking at night. The beggars are panic-stricken; a tramping of stone feet is heard, as when the Commander is approaching to sup with Don Giovanni. The Gods enter, turn the imposters into images of green stone and go forth into the night. Then the citizens kneel before the new idols and are remorseful over their former cynicism.

The Times says: "The are all kinds of elements in Lord Dusany's extraordinary little play. There is humor, rough and sly, and irony and wisdom, and the excitement of uncertainties and horror. Perhaps the horror is what hits one hardest, for it is a grotesque horror. Thunder, wind, music and other theatrical devices work up one to apprehension; and there creeps, shuffles, rolls before you a huge, green, lucent, hideous, pot-bellied Mongolian monster, with finger nails a foot long and legs that are weak and crooked from being crossed since the world was made. And when he and his six others have gone, the spectacle of the beggars, green and stony on their throne of honor is scarcely less horrible. Yet five minutes before one was laughing heartily at these jolly rogues." There was a great deal of music by Norman O'Neill, described as graphic and appropriate. "He is wisely content to suggest rather than imitate, oriental music; and whether gay, or threatening, or full of horror, what he gives us is always unpretentious and dramatic."

The play, which preceded "Lady Patricia," was enthusiastically received by the audience at the Haymarket.

Wagner's Operas in Munich The Richard Wagner festival plays this year at Munich will consist of three performances of the "Nibelungen Ring," five of "Tristan and Isolde" and three of "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." As The Herald is informed by the general agency, the Amtliche Bayerische Reisebureau G. M. B. H., late Schenker & Co., there will be engaged besides those of Munich a number of famous artists for the chief roles. Among others:

First performance of "The Nibelungen Ring": Bruenhilde, Zdenka Fassbender (Munich); Wotan and Wanderer, Fritz Feinhals (Munich); Siegmund, Ernest Kraus (Berlin); Siegfried, Heinrich Knote (Munich).

Second performance: Bruenhilde, Lucie Weidt (Vienna); Wotan and Wanderer, Feinhals; Siegmund, Knote; Siegtried, Kraus.

Third performance: Bruenhilde, Miss Fassbender; Wotan and Wanderer, Anton van Rooy (Amsterdam); Siegmund, Kraus; Siegfried, Knote.

In "Tristan and Isolde" the part of Isolde will be taken: In the first, third and fourth performances (July 31, Aug. 12 and 25), by Zdenka Fassbender; in the second and fifth performances (Aug. 9 and 30), by Lucie Weidt. Alfred von Bary (Dresden) has been chosen for the part of Tristan in the second, fourth and fifth performances (Aug. 9, 25 and 30); Ernst Kraus for the first and third performances (July 31 and Aug. 12). For the role of Kurwenal in the fourth performance, Anton van Rooy.

Mr. Knote will be the Stolzing in the three performances of "The Mastersingers." Hans Sachs will be sung by Mr. Feinhals on Aug. 14 and Sept. 9; by Mr. Van Rooy on Aug. 28.

Alice Nielsen in Berlin The Herald has received Berlin journals containing reviews of Miss Alice Neilsen's appearance as Mimi at the Komische Oper of that city. The Vossische Zeitung said as follows: "Her voice is slender but pithy and its charm is revealed chiefly in the upper register. She knows how to sing. Her acting is sympathetic by reason of fine training and the simplicity and intimacy of soulful expression. It is true that the part of Mimi is a grateful one and less richly gifted singers shine in it with unexpected brilliance, but Miss Nielsen is in all likelihood more than an excellent Mimi."

The critic of the Morgenpost thus expressed himself: "He that remembers Irma Linds (sic) the ancestor of all Swedish prima donnas and heard Christine Nielson (sic) in her prime, the name-sake of the Mimi of yesterday, will indeed not reckon Alice Nielsen among the coryphees of vocal art; but she is apparently a singer who will make progress and her reputation is not now withered. The metal of her voice is of noble resonance; her flexible, delicate voice is rich in the upper register and a pure vein of expression runs through her impersonation. If in the first act there was a touch of operetta, passion was not missed, especially in the duets with Rodolpho, and dramatic clothing of the part was not without poetry." Who, pray, was Irma Linds? was the reviewer thinking of Jenny Lind? "Christine Nielson" should be Christine Nilsson. Miss Alice Nielsen is a Dane by birth, not a Swede.

And now let us hear the critic of the Lokal Anzeiger: "As long as the strong dramatic effects in which Puccini's music is at present so rich, hold the attention, the hearers will be thrilled, and it must be confessed that the well known Italian way of singing as practised by the two guests is naturally wholly in place in this opera. German taste is not able to find much enjoyment in a persistent tremolo. We are of the opinion that this dramatic and often effective means should be administered only in homeopathic doses. There were emotional moments in Miss Nielsen's impersonation. There are still very beautiful tones in her upper register, but more toward and in the lower lost color and nobility."

Russian Plays in London Anton Tchekhov's plays did much to make the Moscow artistic theatre famous, and are popular throughout Russia. "The Bear," a wild farce, was produced in London last month, and The Herald described it at the time. His "Cherry Orchard," in four acts, was produced at

the Aldwych, under the auspices of the Stage Society, May 29. It appears that the performance was poor, and a fair judgment of the piece itself was impossible. The part of Mme. Ranevsky calls for a most accomplished actress. "The aristocrat, who, amid innumerable diminutions of income, still indulges the old-fashioned, aristocratic lavish way of spending money, who, amid the risings of other and more rigid democratic ideals, still countenances a loose, if not graceful, morality; and who finally has to submit with due dignity and composure to the loss of her ancestral estates, which breaks her heart—is obviously a character which no actress, however gifted, would not be glad to attempt and proud to succeed in." Miss Katherine Pole was not adequate to the complex task. The Pall Mall Gazette adds that the play became deadly dull, and the whole production seemed to lack reality.

The Daily Telegraph admitted that "The Cherry Orchard" is formless and without dramatic movement. The author's object—he died in 1904—was to show how certain conditions weigh heavily on Russian society and character and make them sterile. The play might bear as motto a sentence from one of Tchekhov's stories: "Nature has set in every Russian an inquiring mind, a tendency to speculation, and extraordinary capacity for belief; but all these are broken into dust against our improvidence, indolence and fantastic triviality." The aristocrat is obliged to sell her cherry orchard and a vulgar, pushing merchant, sprung from the soil, buys it. The characters are for the most part improvident, lazy, "and occupied in fantastic trivialities to the entire seclusion of serious objects." "The Cherry Orchard" is not a play, but a study of new types. The Daily Telegraph contradicted the Pall Mall Gazette; it said the play was very capably interpreted.

New Little Plays

"Jim the Rat," a new sketch at the Tivoli, London, is an inconsequential little piece. A handsome widow receives a curate who wishes aid for a charity. He turns out to be a burglar, draws a revolver and begins to spoil her of her jewels. He is well known to the police, who are on his track. They are even now hammering on the door. "Yielding to a generous impulse" the widow allows him to escape.

Mr. Maugham's new one-act comedy, "A Trip to Brighton," was produced at the New Theatre, London, May 29. It is described as having the lighthandedness and intimate appeal to sophistication characteristic of the author, without his "more daring thrusts of cynicism." The story is of a woman who finds her husband out and frightens him by the suggestion of repayment in kind. Is the comedy a condensed form of Dumas's "Francillon"? Miss Mary Moore and Sam Sothern were in the cast.

Miss Robertson's "Afterwards" in one act was produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, in aid of the Three Arts Club. A husband is absorbed in his work. His wife Nance, neglected and jealous, obtains a divorce, and marries again and unhappily. After an absence of 15 years she returns to her old home disguised as a dressmaker's assistant and bringing a dress for her daughter's first dance. She arranges her daughter's hair, tries on the new frock and is tempted to disclose her identity, but she heeds the advice of the old nurse, and departs, leaving the daughter to continue in the belief that her mother is dead.

"The Crucible," by E. G. Hemmerde and F. Neilson, was produced at the Comedy, London, June 7. The hero, Mark Meistrode, having gained an enormous fortune in the United States, returns to London for the purpose of getting even with Society that had snubbed him and to meet his dream woman. He accomplishes his first purpose by lending money to the Duchess of Droone—he calls her Georgie—and then refusing to marry her when she begs his hand. He meets Mary Shrawardine, an aristocrat, who owes a wicked baronet £5000. Her brother raises the money for her through forgery and other dishonorable means. "Something about Mary convinces Mark that she is his dream woman; and when at last she confides to him that her motto is 'all or nothing' and that the sort of son she hopes one day to have is a man who will be a blessing to his country, he is sure of it. Accordingly, the twain fall into each other's arms, and a merciful curtain descends."

"Half-a-Crown," by F. H. Evans, a farce in three acts, was produced at the Royalty, London, May 30. A rich uncle turns his lazy and extravagant nephew adrift with half a crown, and says that if at the end of a month he returns with a sovereign, which he has legitimately earned, he will grant him £1000 a year. The young fellow does his best as sandwichman, Covent Garden porter, restaurant cook and waiter, broker's man, but only at the last minute does he earn the sovereign. The knowledge of ... uncle keeps his promise and the young man has a pretty sweetheart. "The conversational undulations of the author's wit are decidedly elementary." Here are two of the jests: A waiter is asked if he has any 1830 brandy. "No, but we have some good 18 penny." The other is even worse. Somebody is asked, "Are you a pessimist?" He answers, "No, I'm a Bap'ist." As a London critic remarked: "It was rather hard to laugh at this sort of thing, and a little sad to see highly qualified actors engaged upon it."

Varied News from London

The Women's Aerial League is said to exist—as far as theatrical activity is concerned for the purpose of producing the plays that have been forbidden by the censor.

"Margaret Catchpole," the new melodrama on which Lawrence Irving and Miss Mabel Hackney spent great pains, lasted only a fortnight.

Ben Jonson's masque, "The Vision of Delight," originally produced at the court of James I., Christmas, 1617, will be revived at His Majesty's Theatre on June 27 as a feature of the coronation gala performance. There is opportunity for a huge cast, though many characters are mute, spectacular display, quaint dances. The scene represents "A Street in Perspective of Fair Building," but changes to a cloud, then to the bower of Zephyrus. This bower opens and discloses the glories of spring.

A new three-act drama, "The Married Woman," by C. B. Fernald, who wrote "The Bat and the Cherub," was produced June 12 by the Incorporated Stage Society." The author says: "The piece is something in the nature of a ballon d'essai, my aim being to discover in what proportions it may be effectively weighted with a philosophical problem and the lighter element of humor. I do not, of course, pretend that the three principal characters, a husband, a wife, and the traditional tertium quid, the friend of both, are unfamiliar figures on the stage; what novelty the piece possesses is in the manner in which these three work out their respective destinies." But the critics say the characters are detestable. "The father and mother, the two daughters and the two sons-in-law are forever yapping and snarling at each other—and all about 'the holy estate.' One of the daughters on the eve of her marriage comes across a novel which ends with a marriage and wants to know why it goes no farther. Nobody appears able to tell her either of two simple facts: (1) That, speaking generally, such endings only belong nowadays to old-fashioned fiction; and (2) that even a novel must end somewhere, and that if it leads up to a marriage it may as well end there and be complete so far as it goes. Instead of thus satisfying an unintelligent young woman, her family proceed through three acts to pour out every 'cliche' and trot out every platitude on the subject, until, speaking for ourselves at any rate, we could have shrieked at the staleness and futility of it all. In the end the young lady leaves her husband—whom she has, of course, never loved, though she pretends she has—and meets 'the other man,' for whom she seems to feel some spark of passion. He, however, wisely decides to have nothing to do with her until she has had time to reconsider her position, and with his exit the curtain falls on one of the most prolix pieces we have ever sat through."

Although Martin Harvey was again applauded for his performance as Sidney Carton, the play, "The Only Way," was treated irreverently by the critics. The Daily Telegraph began its notice: "Those who are sealed of the faith in Dickens have always been in a difficulty with the 'Tale of Two Cities.' A proper devotion to Mr. Pickwick and Dick Swiveller, Quilp and the invaluable Toots, limits your capacity to be thrilled by Sidney Carton. His admirers have for the most part been those who cared little for anything else in Dickens or liked the worst parts best. The rest of us find it hard to take the 'Tale of Two Cities' as anything more precious than a translation of Carlyle in terms of flamboyant melodrama. Even for our melodramas we may prefer a drier brand of excitement than is provided by that schoolgirls' hero, Sidney Carton. 'The Only Way' is in itself a play which magnifies the vices and diminishes the virtues of the novel."

At a charity entertainment in London Sir Charles Wyndham and Lewis Waller gave the office scene from "Still Waters Run Deep." "A composition," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "which bears the marks of its age, but recalls the excellent opportunities which those tough melodramas gave for forcible impersonation. There was nothing elusive about them, and their construction seems quaintly ingenuous, but by leaving it to the actor to put life into them they afforded an admirable touchstone for the player and the "duffer."

It is reported that some one has offered to give £40,000 for the building of a repertory theatre in Glasgow.

Sibiriakoff, the Russian bass, who sang a few times last season at the Boston Opera House, made his first appearance at Covent Garden June 10 as Ramfis. "His voice, of good quality on the whole, may be said to be wanting in some degree in mellowness." As an actor he was "fairly interesting, a little indefinite in personality perhaps." Ramfis, however, is not a restless person.

Mrs. Charles Calvert's Reminiscences will be published in September.

William Heinemann of London is issuing this month an edition of "Masks and Minstrels of New Germany," by Percival Pollard, recently published in Boston by John W. Luce & Co.

About Play-Folk and Musicians

It is said that actors and actresses have always been superstitious and believed in talismans, amulets, mascots, which worn on a first night guarantee the success of a play. A Londoner informs us that Lady Tree wears a necklace of crooked pearls and a gold chain set with uncut turquoises. Miss Gertrude Kingston carries a little key on a gold chain. Miss Irene Vanbrugh wears two blue Chinese stones which were given to her, but her sister Violet prefers a turquoise. All this is important, if true.

A new tenor, Darmel, appeared as Faust at Covent Garden. The Pall Mall Gazette said of him: "There was no very outstanding merit in his singing or acting, which last, as a matter of fact, was distinctly tame. Although he has some powerful notes in his voice, he used them very sparingly, for generally when the orchestra was playing above a mezzo-forte he was heard with difficulty." Mme. Melba was the Marguerite and not at her best.

Mme. Theresa, the famous woman who as a singer in cafes-concerts was once the idol of the Parisians, now lives in a villa in the Sarthe and smokes cigarettes especially prepared without nicotine by the physician's order. She recently gave a recipe for happiness: "If you want to be happy, don't live alone. If you have not a family of your own, create one by adopting an orphan. My orphan, whom I adopted from his cradle, is a handsome lieutenant in the army; he is presently to be a captain and to receive a decoration. He has taken a wife to himself, and has now a child. He is a father, and Suzanne is an 'amour.' I have no pangs in growing old with youth and affection around me. For one's last days to pass in peace, one must love nature and live close to her. My step becomes less sure, less rapid, as I walk in my garden; the trees notice it, but say nothing. I believe, then, that I remain the same, and have no occasion to ask my mirror to verify the fact."

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Sir Herbert Tree's Shylock that he is something more than a mere money grubber; "he brings out the intensity of the inherited hate of the subject race for its proudly insolent oppresssors, and the emphasis of it all was as strong in the first scene of the play as in the famous trial itself. * * * The Haymarket Shylock has the true atmosphere of the oriental Jew, the type that yet in the period of Venice's prosperity retained some of the physical attributes that we associate with the people of Israel before the Christian era. The same type may be seen upon the bridge of Stamboul today, but not in the ghettos of the cities of Europe."

Ludwig Barney, the German actor, although he has withdrawn as director of the Hanover Court Theatre, will continue to live in that city, where he owns a villa.

Eugenio Pirani and the American singer, Alma Webster-Powell, willl give a series of concerts in Germany. Pirani will play his new concert etude.

Miss Billie Burke will play next fall the part of a French girl speaking broken English. There are other actresses with "personality" as stock in trade who can speak broken English without fatiguing study.

The Herald spoke last Sunday of performances of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife" (Garrick's version) in Boston 100 years ago. Sir George Alexander, whose family name is Samson, talks of reviving the old comedy in London. He will reopen the St. James next September with Henry Arthur Jones' new comedy. He purposes to produce "Belladonna," by R. S. Hichens and J. B. Fagan.

The Herald asked last Sunday when "Venice Preserved" was last performed in Boston. Mr. J. B. Clapp writes: "The last time of which I have a record was May 26, 1859, when Mrs. Farren acted in it at the Museum. It is possible that it has been played since that time, but my records of the Howard are not complete, and that would be the theatre where it might have been seen during the war."

The European Continent

A new "volks play" by Messrs. Philipp and Richard, entitled "Auf Nach New York," pleased Berliners at the Rose Theatre last month. A German woman married in the United States, and, living there, persuades her elderly father to cross the ocean to make his home with her. He does not like American life, cannot accustom himself to the surroundings, and goes back. As a matter of fact Germans who have lived for a long time in the United States and then go home thinking to end their days in the fatherland generally become homesick and return to the United States. See also the story in George Moore's "Untilled Field" of the New York barkeeper who, returning to Ireland, was soon unhappy.

The new Kurfuersten Opera House in Berlin will be one of the finest buildings of the kind in Germany. The capital has already reached the sum of 500,000 marks ($125,000) and this sum will be increased in a short time.

The Herald quoted last Sunday from the Referee's destructive article about "Les Transatlantiques," an operetta at the Apollo, Paris. Another Paris correspondent took a far more favorable view: "The musical effects are so sparkling and ingeniously produced and so full of suppressed fun that they afford a welcome relief after the worn-out melodies of some foreign predecessors. It has all the grace and distinction of the real French operetta: a constant stream, pure and clear, of orchestral parody and buffoonery; a continual and contagious smile. Such qualities of gaiety and lightness make it the fit companion of the book, which is written with an exquisite sense of the ridiculous. Certainly the clever and ironical writer who is Abel Hermant has given a fantastic picture of our cousins across the sea; there were probably never any Americans like it; but in a certain sense it contains the truth of paradox. A central situation recalls that delightfully subtle work of Henry James, 'The American,' in which he imagines one of his compatriots, a self-made hardware merchant, introduced to an aristocratic family in the Faubourg St. Germain." It may be added that the director of the Apollo claims damages in the law courts against a Parisian critic who ventured to dislike the operetta. This proceeding has inspired angry articles in the Paris newspapers.

D'Annunzio's "Martyrdom of San Saint Sebastian," was a dismal failure in Paris, and the last performance was before a yawning audience.

"The Quaker Girl," performed in Paris, called forth a brilliant article from M. Jean Chantavoine. "The English," he says, "are qualified amateurs, but mediocre producers of music. They have naturalized both Handel and the wine of Bordeaux: To the one they have given a place in Westminster Abbey; to the other the name of 'claret.' ... This operetta has neither extravagant kind of humor only to be found in this class of musical comedy, and numberless political allusions, of which fully one-half could be cut out without being missed. The Algerian girl is an orphan hotel-keeper who being too young and too pretty to be business-like, finds herself confronted with the alternative of either paying the debt she owes to the Bey of Algiers, or becoming that gentleman's 51st wife. But she has an outlaw lover who, with the assistance of the British consul, English visitors, and part of the British fleet, manages to save the situation by kidnapping the Bey and holding him until the necessary money arrives."

Dorothy Toye, "the double-voiced queen of song," made a sensation at the Hippodrome this month. In "Laughing Eyes," a "quick-change duet," she displayed a compass from high E flat to three and a half octaves lower.

The best summary of "La Fanciulla del West" in the London journals is that by Mr. Gatty: "A further consideration of the opera discloses the fact that it is essentially an exotic variety of 'Tosca,' and that Puccini has only elaborated, not deviated, from the musical style of that work. Just as the active, tortured Minnie, the passive, tortured Dick, and the unprincipled torturer, Jack Rance, are all prefigured in the characters of Tosca, Cavaradossi and Scarpia, so we find the same musical texture of nerve-exciting pictorial music, amid which various themes of a half-paralyzed, unexpanding nature lie embedded. The mannerism of a type similarity is considerably mitigated by an effective change of milieu, but the general effect of the music is that of emotional obsession, of a want of inner freedom, a want of mental detachment. Even the big dramatic moments of the opera, such as the first embrace in the second act and Minnie's wild triumph at the end of the act, where Puccini rises in his might to elemental powers of feeling, even these move one more than they delight. Shaken, but unrefreshed, the auditor comes away at the end. A heavy thunderstorm has been brewing all the evening, but no kindly discharge has ensued to relieve the lurid electric-laden air."—Pall Mall Gazette, June7.

The leading London journals were not kind toward Raymond Roze's "Joan of Arc" after they made allowances for excerpts in concert form. The Times said that the orchestral coloring was brilliant "and often blatant" and the melody was "obvious and unoriginal." The Telegraph spoke of assimilation and reproduction of music by Meyerbeer, Gounod, Saint-Saens, Massenet, the early Verdi, and the early Wagner.

e lightness of French operetta, nor e caressing sentimentality of the ermans; between the one and the her it is not distinguished for any ry original formula. Its ethical iginality consists in rhythms that rather dry and angular, or in a iety of which jumps mechanically it to the accompany the symmetri- movements of a doll at the end of string." The waltzes lack true sen- nent, move the legs, but do not turn e head." "Monotony of procedure," ability of imagination," "a rightful akness of metier" are other objec- ns. Then M. Chantavoine picks out few numbers in Lionel Monckton's re for more amiable remarks. "In intrigue Parisians will find, in verly prepared doses, memories of ss Helyett,' 'The Merry Widow,' h a faint reference to 'Sherlock Imes.'" But the production is esh and delightful."

Music in London

The London Times rapped Mr. Godowsky sharply over the fingers: "It would almost n as if in time pianists must get d of giving those Chopin recitals ch just now are depriving pianoe concerts of most of their inter- Not only are the familiar pieces ed till concert-goers lose all sense their beauty, but the necessarily me task of repeating them perally leads, with all but a few rare anizations to the lamentable habit mphasizing the subordinate parts throwing what Chopin meant for chief part into the background. opin was no contrapuntist, and the rest of his work is almost always xclusively in the melodic part as at of the operas of his day. The Chopin players have always acvledged this, and hitherto have ted the temptation to represent as if he had meant some figure of mpaniment to be prominent. It is to see M. Godowsky, who used to e of the few who were free from trick, at last yielding to it. At ecital in the Queen's Hall on Saty the prelude in D minor missed s tragic effect by the emphatic ration of the two upper notes in eft-hand figure, so that the melpart seemed entirely unimportant. he same group he adopted the ng of the end of the F major de which excludes an E flat from nal chord."

A new musical comedy, "The Alin Girl," by Herbert Shelley and en R. Philpot, was produced at Kennington Theatre, June 5. re is nothing particularly disgished either in the book or the . There is a great deal of the that he has set a portion of the Maria' to a lilting 6-8 rhythm, full accompaniment for brass, we discern no particular originality score." Of the purely orchestral ers it said, "Music of this type ad a great success before and we ee no particular reason why it d not enjoy a similar success " The Pall Mall Gazette red that Mr. Roze "deals in the nt phraseology and reveals nothat is particularly original or dive."

Fantasie Sonata for piano and by Charles Domergue, played by d Bauer and Firmin Touche in on May 29, bears the motto oluntatis virtute," and the comsays "the sonata purports to depict ms of music the will of the artd the philosopher struggling in ce of opposition and disappointto attain the goal of ideal truth eauty." The music is free, rhapl. The Daily Telegraph found it and interesting. The Times said: e are some vigorous musical together with a good deal which ner dull and commonplace."

In Fritz Kreisler played Elgar's concerto (May 29), the Times de the Andante as "surely one of eetest things that ever proceeded the brain of man." And in the a "the violin enters into such a om as hardly falls to it elsein the literature written for that ment." Sir Edward was surely d when he picked up the Times ad this over his bacon and eggs, and marmalade.

noteworthy offenders in London Messrs. Godowsky and Gerardy, layed five 'cello sonatas by Beethn one and the same concert.

Symphonies in London

New symphonies by Emil Mlynarski, who conducted, and A. Wischregradsky played at the Queen's Hall, May Quote from the Pall Mall Gazette: last named is a Russian musihose work is unknown here; judgthis symphony it is not of a very le quality. A certain degree of gue was observable, but no sign expression. Far more interestas M. Mlynarski's composition; ideed, one found a highly refreshhythmic vitality, coupled with c invention, which made the stand out as the work of a man as an individual style and someo say. It is true that the music t altogether free from the influof other writers, such as traces of ovsky, especially in the employment of a 'motto' theme, as one is used in the fifth symphony, in E minor, while the principal subject of the finale reminded the hearer of 'Ein Heldenleben.' But at the same time M. Mlynarski has written plenty which expresses himself"; the opening movement, on a first hearing, seemed a little diffuse, and the emotional purport, in consequence, hard to trace; in the adagio a genuine ring of emotional feeling was found; if the scherzo again displayed a lack of clearness in the opening and closing sections, it had a trio of real thematic charm; the finale, in spite of the reminiscence referred to, was carried out in a brilliant style, and the close, where the 'motto' theme entered in, the major mode, was exceedingly imposing. One may point out that the final cadences to the movements seemed to be lacking in conciseness, they were a little prolonged, and that the orchestration occasionally seemed somewhat ineffective. Otherwise the symphony made so good an impression that it should certainly be heard again. The composer has before now proved himself to be an able conductor."

The sanest description of Elgar's new symphony that I have yet seen in London journals was also published in the Pall Mall Gazette (May 25): "Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony was produced at the Queen's Hall last night before a large audience, the concert being the third of the extremely interesting London Musical Festival now being held. Conducted by the composer, the work was given a first-rate performance, and was, it need hardly be said, received with enthusiasm. Everything that Sir Edward writes is stamped with his own individuality—indeed, the personal note in his music is one of its strongest features. But the new symphony, while it presents this aspect of his art as much as ever, is disappointing in other ways, it tells us nothing fresh. Lacking in an equal thematic distinctiveness to that of the earlier work, it can hardly bear comparison therewith. The music is always interesting, especially as regards the orchestration; but emotionally the expression is curiously undecided, and there is often a strong air of the manufactured. Especially is this the case in the opening allegro, which, therefore, appears to be so extremely lengthy. Here one finds, too, a great amount of melodic repetition, a sameness in rhythm, and a general want of the clear and direct movement to climax to drive home the purport of the music. The larghetto, in the character of a funeral march, has a clearer construction, and conveys its atmosphere with more surety; it is to be doubted whether its principal theme is one of the composer's inspirations, but there is no denying the appeal it makes through the extremely significant orchestration. In the scherzo Sir Edward deals largely in the bizarre, contrasted with subject-matter intentionally or not recalling the already exhausted long-and-short rhythm of the first movement; the whole effect is carried out with brilliance, if in the result the feeling arises that much has been done and little expressed. It is in the finale that the composer becomes completely at home; here the principal theme, of undoubted character (if slightly reminiscent of Glazounov's C minor symphony, last movement) is treated in a delightfully concise and definite manner; the impression the movement makes is the more certain and tangible because all the material of which it is composed is really interesting. In fact, perhaps the simplest thing to say about the other movements is that Sir Edward has been making music out of rather unpromising themes; it may be disappointing after the brilliant success of the first symphony, but this conclusion can hardly be avoided."

June 27. 1911

SYMBOLIC RITES ON THE CAMPUS.

About this time, to borrow the phrase of the old almanac, textbooks are burned on the "campus" with solemn rites by college men, as a token that they have no further use for a volume of a classic poet or historian, or for a mathematical treatise. The burning is more symbolical than the celebrants think.

A young man has studied Latin for nine or ten years. He knows the grammar thoroughly. The subjunctive mood has no terrors for him. In his junior year at the university he can read to himself a satire of Juvenal, or an epistle of Horace with true enjoyment and translate it in the class without undue literalism or freedom. He becomes a lawyer, a physician, or he goes into business. His school books were sold, or passed along to a younger brother, or they disappeared. He did not follow the advice of the grouty professor: "Read ten lines a day, whatever you do."

At the age of 45 this graduate finds himself unable to read intelligently the once familiar orations against Catiline. He is not sure of his quantities. He mispronounces stock Latin quotations. And yet he can say glibly: "Quod, quia, quoniam and quando take the subjunctive to assign a reason doubtfully or on another's authority," and that other golden rule, "The name of a town used as the limit of motion is put in the accusative." If his boy comes to him for help, the father is at a loss. He often seeks refuge in the saying: "They taught Latin differently when I was at school."

With Greek the case is still worse. How many who studied Felton's "Greek Reader" at Exeter in the early seventies can now read with the aid of the lexicon at the back of the book any one of the dialogues of Lucian, even the first in order, the one between Prometheus and Zeus? The graduate may be able to quote the two famous onomatopoeic lines from the "Iliad," or the chief formula of the "Anabasis" beginning "Enteuthen exelaunei," but for the most part the words are as Sanscrit to him.

Or take the more elementary books on mathematics, geology, natural philosophy. How many are sure of the rules of proportion, or of permutation and combination, or for determining measurements? How many at the age of 50 can distinguish between the mesozoic and the cenozoic time in the earth's history, or put into practical use a formula in Ganot's "Physics"? Herbert Spencer was never weary of protesting against the time wasted over Latin and Greek, which in nine cases out of ten were applied by the boy to no practical purposes in after years. He might have added that this Latin and Greek quickly left the mind of the American boy.

It would seem as though sentiment alone would lead a young man to preserve his school books, or at least the editions of the classics. Some when they are past middle age and on the way to the second childhood find pleasure in merely seeing the backs of the very books that were a delight at home and a torment at the school. They look with the same joy on Marco Paul's Adventures in Boston, Vermont or at the Springfield Armory and the battered edition of Cornelius Nepos; on Mayne Reid's "Boy Tar" and Bowen's "Virgil." Alas! in few houses of this country are the "time-honored tomes":

The same my sire scanned before
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er
The same his sire homeward bore.

Even if sentiment prevails, the Virgil read by the grandfather was not the one for the father, and the one scanned by the son was edited by a pedagogue who spelled the poet's name with an "e." One edition drives out another, and school committees listen attentively to agents of publishing houses who often offer special and private inducements. Not long ago we saw in the library of a Bostonian a row of Roman and Greek authors edited by Charles Anthon. In our youth a classic edited by Anthon was tabooed. The learned man was supposed to give too much aid to ingenuous and lazy youths. This Bostonian not only had kept his schoolbooks; he still read them. Truly, a man to be envied.

MEISTERSINGERS AGAIN IN B. F. KEITH'S

New Program of Songs—Good All-Around Vaudeville Bill This Week.

B. F. Keith's bill is headed again this week by the Meistersingers, whose work is proving very popular. They gave a generous new program yesterday, the selections ranging from the Bedouin love song to an Irish "Comeallye." The latter was sung by the Schubert quartet, one of the three combined organizations. Stress was laid on the grotesque side of the piece chosen, and the audience laughed heartily. The little Brownie, Onita, again took part in the act.

The rest of the program was up to B. F. Keith's standard. Pollard did some clever juggling; Miss Lillian Ashley, "western comedienne," sang and talked amusingly; the Langdons gave "A Night on the Boulevard," in which an automobile plays a leading part. Johnny Johnston sang "The Poet and the Peasant" to words all his own. His style was also peculiar to himself. Few of those who enjoy this blameless composition will grasp its possibilities until they have heard Mr. Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Emmett give an amusing ventriloquist act. The rest of the bill comprised cook and Lorenz, "two millionaires," and the Four Regals, strong men in a capital scenic production, "The Armorers."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "The Genius," a comedy in three acts, by William C. and Cecil B. DeMille.

Jack Spencer	Howell Hansel
Victor le Mercier	Donald Meek
Otto Vogelsburger	George Hassell
Brian McGonigal	Bert Young
Percival Clutterbruck	Cyril Biddulph
Nell Graham	Gertrude Binley
Josephine Van Dusen	Florence Shirley
Mrs. Van Dusen	Mabel Colcord

"The Genius" boldly announces itself a play without a purpose, whether as an advertisement or an apology, it is difficult to determine. It is a curious fact that every play that is not a problem play seeks to excuse its existence, and yet the art for art's sake people are continually declaring that the stage is an innocent toy, without moral purpose or design.

"The Genius," in a serio-comic way, laughs at the foibles and eccentricities of artists and dilettantes. It is filled with sharp, clever lines, and starts from an amusing preface. The situations are not worked out as thoroughly as might be and the play is very unreal, but it is, nevertheless, exceedingly funny.

Howell Hansel was fortunate in the matter of lines, and he has a quick sense of a part's possibilities. He is an actor with ease, a pleasing presence, a keen eye for surface effects, and dramatic initiative, but he is not sufficiently sincere to be real.

Mr. Meek's little Frenchman was the best piece of work he has done since his return. It was of the essence of comedy because it was so very spontaneous, and at the same time showed work and thought.

The Castle Square Theatre has gained much through the addition of Cyril Biddulph to its company. His acting does not suggest versatility, but in his peculiar line he is amazingly skilful.

Miss Shirley was much better than last week, and Miss Binley played with a winning sympathy and lightness of touch that were delightful.

The play next week will be "The Barrier."

June 28 1911

The belief in witchcraft dies hard. It is not necessary to go to Hungary or Bulgaria. Spells are even now cast by foreigners in our large cities; the hoodoo is practised on Virginian plantations, and if a mistress reproves a cook, the sulky servant may refuse to work and keep others from working by putting her baleful charm near the kitchen door; and a few days ago a woman in Ireland killed and mutilated an old age pensioner in the belief that she was a witch.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1911.

A BARON IN A GLASS HOUSE.

Baron Ernst Ludwig von Wolzogen, poet, novelist, playwright, having visited the United States, says that Americans do not know how to cook, or how to eat, and in a fantastical article published in the Tageblatt of Berlin he tells his readers that when an American goes to Europe he is grateful at table, grateful and amazed.

The Baron's indictment is as sweeping as it is terrible. Americans eat sweets from morning till night. They spend their time on sweets and time is money. The baron was once offered honey with roast beef. The American puts a "huge mountain of sifted sugar" on his fruit at breakfast. Our veal cutlets and Wiener schnitzels are not fit to eat. Sweet potatoes are a snare and a delusion, also the abomination of desolation. "They look like glycerine soap and taste that way, too." The flesh of chickens in this country is not tender or delicate. There are no sharp knives in America. "You have to rip chunks off your piece of meat with a blunt brass knife unless you prefer to put the whole piece in your mouth and chew it by degrees, or tear it with your teeth."

The worst has not been told. It appears that washing dishes is too severe a strain on the nerves of the servants, so the whole meal is eaten, from fruit, through meat, to sweets, on the same plate. "This is true even in fine households and the best boarding houses, and in all the restaurants except the very best ones." Is it possible that the Baron remembered the story of "Terry" Quinn, once a congressman? Returning to Albany, N. Y., where he was an honored brewer, he was telling some of his constituents about the extravagant life at Washington: "I attended a banquet last Wednesday night. It was a gorgeous spectacle, and such eatin'! We had 23 courses and we never changed a plate."

It might be impertinent after the Baron's revelations to inquire who were his entertainers, in what fine households he sat at meat, or to ask the addresses of these "best boarding houses." Did his hostess always sweeten his coffee from a sirup jug? Did she pour molasses on his melon or grape fruit? And what was the matter with the Wiener schnitzels as served on the tables of our "best people"? Let us not burst in ignorance. It is to be regretted that the Baron found no sharp knife, for the German rejoices in the danger that attends knife-play at dinner, and is never so dexterous as when an observant foreigner sits wondering and speechless. The Baron may have had hard luck in the matter of chickens. He probably encountered the sort known as the "utility chicken," which is allowed to run about and find food for itself.

And what might not an American say of German dishes and German cooking? In 1884 there was no word corresponding to gridiron in the German language. There was only one restaurant in northern Germany that had the kitchen implement, and that was Kneist's in Dresden. The eggs in Berlin crossed the Alps, and their experience was more trying than that of Hannibal or Napoleon. Did the Baron miss the lung hashes and the chicken's feet stew of the Fatherland? Did he never see sweets served with meat in his own country? Especially with the dry and tasteless beef following hard the soup which was made from it?

If the Baron had known American cooking only from meals at country taverns in northern states, southern hotels, farmers' houses of 30 years ago, he might be pardoned for his diatribe. Even now, in spite of the automobile, it is not easy to obtain good bread, well cooked vegetables, decent tea or coffee, sweet fresh butter at village hotels. But the Baron did not go into the hedges and byways. He ate in fine households, and the guests had only one plate apiece for all the courses. It was a baroness sojourning in the Black Forest who asked us if it were true that in America bed sheets and pillow cases were changed more than once in a fortnight or three weeks. When we admitted that we had heard of such luxury, she answered: "It must be very bad for the health."

In Germany the Baron von Wolzogen has the reputation of being a humorist. Possibly he is now laboring to maintain it. Or he may be of the baronial class to which two tellers of strange tales belonged: the intrepid hero Munchausen and the Baron in "Erminie," whose surprising adventures in the East delighted the ladies at the chateau.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1911.

APPLAUSE AND SIGNS OF DISAPPROVAL.

English playgoers are still primitive. A few nights ago the Russian dancers at the Palace Theatre, London, did not carry out their full program. Two dances, announced and among the most popular in the repertory, were omitted. The curtain was rung down without any explanation. The audience hissed and hooted until the bioscope was switched off. Then it was announced from the stage that Miss Pavlova had been taken sick after her only solo and could not appear again. There were cries of "Mordkin!" The spokesman again came forward and said that Mr. Mordkin, having danced one solo, had filled his part. Then there was tumult. There were loud cries of "Shame!"

In the city of Boston announcements of inability to fulfil a promise have often been made from the stage, especially before operatic performances. When opera was given in Mechanics' Building it was not unusual for the audience to wait patiently for a delayed curtain. After the appointed time of beginning the performance a suave person appeared on the stage and in a mutton-tallow voice said that the management "regretted exceedingly," but "owing to the indisposition," etc., there would be a change in the cast. The singer indisposed was generally the one that had drawn the great crowd. Was there a sign of disappointment or disapproval? Not at all. On the contrary, the audience applauded loudly and fatuously. A visiting foreigner would have thought that the hearers rejoiced in the substitution.

There have been remarkably few announcements of a disappointing nature either from the stage or by a program slip in the course of the two seasons of the Boston Opera House, but substitutions have been made with more or less apologetic statements in concert halls. The attitude of the audience is always the same. The keener the disappointment, the heartier the applause. Is this applause merely a symptom of nervousness? Or is it intended to encourage the one substituted?

It appears that in this country manifestations of approval and delight are allowed, expected; but an audience, large or small, must not openly show disappointment or disapproval of play, musical composition, actor, singer, violinist, pianist. Hearers may clap their hands, stamp their feet, pound the floor with umbrellas and canes, shout from the pit or gallery, wave handkerchiefs, throw bouquets. This shows artistic appreciation. There must be no hissing, groaning, booing in playhouse or concert hall.

How unmeaning, how valueless, then, is this applause! How perfunctory it becomes! Mr. Boanerges, the pianist, makes his entrance. He is applauded loudly, whether the hearers welcome the return of an acknowledged artist, or know nothing about him. He is applauded after each piece. He is recalled at the end of a group. When he comes out again to begin the second group he is again applauded. And so it goes until the end and the pianist is physically weary.

There is no discrimination. The applause falls like the rain on the just and the unjust. A pianist may know full well that his performance of a sonata was inadequate. He was not in the mood. The audience is as boisterous in its joy as when he gave a stirring reading of a scherzo, or a beautifully poetic interpretation of a fantasie.

There was a time in this country when managers that did not keep their promises or presented poor plays were roundly hissed; when actors and musicians who were incompetent or presumed on the good nature of an audience were at once reminded of the error of their ways. There has been much talk for some years about the "elevation of the stage." There are societies organized to raise the standard of performances and develop the taste of theatregoers. Would not an open rebuke in the playhouse or concert hall be salutary?

Suppose a vulgar play, a review that had been arranged chiefly for the inartistic display of brazen faced and undraped women and the introduction of indecent situations and dialogue, were to be produced. Would it not be a good thing for the decent persons in the audience, and they would be in the great majority, to hiss or boo any scene that was to them objectionable? One or two lessons of this kind would do more to clear the air than pounds of mailed circulars or solemn discussions at stated meetings.

Or suppose a loudly heralded pianist turns out to be a person of mediocre technic, a soulless interpreter. Would not total abstinence from applause be helpful to him and the community?

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1911.

GOOD MEN SADLY OUT OF PLACE.

Judge Goodnow of Chicago handed down this opinion from the bench: "The man that can't cook shouldn't think of getting married." He elaborated this opinion and said things in a breezy, western way. "Let the June bride beware of her husband if he cannot toss the piping flapjack or coax the flavor from the carrot to the soup." The judge drew a touching picture of a devoted spouse who rose early, "turned out a mess for himself" and then carried a cup of chocolate to his wife in bed. This opinion with the picturesque illustrations was handed down, or rather proclaimed in trumpet tones in censure of a poor wretch, who, unable to cook, had compelled his wife to arise at 3:30 A. M. that he might breakfast comfortably before entering on the labors of the day.

Is a man necessarily, by virtue of his sex, a good cook? Should a woman refuse a suitor who admits that he is ignorant of the art, and never even went to cooking school? It is true that the great names in cookery are those of males, as Vatel, Dr. Kitchener, Soyer, the grandfather of the Soyer who, recently chef of Brook's Club, London, now cooks deliciously in paper bags. It is also true that the elder Dumas was a brilliant cook and wrote a monumental treatise concerning the art; that Rossini had the gift, and was both melodist and harmonist in the kitchen. Then there is George Augustus Sala's cook book; there are the cook books by De Mayerne, who was physician to four kings, Hunter and Hill, physicians of the 18th century, and in old times cookery was justly considered an important branch of the medicinal art, and among the ancient Romans "curare" meant to dress a dinner as well as to cure a disease.

It is also true that male cooks are found in the palaces of the rich, on vessels, coasters and for the deep sea, in forest camps. Some men are able to cook and cook well. This is indisputable. Yet it is not man's peculiar privilege, prerogative. It is not his highest characteristic. There are negroe mammys, there are women of France, the United States, Ireland, Sweden, Italy, Russia, whose ability and taste are at once recognized by the most vainglorious chef with the traditional cap and apron. Man is essentially the provider. The woman cooks according to what he has furnished. The inscription ordered by the New England widow for her husband's tombstone: "He was a good provider," was the most honorable tribute of respect and affection.

As a rule no woman, mistress or servant, is tolerant of a man in the kitchen. He is out of place. The more proficient he is, the greater the nuisance. When there is question of food, the man's place is at the table. There he may applaud or scold; there he may indulge himself in irritating reminiscences of his youth and extol the memory of his sainted mother. If he has ideas about cookery, let him frankly go into the profession and work in a hotel or restaurant.

It is doubtful whether any thoughtful woman would accept a suitor who kept harping on his culinary skill, unless he were a professional and thus earned his living. She likes to think of her Adolphus moving a jury to tears, operating on a millionaire, swaying a congregation by pulpit

loquence, the author of a reform bill, gallant in conning tower or on ie cannon-swept field, a power in the stock market. She does not icture him a hero over a mixing bowl or angrily complaining because ie vinegar is not tarragon.

A woman may discover after it is too late that her husband has the iafing-dish habit; that he is vain of his welsh rabbit, his preparation lobster, a mess of eggs, something with curry. If he has shown himlf worthy in other ways, if his devotion is beyond doubt and peradnture, she may forgive him. She may encourage him when there are sitors in the evening; she may even go so far as to taste the result of s fussing and pretend to like it. But she will insist that the three eals for herself and children be prepared by Bridget, Selma or her n hands.

June 28 1911

he indifference of hundreds, yes usands, in New England toward ravages of the tent caterpillar is redible. Highly respectable men l women watch the progress of the s and the movements of the ines as though they were an ornaat to the place and a glory to the s. Nowhere is this indifference on part of individuals and towns wn more boldly than along the e roads of Cape Cod. Not long school children in Marden, Kent, ., killed at least 1200 queen waspe, ch were paid for at the rate of a y apiece by a Fruit Growers' Asation. The wasps were accepted he schoolmaster as deposits in the k. It is doubtful whether a small paid for each caterpillar's tent d rouse New England children or n men to a similar exertion.

rancisco Centreras contributes a us article to the Mercure de ce concerning the future of Latin rica. The article is in the form review of Manuel Ugarte's book, venir de l'Amerique Latine." The writers show a most hostile toward the United States, which say is "eaten up with imperialgreediness." Unfortunately they with emphasis that "Cuba is re to an odious protectorate."

July 2nd 1911

ONIAL THEATRE SEASON

eason of 11 months ended at the ial Theatre last evening with the of the engagement of Ralph Herz octor De Luxe." Every attraction ne was musical. Following is an e of the engagements of the sea-

1, "Three Million Dollars," by Edlan Woolf, David Kempner and Friedland; first time in Boston; eeks.
29, "My Man," by Edith Ellis, from Halsey's novel "The Quality of , first time in Boston; two weeks.
12, "The Arcadians," by Mark nt and A. W. Thompson, lyrics by Winperis, music by Lionel Monckd Howard Talbot; first time in Bosne weeks.
14, Montgomery and Stone in "The own," by George Ade and Victor t; first time in Boston; six weeks.
26, Bessie McCoy in "The Echo," liam LeBaron and Deems Taylor; me in Boston; three weeks.
16, "The Dollar Princess," by Wilnd Granbaum, music by Leo Fall; me in Boston; six weeks.
27, Lelia McIntyre and John Hyams he Girl of My Dreams," by Otto bach and Karl Hoschna; first time ston; four weeks.
h 27, Frank Daniels in "The Girl in ain," by Harry B. Smith, from Vic Leon, music by Leo Fall; first time ton; four weeks.
l 24, "The Arcadians," return ent; four weeks.
5, Mme. Adeline Genee in special e of dances with "The Dryad," by enson; second time in America and e first time in Boston.
22, Ralph Herz in "Doctor De Luxe," to Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna; me in Boston; six weeks.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Top of a Telegraph Pole. A middle aged man perched himself on top of a telegraph pole in Williamsburg, N. Y., a ays ago, and kept shouting "I e Miller, the joker!" A crowd ed, ready to hear old jests and t gags and wheezes. Eager, no to applaud as in the theatre. ceman, recognizing the pseudo as an insane person, who had l from the asylum, persuaded come down. It seems that the 's delusion is a dangerous one; eves that he is a gifted author, a t novelist, a wit in verbal play. sane are often amiable and logi their madness, as the Englishho believed himself to be the Emof Germany until one day he obto "Your majesty" as a form of . "Don't you know I'm the hop of Canterbury?" "But," said itor, "the last time I saw you, you told me you were the German Emperor." "True," replied the lunatic, "but that was by another mother." Mr. Schmidt-Miller should not be allowed to run or sit at large.

The unfortunate Schmidt in Williamsburg, who thought he was the immortal Joe Miller, is not the only one who has perched on a telegraph pole and clamored for a hearing. The pole is synonymous with the platform, the pulpit, the floor of a chamber of representatives, the editorial or professorial chair. A clergyman in Sacramento, Cal., prefaced his sermon a week ago with a recitation of "Casey at the Bat," and in the sermon itself declared that the $15,000,000 spent for baseball last season "was better expended than the same sum in foreign missions." Now, baseball is an excellent game, an American institution; but why compare its beneficence with foreign missionary work? Why compare things that are disparate, unless you are on top of a telegraph pole?

There is Olive Schreiner, who was surely on top of the pole when she wrote: "The woman who doesn't earn her own living is therefore a parasite, except for that small portion of her time when she is engaged in propagating the species, but for that time she should be paid." Reading this and other statements, among them that one child is enough, we remember gratefully the Miss Schreiner who told the story of an African farm, written when she had one foot at least on the floor.

And when one professor predicts the ultimate extinction of the blonde, and another says that men in all ages have preferred blondes to brunettes, and Mrs. Elinor Glyn, that deep thinker, leaves her tiger rug and expresses her views on the future color of "Americans," are they not all comfortably perched on high, and friends of Mr. Schmidt-Miller?

From a Lover of Cats. The Herald has received a letter from a lover of cats.

Editor of The Herald:

Let me add to your remarks about cats published last Sunday in Men and Things.

Among artists who have glorified the cat are Gotfried Mind, the German, known as "The Raphael of Cats"; the Dutchman, Cornelius Wischer; and the English artist, Burbank. In Champleury's essay there are nearly 100 wood cuts, showing the artistic appropriation of the animal by the Egyptians, Romans and Japanese.

You refer, in passing, to Mohammed, Montaigne and eminent modern Frenchmen who were lovers of cats. Tasso addressed a fine sonnet to his pet; Petrarch had his favorite embalmed; Cardinal Wolsey gave audience with his cat seated by his side; Richelieu, the cardinal not the rake, always kept kittens in his cabinet to amuse him; and Chateaubriand, romanticist, philanderer, entertained such a passion for cats that when he was ambassador at Rome, the Pope made him a present of one. No doubt Chateaubriand fed this cat with the steak that bears his name.

I need not call your attention to the fact that in the theatre a black cat brings luck, especially if a stray one wanders in during the rehearsal of a new piece, or when an actor or actress makes a first appearance. If the cat comes in before the audience is admitted, success is doubly sure.

You have alluded to the independence of the cat, a quality sometimes called selfishness. It is true that Puss has no consideration for the wants or comfort of human beings. It knows what it likes, and it gets it. And for this reason the Roman Goddess of Liberty was represented as holding a cup in one hand, a broken sceptre in the other, and with a cat lying at her feet. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether the cat is the sworn friend of the witch. It is easy to determine this in your household. A witch cat will not drink milk if it can obtain beer.

I know that the cat has many two-legged enemies, but even its foes have a lurking respect. Over three centuries ago Mr. John Bossewell wrote a book entitled "Works of Armorie." In it I find the following passage: "The field is of the Saphire, on a Chief Pearle, a Masion Crinese. This beaste is called a 'Masion,' for that he is enimie to Myse and Rattes. He is slye and wittie, and seeth so sharply that he overcommeth darkness of the nighte by the shyninge lighte of his eyne. In shape of body he is like unto a leoparde, and hath a greate mouthe. He doth delighte that he enjoyeth his libertie; and in his youth he is swifte, playante and merye. He maketh a rufull noise and gastefulle, when he proffereth to fight with another. He is a cruelle beaste when he is wilde, and falleth on his feete from most high places, and never is hurte therewith."

Ten to one this Mr. John Bossewell was a lover of cats and let them abuse his patience and even sit at meat with him, enduring their reproaches when they were not first served.

FELIS SEDET.

Boston, June 30.

Mr. Johnson and Sir Francis. The Herald has received a letter requesting the publication of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's portrait. The writer says—his choice of words is deplorable—"I should like to see what sort of a guy he is."

Our friend and contributor, the distinguished sociologist, is a singularly modest man. A year or two ago The Herald asked him for his photograph and he made no reply. Mrs. Johnson was then consulted and she wrote that her husband had not had a photograph taken since he was 6 years old. She kindly forwarded a copy. Out of respect for Mr. Johnson, The Herald did not publish it. The youthful Herkimer was photographed in apparently his Sunday best. We remember vaguely that he wore a sort of a plaid skirt and a broad turnover collar with florid tassels. A stocking was down, and his hair was conspicuous for a prodigious cowlick. In one hand he held a hoop. An unprejudiced observer would have said that the boy was a victim of rickets. Nothing in his vacuous face foretold his eminence in sociological research.

The contributor who wishes to gaze on Mr. Johnson's lineaments asks if he is not "eocentric." No more than an intrepid sociologist should be. There was Sir Francis Galton, who during the latter years of his laborious and useful life, corresponded with Mr. Johnson concerning problems of eugenics. This Sir Francis constructed a beauty map of the British Isles. He devised a little instrument by which he could tick off in his pocket the number of girls he passed in the street who were "'good,' 'medium,' or 'bad,' according to the Galtonian standard." "I found," he said, "London to rank highest for beauty, Aberdeen, lowest."

In 1908 Sir Francis attended a meeting at the house of Mr. Montague Cruckanthorpe to hear a paper which he had written read by his host. Sir Francis was deaf in his old age, but when a vote of thanks was passed at the end of the meeting, he made this little speech: "I was not able to hear my paper read, but I was able to watch the bearing of the audience. My experience is that when ladies are not interested they indulge in fidgets, and the average of their fidgets is about two per minute. Now the average of the fidgets of ladies present did not exceed two per five minutes. This proves to me that they have not been bored, and this is as much as I could hope for."

The purist may well object to the phrase, "two per minute," although he is not able perhaps to give the Latin accusative. This is immaterial. Would our contributor describe Sir Francis as an "eccentric" person? Mr. Johnson is more tolerant than Sir Francis. The fidgets of a woman are to him only pleasing animation, and there are very few in whom he does not see some beauty of face or figure.

Breakfasting from Home. There are summer cottagers who would not for the world sit at meat in their own or rented house. They even go out for breakfast at a hotel even though eggs, bread, butter, coffee, milk are certain, not suspicious. They dine at a hotel, although they know full well the ghastly irony of the circular: "Fresh vegetables from our own farm." The reason for the "eating out," for admission to the army of "mealers," is that the wife and mother wishes for a time to be free from the care of housekeeping.

It might also be said that a not displeasing vanity impels a woman to breakfast at a distance from her home. She is not afraid of the morning light. She knows that she is fresh and desirable. Lady St. Julians in Disraeli's "Sybil" remarked that men who breakfast out are generally Liberals and asked the reason why. Lady Firebrace answered: "It shows a restless, revolutionary mind that can settle to nothing, but must be running after gossip the moment they are awake." "Yes," said Lady St. Julians. "I think those men who breakfast out, or who give breakfasts, are generally dangerous characters; at least, I would not trust them." But women breakfasting out were not discussed. They were probably rare in those days.

There is this to be said in favor of public breakfasting. The male animal, naturally irritable before 9 A. M., for the sake of decency alone, is fairly civil to his spouse and young barbarians.

DRAMATIC MUSIC

By Phil

The Last New York Season. Mr. Alfred B. Kuttner has contributed to the International an interesting review of the theatrical season of 1910-11 in New York. According to him the season was more conspicuous for its failure than successful achievements. "There were indeed a remarkable number of failures, altogether too many, in fact, to be in any degree normal, so that a part at least of these failures must probably be accounted for by conditions outside of the theatre itself. It was not a theatregoing year with the majority of people; just as it was not a very fat year for the restaurants or for any other comparative luxuries. Other remarkable features of the past season have been the overwhelming amount of foreign material used and the number of revivals of former successes. Both these tendencies show, of course, an inherent weakness in the current dramatic output, and in particular upon the activities of our native dramatists."

The New Theatre was never a failure in the vulgar sense. Although the theatre may have seemed empty at many performances, the actual audience was hardly ever less than the average audience of the leading New York theatres. The originators and designers were at fault not Mr. Ames and the New Theatre Company. There was a "riotous waste" of space; the rent was extravagant. "Even the partial relinquishment of the repertory idea can be to a great extent condoned when it is remembered that Mr. Ames was pretty definitely expected to make money as he went along. But it is impossible to exonerate the running of the New Theatre completely. The inexcusably poor and limited selection of new plays undoubtedly had a great deal to do with turning away the sympathy and support of intelligent people. The two most important contributions of the experiment thus far have been to provide a new standard of acting, both individual and ensemble, and to permit New York to see plays of artistic merit which are too modern or too fragile to fulfill the requirements of the purely commercial stage. Of the superior quality of the acting at the New Theatre there has never been a doubt. The stock company, once skilfully recruited and inspiringly trained, has nothing to fear in the way of rivalry from the fortuitous aggregation selected to set off a star. And it is notable that the New Theatre Company distinguished itself most in the three plays of the season that were in themselves most distinguished: "The Blue Bird," "The Thunderbolt," and "The Piper." Hardly any of these plays would have found acceptance on the commercial stage in America."

"The Blue Bird" was one of the successes of the year. "The Thunderbolt" displayed Pinero's "weakness as a social critic," but proved him to be "a social dissector of considerable skill." "The Piper" was "perhaps, all in all, the most notable offering of the season. By producing it the New Theatre established a tradition."

The American dramatist could not complain of not receiving a hearing. "To think of 'The Country Boy,' 'The Commutors,' 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' or of 'Mother,' is almost to wish that the hearing had not been quite so noisy." MacKaye's "Scarecrow" proved to be "too inadequate in imagination to satisfy the demands of intellectual criticism and too remote and artificial to hold the popular fancy." Mr. Kuttner characterizes "Pomander Walk" as "a delightful dramatization of late Georgian sentimentality, while 'The Concert' proved to be an exposition of modern Viennese musician psychology and still a vastly amusing comedy despite the mutilation to which Belasco saw fit to submit the much wittier original." "The Havoc" turned out to be "an aimless play written by an amiable Swede who seemed to have read his Ibsen with precious little intelligence."

Lavish advertising created an artificial interest in "Chantecler." "The Deep Purple" did not receive fair appreciation. Mr. Kuttner speaks of the ponderous pedantry of "As a Man Thinks." "It placed tremendous emphasis both on the need and on the deficiency of the American drama. Today, more than ever before, there is crying need of an American dramatist, endowed with artistic personality and equally equipped with emotional power and critical intelligence, to step into the breach."

It is not pleasant to record the fact

[illegible] "The Thunderbolt," [illegible] "Pomander Walk," "The [illegible]ert," "Chantecler" and "The [illegible] People" were not produced in Boston. Our "[illegible]" came late, very late.

Some New Irish Plays

R. J. Ray's "Casting Out of Martin Whelan" was produced at the Court Theatre, London, June 1. Whelan returning from Australia [illegible] Ballintrosnan, young, [illegible] well to do, dreamed of a [illegible] intelligent Ireland. Alas, [illegible] would not willingly [illegible] because he asssisted in [illegible] the gnlted rick of [illegible]. The people were given [illegible] ink and hatred. They [illegible] curse when they discovered that he was the grandson of an [illegible]. The Times does not blame [illegible] being converted by Whelan [illegible] clear what he wants. "He talks [illegible] a book'—like an American [illegible] work of art criticism—with love [illegible] words. Well very likely [illegible] mainly self-educated, would talk like that. But he should be allowed [illegible] make his meaning clear to us, [illegible] Ballintrosnan understands him [illegible] and this Mr. Ray has not allowed him to do. The result is that the [illegible] side of the play is the [illegible] and shrewdly drawn farmers and so forth, who cast Mr Whelan out. These are alive, vivid, interesting. And we are left unmoved by his failure, and even by the faith and truth in adversity of his friend and lover, Ellen Barton, the only soul in the place who can understand him."

Lady Gregory's "Coats," a new comedy, was performed the same evening. Editors of two opposed papers in a little Irish town lunch together once a week so that they will not take the same side on any question. The season is dull and copy is scarce. Each one has written the obituary of the other. The manuscript of each is in his coat pocket. Feeling a draught the editors put on their coats, each the other's coat by mistake, and begin reading each his own obituary notice written by the other.

The Times says of two other Irish plays, new to London, produced on June 1:

"'The Clancy Name,' by Lennox Robinson, a very powerful little play, must, we imagine, have been written after the same author's 'Harvest,' on which it shows a considerable advance. There is nothing superfluous in it from beginning to end, and it is almost perfectly acted by every one. Young John Clancy has committed a murder, possibly only a manslaughter, [illegible] is in the throes of remorse. His mother who since the death of her husband, described as a 'little ball of a man,' has managed her farm excellently, has just succeeded in paying off the money advanced to her by her neighbors, Mrs. Spillane and Mr. Roche, at a substantial rate of interest, when her son confesses his crime to her. The confession is interrupted by the return of Mrs. Spillane to arrange a suitable marriage for John with a girl 'with a red poll on her' and a dowry of £130. There has been a poignant scene between mother and son, and at the end of it John rushes out and is almost at once brought back dying. He has saved a child from a runaway horse. Before he dies he tries to tell his secret, but death prevents him and 'The Clancy Name' is saved, and, indeed, to all appearances glorified. This ending has, perhaps, a spice of improbability in it, but when acted with such absolute sincerity and pathos it has the most moving effect."

"Mr. Boyle's new comedy, 'The Mineral Workers,' is concerned with the old struggle between the farming and the industrial spirit. Stephen O'Reilly returns from America with some money, not so much probably as he would have every one think, and wants to start iron works on Ned Mulray's farm. The mineral is to be smelted by electricity supplied by water power, which one would suppose it would be difficult to find in the neighborhood. The chief opponent of his plans is Daniel Fogarty, a part after Mr. Sinclair's own heart, who is the general member of the whole countryside and 'an ugly toothful,' as he describes himself. Finally Ned assents, principally moved, characteristically enough, by old Bartle's appeal to give a certain prophecy, attributed to Columkill, 'a chance for the sake of Ireland.'

"After a year the proper brand of iron is found, but, like other people in Ireland and elsewhere, the promoters find that their water power has given out, and the only possible substitute must be brought through Fogarty's land, a position which he thoroughly enjoys. In order to put the screw upon him, the bank is induced to call in an equitable mortgage, by deposit, by the agency of a trustee widow, Mrs. Walton, who also has a 'red poll on her,' he incautiously borrows the money from the company. All this is carried out at great length and, it must be admitted, is dull enough. In fact, the whole play would be much improved if it were cut down by a third; the tendency to rather random talking increases as the action proceeds so far as the conversation allows it to proceed, and even Fogarty's humors have difficulty in keeping the interest alive. When he has been forcibly compelled to join the concern by the manoeuvre with the mortgage, we are supposed to imagine, apparently, that the new water power would be all fixed up in a day or two and everything would be rosy. Probably the business would be in liquidation long before that. In the first act, which, though long, was not desultory, the company was excellent; later on they suffered, except Mr. O'Rourke and Mr. Sinclair, from the defects of the dialogue."

Vanderem's "Cher Maitre"

The Comedie Francaise, Paris, was lucky in its production of Fernand Vanderem's "Cher Maitre," produced last month. The comedy is said to be the best produced at the theatre this year. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph gives this entertaining account:

"He (Vanderem) was helped a great deal by the players. The 'Cher Maitre' is a typical Feraudy part, and M. de Feraudy enjoyed playing it as much as we enjoyed seeing him in it. The wife of the cher maitre is Mme. Lara, who never acted so well in her life before. The play is the story of the turning of the tables by the demure wife upon the conquering husband. The cher maitre conquers all round up to the middle of act 2, exactly the middle of the piece. From that point onward the demure wife pays him out.

"You can imagine what a delicious cher maitre M. de Feraudy was. Eminent counsel, former cabinet minister and lady-killer rolled into one, he was jolly, bluff, Napoleonic, and bumptious. His wife was a sort of useful little mouse trotting about the house, and all the smart bridge players after dinner guyed her almost to her face. He conquers two or three new ladies in the course of the evening, besides keeping up with the previous ones. He has been conquering these twelve years, ever since he married.

"The mouse-like wife murmurs a weak little protest. He is on his high horse, as usual, and tells her what a superman he is so emphatically that he begins to cough. 'There you are, making me hoarse again! How am I to speak in court tomorrow, I should like to know. Mind my gargle is ready for me when I come in, with a glass of boiling milk,' and he is off.

"At midnight, enter to the gargle-making wife the great man's young secretary, and now for the transformation scene. He is madly in love with his chief's wife. She is amazed and amused. Fancy the ridiculous boy thinking he is in love with a humdrum person like her! She laughs—and when she has sent him away she doesn't laugh any more. 'Poor boy! I really believe he is fond of me.'

"What the dickens has come to his wife? The cher maitre can't make out. A couple of months have made another woman of her. She is tremendously dressed. She is gay and smart, and a brilliant hostess. 'Poor little woman! This is her new game for getting me back'—and the cher maitre grins. When she actually stands up to him and refuses to do what she is told he grins no more. This is too much of a good game. What mischief-making woman is putting her up to it? He cross-examines the shivering secretary, torn between his awe for his chief and his fondness for his chief's wife, now his own fond mistress.

"The cher maitre tries his usual bullying and sarcasm upon his wife, but neither succeeds. 'My word! One would think you had a lover!' he jeers; 'fancy a man after you!' and he grins. Then comes the turning of the tables. 'I do love, and am loved. There is no more between you and me. I am living a new life.'

"A perplexed, crestfallen cher maitre now; a triumphant, callous cher maitre's wife. He tells her she is torturing him; she snaps back that she is torturing only his vanity. He can't find out who the lover is, and descends to sending for a private detective. Then his courage fails him, and he has not the heart to give the man her photograph.

"The end does not come quite soon enough. The eminent lawyer is a little slow at finding the young secretary out and kicking him. The wife takes her time about discovering that she has conquered the conqueror, and that he loves her again; and both might have fallen into each other's arms at the curtain 10 minutes earlier. But the first two acts are very good fun. Mme. Lara's metamorphosis from the chrysalis into the butterfly was a delicious piece of acting."

Drama in London

A very large audience saw the Irish players at the Court Theatre in Moliere's "Fourberies de Scapin," translated into the English language, and the Irish idiom by Lady Gregory. "It is sailing a little too far on the sea of adventure to ask artists who are perfect in the modern realism of their native drama to throw themselves back into the theatre and manners of 240 years ago. They spoke every sentence with intelligence. Being Irish men and Irish women they could do no less. Equally naturally they wore costumes bravely, and under Mr. Yeats's guidance they reproduced much of the traditional business which has grown around the play at the Francais as crust gathers round old port. But they gave us their own sincerity instead of the elaborate artificiality and self-consciousness of Moliere's creations. Consequently they were seldom the figures of the good Jean Poquelin; and therefore judged by the only standard we have the right to apply to such a production, this performance was not one of their successes."

At the Warrington Hippodrome a heavy trolley horse fell off the stage into the orchestra pit. Miss Abbott, known as "the Georgia Magnet," with her manager, was engaged in a tug of war with the animals, when one horse slipped. Only the footlights and musical instruments were smashed.

Sir George Alexander has acquired the rights of Paul Bourget's play, "Le Tribun." "Portal, as the character is named, is a man of immense force of character, who has made his way to the top of the tree by sheer strength and ability. At a critical moment in his career he discovers that he has been betrayed by his son at the instigation of a worthless woman with whom the youth is passionately in love. Rarely has a situation more poignant or more strenuous been met with on the modern stage than that which springs from the meeting of father and son after the truth has been made known to the former. In this instance Bourget took for his motto, 'L'Unite sociale est la famille et non l'individu,' and it is upon that principle that Portal acts throughout. The translation of the piece is to be made by Mr. Morton Fullerton, Paris correspondent of the Times, who very prudently has determined to keep the action in France." Sir George will also revive "The Importance of Being Earnest."

"Sally Bishop," adapted by Temple Thurston from his own novel of the same title, will be produced in London. It has already been successful in the provinces.

Herbert French will produce an adaptation of H. G. Wells's novel "Kipps," Besier's new play and Ibsen's "The Pretenders," next fall; also a new and modern play, "The Revolt," by George Calderon.

"Burns in Drama"

The Glasgow Herald publishes an article of much interest to the lovers of Burns:

The discussion occasioned by the Burns play at the exhibition has, no doubt, sent some Burns lovers to their bookshelves and to a fresh reading of the late Dr. Hutchinson Stirling's "Burns in Drama," published in 1878. One hopes that the dust on the little book was not too abundant, since it is representative of the best that the Scottish mind has thought concerning the national poet. "It beats any biography, or even Carlyle's famous essay," was the verdict of one enthusiastic reviewer. "No essay on Burns," said another, "gives such vivid pictures of the man as does this drama."

Hutchison Stirling was, according to Carlyle, "the one man capable of bringing metaphysical philosophy in the ultimate German or European form of it distinctly home to the understanding of British men." Whether in his most famous work, "The Secret of Hegel," Stirling fulfilled this high hope has been disputed. Happily there is no call here to dispose of these high matters. It is the secret of Burns that interests us here, and it cannot be doubted that Stirling possessed that, and, further, that in "Burns in Drama" he imparts it in singularly vivid and memorable fashion.

Although not published till 1878, "Burns in Drama" was "planned, begun, and in large part written in 1855." As the "Secret of Hegel" appeared first in 1865, and was the result of prolonged meditation, we may conclude that Stirling found in his work on Burns a welcome relief from more rigorous tasks. It may be, too, that, with his passion for sinthesis, the Scottish thinker found that it was not such a far cry after all from the German philosopher to the Ayrshire bard. Were they not both romanticists, and did not Burns give in its "immediacy" the very truth that Hegel sought to deliver as the permanent possession of reason? "The poet, like the philosopher," said Edward Caird, "is a seeker for truth, and we may say for the same kind of truth. He may not, indeed, like the philosopher, separate the principle from the immediate reality of things, but he must be so eager and passionate in his realism as to reach the ideal in it and through it. He must grasp the world of sense so firmly that it ceases to sting." "Burns in Drama," then, must not be regarded merely as one of a philosopher's diversions. The whole strength of the author is given to the task of interpretation. We are soared both apology and patronage. Burns reveals and criticises himself. While, under Stirling's direction, we walk the well trodden road from Mt. Oliphant to Dumfries, it is not in pursuit of a phantom. The journey is made memorable by a sense of real intercourse. There is something of hero-worship in "Burns in Drama," but the worship is offered in the Temple of Truth. One feels that, as near as may be, Stirling gives us the real Burns, because, with all the facts ever in his eye, he gives us the man at his best.

The play itself is in five acts, comprising in all 14 scenes. The titles are "The Natural Jet—Awakening Youth," "Opening Manhood—Young Blood, Young Feelings, Young Bitterness," "Life, Love, and Horror of Eclipse," "Edinburgh and After—the Blaze and Ashes," "Dumfries and the End." No phase of Burns is omitted that is necessary for the complete picture. Those acquainted only with Stirling's philosophical work will find "Burns in Drama" something of a revelation. They will be amazed at the verve with which he enters into the life that Burns shared, and the vigor with which he helps us to realize it. It probably never occurred to them that the eminent author of "The Categorics" could lift the latch of the kitchen door at Mt. Oliphant with the freedom of an old friend, or be quite at home in Poosle Nansie's, or go a love-making with the poet on the bleaching green at Mauchline. The Edinburgh scenes, with Dugald Stewart and Dr. Blair in the foreground, will occasion less surprise. Yet it is just this largeness of sympathy that makes Stirling's presentation of Burns so impressive. Here is no pedant at work, but a man of discernment and imagination giving us the picture of a man. It was Stirling's conviction that Burns was "sound at the core; his soul was the light of love for truth, indignant lightning at the wrong." It is this belief, richly expressed, that makes his play one of the treasures of our literature.

Aeschylus in England

The tragedy of "Agamemnon" was performed at Bradfield, Eng., by collegians on June 10 and days thereafter. Two years were spent in preparation, for everything connected with the play—translation, rehearsals, manner of production, music—must be done in leisure hours. The play for the Bradfield triennial performance is divided up among 10 or 12 collaborators. In the present instance the translation is said to be in excellent verse, "tolerably faithful to the sense and structure of the original, and marked by an all-round capacity in the handling of a variety of metres." Here is an example, taken from the hero's reply to the greeting of the queen:

> Fondle me not in woman's wise, nor yet
> Beat on the ground thy forehead, mouthing praise
> And slavish welcomes, as for Eastern kings,
> And strew not raiment, that the evil eye
> Strike now upon me: * * *
> Honor me, then, not as a god, but man.

There was an orchestra of five lyres and four flutes, which played an accompaniment "as near in spirit to ancient Greek music as tradition enjoined." To gain a larger compass, the lyres were "magadised," that is, separated into octaves. There were a few simple harmonies "Thus the orchestra takes a larger share in the representation than was usual in the giant theatre under the shadow of the Acropolis, but the voices still remain paramount, and that is more than can be said for most performances where music plays a part today."

The mask and high-soled boot were discarded. There were statues of Hermes and Apollo on the stage, and the altar of Dionysius, smoking with incense, around which the chorus pursued its solemn dance. There was a watch tower for the sentinel, but after the prologue the play was enacted on a few square yards. "Even the tableau of the unacted climax enters into the same narrow space, for instead of being disclosed by the withdrawal of curtains, it comes into view by means of an eccyclema, or sliding platform, and we see Agamemnon and Cassandra slain, at the feet of Clytemnestra, axe in hand."

"The Cherry Orchard" Again

The Herald of last Sunday quoted criticisms of an adverse nature relating to Anton Tchekov's "Cherry Orchard." The Saturday Review published an article written in a far different spirit, and argues that the drama is a great play.

"It is original in build and method—almost revolutionary. Superficially it appears to disregard every dramatic convention. Sometimes it seems to be entirely incoherent, without structure or unity of idea. People hurry on to the stage and saunter off again without any obvious or immediate reason for doing so. They wander about, as it seems, to no purpose; talk, apparently in the air, about themselves and about life, without pertinence or intelligible motive. Nothing ever happens; no one

moves. The action is stationary; the characters are static. There seems to be no development of idea, of plot, of argument, of character. Yet the effect of the whole thing upon the mind is one of unity and growth. Gradually an impression is made upon the imagination which is deepened with every speech, every action, every grouping of the players. The comedy in fact is supremely a work of art in that its effect upon the mind is mysteriously cumulative. Its meaning grows impalpably upon those who watch. It steals imperceptibly to a climax: it is rounded to a finish, and at the end, like every real work of art, it is for the moment the only true thing. Life itself may be unreal; but at least we must believe in the cherry orchard.

* * *

"The play is, in a clear sense, dramatic. Superficially it may be urged that in this play people do little else than talk, that there is no dramatic action, no clash of idea or passion. But this criticism misses the essential point of the play. It is not what the characters say which matters; it is what they are, and what they are doing with their lives. 'The Cherry Orchard' is not a thesis, but a picture. It does not unfold an argument or present a problem; it reveals the lives of its people. Nor are these people chosen at hazard. Every revelation fortifies every other, and the whole is a unified presentment of a single truth of life as Tchekov conceived it among the cultivated classes of modern Russia. There is not an irrelevance in the play; or rather, every piece of irrelevance is relevant to the author's purpose, which is to convey a dramatic impression of irrelevance. Every irregularity of speech and action in the play adds to its total effect. With a magnificent contempt of the modern critics and dramatists who despise old-fashioned devices simply because they are old, Anton Tchekov never troubles to think whether his machinery is old or new. He uses whatever he requires for his purpose."

Thinking Aloud on the Stage The Referee said of W. S. Gilbert in a carefully considered article: "It was as a librettist that Gilbert did his best work, and to speak of him as a great dramatist, as some writers do, is to show something of that lack of the sense of proportion in criticism which is manifest in the absurd remark which I find in an article in a popular newspaper that in the theatre Gilbert holds the position which in the world of letters is held by Dickens.' There is so much that is purely ephemeral in the arts of the theatre—in the work alike of the actor and, in a lesser degree, of the dramatist—that the changes not only in public taste and feeling, but in the conventions of the stage with regard to the style and substance and structure of plays, make Gilbert's more serious work as a dramatist seem already old-fashioned and out of date. But his lighter work as a librettist yet survives, and it is as a writer of comic opera that he will be longest remembered. That characteristic quality of his wit and humor which is the specific charm of the operas appears, curiously enough, as a defect in the plays. The artifice by which the characters indulge freely in self-revelation is a trick which is amusing and fantastic in comic opera, but seems only shallow and unreal in the plays. The characterization in the class of Gilbert's work and the other is such that the person who expresses himself most clearly is not the one or that party to the intrigue, but the author himself, who is simply revealing the minds of his characters. Sir William Gilbert may be said to have introduced the idea into the theatre of thinking aloud in this fashion—a fashion which has been carried to an extreme in our day by Mr. Bernard Shaw, who may be surprised to hear that he has simply been improving upon Gilbert's example."

Dombey and Son" A dramatization of "Dombey and Son" without little Paul and Captain Cuttle was produced at the Savoy, London, June 14. The reviewers agreed that it was a delight to miss little Paul; but they mourned the absence of Capt. Cuttle. They evidently had not the fear of Mr. Chesterton before their eyes, for that lover of paradox prides himself on the fact that Capt. Cuttle does not amuse him. The as Cousin Feenix, "an exquisite suggestion," provokes a page of eulogy.

In this dramatization the interest is the relations between Dombey, Edith and Carker. At least one critic changed his mind concerning the novel. The Pall Mall Gazette reviewer declared the novel nearly one of Dickens's worst, "not only in a certain woodenness of invention, but in the grotesque exaggeration of the comic traits of its principal serious characters—the haughty immobility of Mr. Dombey, the statuesque silence of Edith, the immortal and consummate prunes—and—prismism of Florence, and the premature priggishness of the truly appalling Paul."

There was special praise for the Bagstock of Louis Calvert, "a fine actor whom the London stage is the richer for having drawn back from America." Inasmuch as there was no Capt. Cuttle, there was no Bunsby, nor was old Solomon Gill introduced. A reviewer enumerating the Dickens plays that have been successes in England named "The Only Way," "Jo" with Miss Jenny Lee, "Dot" with Toole, and the version of "Pickwick" in which Irving played Jingle.

Men and Women Mr. Arthur Bourchier says the actor-manager did not kill the stock company. When there were fewer theatres the authors wrote to suit the companies who played together constantly. The manager and the author worked as one man, but as theatres became more numerous the dramatist grew more independent, and now he insists on his favorite interpreters.

Sir George Alexander goes in for open-air plays, village players, for anything that will spread a taste for the drama. "Your open-air theatre manager would suffer no more from the rain than your indoor manager has to suffer from the sun. The music halls are not the only things from which the theatrical managers suffer, especially in the suburbs and the provinces. The cheaper theatres and even the big music halls must suffer from the enormous number of play performances given in working men's clubs. It is not fair to managers, and, worse still, it is dangerous for the club audiences, that such performances should be allowed in places which are under no restrictions as to precautions against fire and panic."

Dr. Friedlander, who lectured in Cambridge and in other towns of the United States last season, gave expression to his opinions at the International Musical Congress in London. "He dignified such songs as 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River' and 'My Old Kentucky Home' as lovely poems set to characteristic melodies. Touching upon the craving for music hall songs or American ragtime music, Dr. Friedlander said he did not think any one of his audience would confuse 'Yip I addy I ay' or 'Let's all go down the Strand' with the high poetry of the folk songs. One difference which he found in a comparison of English and American street and music hall songs and those of Germany was that the former excelled in their rhythmical beauty, whereas the latter had their beauty in their melody. Nowadays we could hardly understand why the street songs of 20 years ago—such famous compositions as 'We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do' and 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay'—could have had such a rage. These, however, would be entirely forgotten when the folk songs remained intact in their beauty."

There has been a falling off in subscriptions to the Halle concerts at Manchester, and as a result there was a loss of £1066 last season and a debit balance of £1348 at the bank. A call of £7 will no more than clear off the present debt, and it is the second call made since the death of Sir Charles Halle, 16 years ago. In speaking of the causes which led to the decreased income Mr. Broadfield said money was lost whenever Strauss was performed, and £83 was lost on the production of Mr. Bantock's new instalment of 'Omar Khayyam.'" Bach's Christmas oratorio was performed at a loss of £75. The most of extra rehearsals was not included in these estimates. A year before this Christmas performance of Bach's oratorio "The Messiah" yielded a profit of £116.

Joseph Hollman, the cellist, has gone to South Africa to fulfil concert engagements.

Genevieve Ward appeared recently in London as Queen Margaret in "Richard III." She is now 73 years old.

The Times of June 15 described Mr. Paderewski's appearance in London as follows: "The familiar conditions of a Paderewski recital were once more to be seen at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon. The darkened room, the crowded audience, the unmannerly behavior of the fashionable crowd at the end, all were as usual; surely it is time that some of the absurdities that have irritated musical hearers for so many years should now be dropped, so that they might be able to enjoy without distraction the exquisitely ethereal playing of this great artist. It is only fair to say that he seems not to mind it at all as much as some of his listeners do, for none of the pieces in the prescribed program was played with more spiritual refinement than those at the end, in the course of which the contrast between the solitary figure at the keyboard and the well-dressed crowd below, pressed as close as possible against the platform was most striking."

London is still faithful to Miss Genee. Witness this rhapsody of the Times, provoked by her dancing in "A Dream of Roses and Butterflies." "When Mlle. Adeline Genee stands tiptoe on a rose you do not need to remind yourself that it is a 'property rose.' The leaf of a sensitive plant would not shut as she danced over it; she might pirouette on a daisy and it would not bend. So you feel as you watch her—not because she is dressed as a butterfly, but because she is Mlle. Adeline Genee, who condescends for our sakes to foot it on the solid ground when she might be floating upward, like a champagne bubble, to dance to her heart's fill in the air. She has lost nothing of her spirit, her mischievous appealing lightness; and in technique we positively believe that she is more masterly than ever. The music was drowned in applause after one piece of trying gymnastic turned into a lovely flow of grace—a slow rising from the ground on one pointed toe, which we could have vowed was only the prelude to that final disappearance through the 'flies' that we are always dreading. And the pirouettes, the great circles made backwards with wide, flying steps, the leaps to momentary poise on her partner's shoulder—these are performed with something more than the old security and perfection. 'A Dream of Roses and Butterflies' is a pretty little fantasy, in which Mlle. Genee can do what dances she likes. It has the advantage, too, of showing her first of all in a crinoline—and showing once more what a fascinating garment a crinoline can be for (we are sure we shall not be misunderstood) a demure minx. Then she is transformed into a yellow-and-white butterfly; and her lover, M. Sherer Bekefi—a very graceful and capable dancer—is transformed into a gray and tawny butterfly, and, together or separately, they dance about among eight young ladies transformed into very full blown roses. The music comes from 'Philemon et Baucis', from Delibes's 'Gisella,' and from Moszkowski, with special numbers by Ellenberg and Mr. C. J. M. Glaser." But the music of "Gisella" was written by Adam, not Delibes.

The Pall Mall Gazette published this editorial article that is of genuine interest:

"Those Horrid Foreigners" "When the historians of the present dramatic season take up their pens they will have to chronicle that one of its features was the revival of no fewer than three of the plays of Ibsen. 'The Master Builder' sounded its strange notes at the Little Theatre; Nora Helmer in 'The Doll's House' banged the door 50 times in succession in Great Queen street; and this evening Hedda Tesman, nee Gabler, is to make her reappearance, and will, no doubt, bring the curtain down with the usual applause on the burning of poor Lovborg's MSS. at the finish of the second act. These facts do not, of course, connote a late birth of any such general enthusiasm for the Norwegian poet-dramatist in London as has long raged in Germany. It would still be excessive to say that either in the spring, the summer, the autumn, or the winter, the London playgoer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Ibsen. So far as this country is concerned, he is still rather a dramatists' dramatist than a popular one, just as Shelley is a poets' poet rather than a people's. His effect on all our leading dramatists has been to wake them up. His effect on many of the critics and most of the public has been to send them to sleep. There is not one of our foremost playwrights today who has not acquired something of his technique from the author of 'Hedda Gabler,' and every modern British play which has dealt with life with a stark sincerity, an absence of theatricalism, and a single desire to present men and women as they are, owes something of its inspiration to his vanished hand. And, by and by, our public will realize how much entertainment as well as truth is to be found in his plays, and a long standing discredit to our national taste will be removed. One of the most persuasive arguments in favor of the proposed national theatre is that it will rescue such masterpieces as the works of Ibsen and many other of the powerful dramatists of our time, British and foreign alike, from the oblivion into which they have been allowed to fall in this country, and from which, at present, they can only be rescued for an occasional few weeks of such sporadic revivals as these we have lately owed to the enthusiasm of ladies like Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mme. Lydia Yavorska. When the national theatre comes into being it will be a temple, not only of Shakespeare, but of all who have followed in his train as imaginative dramatic artists, be they British or foreign. The ignorance of British playgoers with regard to much of the remarkable work which has been done on the continent during the past quarter of a century is almost incredible; and, indeed, when we see, as we did at the Waldorf Theatre four years ago, such a play as 'Die Versunkene Glocke,' finely translated, beautifully acted, and presented only for two or three nights to half-filled houses, and so poignant a masterpiece as 'Liebelei,' equally well treated for London playgoers, and received with almost complete indifference, it is not very difficult to understand the widespread impression on the continent that our attitude toward the foreign drama is not so much one of ignorance as one of sheer antagonism. However, as we have said, we live in hope. We may have the national theatre in 1916. In the meantime we may be grateful to any manager or manageress who puts the plays of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Strindberg, Schnitzler and the others before us—and show our gratitude by booking our seats."

Music in England Miss Loraine Wyman, a daughter of the late Julie Wyman, appeared in London June 13 with Mme. Yvette Guilbert and sang a group of old Breton chansons and some English folk-songs "with very fair success." The Pall Mall Gazette added: "As her teacher's art is really inimitable, there was no need to expect a direct influence, and, in fact, Miss Wyman, with more confidence might soon sing the folk-song in her own way successfully. But she should, at any rate imitate Mme. Guilbert in clear enunciation. Also, it might be added, it is doubtful if her voice is as yet quite properly placed, for it lacks depth in the quality."

Frederick Delius's "Songs of Sunset," a setting of Ernest Dawson's poems for soprano, baritone, chorus and orchestra, was produced by Thomas Beecham in Queen's Hall, June 16.

It is said that Hammerstein's Opera House will be opened in November with "Quo Vadis."

Messrs. De Pachmann and Kubelik gave a concert together a fortnight ago.

Purcell's "Fairy Queen" was performed in London by the students of Morley Colege, June 10.

"Th accidental recovery of the long-lost original score after more than 200 years, in the library of the Royal Academy of Music, is one of the most romantic incidents of the recent history of music; and it happened just in time for Mr. Shedlock to prepare his edition for the Purcell Society, from which, with the aid of a little army of volunteer copyists, the parts for this performance were prepared. The music, as was explained in an excellent lecture by Dr. Vaughan Williams, is not an opera in the modern sense, but rather incidental music interpolated, according to the queer taste of the time, into a revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with which it seems to have very little in common. Music occurs in all five acts, but that in the fifth was for this occasion divided among the others, and certain omissions and curtailments were, of course, necessary. Hardly one of the five choruses was touched, however, and only a few of the solo numbers; several of the short dances were left out, but enough remained of the instrumental preludes to show Purcell's wonderful originality of thought and a boldness in harmonic progressions that has hardly been exceeded in the present day. The noble 'symphony' with trumpets and kettle-drum, and with the astonishingly 'new' slow movement, made a great impression, as did also such choruses as 'A Thousand, Thousand Ways' and 'Hail, Great Parent.'"

Notes at Random Nearly a year ago the Commonwealth Government of Australia was asked to advertise Australia throughout the United Kingdom by means of a drama to be written by "an eminent Australian novelist." The play was to present faithfully and vividly "the leading social and industrial aspects of Australian life," and to be played by an exclusively Australian company, first in London and then all over England, Scotland and Ireland. It was thought that emigrants to Australia would thus be attracted. And the government was urged to subsidize the scheme to the extent of $20,000 for three years. What has become of the plan? Is the drama written?

The first theatre, by the way, in New South Wales was founded by convicts who obtained permission from the authorities. The Governor and his officers were admitted as deadheads; others were charged a shilling a head, or, for coin was scarce, its equivalent in flour or rum. This was 115 years ago. The play was "The Ranger." The prologue was as follows:

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas, we come,
But not with much eclat, or beat of drum.
True patriots all; for, be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal.
What urged our travels was our country's weal;
And none can doubt, but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation.

July 4 1911

MME. LEBLANC

MME. GEORGETTE LEBLANC.

The Herald is enabled to state on authoritative information forwarded to it exclusively from Paris that Mme. Georgette Leblanc has given her word to Henry Russell, managing director of the Boston Opera House, that she will come to Boston next season for the purpose of interpreting Melisande in Debussy's opera.

It is also agreed that Mme. Leblanc will bring with her the entire French troupe which has lately been performing in "The Blue Bird" at the Theatre Rejane, Paris, for the purpose of giving two performances of "Pelleas and Melisande" in its original form as a play with the incidental music by Gabriel Faure, which was written for the production of the play by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in London. This music was performed by a wholly inadequate orchestra when Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced Maeterlinck's play in Boston some years ago, and the suite from this music has been played here at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and at other concerts.

Thus Boston will next season have the opportunity of hearing both the opera and the play with Mme. Leblanc, who is Maeterlinck's wife, as Melisande.

Mme. Leblanc is well known on the European continent as an actress of extraordinary individuality and charm. She first attracted attention as a singer in opera. Her Carmen and Thais were especially remarked. She also made a sensation by the manner in which she interpreted songs by Schumann and Schubert, and also settings of Maeterlinck's poems. It will be remembered that Maeterlinck intended she should be the first to take the part of Melisande in Debussy's opera, and because the director of the Opera Comique in Paris preferred Miss Garden the dramatist objected to the production. There was also trouble over the impersonation of Monna Vanna at the first performance of the operatic version.

As an actress Mme. Leblanc is far famed for her impersonations of Melisande, Ariane, Monna Vanna and Lady Macbeth. While her singing voice is not now of conspicuous quality, it should be remarked that in Debussy's opera emotional diction in the "parlando" style is the first requisite, and Mme. Leblanc is an acknowledged mistress of this art.

Mme. Leblanc is gifted in other ways. A curious novel by her, a study of sentiment rather than a romance in the common acceptation of the term, has been published. Some of her husband's finest essays were dedicated to her before their marriage.

July 4 1911

RUSSIAN DANCERS SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Third Week of the Meistersingers —Varied and Seasonable Bill.

Miles. Domina Marini and Marcel Bronski of the Pavlowa & Mordkin Imperial Russian ballet were announced on B. F. Keith's bill yesterday as classique dancers. A member of the audience suggested that this meant "classy"; but there was no official explanation. However, after the artists themselves appeared it did not matter. They gave four short dances of the kind that are called interpretative nowadays. The first was "Adagio Classique," danced to the air of Gounod's "Quand Tu Chantes." The performers moved with much natural grace. One of them wore the conventional premiere danseuse costume, the other did not. The latter wore instead a beautiful, close-fitting suit of some copper-colored material, in which she looked an admirable model for Hiawatha. Such a tan is rarely acquired on the banks of the Neva. She danced the arrow dance, a martial measure, with suitable effect. Then came "The Dying Swan," by her partner, who moved exquisitely to music by Saint-Saens. Both appeared together again in the last number, "Bacchanale." This was altogether delightful. It was the famous picture brought to life. The two frolicked with all the freedom of innocence, their art saving the performance from any trace of suggestiveness. So must innocent boys and girls have danced when the world was young.

It was the third week of the Meistersingers, whose work has already been favorably noticed. This is Scotch week. The act opened yesterday with "The Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." This is a splendid song when sung by one person who can sing, and who feels its spirit; it is not so fine when sung by 12 men, who are not particularly interested. The Meistersingers sang it mechanically. The same criticism applies to their singing of "Annie Laurie" later on. It seems ridiculous, in any case, to turn these into part songs. If there were too many voices for "Annie Laurie" and the "Banks and Braes," there were too few for the "Soldiers' Chorus," which was second on the list. There was not enough sound, and the appearance of the 12 comfortable, well-groomed young men in white flannel and blue serge, on the veranda of a summer hotel, did not help the illusion.

But the singers themselves did well. Harold S. Tripp's tenor solo, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," was sung with great taste and proper sentiment; Wirt Phillips sang Harry Lauder's "Ma Daisy" capitally, and A. Camero Steele's "I Love a Lassie" was splen didly sung. He fairly carried the hous with him. Miss Nellie Elliott danced Highland fling as deftly as any treade of the heather, and gave a sailor hornpipe for good measure.

It is an unusually good bill this wee J. Warren Keane is a real magicia Never play poker with him. Bartholdi birds are wonderful. Parrots as bicyc riders are unusual. James F. Dola Miss Ida Lenharr and Hugh Mack "Some Mind Reader" make great fu The rest are all good in their lines.

IN AND OUT OF A BATHTUB.

Mayor Gaynor, writing against the proposition to put water meters in dwelling houses of New York, argued that with these meters, heads of houses would be uneasy when their wives and children took baths. "This would be particularly so among the poor and people of moderate means. I believe in getting an inexhaustible source of water supply and letting every one use all the water he or she wants for washing and bathing and domestic purposes."

Thus does Mayor Gaynor write without regard to the opinion of Sir Almoth Wright, who recently attacked the habit of bathing and declared that cleanliness is not hygienic. And did not Mr. George Bernard Shaw say only a short time ago that as an Irishman he had an instinctive antipathy to washing himself, and did not wish to remove a protection against infection? It would be easy to cite the names of famous men who would now dispute the mayor's proposition.

When Wickins, a Lichfield draper, showed Dr. Johnson over his house and dwelt at length on the healthfulness of the cold bath, the doctor answered: "How do you do?" "Very well, I thank you," replied the astonished draper. "Then, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let well enough alone, and be content. I hate immersion." Louis XIV. never washed. Cold cream and a handkerchief answered for soap and water. St. Simon in his minute account of the King's daily routine, says not a word about any bath, though he tells us that the monarch was shaved every other day. The English laborer is extraordinarily healthy, and octogenarians in English villages are as thick as blackberries. They seldom have a "whole wash." Thomas Walker, the English magistrate, who wrote so well in his little periodical, "The Original," about the art of dining and the art of attaining high health, abstained from soap and thought it a poison, whereas the Empress of Germany last May gave a small cake of soap to each workman engaged in the archaeological excavations at Corfu. The civilization of a nation has foolishly been rated by the amount of meat consumed. If the use of soap were taken as the standard the English would be first, or at least second, for there is an annual consumption in England of 21 pounds a head.

The advocates of daily bathing of "the altogether" point to the ancients. But the ancient Greeks and Romans were by no means in agreement. A bath of warm water was held to be effeminate in the heroic and simple days, and in early Athens no public warm baths were allowed. The later Roman Emperors bathed seven or eight times a day, and we know their shocking lives and, in many instances, their violent and [illegible] ending. On the other hand the Dardanians, fine fellows, bathed only [illegible] times—at birth, at marriage, and after death.

[illegible] repeats itself! Poppaea bathed in asses' milk. The Earl of Pe[illegible] maintained a farm for a herd of asses that his wife might be [illegible] for her general health and the beauty of her skin. In the 18th century a noble dame, sojourning in a Parisian convent, obtained permission to wash her feet only with the greatest difficulty. In April, 1911, a negro named Walter Jackson, in the poorhouse of a Connecticut town, threw the selectmen into consternation by his request for a bath after abstinence for six years. And was not the luxury of the Roman Empress a vain thing in comparison with that of the New York woman whose daily immersion in sea water with attar of roses and milk costs over $20,000 a year? It would be cheaper for her to live in Ostend, where for a little over a dollar she could bathe herself in concoctions of lavender, lilies, carnations and roses.

Nor is there any need of recalling the dirty century at the French court, when Henry IV. was disagreeable to the nose, or the later years when musk and ambergris took the place of soap, or of going back to the saints, when holy men were moving clots of filth and bodily cleanliness was regarded as a pollution of the soul. In these days the humblest flat must have its set bathtub—whether it be used for storing coal or potted plants. It was a London woman who, in answer to a district visitor's inquiry, "Have you a bath in the house?" said: "Yes, mum, but thank God, we've never 'ad to use it."

In the sixties the children of worthy New Englanders were washed in the kitchen and in clothes-tubs. The ordeal was on Saturday night. They were then prepared for the Lord's day and the profane days of the week. Even after the introduction of running water and bathtubs a scrubbing one a week was considered enough. A daily bath was for some years looked upon as a waste of time and water, an affectation. There is now affectation in frequent bathing, but those who are always talking about "having me bath" are not always the cleanest, nor do they necessarily bathe with any regularity.

FELIX MOTTL

Felix Mottl was justly ranked among the great orchestral conduotors of the last forty years. He distinguished himself in opera house and concert hall. He was famous as a conductor of Wagner's music dramas, but he was not a specialist; on the contrary, he was surprisingly catholic, and, as general music director at Carlsruhe, indefatigable in cultivating a taste for French music and in laboring for the glory of Berlioz and Chabrier. Nor in his passion for modern and romantic composers—for Berlioz is still a modern of the moderns—did he neglect the classics. Thus when he visited Boston, as one of Mr. Conried's conductors, his interpretation of "Le Nozze di Figaro" was as remarkable as that of "Siegfried."

Conducting these two operatic works he showed his finest qualities: an artistically controlled fluency, a fine sense of rhythm, exquisite proportion in blends and contrasts, an elegance that was never finical or cold, true poesy of the sort that included imaginative vision. His authoritative control of his men was exerted quietly, and the conductor never obscured the composer or the men and women on the stage.

He belonged to the group of conductors that are often characterized as "virtuoso" and less reverently as "prima donna." He was a virtuoso conductor in the better meaning of the word, but he had no prima donna airs and graces, and was far from being a poseur. The great conductors today are eagerly sought after by managers and paid sums that fifty years ago would have seemed preposterous, fabulous. Mr. Toscanini, for example, has been engaged to conduct opera next summer at Buenos Ayres for three months, and will receive the sum of $52,000. It is not surprising, then, that some of these conductors are unduly exalted; that they strive after "originality" in interpretation for their own glory; that they lose their head among "the roaring and the wreaths" and regard the composer only as a pedestal for their heroic statue.

Felix Mottl was not a conductor of this kidney. He thought it his duty first of all to put the composer in the most favorable light. As conductor and as director of an opera house he aimed after perfection in ensemble and general production. His artistic purposes, his independent soul, were clearly revealed when after one season at the Metropolitan Opera House he refused to return on account of the conditions then existing, although he was assured of a lucrative and honorable contract for five years. Mottl could then have said as always, with Browning's painter: "At least, no merchant traffics in my heart."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Mo ison Stock Company presents "Zaz with the following cast:

Zaza.....Miss Eleanor Gord
Alice Morel.....Miss Valerie Valai
Rose Bonne.....Miss Rose Moris
Madame Dufrene...Mrs. George A. Hibba
Nathalie.....Miss Elizabeth Roy
Florianne.....Miss Sylvia Blad
Toto.....Miss Grace Robe
Cascart.....Mr. Edward Nanna
Duc de Brissac.....Mr. William Hase
Bernard Dufrene.....Wilson Meir

"Zaza" as presented by the Linds Morison Stock Company last event was a curious mixture. Of the fi acts, the first two were unmistakal poor. Not even the noise and hus behind the scenes of a "provincial co cert hall" at St. Etienne could disgu the fact that the acting was poor; t the scenes were dragged; that the act were uncertain of their lines. Miss G don and Mr. Melrose had not got "in their parts, and Miss Gordon had into a hideously unbecoming gown. night was warm. The gown was b

a warm night. But it was not built a woman of Miss Gordon's comedy.

t the beginning of the third act Gordon was unmistakably "in" part. From that moment till the curtain she led up to an emotional max which received deserved applause. It was difficult to make the y quiet, but terribly intense, last ne more powerful than the violent which preceded it, but that Miss don succeeded in doing.

rs. George A. Hibbard looked exdingly pretty as Mme. Dufrene. Her ing was dignified and charming. She de her comparatively brief scene ger in the memory, as the author nded that it should.

t the Majestic next week the Lindsay rison Stock Company will be seen in a Johnson Young's mirthful play, oys of Co. B," which was produced with success by Manager Morison when running his stock company at the ston Theatre a few seasons ago. Ason Melrose will be seen as Tony n, Miss Eleanor Gordon as Eileen Lane, Mrs. Hibbard as Mrs. Mac-e, and Rose Morison as Madge ke.

CSTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John ng stock company in "The Bar-e" a drama in four acts by Eugene resbrey.

Burrell, U. S. A.	William P. Carleton
n Doret	Howell Hansel
reek Lee	Donald Meek
Gale	Robert Homans
Stark	Frederick Murray
ion	A. L. Hickey
r Thomas	Al Roberts
a	Mabel Colcord
	Mary Young

"he Barrier," founded on Rex h's novel of the same name, is ional melodrama, with more than usual amount of hackneyed conionalities. The scene is laid in ska, and it is the old story of and villain, of revenge, love, er and sudden death. The male racters have all been pitted nst each other by some high desn, so that as soon as they see other comes the cue for the l. The wronged hero says: "You made a man of me, Alluna." na is a woman, of course.)

Auna—What are you going to do?

The Hero—I am going to kill that

In the last act this widespread antiory has risen to such a height in order for it to find adequate ssion it is necessary to turn off footlights. Surgical operations a deathbed confession follow. Barrier" has a happy ending.

The play was acted much better it deserved. Miss Young as the ne, who found tragedy in being squaw because "no decent man marry her," was altogether ing under the circumstances successfully concealed the painacuity of her part.

Mr. Hansel was excellent. He ed a very vital atmosphere by a ough mastery of his part and a tfully picturesque make-up. The ity of last week had completeappeared. Mr. Carleton is an of promise. He has taste, earness and dramatic feeling, but eds confidence and freedom. Mr. and Mr. Hickey were also good. omans worked too hard and not y in the right direction. The y's well staged and on the whole idly acted.

Next week the production will be Jane's Pa."

July 5 1911

Earnest workers for the "elevaof the stage" will rejoice in the that Mr. Abe Ruef, now servime at San Quentin, has written ce. The title is not announced. Grafters" has probably been It is also pleasant to observe orking of the law of contrasts. or those out of jai tp white trag-

"Actress" is a word without defimeaning today. Every show-girl, reckless young woman who s on the stage in a dumb line, who have never entered a stage all these when they are in a in court, and asked their pron, chirp gayly: "Actress."

American soda fountain is making its way in London, be found in some of the great and even in smaller ones, but ailway refreshment rooms still to milk at one end and strong at the other. Thus does the canization of England make its ess way. Last winter recipes mpkin pie were published in n journals, as was a strange for "Apples a la Americaine," ich a mixture of chopped alraisins and bananas, moistvith lemon juice, was pressed oples from which the cores had been removed. There was also a thick syrup, flavored with kirsch. These baked apples are of course "American," and to be found in every Boston restaurant and boarding house. The soda fountain will not become universal in London until the Lancet inveighs against it.

July 5. 1911

WHEN THE MERCURY BREAKS RECORDS.

Hot days and nights in Boston are always a surprise to some. Whenever the mercury climbs high, these unfortunates forget the heat of other summers and call upon the weather records to sustain them in the affirmation that there never was such a 2d or 3d of July before. Gabriel Peignot, the learned man of Dijon, whose books, according to M. Anatole France, are not books at all, compiled a volume discussing memorably cold winters. Has any one treated uncommonly hot summers in like fashion?

With the rise of the mercury, newspaper-physicians publish hints, prescriptions, advice concerning diet and clothing, lists of "Don'ts." The advice is often contradictory; it is often irritating and heating. The people of Ormuz on the Persian Gulf had no newspapers when Marco Polo wandered that way. It was their habit in summer to live over the water in huts of ozier-work, and when the sirocco blew from 9 in the morning till noon they immersed themselves to the chin in water and continued in that situation until the wind died. We have no sirocco in Boston, the wind that shrivels the skin, contracts the muscles, cuts deep gashes that produce hemorrhage. Yet an intelligent foreigner, believing what men said a day or two ago, would have thought Boston the hottest spot on this globe since it began to revolve and whiz.

Let it be granted that we have had a few hot days. The question is why should men add deliberately to their discomfort? There are many who, while they are willing to wear a cool shirt of madras, percale, silk, flannel, still insist on starched linen collar and starched cuffs. There are many who will not substitute a manly belt for grotesque suspenders. Many have made commendable progress in dressing appropriately for hot weather, but the great majority has not yet reached the ideal state. As long as there is an inch of starched surface that quickly becomes clammy pulp, the man is still unregenerate, and as a foolish one lacking understanding.

The inconsistencies are amusing, or pathetic, according to the disposition of the observer. A few days ago some London journalist wondered at the popularity of the fez in the East "in spite of its apparent unsuitability to Eastern suns," and there was talk of the gala costume of the Bulgarian woman dancing throughout a blazing afternoon in a white linen gown with woollen embroidery on skirt and sleeves, various sleeveless garments over this, and a thick quilted jacket with thicker sash. But in the same journal was careful advice to men concerning the quality and color of gloves to be worn in hot weather. Thus the bright yellow gloves, made generally of chamois skin, are thick and hard. Those made from the young antelope are more to be commended.

Should a man carry about a pair of gloves, with his stick, as a badge of respectability? The London journalist says "No." Gloves are not improved by this treatment. We remember that some years ago it was the fashion to wear one glove and carry the other. Young men in London have now made it the fashion to wear both gloves, but unbuttoned. This is an important point, not to be overlooked here by any surviving Anglomaniac. The coolest gloves, those of thread with a little silk mixed with it, are eschewed in London, probably because they are worn by Frenchmen and are comfortable.

Thus is there earnest discussion in hot weather over trifles. Why should gloves be worn at all in July? The wearer might ask in reply: "Why do you pour down ice cold mineral waters and concoctions with syrups?" "Why do you eat a heavy meal with plenty of beef in the middle of the day?" "Why do you dress so warmly that a movement sweats you?" There are few that can escape the "Tu quoque" of reproach—or raillery.

A dictionary of aviation has been published and is said to contain 4278 title words and phrases. But have all these words and phrases been accepted by airmen and airwomen? Some time ago there was a hot discussion over "aerogram," as the word to describe a message sent by wireless telegraphy. Some may remember a still more violent discussion over the word "telegram," which was first used by a Washington, D. C., newspaper. Imported into England, the word was at first rejected by purists, who insisted on "telegrapheme." This led Lord Bowen to say that if the latter were the better word, then "dapheme" was a better expletive than "damn."

In a New York court a mother swore that her daughter was insane, and gave as proof the fact that she bought things which were not necessary. What one of us would escape, if this were held sufficient proof? Only the animals envied by Walt Whitman are not "demented with the mania of owning things," and he forgot that the magpie is a collector.

Vladimir de Pachmann returns to us with long hair worn in a Lisztian manner. He was in fine spirits when he landed, although he dreads a sea voyage; witness his remark that "all critics should be roasted." This was one of Mr. de Pachmann's little jokes. No one of the critics should be offended; no one should even now hold his knife to the grindstone.

July 6 1911

A daily reader of the New York newspapers may well be amazed at the incessant "gun-play" in that city. Every citizen, nearly every citizeness, and the stranger that is within the gates, seem to go about armed and ready to shoot at the slightest provocation. It matters not whether the scene be a street, drunkery, fashionable apartment house, or squalid tenement. New York, as pictured by the press of that city in its news columns, reminds us of lines written by John Phoenix, Esq., on the Californian coast:

All night in this sweet little village
Is heard the soft note of the pistol;
And the pleasant scream of the victim,
Who's been shot perhaps in his gizzard.

We quote from memory and may not be letter perfect.

The newspapers announce the death of Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourne, "the first woman in the world to take a stitch on a sewing machine." She took this stitch in New Hartford, Ct., in the early fifties on a machine put together by Elias Howe. Therefore she was probably not the first; for Wilson G. Hunt invented a sewing machine before Elias Howe, nor was Hunt the only predecessor of the man who bore away the honor.

Whatever Mme. Emma Eames does—whether she be divorced or rejoices in the publication of banns—is of interest to Bostonians, for it was in this city that she began her career as student and choir and concert singer. Her first husband, well known here on account of his family connections, designed many of her stage costumes, some of which were brilliantly incongruous. Her husband-about-to-be, Mr. Gogorza, is even better known than Mr. Story and, as a singer, has often been applauded to the echo. He and his wife will give concerts together, and it is fair to suppose that they will rival Mr. Henschel and his first wife in pleasing exhibitions of wedded bliss and mutual appreciation upon the platform and in the sight of the people. And Mme. Eames, who still persists in her heroic endeavor to impersonate Floria Tosca, will be seen in Puccini's melodrama at the Boston Opera House.

What, pray, does Robert J. Cook of the class of '76 think about the condition of aquatic affairs at Yale? Would his return be of advantage in the hour of distress? Little has been heard from him in recent years. Two or three summers ago he was living in Paris, and would now and then journey with Americans as a high-toned courier, not accepting pay, and travelling on terms of equality, if not superiority. Cook was a great oarsman, a great disciplinarian, a great coach. His place at Yale has never been filled. Will there now be a Macedonian cry for him?

Young clerks should keep away from the fount of the Muses. In Servia a grocer's apprentice summoned his rich employer for unlawful dismissal. The grocer stated that his customers left because the boy answered all questions in rhyme. Furthermore, the boy greeted his employer every day with a new couplet. The court found the merchant amply justified and advised the youth to mend his ways rather than his metre. Would any self-respecting merchant in Boston keep a confirmed or even a sporadic punster in his employ?

This is good weather for switchel in a tin pail. In Tennyson's "Promise of May," Dora asks the men on the farm: "Did you find that you worked at all worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?" "Noa, miss," replies Higgins. "We worked naw wuss upo' the cowd tea, but we'd ha' worked better upo' the beer." There's nothing like switchel. What in comparison are cold tea, barley water, or water with oatmeal?

There was a time when nearly every pond far from a New England dwelling house had its loon. Now loons are scarce even in lonely ponds. Inasmuch as it was hard for a gunner to hit the bird, there has been concerted action and tons of lead have thus been lost, with incidental hitting. In fifty years the bird may live only in the saying "crazy as a loon," just as the dodo is preserved in familiar speech. It is a pity for the loon is a fine sight in action and its cry is one of great variety, from notes of maniacal laughter to those of wild and haunting beauty. It has been said that it allows its eggs to be hatched on the sand with the aid of the sun. Is this invariably true?

July 6 1911

Col. S. H. Church of Pittsburg lifted up his voice in praise of his city. "We have in our population the prettiest and the best women in America." It might be impertinent to ask why, if this be the case, so many "multi-millionaires" of Pittsburg wander from their own fireside and into divorce courts. The colonel is a good citizen, although a dweller in Terre Haute. Lima, Putney, Hockanum Ferry, would speak in like terms of the women of his own town.

Mr. Walter Wellman, having failed in [illegible] to [illegible] the New York servant problem to find a [illegible] for [illegible] h-[illegible] congestion. If he does not succeed in this he might attempt to do something in the [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible]. "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" as Sir Toby put it to Sir Andrew.

A new "missionary ship" was recently launched at Staten Island. Perhaps some of The Herald readers remember contributing in the Sunday schools of the sixties to the Morning Star and receiving pretty certificates of stock in that missionary vessel.

It is said that King George at the [illegible] performance in Sir Herbert Tree's theatre looked on quite [illegible]. Gala performances are generally bores, but was not the whole coronation service a bore to this simple ruler who likes his slippers, pipe and book?

The sane and quiet Fourth is now to be found only in the larger cities. The infernal din is in the peaceful hamlet.

July 8 1911

In these days when newspaper clergymen are unusually busy in self-advertisement and attracting an attention that the great majority of ministers are gladly without, it is a pleasure to read the announcement of the Rev. G. H. Veazey, vicar of St. Mark's, Coburg road, Camberwell: "Friends having occasion to bury the dead are counselled to employ an undertaker who will avoid the needless expense and heathenish trappings so common. The use of the church can always be obtained for the first part of the funeral service free of all charge. This is on condition that feathers or plumes are not used by the undertaker."

Painted portraits found on mummies last winter by the British School of Archaeology in Egypt are now on exhibition in London. One of them is that of Hermione Grammatike, the earliest known portrait of a woman professor. It is thought that she probably lectured at Arsinoe. The Pall Mall Gazette adds with unconscious humor: "Found with her was a man mummy, whose admirable portrait wears a most agonized expression."

The decay of the whaling industry is often mourned. The decay of the whale is welcomed by remaining whalers, as when they brought a lump of ambergris worth $150,000 to a Pacific port a few days ago.

Col. Sir Francis Younghusband, who braved danger when he conducted the British mission to Thibet in 1904, was recently run down and seriously injured by a motor-car near Spa. Peace has its tragedies.

Respect for the dead is not confined to China and Japan. A Viennese woman has been sentenced to imprisonment for three months for "casting aspersions" on Maria Theresa.

"Radishes contain little else than water, woody fibre, and acrid matter." Yes, yes. Please pass them this way.

There are loud cries of protest against the new English postage stamps bearing the head of King George. Loyal Englishmen speak of the "disgraceful misrepresentation," "public scandal," "hideous outrage." One letter writer insists that "the head presents the ghostly appearance of having been guillotined off, and that reason alone should justify the stamp being called in." Meanwhile many amiable maniacs smile and add the stamps to their collection.

"It is extraordinary what sense of exhilaration there is in seeing color. Miles. Dom[illegible]

POMP AND CEREMONY

The reports from Europe of luxurious life, aristocratic pomp, royal shows, at which men and women blaze with precious minerals, heat the blood of certain American patriots who scream against effete monarchies in a manner that would have won the applause of Mr. Jefferson Brick and the approbation of the monumental Pogram. They point the finger of scorn at wretched American women who sell themselves for a title, instead of marrying an honest clerk in the leading grocery of their own town. These orators and editors are especially violent in warm weather, but are in fair form in winter.

Now that the coronation has passed into history, the durbar will be the next target for the arrows of scorn. The far-darters will draw their bows, even though the ceremony of "tuladhan" may be performed, that is weighing the King and Queen their weight in gold, and then distributing the amount among the poor, after a certain sum has been taken out for the construction of a permanent memorial of the royal visit. "The shameful extravagance! The reckless waste!"

But royal shows today are of Jeffersonian simplicity in comparison with the last durbar of Alexander the Great at Babylon. "The tent was supported by pillars of solid gold, and cloth-of-gold was the ceiling. He sat on the throne of Cyrus, under the golden plane trees and the vine of emerald with grapes of carbuncle. The high officers of state stood round him—behind them a hundred couches of gold. Five hundred of the Macedonian guard formed a half moon in front; five hundred of the Persian guard, in purple silk, their lances tipped with golden pomegranates, completed the circle in rear. And a thousand archers surrounded the whole, in scarlet and flame-color, with blue scarves. All this inside the tent!"

There was only one thing lacking: the sight of an ambassador of the United States in a claw-hammer coat and knee breeches, mentally comparing the wealth of Alexander with that of certain American captains of industry, rubber barons, controllers of oil and steel and coal and gold and paper for printing presses. But even they would speak respectfully of Alexander, whose total loot has been estimated at $2,750,000,000.

RURAL ENTERPRISE

Mr. Garretson, the grocer in Newport, R. I., who wrote a letter stating that he did not give commissions or presents to servants of cottagers for the sake of influencing trade, expressed himself in a manly way, and was wholly right in putting the blame for this sort of robbery on the apathetic or wasteful master or mistress of the household. It is a common thing to hear complaints from the owners of summer cottages, which are in some cases palaces, that they are swindled systematically by the country storekeeper, wandering meat man, by all in fact that drive about in carts. When a housekeeper or butler is in charge there is often collusion with the native dealers, or the cook is paid to shut her eyes when the meat is weighed. But there are as many honest dealers in small towns as in large ones, and there are servants above reproach who quickly learn to discriminate between the just and the unjust. It is not surprising in these days of business activity that villagers as well as citizens wish to get rich quickly. As Mr. Garretson says, the chief trouble is in the indifference of the master or the mistress—generally the mistress, who in her desire to play the grande dame forgets the precise location of her kitchen and does not known the name of her cook.

and, moreover (a fact of great educational importance for our young people), how restful it is to the eye, after the monotony and flicker of black and white." Hence the attraction of custard pie in the window for young and old even when the dog star rages.

Americans thinking of travelling in Hungary should take notice. The president of a local guild of attorneys in a small town attended a ball in a light blue summer suit with tan boots, russet boots, "brown boots," as the English prefer. The suit was accepted, but the boots provoked many challenges to the field of honor.

A middle-aged Bostonian, who has recently contracted the automobile habit, writes to me: "I went Saturday to Portsmouth, 70 miles; Sunday to Crawford's, 121 miles; Monday to Hanover, N. H., 91 miles; and Tuesday to Boston, 160 miles, each succeeding day being hotter than the day before, and I know something about the distribution of this hot wave. The night before the Fourth I experienced an old-fashioned "rube" Fourth in the seat of Dartmouth College, and all memories of Annisquam have been forever effaced from my memory. With that by way of overture I made a 160-mile run home on the hottest day in many years, the thermometer standing at 110 in White River Junction and in Keene. Automobiling is about as much sport as being a missionary in the tropics, combining as it does physical discomfort with the greatest possible peril to the person."

A letter from Paris informs me that when Mme. Georgette Leblanc will produce her husband's play, "Pelleas and Melisande," in Boston little Tosti Russell will take the part of Yniold, who is boosted by Golaud up to the tower window to report faithfully the lovers' progress. Tosti has already taken boys' parts in performances of Maeterlinck's plays in France. Mr. Henry Russell's two sons are artistically inclined. The older one last season had a toy opera house, superintended performances and published typewritten reviews of them and led an orchestra of children. The younger son studied the violoncello at the New England Conservatory of Music and showed talent. Mr. Russell once said of this boy: "I don't expect him to be a great virtuoso, but he will play well enough, I hope, to join a first-class orchestra, so that he will be sure of a living."

July 9. 1911

MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Prof. Lucy M. Salmon's Plan

The Herald has received a letter from its valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, E. S. S. (Earnest Student of Sociology).

The Editor of The Herald:

I regret to say that I was unable to attend the sociological conference at Sagamore Beach, although I had been invited in most flattering terms to deliver an address. I thought it my duty to remain at home, for I cannot depend on Mrs. Johnson or the maid of all work to water the bed of chives regularly, and chives are constantly crying for moisture.

I did not attend the conference, but I was deeply interested in the opinion of my respected colleague, Prof. Lucy M. Salmon: That hired girls should eat their meals at the family table. Would this pleasing intimacy lighten the labors of the girls, make them happier, increase the respect they should entertain for the master and the mistress and the pledges of mutual affection? I tried the experiment some years ago, and the maid, a quiet but heavy feeder, asked permission to eat alone in the kitchen and gave this absurd reason: "Mr. Johnson eats too quick for me, Mum, and he makes me nervous."

As perhaps you know, I was raised in the country. No one was "reared" there when I was a boy. A horse reared on its hind legs, but horses and men and women were raised. In the majority of the village houses the cooking and the chamber work, the scrubbing and the dusting were done by the wife and her daughters, the "women folks" of the house. When there were visitors—and in those generous and hospitable days a visit for a month was not unusual and an invitation for a week's end would have been thought stingy, if not insulting—a neighbor's daughter would assist and was often a comely lass. The women who thus worked at home were as a rule refined even according to present standards, which are often false. They had been to "finishing schools." They read a little French. Some sang airs by Donizetti, or English songs as "Love Not, Ye Hapless Sons of Clay"; others played piano pieces by Wollenhaupt and Wallace, or "The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep," or Gen. Persifer F. Smith's march. They were expert with the needle; they were cunning in fancy work. They were acquainted with the poems of Bryant, Longfellow and Mrs. Sigourney, and they knew that Mr. Emerson was not orthodox. In those days there was the democracy that Tocqueville described. Yet I remember a father who strongly objected to sitting at table with the dressmaker. It is true that she was singularly, pathetically homely and breathed hard between huge mouthfuls.

On a Tuscan Farm

I have seen a pleasing instance of master, mistress, servants and guests all happy together at dinner. This was on a Tuscan wine farm a few miles from Florence. The male workmen were at ease, never awkward, never fresh. When the conversation interested them, they took part in it and talked sensibly and to the point. It was a patriarchal sight. All the Italians there were honest, simple men and women. The prosperity of the master was the prosperity of them all. There was no thought or suspicion of class distinction. The Tuscan workmen were courteous with the courtesy that cannot be taught. The Americans at the table at once felt their inferiority in this respect. I well remember the scene, for I ate immoderately of beans cooked in oil and drank wine perhaps too freely, remembering certain odes of Horace and wishing to live for once in a classical atmosphere. Taking cold on the way home, I was violently sick for some weeks. Pardon me for alluding to physical weaknesses, although they may be human.

On this farm was true democracy. I remember other instances, especially in Munich beer halls, which in the eighties were not the sumptuous buildings visited today. There I have seen aristocratic dames, beauties of high rank, elbow to elbow on rude and dirty benches with workmen from the street, all in the democratic and glorious fellowship of beer with now and then radish with bread.

Is Prof. Salmon's Plan Feasible?

Pained as I am to differ from Prof. Lucy M. Salmon's opinion, I am compelled to pronounce her plan for establishing a perfect and lovely understanding between the domestic servant and the family impracticable. I do not think any fairly intelligent cook, maid of all work, laundress, chamber maid, parlor maid, butler, second inside man, boots, ladies' maid, could long endure the forced intimacy. The conversation would bore a servant beyond endurance. The table man or maid would welcome any opportunity to bring in a course and would be unusually long in bringing it. It has been said by profound students of serving men and serving women that a cook seldom has appetite. Do you remember the old story of the restaurant? A stranger went in one and asked the waiter: "Is this a good restaurant?" "Best in town." "Where's the proprietor?" "O, he's gone across the way, to Jones's joint to get his dinner." Or would the cook enjoy her meals with the family? If the master were not feeling "over new" at breakfast or Miss Anne Maria was faint-stomached at dinner, would not the cook feel herself reproached in spite of the reassuring words of those anxious to please her in every way? And what

ure would the malos nna in the rsation? I do not speak of any able educational advantage. Let us be flipppant in treating this im-tant subject.

It is my firm belief that if the servants are to eat with the family they would se the respect which otherwise they ight hold. Mr. Bolivar, the master, ight be on his good behavior for a day two, but before the end of the week would go back to his old ways and g his much enduring spouse from up to finger bowl. Young Bolivar, ter the restraint of a day, would re-me his shocking table manners. Or, r. Slingerton, who prides himself on s fatal eye for beauty, would help e coquetttish chamber maid to the oicest slice and save for her the wish-me with facetious remarks in a low d tender voice. Or the cook, the tural foe of any brisk housewife, ould be led to take the side of poor r. Greening and say to one of her sociates: "I wonder how he ever ands the old woman's yap."

Nor would the situation be bettered the head of the household were to ad at dinner from some improving ok appropriate to the occasion, as an Swift's "Rules That Concern All rvants in General" and "Directions Servants."

Scheme for Promoting Friendships

"I am much more in agreement with Miss Adelene Moffat who wishes "the mes of the well-to-do to be thrown en to students so that the latter will et the feminine members of the fam-." What she says is true, too true: "he students who come to our large stitutions find themselves isolated so-lly. Some of the best Boston homes se their doors to them unless these dents happen to be of 'blue blood' milies and have pocket books well ed." Righto!

iss Moffat argues that students and ter young men feeling lonely, are im-ed to make undesirable acquaint-ces, often without introduction, on the dy side of Quisby street. Not only young men, but the best Boston es should welcome new friendships t might lead to happy marriages. en I was collecting material some rs ago for the chapters on boarding-ses, which will not be the least en-aining portion of my colossal work d only by subscription), I noted pla-s in basement windows of the South "Turkey and Ice Cream on Sun-"

hy should not the hospitably in-ed in Commonwealth avenue (both s), Beacon street (water side and side), Marlboro street, Bay State and sections of streets in the t end, display a placard either in indow or on the front door, as gh there were a call for express ice or ice? "Young men welcome een 4:30 P. M. and 6:30 P. M." ld be a general invitation of the g-net order. The specific attrac-s might be listed, as "Debussy's ic at 5 P. M.," "Readings from the Dramatists," "Augusta Roarer recite 'Hippolytus'," "We have mings guests from Poughkeep-Young men would surely appre-the invitations, and the hostess ook the strangers over and by cate process of elimination add "social list" the names of those ght worthy of more intimate ac-ntance. If Mrs. Brown should be wholly pleased with the ap-ance of young Jorkins, or if Jor-should show amazement at the d of music by Claude Achille De-y, Mrs. Jones and her daughter t find Jorkins wholly admirable desirable, and he in turn might raptured hearing the passionate Roarer spouting the tragedy of lides.

tle can be done in this direc-until next fall. Yet some of our people" are still in town, and are always young men who are y. A placard reading "Cool seats r stoop from 8 P. M. till 11 P. ." might attract them and incident-give pleasure to the daughters ng their friends in seaside cot-g.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Ontit, July 6.

"My Life," by Richard Wagner, in an authorized translation from the original German, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York, in two large and handsome volumes of 911 pages. There are two portraits of Wagner, a reproduction of the one of Kietz in 1842, and one from the portrait by Lenbach about 1872. There is a well prepared index.

Wagner himself wrote a prefatory note to his autobiography. It appears from this note that he dictated his memoirs to his second wife, Cosima, who wished to know the story of his life. He and Cosima also wished that these details should be accessible to their family and "sincere and trusted friends." In order to guard against a possible destruction of the manuscript, a few copies were printed at Wagner's expense. "As the value of this autobiography consists in its unadorned veracity, which, under the circumstances, is its only justification, therefore my statements had to be accompanied by precise names and dates; hence there could be no question of their publication until some time after my death, should interest in them still survive in our descendants, and on that point I intend leaving directions in my will. If, on the other hand, we do not refuse certain intimate friends a sight of these papers now, it is that, relying on their genuine interest in the contents, we are confident that they will not pass on their knowledge to any who do not share their feelings in the matter."

A note by the translator, or the translators—for it is probable that more than one accomplished the task—or by the publishers, which would give a little more information, would not have been superfluous. For example: It has been said that only three copies existed; one presented to Ludwig I., one to Liszt and one kept by Wagner. The statement was erroneous. The publishers of the translation say in an advertisement that 12 copies were printed. "Of these 12 copies, eight were entrusted to Frau Cosima Wagner, and four copies were distributed among the author's nearest and dearest friends. The greatest care was exercised in the event of the death of any of these five people that the closely guarded memoirs should be turned over to one of the survivors." But the history of this autobiography was made public when Mrs. Burrell, now dead, published an instalment of a life of Wagner about six years ago. She examined into the matter and showed by the letters of Wagner to the printer that at least 18 copies were distributed. She herself owned a copy.

Furthermore some of the statements made by Wagner and some of the pages have long been familiar to the world through the publication of Wagner's pamphlets or articles contributed to periodicals by the composer or his intimate friends.

The autobiography ends with King Ludwig's invitation to Wagner, sent to the perplexed and discouraged musician in 1864. It therefore covers 51 years of his life. Wagner died in 1883. The autobiography is now published 28 years after his death.

An Excellent Translation

The translation is on the whole well made. There is an absence of German idioms and characteristic forms of expression, and it would not be easy for the reader to show conclusively that the volumes are a translation from a foreign language. There are a few errors in proof reading, hut they are very few. One or two are evidently typographical, and are almost unconsciously corrected by the reader. It is probable that some of the errors were due to Wagner or his amanuensis; thus Metternich is once spelled with one "t"; "Mac Farrine" should be Macfarren. The secretary of the London Philharmonic Society was Hogarth, not "Howard." "Sir John Smart" should be Sir George Smart. Mistakes of this nature in the original are faithfully reproduced. There are a few errors in translation. Thus there is mention of a "Boesendorff" piano; the name of the Viennese piano manufacturer was Boesendorfer. Wagner, referring to a conversation with Mendelssohn in Berlin, after he had heard the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream" for the first time, mentioned the actor Gern, who played the part of "Zettel." In English this should surely be Bottom, the lucky Bottom whom Maginn contrasted in a brilliantly paradoxical essay with Romeo, the unlucky.

The slips of this nature are few, and the translation for the most part is fluent, accurate and fortunate in the reproduction of forcible German phrases in equally forcible English, where the spirit rather than the letter is observed. The reader might often say to nimself that Wagner wrote this autobiography in English.

Its "Unadorned Veracity"

Wagner spoke confidently in his short preface of the "unadorned veracity" of these memoirs! It is possible for any man of strong or weak character to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, recounting the story of his life?

Did Herbert of Cherbury when heated by exercise really send forth so sweet and agreeable savor, like Alexander the Great, that bystanders drew near to him for full enjoyment We all know that Rosseau confessed many things that were not so. He was a charming liar when it was for his interest or glory. It was only recently stated by an investigator that Rosseau did not abandon his children to the mercies of a foundling asylum, and had not so many children as he named. Is every word of Benvenuto Cellini to be accepted without question? The unblushing Casanova bears well the closest scrutiny: witness the researches of Tage E. Bull, F. W. Barthold, Armand Baschet, Alessandro d'Ancona and the evidence exposed in Edouard Maynial's "Casanova et son Temps"; yet neither the edition of Rosez nor that of Garnier can be accepted as authoritative by those who know that the original manuscript, taken to Brockhaus of Leipsic in 1820 by Carlo Angiolini, has not yet been published textually. Benjamin Franklin was amazingly frank in the exposure of his weaknesses, but did he relate all his peccadillos?

It is too much to expect of any man that, writing his life, he will deal justly with his enemies and tell baldly and boldly of his own failures, faults, sins, crimes. He may wish to spare others; he seldom refrains from sparing himself. He conceals this; he colors that; he refrains, hints, ignores, forgets, states a wisb as a fact.

Wagner wrote his autobiography when he was still sore because his genius had not at once been recognized. He had not forgiven the success of others. He believed that the world at large was against him and had long labored for his destruction. Was it possible for him to describe his life and trials with an unprejudiced mind? And dictating to his second wife was it possible for him to judge fairly of his first wife, Minna, whom he deserted, or tell the whole truth of his relations with Jessie Laussot and Mathilde Wesendonck? Compare for a moment Wagner's account of his intimacy with Mme. Wessendonck with the letters and the journal which were published not long ago.

It was unfortunate for Wagner, as an autobiographist, that so many of his letters were published after the autobiography was dictated and before it was given to the public.

A Strange Revelation of Character

For this autobiography will be read as a singular and fascinating revelation of an extraordinary character. It contributes little to the facts in his life, and will never be regarded as authoritative even in the matter of dates. Whether this revelation will be injurious to the reputation of Wagner; whether he will not appear to many unprejudiced as one of the despicable men who have won fame through the workings of indisputable genius; this is irrelevant in judging of the book itself, which is especially engrossing by reason of the colossal egoism shown in Wagner's own account of his attitude toward men and women and his treatment of them. It seems incredible that anyone would be willing thus to expose himself.

The autobiography is fascinating in other ways: in the description of adventures by sea and by land, in the portraiture of theatre life, in the account of the revolutionary days in Dresden and the production of "Tannhaeuser" in Paris, in the sharp and bitter characterization of men at court and in musical or political life. The descriptions are vivid, realistic. They are occasionally delightful, as when Wagner tells of his poverty-stricken companions in Paris, of the dogs he loved so dearly, of his boyhood days.

The book is by no means, then, a storehouse of facts. At the very beginning Wagner says that his mother's maiden name was Bertz, although she, who "always spoke with some embarrassment" about it, "intimated that it was 'Perthes'." Mrs. Burrell found out from the registers, which were probably accessible to Wagner, that his mother's name was Paetz.

In its carelessness with regard to dates, facts, and letters of a contradicting nature, and in its bitterness toward unappreciative contemporaries of the writer, this autobiography might well be likened to the Memoirs of Hector Berlioz, though Berlioz was a far nobler and more heroic human being. The two were great and illustrious romanticists. Their autobiographies are among their most romantic works.

Under Cosima's Eye

I do not purpose to go through Wagner's Autobiography chapter by chapter. It should be read by all, and it will perhaps appeal more strongly to those who are not interested in music than to those who are; for the former will be entertained without a loss of illusions. While it is true that the personal character of the artist should not necessarily be weighed in consideration of the art work produced by him, many pages of the Autobiography will shock passionate admirers of Wagner's music who have fancied him battling bravely for his theories and principles without friends and assistance until the King of Bavaria came to his rescue. Wagner had a genius for persuading men and women to lend him money. He expected pecuniary aid as his right. He was sullen when the loan did not come up to his expectation. He also had a genius for ingratitude.

The Autobiography should be read as a whole. Quotations, and there is a temptation to quote from every other page, will serve only to whet the appetite. In a world where there would be time to read one book thoroughly and for successive months, an edition of the Autobiography with letters of Wagner or by his friends serving to support or contradict statements in the text, with foot notes discussing the truth of many assertions, would be invaluable, but the book would then be in many volumes. Wagner has little to say about the sundering of his relations with Mme. Wesendonck, and he characteristically blames his wife Minna for the "misunderstanding." Dictating to Cosima, he wrote prudently, but in the complete edition the volume of the Wagner-Wesendonck correspondence and the journal kept by Richard for Mathilde should immediately follow Wagner's meagre, vague and timid account.

Let us, then, look only at incidents and events in Wagner's life that have been widely discussed: his early years, his sojourns in Paris, the Dresden affair that led to his exile, his relations with Minna, Jessie and Cosima. Let us also see what he thought about contemporary musicians.

Geyer or Wagner?

Was Richard Wagner the son of his father, Friedrich, a clerk in the police service? Only a few days ago the Evening Sun of New York published a singular letter, in which the contributor wrote positively and with an arrogance worthy of Wagner himself:

"You may find men in New York who have heard Wagner himself say that his father was Geyer. But he never knew him, he said. Geyer was an actor in a theatre in Leipsic, together with Wagner's mother, Fraeulein Jachmann. They were never married. When Fraeulein Jachmann married Police Actuary Wagner, he adopted Richard; so he changed his name to Richard Wagner. Many illegitimate children used, formerly at least, to take the name of their father, although their legal name would have been that of the mother. I have known several such men. So Richard Wagner's legal name would have been not Richard Geyer, but Richard Jachmann; if not, perhaps in his time, children adopted generally the father's name. Anyhow, his father was Geyer, not Wagner."

It has often been whispered, and sometimes shouted, that Wagner was the son of Ludwig Geyer. Friedrich Wagner, the son of a toll colector, had studied law before he took a clerical position. His son Richard was born May 22, 1813. The father died in October of that year. He was passionately fond of drama. I now quote from the Autobiography. "He is said to have been not altogether free from a gallant interest in actresses. My mother used to complain jokingly that she often had to keep lunch waiting for him while he was paying court to a certain famous actress of the day. * * * His great fondness for the theatre was further shown by his choice of the actor, Ludwig Geyer, as one of his intimate friends. Although his choice of this friend was no douht mainly due to his love for the theatre, he at the same time introduced into his family the noblest of benefactors; for this modest artist, prompted by a warm interest in the lot of his friend's large family, so unexpectedly left destitute, devoted the remainder of his life to making strenuous efforts to maintain and educate the orphans. Even when the police official was spending his evenings at the theatre, the worthy actor generally filled his place in the family circle, and it seems had frequently to appease my mother, who, rightly or wrongly, complained of the frivolity of her husband. How deeply the homeless artist, hard pressed by life and tossed to and fro, longed to feel himself at home in a sympathetic family circle, was proved

by the fact that a year after his friend's death he married his widow, and from that time forward became a most loving father to the seven children that had been left behind."

Geyer wished to adopt Richard altogether "Accordingly, when I was sent to my first school, he gave me his own name, so that till the age of fourteen I was known to my Dresden schoolfellows as Richard Geyer, and it was not until some years after my stepfather's death, and my family's return to Leipsic the home of my own kith and kin, that I resumed the name of Wagner." Wagner describes his mother as having a keen sense of humor, and an amiable temper. "So we need not suppose that it was merely a sense of duty towards the family of a departed comrade that afterwards induced the admirable Ludwig Geyer to enter into matrimony with her when she was no longer youthful, but rather that he was impelled to that step by a sincere and warm regard for the widow of his friend."

And where did the correspondent of the Evening Sun learn that Wagner's mother was a Miss Jackmann?

If Wagner had really thought that Geyer was his father, he probably would not have hesitated to say so. There is today a European pianist and composer of great reputation who bears the name of a man highly respected in his own day and generation. This pianist in his younger years boasted of the "fact" that his real father was Carl Tausig. He thus thought to glorify his mother and himself. The egotism of certain artists knows no bounds, either of conventionality or common decency.

The Geyer legend is used by those who resent Wagner's famous pamphlet against Judaism in music. The argument is as follows: Wagner was the son of Geyer; Geyer was a Jew; therefore when Wagner railed against "Judaism" in music, he attacked scornfully his own artistic theories and music dramas. It is doubtful whether this syllogism would have met the approval of Mill, Jevons, Boole or any other stern logician.

Wagner as a Boy

Wagner gives a long and minute account of his early years. As a boy he was impressed by acrobats tightrope walkers, and he himself tried his luck on a rope with a balancing pole in the courtyard. Edward MacDowell once said that there was the potentiality of a rope dancer in every virtuoso. The boy Wagner was afraid of ghosts; he had horrible night visions, and the spectres in "Der Freischeutz" endeared the opera to him. No wonder that the tales of Hoffmann made a deep and lasting impression on him. Uncle Adolph with his tall, pointed felt cap and Jeannette Thome, the queer old maid, are graphically described in a few words. Wagner's mother hardly ever fondled him and he perhaps missed "that tender sweetness and solicitude which are usually associated with motherhood," but she was proud of him and as a boy he recognized the fact.

As a youngster he composed a play for puppets and haunted the stage and the dressing rooms. He probably did not have a good head for study, and he exerted himself only when the task was congenial; thus he was like many other boys; but he was attracted to mythology, legends, the history of Greece, and he wrote verses.

When he was about 13 years old he began to learn that there were other women in the world besides those of his family and middle-aged matrons and spinsters. He dictated a confession that reminds the reader of Rousseau and early experiences of Stendhal. A pretty girl, Amalie Hoffman, coming into the room, struck him dumb with amazement. "On other occasions I recollect pretending to be too helplessly sleepy to move, so that I might be carried up to bed by the girls, that being, as they thought, the only remedy for my condition. And I repeated this, because I found, to my surprise, that their attention under these circumstances brought me into closer and more gratifying proximity with them."

A journey to Prague developed his mind, quickened his imagination. Deeply religious, yearning "with ecstatic fervor to hang upon the cross in place of the Savious," he soon lost his reverence for religious observances. At last his condition was revealed to him at the communion service. "The shudder with which I received the bread and wine was so ineffaceably stamped on my memory, that I never again partook of the communion lest I should do so with levity."

When he was 15 he wrote a great tragedy, "Leubald und Adelaide." The plot was based on a modification of "Hamlet," but the poet also drew on "Macbeth," "King Lear" and "Goetz von Berlichingen." It was a bloody, terrible tragedy, with visions and ghosts, robbers, murderers and witches. The hero, raving mad at the end, stabbed his beloved, and then finding himself at peace, accepted her last caresses as her life blood streamed over his dying body.

The Young Musician

Two of Wagner's sisters were musical. Clara went on the operatic stage when she was 16, and this premature development was injurious to her voice and detrimental to her career. Young Wagner often saw Von Weber at his house; also a singing master, Mieksch, and a famous Italian male soprano, Sassaroli, who disgusted Richard and turned him in favor of German opera, although Italian was then in favor at the court in Dresden. "The Italian male soprano, a huge pot-bellied giant, horrified me with his high effeminate voice, his astonishing laughter. In spite of his boundless good nature and amiability, particularly to my family, I took an uncanny dislike to him. On account of this dreadful person, the sound of Italian, either spoken or sung, seemed to my ears almost diabolical; and when, in consequence of my poor sister's misfortune, I heard them often talking about Italian intrigues and cabals, I conceived so strong a dislike for everything connected with this nation that even in much later years I used to feel myself carried away by an impulse of utter detestation and abhorrence." And yet, how much Wagner learned from the Italians, especially in melodic structure and expression!

Weber, on the other hand, was to Wagner an almost superhuman being, and his refined, delicate, and intellectual appearance excited his ecstatic admiration. When the boy of nine years was introduced to him and Weber asked whether he expected to be a musician, the mother told him that although Richard was mad over "Der Freischeutz," she had not seen anything in him that indicated any musical talent. Richard was never weary of hearing the overture to this opera and he tried to pick it out on the piano, even before he took his first music lessons at the age of twelve from one Humann, a mediocre teacher. When he was able to get through the overture after a fashion, Richard felt no inclination for greater technical proficiency.

"Don Giovanni" gave him at first no pleasure. The music seemed frivolous and unmanly, but the introduction of the "Fidelio" overture in E major fascinated him. He began to make copies of his favorite pieces. Beethoven's symphony in A major made an indescribable effect on him, as did lithographs of the composer. In dreams he talked with him and Shakespeare. The "Requiem" of Mozart changed his opinion concerning that composer, and soon the second finale of "Don Giovanni" inspired Richard to include Mozart in his spirit world.

By this time, writing verses with ease, he longed to set music to them. He bought on the weekly payment plan Logier's treatise of thorough bass. He thus ran in debt and began the financial difficulties which for years harassed him. He took lessons in harmony, but secretly, of G. Mueller of the Leipsic orchestra, and found the exercises dry. He met a Hoffmann character—for Hoffmann's tales obsessed him—a second Johannes Kreisler, "a tall, exceedingly thin man, with a very narrow head and an extraordinary way of walking, moving and speaking. * * * We were always seen going about together—I, a lanky boy of sixteen, and this weird, shaky flaxpole." Flacks heard Wagner play his own compositions while he ate bread and cheese. Flacks, who "had fallen into the toils of a young lady of dubious character," became absurdly jealous of the boy, and the friendship ended.

By this time Wagner had composed a piano sonata, begun a pastoral play, orchestrated an aria; he wrote a string quartet. An old conductor, Kuehnlein, influenced him strongly, a man of one book, Goethe's "Faust," who worshipped Mozart and thought poorly of Weber. He looked over Richard's compositions and, asked by the boy's brother-in-law what he thought of them, answered quietly: "There is not a single good note." Wagner kept on copying scores, made a piano arrangement of the Ninth Symphony, took a few violin lessons.

Wild and Reckless Years

His family allowed him to have regular harmony lessons from the same Mueller who had previously taught him in secret, and there was a proposition to send Richard to Hummel for piano lessons. Richard protested that by music he meant composing, not playing the piano. The plays of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller again stirred him. An Italian company made him think better for a while of Italian opera, and then came Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient. "Another mirade suddenly gave a new direction to my artistic feelings and exercised a decisive influence over my whole life." She was then "at the zenith of her artistic career, young, beautiful, ardent, and whose like I have never seen again en the stage."

And now, Richard, having studied confusedly, wholly at sea, not knowing which way to turn, associated with queer companions and indulged in all kinds of excesses. "I now entered into all the dissipations of raw manhood, the outward ugliness and inward emptiness of which make me marvel to this day." Even then he was an egoist. He tells of seeking friends that he might pour out his confidences; of his disappointment when they had nothing to tell in return. He makes this significant statement: "No lasting personal bond of friendship ever found its way into my life." And he was at the age of romantic friendships and then living in a romantic period.

He left St. Nicholas's school in disgrace; read proof sheets of a historical work and thus earned some money and gained information; mixed in the rows in Leipsic between the police and the students, who were seized with the prevailing revolutionary fever; drank too much; entered St. Thomas's that he might be one of the students; was engaged to fight in duels, which, owing to most unforseen circumstances, never came off; gambled furiously and at last with his mother's pension, of which he was the trustee, but fortunately that night he won largely, so that he could pay all his debts. He did not, however, neglect his music, and his overture in C major was played in public, an extraordinary piece in which he wished to write for the strings in red ink, the wood-wind in green and the brass in black, to bring out a mystic meaning. Dorn conducted it, for he had a well developed sense of humor, and in the chief theme of the allegro there was a constantly recurring fifth measure, which had nothing to do with the theme and was announced by a bang on the kettle-drum on the second beat. The audience did not hiss. It was so stupified that it could not even leave the hall. "Nothing, however, equalled the pain of coming face to face with the man at the door." This man had admitted Wagner when he learned that he was the composer of the overture. "The strange look he gave me haunted me ever afterward, and for a considerable time I avoided the pit of the Leipsic Theatre."

At last Wagner studied with a well-trained master, Theodor Weinlich, who had been a pupil of Martini at Bologna. Weinlich promised to teach him if he would not compose for six months, and would be implicitly obedient. Wagner tired of harmony exercises in strict style. Weinlich was unwilling to give him further instruction. The two were reconciled and the pupil was put through a thorough course in fugue. Weinlich said to him, after eight weeks of this work: "Probably you will never write fugues or canons; but what you have mastered is independence; you can now stand alone and rely upon having a fine technic at your fingers' ends if you should want it."

Thus ended Wagner's student days. He wrote a sonata, which has been published, overtures, a symphony. He went to Vienna, and at Brueun nearly died from fear of the cholera. In Vienna he heard Johann Strauss' band, was bored by Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," and amazed by the enthusiasm of the Viennese over "Zampa." At Prague, where he had amusing experiences with the two pretty daughters of Count Pachta and showed his characteristic arrogance, he sketched the opera "Die Hochzeit." In 1833 he made the acquaintance of Henrich Laube, who had an inspiring effect on him. He worked on his opera "Die Feen."

It was in 1834 that he began his public career as conductor at Magdeburg, but he had already met Minna Planer, the actress, who became his wife.

Minna the First Wife

The pages in which Wagner describes his early years are on the whole the pleasantest part of the Autobiography. They contain information that was known only to a few; they show in many ways the development of Wagner's mind, and the child as the father of the man; they are comparatively free from the bitterness that characterizes the greater part of the work.

Minna Planer is naturally one of the chief figures in this strange book. A London journalist, reviewing the Autobiography, admitting her many shortcomings, wrote: "Considering these very circumstances, the picture he (Wagner) gives of Minna, her various love affairs, her alleged lapses from moral rectitude (after as well as before marriage), is one that makes the reader wonder how any man worthy of the name could bring himself to relate them even for a distant posterity in a manner which shows himself as cold-blooded, cruel, cynical and selfish." The rebuke is not too severe.

When Wagner first met Minna, she was known as the prettiest and nicest girl in the Magdeburg Theatre Company playing a summer engagement at Lauchstaedt. Wagner described his meeting her at the door of a lodging house. He was struck by her appearance and bearing. "Looking very charming and fresh, the young actress's general manner and movements were full of a certain majesty and grave assurance which lent an agreeable and captivating air of dignity to her otherwise pleasant expression. Her scrupulously clean and tidy dress completed the startling effect of the unexpected encounter." To him she seemed like a fairy "in the midst of this dust cloud of frivolity and vulgarity." She differed wholly from those about her "in her unaffected soberness and dainty modesty, as also in the absence of all theatrical pretence and stiltedness." When he had an attack of erysipelas Minna visited him and nursed him. An unpleasant rash remained round his mouth, and he apologized for showing it to her. She made light of it. "Then I inferred she would not give me a kiss, whereupon she at once gave me practical proof that she did not shrink from that either. This was all done with a friendly serenity and composure that had something almost motherly about it, and it was free from all suggestion of frivolity or of heartlessness." At that time she was on very intimate terms with a young nobleman, and fondly thought she was to wed him. At theatrical suppers, champagne and punch did not induce her to cast aside "the restraints of petty conventionality." "She never lost her self-respect." Later Wagner was almost distracted by the thought that she had an affair with Schwabe, a well-to-do tradesman.

There is no doubt that Wagner was in love with Minna, but, dictating to Cosima, he felt obliged to be analytical at Minna's expense. And therefore any reader today may know from Wagner, her husband, that Minna, who attracted the atention of men at a very early age, was seduced when she was barely 17 years old; that the girl who afterwards lived with her as a younger sister, was her natural daughter, that as an actress Minna was prepared to sacrifice her self-respect to keep the friendship of director, manager, favorite members of the company and influential frequenters of the theatre. "She had in this way created for herself a certain peculiar code of behavior, that on the one hand prompted her to avoid scandals, but on the other hand found excuses even for making herself conspicuous as long as she herself knew that she was doing nothing wrong. * * * As she was without idealism, she had no artistic feeling; neither did she possess any talent for acting, and her power of pleasing was due entirely to her charming appearance."

Wagner knew all this before he married Minna. He came across letters by Schwabe that were enough to dispel any illusion that he might still have entertained. Nor could he forget that she ha refused advantageous offers of marriage "in order to give way to the impetuosity of a penniless young man, whose talent had not yet been put to any real test, and to whom she had nevertheless shown sympathy and kindness." It seems as though he could not have forgotten this, but he did, and in this respect Minna fared no worse than other men and women that befriended Richard Wagner.

No sooner were Minna and Richard married than he began to find fault with her economical spirit. He was always extravagant—and he was wildly extravagant with money that had been loaned to me. He demanded luxurious furniture in his home wherever it might be. Minna suffered on account of her thrift. No sooner had Wagner dictated to Cosima the account of the wedding than he began to enumerate in a cold, sneering way the long list of his wife's imperfections. He did this without thought of the letters that he had written to Minna appearing as evidence against him.

It should be remembered that Minna was a devoted wife during Wagner's early and stormy life. Was it not natural that she should be elated when he was appointed court conductor at Dresden? Was it not natural that she should have been disappointed when he lost this position by conduct that was not heroic in the revolutionary days, what ever else it might have been? Wagner kept protesting that she was unsympathetic; that she did not, could not understand him, and by "understand" he meant "appreciate." It's a pathetic a miserable story, one that should not have been related in a caddish manner by the husband.

The Case of Jessie Laussot

It is not easy to learn from Wagner's narrative the exact relationship between him and Mme. Jessie Laussot. She was a young Englishwoman who had married a Frenchman in Bordeaux. She came with Karl Ritter to Wagner's house in Dresden and poured forth her admiration for his music. Exiled, and preparing to leave Zurich for Paris, he received a letter from her. She assured him in "the most affecting terms" of her continued sympathy. When he arrived in Paris—this was in 1850—she invited him to visit her at Bordeaux. He accepted and the wine merchant Laussot received him with great cordiality. Jessie's mother, Mrs. Taylor, was so interested in Wagner, and, with

tter, asked him to accept the yearly m of f.3000 until he should see better ys. Wagner soon "discovered the lf" by which Jessie, as well as himlf, "was separated from her mother d husband." The visitor and Jessie ared the same opinions on many imrtant matters. "I read her my latest says, and she seemed to understand en the most extraordinary descripns perfectly. * * * It followed initably that the presence of other mbers of the family proved embarssing when we wanted to talk over d discuss these various subjects." It med that Laussot knew of his wife's like for him. Going to Paris, Wagr wrote Minna that he was fully demined to set her free from any imdiate participation in his fate.

Having written his wife, Wagner imdiately wrote to inform Jessie of the p he had taken. Wagner then amed of giving half his income, pro-

ed by his friends, to his wife, and ng to Greece or Asia Minor, to forget be forgotten. Jessie wrote that she s determined to do likewise, and ed for his protection. Wagner, who l not reckoned on this, was much rmed. He sought a modest hiding e near Paris. He soon received a dly excited" letter from Jessie, who te that she had confided in her ther. Doing this she had aroused picious, and Laussot had vowed that would search Wagner out and put a let through his body. Wagner then te an argumentative letter to the band, "endeavoring to make him see tters in their true light," and decred himself unable to understand w any man could bring himself to p a woman with him by force, when no longer wished to remain. He Laussot that he would soon be in deaux, but would not inform Mme. ssot of his purpose. He also wrote sie "exhorting her to be calm and -possessed." "When years afterds, I told Liszt of this story, he decred I had acted very stupidly in not ng Mme. Laussot of my intentions."

agner was so exhausted by all this he thought he was going to die, but went to Bordeaux and sent a note to ssot. He received no answer. Summed to police headquarters, he was ered to leave the city as soon as ible. He obtained permission to rein two days. Then he wrote Jessie, ng her what had happened, and did conceal his contempt at the behavior her husband, who exposed his wife's or by a denunciation to the police. re were occasions when Wagner, acling to his own account, was punctus in matters of honor. He went to ssot's house, found no one there, ked into Jessie's boudoir and put his er on her work basket. He did not ive a reply.' It came out afterward Laussot and Mrs. Taylor had taken ie to the country. They did not tell of Wagner's visit and letter. Mrs. lor wrote to Minna complaining of gner's intention to commit adultery offering her support. Mme. Laussot te to young Ritter that she had been ciently enlightened about Wagner to e her drop his acquaintance. This the end of the tragi-comedy, but na was not easily appeased. Wagner ght she was unreasonable. What ma said when Wagner dictated the y is not recorded. Nor has Jessie's ative ever been published.

The Wooing of Cosima Everybody knows the devotion of Hans von Buelow to Richard Wagner and how it was rewarded.

ccording to the autobiography Wagfirst saw Cosima when, a young , she came to Zurich with her husl. Wagner invited them to his little e. Hans played two acts of "Siegrid" and Wagner, as usual, took all singing parts. "Cosima listened sily with her head bowed; if pressed an expression of opinion, she began y."

e next time he mentioned her the ows were leaving: Hans was bathed ars and his wife Cosima was gloomy silent.

me time afterward when Liszt and ner were exhausting themselves in es of Buelow, Wagner said "with ng familiarity": "There was no ssity for him to marry Cosima." Liszt added, bowing slightly: "That a luxury." Meeting Cosima at henhall, where she was taking a milk cure, Wagner deplored her ways to her sister Blandine. Saygoodby, he caught a glimpse of "alimid inquiry from Cosima."

ere were other casual meetings. ow's depression grew deeper and er—he was a moody man—but Cos was always cheerful. "I supported o the best of my abilities."

was at Frankfort that while Bueseemed to be in perpetual torment, ma appeared to have lost her shyness. "While I was singing 'Wotan's Abschied' to my friends, I noticed the same expression on Cosima's face as I had seen it, to my astonishment, in Zurich on a similar occasion, only the ecstasy of it was transfigured into something higher. Everything connected with this was shrouded in silence and mystery, but the belief that she belonged to me grew to such certainty in my mind that when I was under the influence of more than ordinary excitement my conduct betrayed the most reckless gayety. As I was accompanying Cosima to the hotel across a public square, I suddenly suggested she should sit in an empty wheelbarrow which stood in the street, so that I might wheel her to the hotel. She assented in an instant. My astonishment was so great that I felt all my courage desert me, and was unable to carry out my mad project."

In the old Gewandhaus at Leipsic, he discovered Cosima, pale and in deep mourning for her sister, "and she now seemed, even to my eyes, to be leaving another world to approach me. Our emotions were so genuinely deep and sincere that only an unconditional surrender to the enjoyment of meeting again could bridge the chasm." It is a pleasure to note that Buelow was "in an equally happy mood."

Wagner later called on Buelow in Berlin and was joyfully greeted. Cosima was soon to be confined and Buelow seemed troubled for Wagner had once expressed his "aversion from such a sight" when he was speaking of another woman of their acquaintance. "In excellent humor I set out with Cosima alone for a drive in a fine carriage. . . . It put us in good humor to be able to set his mind at rest in this case, for nothing could possibly put me out of sympathy with Cosima."

And Wagner saw Cosima again in Berlin. She and her husband discussed Wagner's then unfortunate position and planned for a betterment. "I drove out alone with Cosima on the promenade as before, in a fine carriage. This time all our jocularity died away into silence. We gazed speechless into each other's eyes. An intense longing for an avowal of the truth mastered us and led to a confession—which needed no words—of the boundless unhappiness which oppressed us. The experience brought relief to us both, and the profound tranquility which ensued enabled us to attend the concert (Buelow's) in a cheerful unembarrassed mood. . . After the concert we were due at my friend Weltzmann's for supper, the length and abundance of which reduced us, whose hearts yearned for profound peace, to almost frantic despair. But the day came to an end at last, and after a night spent under Buelow's roof, I continued my journey. Our farewell reminded me so vividly of that first equisitely pathetic parting from Cosima at Zurich that all the intervening years vanished like a dream of desolation separating two days of lifelong moment and decision. If on the first occasion our presentiment of something mysterious and inexplicable had compelled silence. It was now no less impossible to give words to that which we silently acknowledged."

It is a pity that the Autobiography was not continued so that we could know Wagner's emotions on finally taking Cosima from her husband.

Let us next Sunday see how Wagner spoke of many that befriended him and what he thought of contemporaries in Paris and in German cities. For this Autobiography deals chiefly with Wagner the man, and we are not at all concerned with the composer of the music-dramas.

July 10 1911

Mr. August Spanuth, formerly of New York, where he played the piano and distinguished himself as music critic of the Staats Zeitung, has for some time been the editor and publisher of the Signale of Berlin, the leading German musical weekly. In a recent number of the Signale he praised enthusiastically George Baklanoff as singer and actor in "Rigoletto" at the Komische Opera. He was kindly disposed toward Miss Alice Nielsen, but his rapture over her voice and art was moderate, and he found little individuality in her impersonation of Mimi. Mme. Nordica's Isolde at the Royal Opera House did not please him. He reminded her unnecessarily that her best years were behind her and time had robbed her voice of strength and beauty. He found fault with her conventional gestures and attitudes, and ended by saying that she never was "a good Isolde." This last statement was unfair. Mme. Nordica's Isolde was not so beautifully romantic as that of Milka Ternina, the finest I have ever seen, nor was it on the whole so effective as that of Mme. Fremstad, but it was highly creditable and often effective. The music of the love scene in the second act has never been sung better in Boston than it was by Mme. Nordica and Jean de Reszke.

So there may be bullfights in Utah. It should be remembered that ecclesiastical writers who denounced Spanish bullfighting contrasted it with that of Italy, in which the bull was bound by a rope, and the sport was therefore innocent. There are diversities of intellectual tone, what Glanvil called "climates of opinion," that belong to different ages, and possibly the climate of Utah favors bull fighting. It should be remembered that Canning defended bull baiting; Dr. Parr was fond of it, and Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel argued against its prohibition in England as late as 1824. Did not Perkins say in his "Cases of Conscience" "the baiting of the bull hath its use, and therefore it is commended by civil authority"? ~~And did~~ not Macaulay say that the Puritans objected to bull baiting, not so much because it was cruel to the bull as because it gave pleasure to the spectators?

Mr. W. E. D. Stokes is a victim of an old fallacy. He swore before the magistrate that he said to Miss Conrad: "There is one thing I don't like about you. That is, you have a habit of turning your head and looking out of the window when I talk to you. If you were absolutely honest you would not do that." The most accomplished rascals always look their victims "straight in the eye." There are many most estimable citizens who do not believe in this staring honesty, or are physically incapable of it. Nor do we include among them the squinter or the man with a glass eye—"bully boy with a vitreous optic" as Bret Harte put it in a versified parody.

Joseph Chamberlain is 75 years old, and the pity of it is that only this fact is now reported about him.

TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1911.

TINDER-BOX CELLARS

The fire in Hemenway street, which caused a loss of property and might have occasioned a loss of life, if it had broken out at night, started, it is said, from spontaneous combustion in the cellar. There are some who pooh-pooh such causes and rank them with the celebrated case of Mr. Krook in "Bleak House," but there are also amiable persons who insist that there is no such disease as hydrophobia.

The wonder is that there are not many fires due to spontaneous combustion or gross carelessness on the part of janitors in large apartment houses or burgess warrens. The flat-dweller seldom condescends to visit the cellar. When he makes the descent to examine into the amazing disappearance of kitchen coal, he often finds the cellar full of boxes, paper, excelsior, a mass of inflammable material.

The janitor may be careful with matches, pipe or cigarette—O rare bird! for whom there should be a golden cage and ices in hot weather!—but in many of these houses the basement doors are left unlocked, and grocers' boys, and even less responsible persons, have free access. A cigarette or a match still burning is thrown on the floor. If there be an elevator the flames quickly make their way.

We know of dwellers in apartment houses who have complained of cellars, thus dangerous, to agents or owners. They have been more or less courteously referred to the janitor. No self-respecting janitor will do what he considers to be extra work, for he has been made only a little lower than the angels and much higher than any tenant. It's an amusing game, in which the tenant serves as shuttle-cock. Reduced to timidity through experience, he finally is weary of play and accepts the inevitable—even though it may take the form of fire.

The report that one of the Rothschild's is about to be betrothed to Miss Jeska Swartz of the Boston Opera House shows that the young singer has climbed several rounds in the ladder that leads to operatic fame. It matters little whether the story be true or not: the publication is more than half the battle. There were two sisters by the name of Swartz, Hilda and Jeska, at the New England Conservatory of Music. Hilda, the elder, had a fine voice, but she returned to her home in Albany, N. Y., and married there. Jeska is well known to our opera house audiences as a comely young woman with more than ordinary talent for the stage. The part she takes may be important or trifling: she gives it distinction. Young as she is, she has learned to differentiate in the expression of sentiments and the impersonations of character. Furthermore, she has a sympathetic voice which she uses skilfully. The news of young Rothschild's interest in her will quicken the ambition of budding sopranos, mezzo-sopranos and contraltos in and out of Boston. Unfortunately there is only a limited number of Rothschilds.

Mr. Belloc has written a volume about "Something," and a reviewer suggests that he wrote it about nothing. Over three centuries ago Henri Estienne in his little book, "The Fair at Frankfort," described certain writers who praised: as Phavorinus with his "Praise of Thersites and the Quartan Fever," Glaucon with his "Praise of Injustice," Celio Calcagnini with his "Praise of the Flea," and other worthies; "all in the paradoxical form," said Estienne, "because what they wished to celebrate was their own wit and eloquence rather than the object of their praise." He would surely have added Messrs. Belloc and Chesterton to the list, and yet we read them gladly.

When they looked for the elevator boy in the Stokes case he had gone up—or down.

The story of the Englishman pursued even to Boston by Indian mystics who are after a "marvellously hideous ring" given to him years ago by an Indian doctor, brings to the mind "The Moonstone," with our old friends, Sergt. Cuff and the three Brahmins who lost their caste in the recovery of the looted diamond.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company, in "Mary Jane's Pa," a comedy in three acts by Edith Ellis.

Hiram Perkins.....Donald Meek
Rome Preston.....William P. Carleton
Barrett Sheridan.....Cyril Biddulph
Joel Skinner.....Frederick Murray
Portia Perkins.....Mabel Colcord
Lucile Perkins.....Florence Shirley
Mary Jane Perkins.....Henriett McDannel
Miss Faxon.....Gertrude Binley

"ZAZA" CONTINUES AT THE MAJESTIC

Morison Stock Company Shows the Benefit of Rest During Hot Weather.

VARIED BILL THIS WEEK AT B. F. KEITH'S

Good Hot Weather Program—Meistersingers' Fourth Week Begun.

B. F. Keith's Theatre was well filled yesterday, considering the weather. The program is unusually good this week. There is plenty of variety, and each act is good of its kind. Rem Brandt, "artoonist," does some really original work. The Fields brothers, minstrel boys, are announced as giving four feet of eccentric dancing. They give good measure. "The Fox Hunt," a descriptive piece by the Majestic Musical Four, is more truly descriptive than such compositions, as a rule, are. Edwin Holt and his company gave George Ade's

comedy, "The Mayor and the Manicure," capitally. It is a characteristic Ade work. Miss Mattie Choate was excellent as the manicure, and Miss Josephine A. Guthrie charming as Ruth Foster. Mr. Hoit himself was a typical old-fashioned mayor.

It was a pleasure to welcome "the Little Drummer of the Fadettes," Miss Ethel Macbonough, whose act, described as a musical novelty, gave full scope to her talents. Bert Fitzgibbon, "crazy singer of crazy songs," is crazier than ever. His jokes took well yesterday, particularly the one about the dog that could not bite its tail. Felix Patty and Desparado are a wonderful pair of acrobats. One of them even takes a drink standing on his head.

This is Irish week with the Meistersingers. They give a program of Irish songs, liberally diluted. Presumably, the songs of Scotland and Ireland, like the wine of those countries, are not to be taken neat. Harold S. Tripp sang "Where the River Shannon Flows" very sweetly. Arthur Cole sang Balfe's "When Other Lips" correctly, but with little spirit. No one would think, to hear Mr. Cole, that the song was the passionate farewell of one who thought he was leaving all that was dear to him for a life of wandering and exile. "Off for Philadelphia," by the Harvard quartet, was a very sad affair. Why did they not let A. Cameron Steele sing it? He sang "Any Old Port in a Storm" in fine style. "Off for Philadelphia" is a fine song. The great Signor Foli (from Cork) used to please more than Irish audiences with it. But aranged, however cleverly, for tenors and basses, and given with humorous expression by four persons together—it is better left unsung.

Miss Elliott danced an Irish jig. She wore a green skirt and green stockings, such as are worn in the fields and on the hills by the girls of Connemara and county Kerry. Some say that peculiar green shade is caused by the combined action of the suns rays shining through an Irish mist and the reflection from the fields. Be that as it may, Miss Elliott danced like any fairy. She is surely light of foot. Her sailor's hornpipe was also a graceful performance.

July 12 1911

There are some who do not look cheerfully on newspaper and magazine articles showing that man's life is constantly growing longer and we should not die before we reach 150. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," numbered the sins that the average man may be supposed to commit during his lifetime. "At 10 years old each of us is chargeable with 315 millions and 36 thousand sins. At 20, with 630 millions and 726 thousand * * * at 80, with 2522 millions 880 thousand." What's the use?

Australia has its troubles. The abolition of the free lunch is advocated. The Board of Health objects to this glorious institution on sanitary grounds, and inveighs against the indiscriminate handling of food. When Artemus Ward was in Richmond immediately after the close of the Civil War, he saw an unfortunate Southerner who for several weeks had lived only on crackers that had been turned over by thirsty revellers at the bar.

The London press did not print any part of Mr. Hammerstein's announcement of his opera season or allude to it in any way. This confirms the report that London journals are too conservative to publish news.

Prof. George Sylvester Viereck, returning to New York, says that the great trouble with American poetry is its lack of passion. And yet Ella Wheeler Wilcox still lives and palpitates in verse.

Formerly it was Capt. Kidd who was the terror of Long Island Sound in his low, black, rakish craft. There are still pirates on the Sound, but they are on a "black motor boat."

Dr. Boris Sidis is still arguing in behalf of the uncommon schools.

July 13 1911

A company has just bought 3256 acres of oyster beds, beds greater than the great bed of Ware, and happy they than can lie at ease and pick. Disraeli in a speech at Manchester described the ideal house for ideal industrial dwellers as having "a porch, an oven and a tank." In Utopia every man not only has his own vine and fig tree: he has his own oyster bed, cranberry bog and watermelon patch.

THE RESTORING SIESTA.

It was the custom in certain cities of the East when the heat was excessive to open markets and do all manner of business only at night. During the day the inhabitants remained at home. And even now in towns of Southern Europe and in South American cities when it is hot the people prolong their customary siesta.

The thrifty French and Germans are not so miserly with time as we are, be the weather hot or cold. German banks, for example, do not hesitate to close in the middle of the day that the clerks may eat at leisure and rest, and business is resumed with a deliberation that is inexplicable if not madding to constitutionally restless, impatient, hurried American visitors.

The Spanish word siesta is in our language, but only through courtesy. It has little significance in the great cities of the United States. Yet it would be far better for all employers and employes if there were a rest from noon till 2 o'clock or 2:30 P. M. Food would in this case be a benefit, not an injury. There would be time for calm smoking—with the permission of the Anti-Tobacco Society—and for a nap or meditation. The mind as well as the body would be refreshed.

Physicians tell us every one should lie down for at least fifteen minutes in the middle of the day to rest the heart. Perhaps the time will come when every factory, department store, school, banking house will have its "siesta room" for the benefit of those who are far from home. It has been said that half the world does not know how the other half lives. The saw is an old one and really means nothing. The truth is that the world, with the possible exception of dwellers on islands still comparatively immune from civilization, does not know how to live. While the sun blazes and the air is breathless and sticky, there should be no thought of work. Man's inhumanity to himself makes countless thousands mourn.

THE CITY'S IVORY TOWERS

It is said that Mr. Horatio Parker wrote the music of "Mona" in "a little studio far upon a hill," in one of the quietest spots of Maine, "far from the sound of railroad train, automobile and the human voice." Thus was he able to think and write so that his opera took the prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Seclusion and quiet are fatal to some who would write music, prose, poetry or work out an invention. Grant that neither locomotive whistle, automobile, trolley car, street din is heard; there are, nevertheless, the inevitable sounds of nature, more distracting to many than city jar or clang or roar. There are birds whose call and iteration fret the nerves. There are agreeable sounds that divert attention. The wider sweep of vision is distracting. The writer misses the little city room with four walls and an uninviting, monotonous outlook.

Rustic Rest Harmful.

To write a pastoral, it is not necessary to live in the country. To some a rustic sojourn would be harmful; there would be no spur to fancy or imagination. The best sea novels were not written on a tossing vessel. It is said that Jean Paul Richter wrote eloquently about the ocean years before he saw it. Auber never visited Italy; he was never far from Paris, for the boulevards were to him the world and all; yet the music of the Neapolitan market scene in "La Muette de Portici" is photographic in its bustle and other local characteristics.

The dwellers in mountain valleys and on mountain slopes are indifferent toward beauty and grandeur of scenery. A mountain serves them as a barometer. The New England skipper, weary of the sea, built the house for his old age, not on a coast-commanding bluff, not near a beach, but in the village, where he would not see the ocean or hear the surf.

The city is the great stimulant to the writer. He may find suggestions in the country; he may even take notes, and fortunate is the man whose boyhood was spent in the country; but the imagination is excited by contrasts. The forest is more beautiful to the city man who dreams of it when he is conscious of bricks and mortar than it is to the charcoal-burner. There is no such trout stream as the one that has not been seen for twenty years.

Sky Scraper Good.

The ivory tower may be a sky-scraper. The poet, novelist, musician, may feel himself isolated in a modern tower of Babel. The rush of life, the commotion invite many to the firmer concentration of mind. They must look on the sea of humanity; they must rub elbows; they must be conscious of gregarious happiness, suffering, misery, before they can think nobly and find the adequate expression. In a lonely cottage looking far across a bay or at hills beyond the marsh or at changing shadows, huge cotton bales sluggish in the sky, the disconcerting stars, they dream and are lost in dreams. Their thoughts are vague. Their life is one of inaction. Soon they vegetate and go to seed.

The country is the place for those, who having no business with meadows, crops and herds, live there after the life work is done that they may become on friendly terms with the earth to which they must return. The man that is still impelled to do things and wishes to create, will prefer the "multitudinous scenes of life." will say with Charles Lamb: "A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse is a more beautiful spectacle to man than the shepherd driving his 'silly' sheep to fold." The wise man lives in the country for a season that he may go back with renewed force and zest to the city.

P. H.

July 13 1911

A MODERN COUNTERBLAST

The Non-Smokers' Protective League of America purposes to make a national crusade against tobacco smokers. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley said a few days ago in a clear, bell-like voice: "I predict that within 12 years smoking and tobacco chewing in public will have become absolete." A sanguine man!

And so there is to be no smoking in public; that is in buildings devoted to political conventions, boxing matches or "Pop" concerts; or in restaurants, railway cars, open trolley cars, streets, parks, squares; on steamboats, hotel verandas, front stoops of private houses. Eloquent men will go about lecturing against the hideous practice, and soon a pipe, cigar, cigarette, plug, and paper of "eating tobacco" will be found only in carefully policed shops and in private chambers of shameless citizens.

The Reasons Why.

Some of us remember lectures against tobacco by Mr. Trask. Some of us also remember the remark of Thoreau: "My excuse for not lecturing against the use of tobacco is that I never chewed it; that is a penalty which reformed tobacco-chewers have to pay."

There are men that misuse tobacco in public; they smoke rank cigars and cigarettes that are well named coffin-nails; there are men, also, that indulge in a fury of expectoration. And so there are men who are pigs at public tables offensive to all that eat and drink more delicately. For such persons even smokeless tobacco would not be educative.

There is a fine flavor of opera-bouffe in the organization of this society. The proceedings will be watched with peculiar interest. The counterblasts to tobacco will no doubt be more violent than that of the monarch who disliked Raleigh. The choir will now sing the immortal ode to tobacco written by "C. S. C," and while the ode is sung let us read an extract from Thomas Heriot's "Brief and True Report of the new found Land of Virginia."

In Olden Times.

"There is an herbe which is sowed apart by it selfe, and is called by the inhabitants Uppowoc * * * The Spanyards generally call it Tabacco. The leaves thereof being dried and brought into pouder, they use to take the fume or smoake thereof, by suckling it thorow pipes made of clay, into their stomache and head; from whence it purgeth superfluous fleame and other grosse humours, and openeth all the pores and passages of the body; by which meanes, the use thereof not only preserveth the body from obstructions, but also (if any be, so that they have not bene of too long continuance) in short time breaketh them whereby their bodies are notably preserved in health, and know not many grievars diseases, wherewith all we in England are often times afflicted." P. H.

Wagner's autobiography is well advertised. A correspondent of the New York Evening Sun says the manuscript was doctored by Wagner's family; that in the original the composer admitted frankly that he was the son of Ludwig Geyer, a Hebrew play actor. The correspondent should surely know. He signs himself "Guetzel Selikovitsch." Meanwhile another man objects to the English translation because it is not an interlinear one, but fluent and admirable.

It is doubtful whether the only reason for Miss Ethel Barrymore's silence is the fact that according to her contract she must not receive any interviewer except her press agent. Miss Barrymore was never anxious to have the spotlight follow her, and is too fine a woman to acquaint the public with the intimate details of her matrimonial troubles. The wonder is that Mr. Colt having captured the prize did not devote his life to keeping it.

The newspapers of Paris are clamoring for more baths, public and private, in the city. Thus Parisians show the zeal of a recent convert. John Leech drew a picture for Punch of two Frenchmen at the Crystal Palace Exhibition standing amazed before a washstand fully equipped, even with soap and towels. One said to the other: "Mon Dieu, Alphonse, what is this curious machine?"

Some one makes bold to say that chewing is a peculiarly American vice. All savage and nearly all civilized races chew something whether it be tobacco, betel, lovage, flag root, slippery elm. Nor has tobacco chewing in Great Britain been confined to sailors and "the lowest classes." Dean Swift's last will and testament contained this item: "I bequeathe to Mr. John Grattan, pretendary of Clonmethan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep, the tobacco he usually eheweth, called pigtail."

A dictionary of occupations would be entertaining reading. How many could define easily and correctly these English words: Farrecarter, towker, fleecher, baxter?

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A friend of mine has been enjoying his automobile for about three months. He wrote to me yesterday after the car had fallen victim "to some intestinal disorder obscurely connected with what is known at Harvard coll" and was taken to the hospital. "If it were to burn up under any circumstance where I could recover my insurance, the ensuing despondency depicted upon my facile countenance would be faintly modified by a triumphant smile, perfectly perceptible to any physiological analyst of the least skill or experience. There would also be audible to any one at the keyhole of my inmost chamber an exultant chuckle, though my public demonstrations would be such as are becoming to a gentleman suffering such a bereavement."

My acquaintance Golightly has moved from the Back Bay to a remote spot in Brookline, where he can, as he fondly hopes, have quiet and better air. As though quiet were not obtainable anywhere! He has only one regret in leaving his Marlborough street flat. "It was a capital place to be buried from. The coffin could be set in the bay window of the living room opposite the door; the parlor forninst it, and the few friends rounded up in the large front room. The stage would set admirably for this, the only social function that is really important and inescapable for me."

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WOMEN VIOLINISTS IN ORCHESTRAS

A German writer, a deep thinker after the manner of the Germans, es not advise young women to become violinists. He admits that re has been a marked increase in the number of girls studying this trument; he also admits that some women are distinguished concert tuosos and there are concert quartet clubs of women, but the profes- n as a rule does not pay. A fair male violinist can find employment, t what is there for a woman unless she enters a "Damen-Kapelle" t plays in European cafes or places of doubtful reputation?

Now there is no reason why women violinists of ability should not l positions in first-class orchestras. There have been several women linists in the famous Chatelet orchestra at the same time and for ne years. Colonne during his life did not discriminate against them. men have shown and are now showing in Boston their ability as hestral players in bands composed exclusively of women and in xed bands, as the Boston Orchestral Club, supported by Mrs. R. J. ll and conducted by Mr. Longy.

There are women in Boston who are undoubtedly as good violinists some of the younger members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and rhaps better. But the old prejudice, that woman is necessarily inferior man and for the same sort of work should receive less pay, is still to b reckoned with.

An Italian gentlewoman in Castiglione's golden book objected to men playing wind instruments, because they thus disfigured them- ves. A woman holding a violin is a pleasant sight—that is, when s has been properly taught.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

e President of Cuba does not like h garrote as the instrument of capi- a punishment. He purposes to abolish t It is also said that he is opposed the theory of a life for a life. This ty is told: The President once im- oned, was placed so that he saw th garrote at all hours. The sight af- ed his nerves. But in Venice of the rious days a gallows in alabaster was sed over against the Duke's palace to remind him of the penalty for tason, and the Duke slept soundly.

The garrote is supposed to be more el than axe, sword, gallows, guillo- tie, electric chair. Mr. William Mar- od, the modest shoemaker who was a ed hangman in his day, was in the bit of describing the lamented Charles arce as a little gentleman. "I gave h a drop of so-and-so, and he went f like a summer's heve." No one this passed away with the aid of the rote; but there have been sad bun- rs in all ages. The headsman has n nervous, or an awkward chopper, ecially when the head was aristo- tic. There are many instances in glish history. No doubt Masrour, order to Harun-al-Raschid, had off days. Ropes have broken and re have been horrid scenes of re- nging.

he technic of the guillotine has been ired, but some have questioned ether the consciousness of the pa- t was at once extinguished. Physi- ns have argued for this reason inst Dr. Guillotin's little invention; d there is the ghastly story "The et of the Scaffold" by Villiers de e Adam. Who knows whether exe- on by electricity is painless? The cous preparations are in themselves orture, and it is too often reported t additional shocks were necessary.

Executioners have been well known blic characters. In England there re Brandon, who is supposed to ve decapitated Charles I.; Dunn, hn Ketch, Marwood—an honorable t, nor should Derrick be forgotten, who gave his name to the mast with a hinged boom for hoisting and swing- ing. Executioners at Paris have pub- lished their memoirs, and Monsieur de Paris, whatever his private name may be, is known to thousands. They are generally quiet persons, often with a mania for collecting. M. Dieb- ler, for example, used to haunt the print shops. The English hangmen today prefer to remain anonymous.

Heraldry has not been ashamed to recognize the implements of the execu- tioner. There are German families who boast of the wheel, block, axe, rack. A Scottish family bears "sable" a hanged man with his arms extended "argent." A grandee of Spain bore on his armor a ladder with a gibbet. The garrote has not been thus glorified. And yet executioners were for centuries regarded as unholy persons. In Greece and Rome they were obliged to live out- side the walls, and at Rhodes they were never permitted to enter the city. In certain German states the office de- scended, and there have been instances where a daughter discharged the duty when there was no male issue. The gal- lows, the sword and axe, the guillotine, have had their officiating heroes. Can any one name a distinguished garroter? We do not refer to the stranglers with hands and blinding handkerchief, once a terror in Boston streets and on the Common.

It is time for the garrote to go. In Cuba as in other countries the question may be asked: "What shall we do with murderers?"

Mr. G. R. Sims recently argued that we waste them by executing them. He would keep them for scientific but pain- less experiments and use them instead of innocent animals. A murderer should pay for his crime by "devoting his body to the advancement of the well-being of the community." The idea is not wholly new. There are tales of crim- inals turned over to curious anatomists in bygone centuries. Would the experi- ments be painless? If not, we might as well go back to "Luke's iron crown and Damiens' bed of steel."—P. H.

The London Chronicle recently took leasure—for blood is thicker than ater—in quoting an "apparently dulated American" who produced w pronunciations of his own. He efused a "liker" when he was asked o ake a liqueur on the ground that t was "inconugrous."

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According to statistics the use of ofee and tea has decreased in the United States and that of cocoa has ncreased. There was a time when hocolate was thought to be a Sa- ren drink. A treatise was written agnst it in 1624. Chocolate houses n London were supposed to be more refed than coffee houses, although Roger North said they were meeting- places for "rooks and cullies of qual- ty where gaming is added to all the e." At the time there was a move- ment for chocolate Andrew Marvell wrote:

Fo wine and strong drink make tu- mults increase;
Chocolate, tea and coffee are liquors of peace,
No quarrels or oaths are among those who drink 'em,
Ti Bacchus and brewers who swear damn 'em and sink 'em.

The marriage of the prima donna to the baritone furnishes a happy ending to a long romance. And where is the happiness for the first Mrs. Gorgoza who helped and encour- aged the baritone before he was fa- mous and romantic?

So "La Belle Helene" is to be re- vived again in New York next fall. The old theatregoers who remember Tostee, Irma, Silly, and later Aimee will be revived, but the traditions of performance have disappeared ever in Paris.

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"A Saloonless Nation by 1920, 300 years from the date of the landing of the Pilgrims." Then there will be in 1920 a blind tiger in every wood, in every vacant lot, and in every coun- try woodpile.

The pulpit is more liberal than the bench in hot weather. Lawyers must wear collars and coat in courts of Lynn. Clergymen preach in shirt- waist and light trousers in Chicago.

There is always a close race be- tween criminals and the police. Now that there is absolute trust in finger prints for detection, burglars of the first rank wear kid gloves in the ex- ercise of their profession.

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PENSIONED BRAINS.

The English government has granted a pension to W. B. Yeats, the poet; Joseph Conrad, the novelist; and the widow of the unfortunate John Davidson. This recognition of talent was made in coronation-tide. In other countries on such a festival occasion there is often jail delivery. The pension is ridiculously small, so small that it inevitably provokes comment, and there are the old comparisons between the rewards of literary men and those of military and naval heroes, mighty slayers. The sum received by Milton for "Paradise Lost" is also mentioned by well informed newspaper men in country towns.

The pension is so small that it will not support life unless the re- cipient lives on nuts and water from the spring and sleeps out of doors either through permission of the police or the kindness of some land owners, and the price of nuts has gone up in the course of the last three years. As a support, this pension is a mockery. As a token of appre- ciation it is perhaps a little more serviceable than a bronze medal or a ribbon to stick in the coat.

Poets are seldom money-makers, unless they write in praise of a certain soap. There are poets who write out of business hours, as Austin Dobson. That Mr. Yeats does not earn enough by his verse to pay for gross material wants is not surprising, for he is a true poet, a "boss poit," to use the phrase of Artemus Ward. Nor are the dramas of Mr. Yeats as popular as those by the worldly-wise Mr. Maugham or the agile Mr. Cohan. It is doubtful whether that golden book of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil," is a "quick seller." Mr. Oppenheim is rated higher than Mr. Yeats by publishers and the general public.

Some may wonder at the case of Mr. Conrad, one of the few novel- ists now writing in English that have individuality and art. His novels are tales of adventure, and, therefore, should be popular. They are tales of adventure, but they are sombre, grim, and at times horrible. Nor is Mr. Conrad's admirable style a magnet to the great majority of novel readers. His followers are eulogistic, but few.

The life and the ending of John Davidson were pathetic. A man of indisputable talent, he antagonized the world of publishers, critics and readers by a display of self-appreciation that would have been admired had he been successful as the world counts success. He lived in poverty; he died in poverty. The pension to his widow should have been much larger. It is not small enough to be refused indignantly; it is not large enough to be of considerable assistance.

GOOD TO HIS WOMEN-FOLKS

Mr. Charles White, the distinguished referee, who has separated many clinch- ing heroes of the ring, and counted in clear and impartial tones the numbers fatal to the chin-jarred and his back- ers, is publishing a series of interest- ing articles about pugilists, their youth- ful beginnings, battles, characteristics, private life. We thus learn that the late Mr. Ketchell and the now formid- able Mr. Papke were devoted, each one to his mother.

They were not alone in this. It may be remembered that Mr. Johnson, who is now exciting the admiration of thousands as he passes in Europe in dusky pride on his triumphal chariot, rushed to Chicago after his encounter with the best white man, rushed into the arms of his adoring and confident mother, who had thoughtfully provided fried chicken and baskets of "wine" against the time of his appearing wreathed with the laurel.

It will thus be seen that the Head Hunters of Borneo are not the only ones who have a tender, sentimental side. There is Mr. Wolgast, for exam- ple. Mr. Tom Jones, his manager, wished Mr. Wolgast to stay on the Pacific coast, to train for battles to come. Mrs. Wolgast thought it better for her spouse to return home with her to the East. Mr. Wolgast did not hesi- tate. He is not a man of exasperating deliberation in or out of the ring. And what was his answer? "Anything that she says goes."

The great ex-champion of the whites never went into battle without the earnest prayers of his doting father and the day that Mr. Johnson triumph- ed there were concerts of prayer for his success in churches attended by his race. Surely, after his decision and speech of explanation, Mr. Wolgast will be supported by the wishes and prayers of all good women whenever he shies his castor into the ring.

Miss Emilie Grigsby is not un- known in Boston. She attended a performance at the Boston Opera House last season, and sat in a box with Count Tolstoi and other guests of the management. She was then dressed in pink satin with bodice cut exceedingly low. She was not tall, rather short in fact; but she was con- spicuous for her hair of a reddish and beautiful tinge, the dazzling white- ness of her skin, the feline grace of her movements, the nimble play of her mind, and an indisputable charm in conversation.

The Welsh cheering of the Prince of Wales sounded better than it would look in print.

July 16. 1911

MEN AND THINGS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Joys of Week End Visits

There are disagreeable features of a "delight- ful" visit at a friend's summer palace. The Herald has more than once discussed the absence of liberty—especially when the host reminds you a dozen times a day that the real name of his place is Liberty Hall; the implied contract by which the guest feels bound to be en- tertaining, to give a continuous per- formance; the question of appropriate fees on leaving, and whether a host who does not forbid his servants to accept tips should not himself be tipped. The moment Jones accepts Smith's invi- tation he signs away his liberty. On entering Smith's hall—note the suit of armor to the left over the fireplace, Smith's coat-of-arms purchased in Lon- don by correspondence—Jones might as well have his hair cropped, hand over his valuable and don a checked suit which he did not bring with him. The only animal that is unconfined, allowed to be thoroughly selfish, permitted to do exactly what it wishes to do is a pet cat in a rich household.

The trial of trials to which a visitor is subjected is the guest-book. This is not so grievous when all that is asked of Jones is his name. It is true that some make a scene in signing their names; they can write only with a stub pen; the ink should be Styx's jet black, not Water's writing fluid; they finally write the name with an air as though they thought posterity would put it by the side of John Hancock's signature to the Declaration, and wonder at the firmness, the boldness. Others write their name as though they were ashamed of it and were still cursing their sponsors in baptism. Some are a long time in doing it, longest when there are only a few minutes to catch the train, and it is as though they were reading a pre- ceding document and expected a seal and witnesses. But the ordinary man says, "With pleasure," not "Do you really want my name in the book?" and he writes as though a hotel register were before him.

"Please Write in My Album"

If Smith and his spouse wish to keep a register of guests, the demand on their guests is a slight one. There are few men who do not like to write their

name where it can be seen by others. But when Mrs. Bollyar insists as you are leaving that you should write a sentiment, a motto, or draw a sketch or caricature, or pen a few measures in musical notation, or say something witty in verse, then you pay dearly for your visit. She gives you fair warning. The night of your arrival you are requested to read the album, and you see, "as from a tower, the end of all." Whatever you write, it must be complimentary. Hostesses like it laid on with a trowel, and few guests have the courage of the immortal one who wrote simply: "Quoth the raven——" and then signed his name. Even in this case the guest paid his hostess a compliment. He gave her credit for subtlety, the ability to fill a hiatus and draw an inference.

These house books, in which some less pushing souls find a waste pipe for their intellect, as others write acrostics, or letters on all public and private topics in the newspapers, are almost as bad as the "Mental Photograph" albums that for some time threatened to disintegrate society. "Who is your favorite poet?" "What is your favorite flower, color," and so on, and so on, winding up with "Who would you like to be if you were not yourself?" The serious answers to these impertinent questions were more amusing than those deliberately funny. And where are all these albums, for there were many of them? Legboots are not wholly extinct; they are worn by a few Southwestern statesmen in Washington, D. C. The linen duster, or a species of it, has reappeared with the automobile. But where are the hair-covered trunks with leather hinges, the mustache cups inscribed in endearing terms, the hair jewelry, the moss agate rings? Somewhere, for nothing is wholly lost on this great rubbish heap, the earth, and near them will be found the mental photograph albums and the wall fans that were the rage when there was talk of Queen Anne and Eastlake; when aesthetic New Englanders pronounced "decorative" with a violent accent on the second syllable.

Sops to the Genteel

Many years ago in Orange county, Vt.—perhaps it was in the log cabin and hard cider campaign—a passionate politician returned to Chelsea, which is still near Tunbridge, once famous for the huge tarts of doughnut and Shaker applesauce named after it. He had been to a convention. "Did the resolutions pass?" was the first question put at the store. "Yes, they passed, but we pruned them of their most inherent qualities." Clergymen in England have been pruning and edulcorating the marriage service of the Established Church. They complain of the "coarseness" that grates on the ears and minds of the sensitive. There should be a "Bible for the Genteel," also a "Bible for the Rich," with all objectionable passages omitted.

But no one of the faithful has objected to the Epistle in the ritual of the Catholic church—the fine passage from Ephesians, beginning, "Mulieres viris suis subditae sint, sicut Domino," or to the beautiful prayer, "Sit amabilis viro suo, ut Rachel, sapiens, ut Rebecca, longaeva, ut Sara." When American Episcopalians changed the English prayerbook for American use, they omitted passages from the marriage service, as they weakened a verse of the "Te Deum." Truly, this is a squeamish period in England.

For a change has been made in the English national anthem. If there was ever a verse that characterized John Bull, that was John Bull incarnate, it was this one:

> Oh, Lord, our God, arise,
> Scatter his enemies,
> And make them fall;
> Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks
> On Him our hopes we fix.
> Oh, save us all.

This was John Bull breathing threatnings and slaughter, knowing as though told by heaven that he was the regulator of the world, the main spring of civilization and religion. And this gloriously bellicose verse has been changed into a prayer for peace. Instead of the sturdy lines about "politics" and "knavish tricks" we have

> Keep us from plague and dearth,
> Turn thou our woes to mirth.

Possibly this last line was suggested by the popularity of musical comedy in London.

Did Henry Carey write the original text of the English anthem and first sing the song to the tune of his own making at a tavern dinner to celebrate the capture of Portabello? There has been a dispute over the authorship for years. If Carey was the author, he has again suffered at the hands of genteel improvers, for the last verse of his charming "Sally in Our Alley" is seldom given in anthologies and almost never sung as he wrote it.

Lord Rosebery and Thackeray

"Whom do you prefer, Dickens or Thickery? Or Thickens or Dickeray?" are questions that might well have been published in the "Mental Photograph" Albums to which I have alluded. Lord Rosebery speaking at the opening of the Thackeray Exhibition in London was wise in refraining from comparison, for the two novelists are in a certain sense disparate. He put "Vanity Fair" at the head of English fiction, but Thackeray in all honesty, although he recognized his genius in this novel, would have insisted that "Tom Jones" had not yet been displaced. The Pall Mall Gazette observed shrewdly that Thackeray, choosing the ironic note, must have known that he was forfeiting popularity with the majority of readers. "His generation could not understand a novel which killed its hero off in the third or fourth chapter, and however sour the world may grow, we doubt if the bulk of any generation ever will. The public at large suspects such an author of playing ruthlessly with what it presumes to call its 'feelings,' and this is a crime it does not easily forgive. It prefers to see sin and stupidity trampled down in the lump to having them dissected with the scalpel and the tweezers. It brands the process cynicism, and it closes the book with fatuous complacence on one of the profoundest sources of wisdom and humanity that this or any literature has to show."

Few have written with discriminative appreciation about Thackeray, who has suffered from his friends more than from his enemies. Perhaps Mr. Whibley has been the most successful in a difficult task. Henley evidently disliked the novelist, yet when he came to write about him he was perplexed, or for once he lost courage and was alternately for and against. His essay on Thackeray falls far below the others in that strangely brilliant first series of "Views and Reviews." Compare it for a moment with those on Dickens, Meredith, Hugo, Dumas the elder, Borrow. Thackeray was to Henley, as Thoreau and Walt Whitman were to Stevenson, a problem that he could not or did not wish to solve.

Nor is it necessary for the lover of "Vanity Fair" to pooh-pooh "David Copperfield" and praising "Pendennis" to frown on "Great Expectations" or "Bleak House." Because there is Yellowplush must there be no Dick Swiveller? Because of Capt. Costigan, is there no Mr. Pickwick? It is better to read the books of the two geniuses than to read about them. One of Thackeray's greatest achievements, "Barry Lyndon," is not so familiar to many as it should be. Only Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" is to be named with it. The sustained, bitter, almost inhuman irony is in each instance disconcerting to the easy-going.

Affair with Betrothed of Oboist

Then there was the affair with Friedereke Galvani, the betrothed of an oboist in the orchestra. The story of Wagner's adventure with her at a country wedding; how they danced wildly; how wine induced him to declare himself her lover; how they went back to Wuerzburg in an open wagon—"I with my cheek against Friedereke's"—all this is told in an entertaining manner. But Wagner also tells how he would linger at the girl's house "in unconcealed intimate intercourse with the same domestic circle from which the unhappy betrothed remained excluded." Wagner did not purpose to marry her—at least he says nothing in the autobiography about this intention, but he took the trouble to write: "I gradually became conscious of a certain power of transporting or bewildering my more indolent companions." This was owing, he plumed himself, to "the exceptional vivacity and innate susceptibility" of his nature. And see how he dismissed this Friedereke from his mind. He saw her two years later. "The poor child approached me utterly shamefaced. Her oboist was still her lover, and though his position rendered marriage impossible, the unfortunate young woman had become a mother. I have heard nothing more of her since."

When Wagner first saw Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient, he was greatly stirred. "Another miracle gave a new direction to my artistic feelings." Was it necessary for him in after years to dwell on her caprices of passion, to call the roll of her lovers, to say how she bored him by the recital of her woes? She had loaned him 3000 marks that he might pay certain debts and contribute to the maintenance of a friend in Paris. Wagner says that merely through jealousy of his niece Johanna, the singer, she placed the I. O. U. he had given her in the hands of an energetic lawyer. "And without further ado this man sued me for the payment of the money." Was it not outrageous that Wilhelmine wanted her money back when Wagner held a court position as conductor at Dresden and was in receipt of a salary? And what is to be thought of a lawyer who would bring suit against a genius?

Or, speaking of Frederike Meyer, actress and sister of Louisa Dustmann, the celebrated singer, was it necessary for Wagner to pry into the relationship between her and Guaita, or to describe her on the Viennese stage as disfigured by sickness, very thin, almost wholly bald and unwilling to wear a wig?

Sympathy of Mme. Bissing for Wagner

There was Mme von Bissing. Wagner appreciated her sympathy for him. For a time she was intelligent and witty—"my favorite companion." He hoped she would lend or give him money. Other women had done this to his great joy. She finally answered: "You wish to know finally whether I will or not? Well, then, in God's name, No!" Wagner, quoting this, adds: "Not long after this I received from her sister, Mme. Wille, a very surprising explanation of her conduct, which seemed at the time perfectly inexplicable, and only to be accounted for by the weakness of her not very reliable character."

Wagner says disagreeable things about many women, some of whom had befriended him, yet he could speak in fine phrases about the sex. When there was talk in Paris about Louis Napoleon he said he could not understand how anybody could possibly expect great things "from a man whom no woman could really love." In Zurich he maintained loudly that "wine, even if not taken in excess, contained qualities producing a state of intoxication which a man sought in order to raise his spirits, but that only he who experienced the intoxication of love could raise his spirits in the noblest sense of the word. This led to a discussion on the moral relations of the sexes. Whereupon I commented on the almost brutal manner in which men kept aloof from women in Switzerland."

He Thought the World Against Him

It would seem as though Wagner, when he dictated this autobiography, was still suffering from the mania of persecution, believing that the world, with the exception of Ludwig II., a few slavishly devoted musicians, and a few sentimental women, was against him; that there was a conspiracy to crush him. This may account for the bitterness with which he speaks of many of his contemporaries; of the contempt with which he treated men who, though they did not, perhaps, fully appreciate his early works, and at once declare them to be incomparable, were nevertheless kindly disposed toward him.

There was Raff, "an uncommonly uninteresting and insipid man, full of selfconceit, but without any power of taking a wide outlook on the world." Poor Friedrich Schneider, who, with a "physiognomy, resembling that of a drunken satyr," filled Wagner with "unconquerable disgust," conducted a performance of Beethoven's 5th Symphony, so "expressionless and inane" that "I turned away in disgust as from an alarming and repulsive problem, and desisted from all attempts to explain the impossible gulf, which as I again perceived, yawned between my own vivid and imaginative conception of this work and the only living presentations of it which I had ever heard." Welsheimer persuaded Wagner to attend in Mayence a performance of Offenbach's "Orpheus," which he conducted. "I was horrified that my sympathy for this young man should make me descend so low as to be present at such an abomination." All he could say of Cheve, whom he met in Paris, a man highly esteemed, the writer of pamphlets on a new system of notation for singers, one that had done much for choral song—was this: "I met an odd enthusiast, who, by his method of teaching people to sing without notes, hoped to bring about the regeneration of the French people's genius." In London he met MacFarrine (Macfarren) "a pompous, melancholy Scotsman. * * * He seemed too proud to discuss the interpretation of any of his works with me." A man named Anderson had been appointed conductor of Queen Victoria's band, "through the influence of the Queen's private coachman. * * Mrs. Anderson, whom I had christened Charlemagne, on account of her great corpulency, had appropriated to herself, among other things, the office and salary of a court trumpeter."

It was in London that he saw a celebrated American actress in "Romeo and Juliet." "After the first act I told Lueders, who was with me, how surprised I was at their giving the part of Romeo to an old man, whose age must be at least 60, and who seemed anxious to retrieve his long-lost youth by laboriously adopting a sickly-sweet, feminine air. Lueders looked at the program again and cried: 'Donnerwetter, it's a woman!' It was the once famous American, Miss Cushman."

His French Friends in Paris

When "Tannhaeuser" was given in Paris for the first time Wagner was in sore need of friends. Many of us know that Baudelaire wrote a remarkable and eloquent pamphlet in praise of the opera. Wagner admits this and speaks of the pamphlet as "exceedingly witty and aptly turned, a wholly inadequate characterization by the way. Now see how the poet was repaid: "Another day we met for lunch at Gounod's, when we had a very dull time, which was only enlivened by poor Baudelaire, who indulged in the most outrageous witticisms. This man 'crible de dettes,' as he told me, and daily compelled to adopt the most extravagant method for a bare subsistence, had repeatedly approached me with adventurous schemes for the exploitation of my notorious fiasco. I could not on any account consent to adopt any of these, and was glad to find this really capable man safe under the eagle wing of Liszt's 'ascendancy.' Liszt took him everywhere there was a possibility of a fortune being found. Whether this helped him into anything or not I never knew. I only heard that he died a short time afterward, certainly not from an excess of good fortune." Had Wagner the faintest appreciation of the genius of Baudelaire or of the influence he exerted in literature, even in Germany, before Wagner died? Yes, there is a passage in which Wagner admits the poet's talent: "A man of extraordinary understanding, who with impetuous energy followed the impressions I received from my music to their ultimate consequences." Not one word about anything that Baudelaire had done for himself and the glory of French letters.

There was Champfleury, one of the first naturalists, a delightful writer in spite of the fact that Flaubert hated his romances in contempt. Champfleury was one of the first to recognize the power and beauty of Wagner's music. He, too, wrote a pamphlet in Wagner's praise, and the composer alludes to it as "amiable": "In a series of light and airy aphorisms he displayed such a comprehension of my music, and even of my personality, that I had never again met with such a suggestive and masterly appreciation." He describes the author as a "very simple, and in a certain sense easy-tempered individual such as one seldom meets, and belonging to a type of Frenchman fast becoming extinct." But there is no mention of Champfleury otherwise than as Wagner's admirer.

Gounod championed Wagner's cause in Paris, and it is said that he exclaimed when "Tannhaeuser" was hooted: "God give me a failure like that

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We have seen how Wagner, according to his own story, treated his first wife, Minna Planer, and the English woman, Jessie Laussot; how he had curiously little to say about his affair with Mathilde Wesendonck; how he began to detach Cosima from her husband, Hans von Buelow. Wagner was by nature an amorist, and he did not have the virtue of reticence. From his own story, he was the pursued, not the pursuer, and he apparently delighted in noting the amiable weaknesses of women. A young man at the house of Count Pachta, near Prague, he met the two handsome daughters of the count. "The natural and sisterly manner with which both girls treated me and conversed with me did not blind me to the fact that I was expected to fall in love with one or the other of them." At Wuerzburg "it was only natural that one of the young chorus ladies with whom I had to practise daily should know how to attract my attentions." This girl, Therese, was the daughter of a grave digger. She "dressed elegantly" at rehearsals and wound a row of white pearls around her hair. He gave her lessons in singing, "according to a method which has always remained a mystery to me ever since." He often called on her, met her in the public gardens, "but false vanity always kept me from telling my friends of our relations. * * * When, in addition to the fact that I had my reasons for being jealous, they also tried to urge me to a formal engagement, this love affair came quickly to an end." A sensible conclusion, no doubt, but why smirch the reputation of Therese years afterward and publish her full name to the world?

Vagner remembers him in the autobiography. Wagner had been nominated one of an artistic committee. These meetings were enlivened solely y Gounod's pedantic zeal, who with nflagging and nauseating garrulity executed his dutles as secretary, while uber, continually interrupted rather han assisted the proceedings with ifting and not always very delicate necdotes and puns, all evidently inended to urge us to end the discusion. Before Wagner left Paris, he gave ounod the score of "Tristan" in knowledgment of his advocacy, "beg all the more gratified by his behavior because no feeling of friendship ld ever been able to induce me to hear 's 'Faust'."

ow He Raged on Certain Occasions

Marschner is sneered at, although his "Templer und Judin" was of use to Wagner, no describes him at the last as "in a ate of almost helpless ehildishness" d "in the hands of a young and amlous woman, who was trying to make last attempt at conquering Paris for n." Wagner liked Berthold Auerch for a time, but afterward in Zurh found him disconcerting. "He ked really extraordinarily common al dirty; his former refreshing livelness had turned into the usual Jewir restlessness, and it was easy to s that all he said was uttered as if he retted that his words could not be ned to better account in a newsper article." Henriette Sontag "had eady fallen into the unfortunate poson which was so detrimental to her istic career." She was even sourer in Wagner in speech. He gave her libretto of "Lohengrin" to read. Ven she returned it to him, she said appealed to her, and while she was ding it "she had often seen the little ies and elves dancing about in front her." Wagner's face on hearing this uld have been a study for our old nd, the Historical Painter; a draught passionate look, to use the phrase Sir Thomas Browne.

he conductors Reissiger and Taubert e miserably inefficient; Ignaz Lachhe was "a smart, sleek man, but a chedly bad, muddle-headed conor." The tenor Tichatschek, who so hard to please Wagner, had rains; Mme. Tedesco, once the idol he Boston public, who took the part enus in the performance of "Tannser" at Paris, was "a rather esque but voluptuous type of ess," and though Wagner chose her illingly, "she gave herself no end ble to solve the problem to the best er ability—a problem which was ely beyond her and which was d only to a genuine tragedy ates"; Heinrich Dorn was a sly intriguer Koenigsberg; the Duke of Nassau, hom Wagner presented himself, was ry narrow-minded man, who exd himself for smoking his cigar in ner's august presence because he not get on without it.

en Leopold Damrosch arranged a ert for Wagner at Breslau, the e affair was planned on the meanscale"; the horrible concert room y served as a beer garden; the ians were seedy-looking; there a horrid reek of tobacco; "to my ement I found almost the entire at all events the front seats, filled Jews, and in fact I owed such a ss as I obtained to the interest exin this section of the population, learned the next day, when I atd a mid-day dinner arranged in nor by Damrosch, at which again Jews were present." Wagner probld not refer between the courses s violent pamphlet, "Judaism in s."

i, singing master in Vienna, was absolutely incapable and ignorant Was this the Salvi who sang e United States? Brahms was enough to help Cornelius, Tausig others in copying orchestral parts Wagner's concerts in Vienna. behavior proved unassuring and behavior proved unassuming and natured, but he showed little vi and was often unnoticed at our rings." Hanslick, the critic, on ccasion sobbed and told Wagner he could not bear to be misunod by him. "The blame for anythat might have been extraorin his judgment of me was to be not on any malicious intention, lely on the narrow-mindedness of ividual who desired nothing more ly than to learn from me how to the boundaries of his knoweldge." r soothed him, but some time ard he read the book of "Die rsinger" aloud to the Standhartmily, and Hanslick was present. oticed that as the reading proe dangerous critic became more ore pale and depressed, and it marked by every one that it was ible to persuade him to stay on close, but that he took his leave and then in an unmistakably manner. My friends all agreed king that Hanslick looked on the libretto as a lampoon aimed at and had felt an invitation to ding to be an insult. And unly the critic's attitude toward derwent a very remarkable from that evening. He became uncompromisingly hostile, with results that were obvious to use at once."

Cornelius and Tausig treated Wagner badly, because they made a tour in French Switzerland, when Wagner wished them to visit him, and Tausig was so ungentlemanly as to refuse the Countess Krockow, an old lady, an opportunity of making Wagner's acquaintance and gave the excuse that Wagner did not care about women's society. There is a whole page of this twiddle-twaddle.

Wagner and Gustave Dore and Joachim

Gustave Dore, however was a nne fellow, for he proposed to make a fantastic drawing of Wagner In the act of conducting—he did not make the sketch—and also to include the "Nibelungen" among his many subjects for illustration—but he never carried out his plan—nevertheless, "Dore remained loyal to me." Wagner gave him the piano score of "Rheingold" in return for the Dante presented by the illustrator.

Joachim, a Hungarian Jew, felt shy and awkward in Wagner's presence, for he could not forget "my tremendous article on 'Judaism.'" This article was published signed by a false name. And Buelow told Wagner that when Joachim had asked him to read one of his compositions he had asked "with a certain gentle diffidence" whether Wagner would be able to trace "anything Jewish in it." Wagner was much pleased. "This touching trait in Joachim's character induced me to say a few particularly friendly words to him at parting and to embrace him warmly." Imagine his surprise when he found that Joachim had taken a hostile attitude toward Liszt and himself almost immediately after the emotional leave-taking. Is it not possible that Joachim was quizzing both Buelow and Wagner with the sly irony of his race.

Halevy is treated with comparative kindness, that "peculiarly good hearted and really unasuming man, whose talent, alas, declined all too soon." His publisher, "the monstrous Schlesinger," was exasperated at his incorrigible laziness. Wagner says that Halevy's indifference to success lay in the fact that he was about to make a wealthy marriage. Halevy talked freely, was modest about himself, and had "no great opinion of the works of those more fortunate composers who were writing for the French stage at that time. In him I thus, for the first time, met with the frankly expressed admission of disbelief in the value of all our modern creations in this dubious field of art. I have since come to the conclusion that this incredulity, often expressed with much less modesty, justifies the participation of all Jews in our artistic concerns." When "Tannhaeuser" was produced in Paris Halevy took Wagner's part.

Tells of His Talks with Schumann

There are only a few references to Schumann. Wagner showed his "Lohengrin" text to him and he then approved it, "although he did not understand the musical form in which I wished to carry it out, as he saw no resemblance in it to the old methods of writing individual solos for the various artists. I then had some fun in reading different parts of my work to him in the form of arias and cavatinas, after which he laughingly declared himself satisfied." Schumann heard "Tannhaeuser" at Dresden and visited Wagner to declare himself "fully and decidedly" in favor of it. "We often met when out walking, and as far as it was possible with a person so sparing of words we exchanged views on matters of musical interest." It seems that Schumann had been much disappointed by Mendelssohn's conducting of the Ninth Symphony, and he spoke of looking forward to Wagner's conducting of it. This prompted Wagner to write: "Otherwise his society did not inspire me particularly." Schumann read the libretto of "Genoveva" to him. "When, however, out of a genuine desire for the success of his work, about which I had serious misgivings, I called his attention to some grave defects in it, and suggested the necessary alterations, I realized how matters stood with this extraordinary person; he simply wanted me to be swayed by himself, but deeply resented any interference with the product of his own ideals, so that thenceforward I let matters alone." Wagner thus quickly disposed of the dreamy, taciturn Schumann, but had much more to say about Mendelssohn.

Of the Pale and Envious Mendelssohn

No doubt many of Wagner's flings at Mendelssohn were deserved. Mendelssohn was always a bit of a prig, and he was wholly satisfied with himself. His attitude toward Berlioz and Chopin showed his inherent narrowness, and his shabby treatment of Schumann revealed selfishness, if not envy. Wagner intimates clearly that Mendelssohn did not look with favor on any little success of Wagner in concert hall or opera house. Visiting Leipsic, "I here became conscious of the peculiar unrest and excitement with which this master of music, who though still young, had already reached the zenith of his fame and life's work, observed, or, rather, watched me. * * * Doubtless I seemed in his eyes one of a class of musicians to whom he attached no value, and with whom he proposed to have no intercourse. Nevertheless, my success"—reference is to "Rienzi"—"had certain characteristic features, which gave it a more or less alarming aspect. Mendelssohn's most ardent desire for a long time past had been to write a successful opera, and it was possible he now felt annoyed that, before he had succeeded in doing so, a triumph of this nature should suddenly be thrust into his face with blunt brutality, and based upon a style of music which he might feel justified in regarding as poor. He probably found it no less exasperating that Devrient, whose gifts he acknowledged, and who was his own devoted admirer, should now so openly and loudly sound my praises. These thoughts were dimly shaping themselves in my mind, when Mendelssohn, by a very remarkable statement, drove me, almost with violence, to adopt this interpretation. On our way home, after the joint concert rehearsal, I was talking very warmly on the subject of music. Although by no means a talkative man, he suddenly interrupted me with curiously hasty excitement by the assertion that music had one great fault, namely, that more than other art it stimulated not only our good, but also our evil qualities, such, for instance, as jealousy. I blushed with shame to have to apply this speech to his own feelings toward me; for I was profoundly conscious of my innocence of ever having dreamed even in the remotest degree of placing my own talents or performances as a musician in comparison with his."

Comment on "The Flying Dutchman"

The two were suspicious, each of the other. When Wagner called on him in Berlin Mendelssohn seemed cold in the midst of the "lavish comforts of his home; yet it was not so much that he repelled me as that I recoiled from him." When the two were at a performance of "The Flying Dutchman" in Berlin, Mendelssohn followed its progress "with a pale face and afterwards came and murmured to me in a weary tone of voice: 'Well, I should think you are satisfied now!'" Wagner was vexed because in later meetings Mendelssohn did not discuss the music of this opera.

And what pleasure Wagner took in telling this story. A Dr. Franck had praised Mendelssohn for giving up a salary of 9000 marks in Berlin and retiring to Leipsic as a simple conductor at the Gewandhaus concerts. "How delightful it was to find a man able to make real sacrifices in order to free himself from a false position that was of no service to art." Wagner immediately acquainted Franck with the facts. Von Falkenstein, the governor of the Leipsic district, a passionate admirer of Mendelssohn, had persuaded the King "to appoint the latter secret conductor with a secret salary of 6000 marks. This sum, together with the salary of 3000 marks openly granted him by the management of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, would amply compensate him for the position he had renounced in Berlin, and he had consequently consented to migrate to Leipsic. This large grant had, for decency's sake, to be kept secret by the board administering the band funds, not only because it was detrimental to the interests of the institution, but also because it might give offence to those who were acting as conductors at a lower salary, if they knew another man had been appointed to a sinecure. From these circumstances Mendelssohn derived not only the advantage of having the grant kept a secret, but also the satisfaction of allowing his friends to applaud him as a model of self-sacrificing zeal for going to Leipsic, which they could easily do, although they knew him to be in a good financial position."

Constant Arch-Foe Meyerbeer

Wagner had much that was mean to say about Ferdinand Hiller and his Polish Jewish wife, much that was mean about the Dresden critics, Bank and Schladebach. His references to Liszt are at times contemptuous, indescribably shabby, for Liszt's devotion to Wagner and his assistance with influence, advice and purse, are matters of history. And when Wagner was not importuning him for aid, he calmly appropriated music by Liszt for his own operas. But Wagner pours out the vials of his wrath on Meyerbeer.

If statements in this autobiograph are credible, Meyerbeer spent years of his life in planning how he could thwart the purposes of Wagner, and planned while affecting a warm regard for the composer. It would seem from this account that Meyerbeer had little time at his disposal for work on his own opera.

In the late thirties Wagner wrote to Meyerbeer informing him of his plans and begging him to support him. He called on Meyerbeer in Paris, for he had pardoned him for not replying to the letter. He was pleased with the composer's amiability. "The years had not yet given his features the flabby look which sooner or later mars most Jewish faces, and the fine formation of his brow round about the eyes gave him an expression of countenance that inspired confidence." He was patient, for he heard Wagner read the libretto to "Rienzi," and "really listened up to the end of the third act." He gave him letters to the manager and conductor of the Opera. The manager read the letter "without betraying the least emotion, having no doubt opened similar communications from the composer many times before." Wagner never heard from the manager, but Habeneck took an interest in him and showed him attention.

Meyerbeer also introduced Wagner to Schlesinger, the publisher, who gave the visitor hack work. This work was distasteful, but it brought Wagner money to support him. Meyerbeer gave him letters to singers, to the director of the Renaissance, and Wagner charges Meyerbeer with knowing that this theatre was to close on account of its bankruptcy. He accused him later of playing a trick something like this in Berlin, and complained that whenever he called on Meyerbeer in Berlin the composer was "just on the point of going away."

Charges Him with Trying to Win Critic

He accuses Meyerbeer of propitiating the critic Relestab in Berlin by going to him with the score of "Armide" to obtain hints as to its correct interpretation, also of giving him silver candlesticks to enlighten him in his view of "Feldlager in Schlesein." Wagner believed that Meyerbeer influenced Count Redern against him.

Again, in Paris, this same Meyerbeer acted in a sneaking manner toward him in the music shop of Brandus, "a much more pronounced type of Jew of a very dirty appearance." Meyerbeer asked Wagner what he expected to get out of the revolution. "Are you going to write scores for the barricades?" This did not increase Wagner's affection for his colleague.

Wagner published his "Oper und Drama," which, as he said, added fuel to the wrath that blazed against him. "This fury, however, assumed more the character of slander and malice, for our movement had meantime been reduced by a great connoisseur in such things, Meyerbeer, to a clearly defined system, which he maintained and practised with a sure hand until his lamented death."

When Wagner was in Paris for the production of "Tannhaeuser" he found Berlioz sympathetically inclined, but the Frenchman's manner changed one day when Mme. Berlioz entered the room and exclaimed in angry surprise, "How's this? Are you giving M. Wagner advice concerning his concerts?" "Belloni then discovered that this lady had just accepted a valuable bracelet sent her by Meyerbeer."

And Meyerbeer bribed Fetis to write articles against Wagner. "From the press," wrote Wagner at the time of "Tannhaeuser" in Paris, "which was entirely in the hands of Meyerbeer, I knew long ago what I had to expect." And so on throughout the autobiography. Even on the last page is this sentence: "While we were at table Eckert was informed by telegram of Meyerbeer's death in Paris, and Welsheimer burst out in boorish laughter to think that the master of opera, who had done me so much harm, had by a strange coincidence not lived to see this day"—the day on which Wagner received the invitation from Ludwig II. to come to Munich.

How much of this belief of Wagner rested on fact and how much on blind, unreasoning prejudice? There are the assertions. Where is there any proof?

Some Notes About the Music Dramas

There are a few interesting notes relating to the writing of the music dramas, although Wagner gives no account of the development of his theories or his art.

Climbing the Wostrai he heard a merry dance tune whistled by a goat herd perched upon a crag. "I seemed immediately to stand among the chorus of the pilgrims filing past the goat herd in the valley; but I could not afterward recall the goat herd's tune, so I was obliged to help myself out of the matter in the usual way." There was a rumor that in writing "Tannhaeuser," Wagner had been bribed by the Catholic party to glorify Catholicism as Meyerbeer had glorified Protestantism in "The Huguenots."

He tells (vol. I., p. 366) of how the idea of "Die Meistersinger" formed itself; how he began to elaborate it in the hope that it might free him from the thrall of the idea of "Lohengrin"; but he was impelled to go back to the latter opera. The melody for th

world

ment of Sachs's poem on the Reformation occurred to him while going through the galleries of the Palais Royal on his way to the Taverne Anglaise. "There I found Truinet already waiting for me and asked him to give me a scrap of paper and a pencil to jot down my melody, which I quietly hummed over to him at the time." "As from the balcony of my flat, in a sunset of great splendor, I gazed upon the magnificent spectacle of 'Golden' Mayence, with the majestic Rhine pouring along its outskirts in a glory of light, the prelude to my 'Meistersinger' again suddenly made its presence closely and distinctly felt in my soul. Once before had I seen it rise before me out of a lake of sorrow, like some distant mirage. I proceeded to write down the prelude exactly as it appears today in the score, that is, containing the clear outlines of the leading themes of the whole drama." One night when he had sketched the theme of Pogner, "Das schoene Fest Johannistag," he heard suddenly the mad laughter, horrible whimpering and frightful howling of his servant Lieschen attacked with hysterical convulsions.

After a tramp near Spezia, he returned to his hotel in a noisy street. Tired, he awaited sleep. "I fell into a kind of somnolent state, in which I suddenly felt as though I were sinking in swiftly flowing water. The rushing sound formed itself in my brain into a musical sound, the chord of E flat major, which continually re-echoed in broken forms; these broken chords seemed to be melodic passages of increasing motion, yet the pure triad of E flat major never changed, but seemed by its continuance to impart infinite significance to the element in which I was sinking. I awoke in sudden terror from my doze, feeling as though the waves were rushing high above my head. I at once recognized that the orchestral overtures to the 'Rheingold,' which must long have lain latent within me, though it had been unable to find definite form, had at last been revealed to me."

Enraged at Hammering by a Tinker

His rage over a tinker hammering incessantly opposite his house in Zurich gave him his theme for Siegfried's famous outburst against the bungling Mime. "I played over the childishly quarrelsome Polter theme in G minor to my sister furiously singing the words at the same time."

At Venice he heard the old folksong of the gondoliers. "As I was returning home late one night on the gloomy canal, the moon appeared suddenly and illuminated the marvellous palaces and the tall figure of my gondolier towering above the stern of the gondola slowly moving his huge sweep. Suddenly he uttered a deep wail, not unlike the cry of an animal; the cry gradually gained in strength, and formed itself, after a long drawn 'Oh!' into the simple musical exclamation, 'Venezia!' This was followed by other sounds of which I have no distinct recollection, as I was so much moved at the time. Such were the impressions that to me appeared the most characteristic of Venice during my stay there, and they remained with me until the completion of the second act of 'Tristan' and possibly even suggested to me the long drawn wail of the Shepherd's horn at the beginning of the third act."

There is a note about "Lohengrin." Wagner was disappointed in the citadel when he visited Antwerp. He thought it would be a prominent object from the opposite side of the Scheldt. "Instead of which, nothing was to be seen but a monotonous plain, with fortifications sunk into the earth. After this, whenever I saw 'Lohengrin' again, I could not restrain a smile at the scene-painter's castle, perched aloft in the background on its stately mountain."

Pictures, Books and Theatre

There is little about Wagner's taste in literature. He read Schopenhauer and Feuerbach, as is well known. He enjoyed greatly the novels of Walter Scott and read books by George Sand, who had noticed favorably his article on "Der Freischuetz," contributed to the Gazette Musicale. Strolling in French Switzerland he generally took a volume of Byron to read with him on some height from which he could see Mont Blanc, but he seldom drew the book from his pocket. Reading Daru's "History of Venice," he lost some of his prejudice against the ancient tyrannical government of the city. He considered Lamertine's "Histoire des Girondins" an "alluring and attractive" work. He was always fascinated by Hoffmann's tales. Then there were the works of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller and books on mythology, schools of philosophy, religion. He met Turgenieff and alludes to him as "the Russian poet."

In Milan, "I realized that I was not a good judge of pictures, because when once the subject has made a clear and sympathetic appeal to me, it settles my view, and nothing else counts."

He saw plays in London, Paris, Italian towns, as well as in German cities. In London he saw dramatized fairy tales, "under the title of 'Christmas'." The reference is of course to the Christmas pantomimes. The performances at the Olympic were less simple and innocent. He saw Robson in "The Yellow Dwarf" and "Garrick Fever." "I was greatly astonished by many audacities in his acting." He could not obtain a seat for "Henry VIII.," at the Princess's Theatre.

The Last Sight of Robber

It would be a pleasure to quote freely from the account of Wagner's journey from Riga to London; from the story of the revolutionary days in Dresdon; from the graphic account of Spontini as conductor and man; from the story of "Tannhaeuser" in Paris; or from the reports of intercourse with Berlioz. The account of the first sojourn in Paris is also very interesting with amusing sketches of strange persons with whom Wagner associated.

Let us end the review about this fascinating autobiography, not with a quotation to show again the incredible vanity, smallness and meanness of a great man, but with a passage that is creditable to him and at the same time characteristic.

Wagner was fond of animals, especially fond of his dog Robber, a huge Newfoundland, who made the journey with him and Minna from Riga to Paris. The dog disappeared one day.

Wagner left Minna in the morning after a "sad good-bye."

"She knew from experience that as I was on a money-raising expedition, she would not see me back till late at night. The streets were enveloped in a dense fog, and the first thing I recognized on leaving the house was my dog Robber, who had been stolen from us a year before. At first I thought it was a ghost, but I called out to him sharply in a shrill voice. The animal seemed to recognize me, and approached me cautiously, but my sudden movement towards him with outstretched arms seemed only to revive memories of the few chastizements I had foolishly inflicted on him during the latter part of our association, and this memory prevailed over all others. He drew timidly away from me and, as I followed him with some eagerness, he ran, only to accelerate his speed when he found he was being pursued. I became more and more convinced that he had recognized me, because he always looked back anxiously when he reached a corner; but seeing that I was hunting him like a maniac, he started off again each time with renewed energy. Thus I followed him through a labyrinth of streets, hardly distinguishable in the thick mist, until I eventually lost sight of him altogether, never to see him again. It was near the church of St. Roch, and I, wet with perspiration and quite breathless, was still hearing the metronome. For a while I stood motionless, glaring into the mist, and wondered what the ghostly reappearance of the companion of my travelling adventures on this day might portend. The fact that he had fled from his old master with the terror of a wild beast filled my heart with a strange bitterness and seemed to me a horrible omen. Sadly shaken, I set out again, with trembling limbs, upon my weary errand."

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How quietly this breach of promise was settled some thousands of years ago! "When the maiden was brought before him to be given to him in marriage, she found no favor in his eyes, and he said: 'Take her away, for she pleases me not!' And when he had given her gifts for herself and cattle for her father, in compensation, she departed." No glaring publicity of foolish letters, no sad eyes levelled at a jury, no grinning reporters, no judge controlling his laughter! "Gifts for herself and cattle for her father." Could anything have been fairer than that? And what is Lady Constance Foljambe going to do for the Rev. Mr. Hawkins?

We like to think of Mr. Lawrence Phillips, who died at Hershey, Neb., at the ripe age of 106. He attributed his age and robust health to a plentiful indulgence in beer: one quart immediately after breakfast, one after the noon meal, and one just before he went to bed. A man of regular habits—and it will be observed that he did not drink between drinks.

We are not yet fully acquainted with George V. King Edward VII. did not wish to listen to a sermon over ten minutes in length. It is rumored that his successor is of a more enduring nature, but how long should the sermon be by a stop-watch?

In the course of the late "heated term" a cottager wrote from Cape Cod speaking of the cool southwest wind and mentioning the fact that he slept under a blanket. To him a Bostonian, in the city, a burning fiery furnace heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated, answered: "I am patient with your account of low temperatures, but regard them with grave distrust. I am sure you mean to be quite honest about the matter, but you are misled by an overheated imagination. The sailor, dying of thirst, is said to dream of babbling brooks and see sparkling springs in his mind's eye, and so you, I am sure, are weaving blankets from some loom of the mind, real to you but phantasmal to others."

The opera audiences of two seasons ago remember Miss Evelyn Parnell, who one night appeared as Aida, and on a Saturday afternoon saved the performance of "The Huguenots" by her courage in appearing as Valentine without rehearsal. She was very tall, attractive, and her voice was brilliant. She was useful in small parts, and was one of the chattering Englishwomen in "Lakme." Educated vocally in Boston, she had ambition, and for two seasons she has been singing successfully in Italy. She lately gave great pleasure to the people of Correggio as Violetta in "La Traviata" and Maud in "Il Canto del Cigno." The local critics praised her "warm and beautiful voice," the purity of her intonation, her artistic singing and expressive acting. After eight performances of "La Traviata," Miss Parnell on the occasion of her "evening of honor" was presented with a gold watch and clasp pin set in with pearls.

Here is an interesting addition to the literature of grade crossings: "It is the custom of the railroad to leave the crossing unguarded on Sunday, as there are few trains." This accounts for the killing of Mrs. Morin at Rochester, N. H., where her husband, seeing the gates were not down, naturally thought he could automobile across the tracks in safety.

July 18 1911

A Londoner recently complained that the English language is fast disappearing in his country. In the city it has a strong German accent; in the restaurants there is a Gallic flavor; musical English is pronounced Russian or Polish, "and newspaper English is manufactured in America."

July 19 1911

WHAT IS JOWLING?

Senator Bacon says openly that the United States Senate is no longer a debating body. "It more nearly resembles a party of men jowling on a street corner." Jowling is a good word, an excellent word. Hamlet, though a Dane, had been in England and knew it. "How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician."

Now the jowl is the jaw, not the whole head, as some would have it; and in England the word is applied chiefly to the lower half of a pig's face, but the verb to jowl means to knock, to push with force as "I jolled hym aboute the eares tyll I made my fyste sore." The Senator from Georgia says that the printed proceedings read like "a racy novel full of dialogue and repartee." Having used the word "jowling," he might then have likened the proceedings of the Senate to the featured act of two knockabout comedians, while scenery is shifted behind the scene.

The Senator from Georgia is right in demanding senatorial dignity, for, in spite of Iago's taunt, we associate dignity—something massive and concrete—with a senator. The senator from any state, great or little, should remind one, especially in action, of the old portraits of a statesman: grand, impressive, with oratorical coat and collar, with a roll of manuscript in one hand while the other points to the Constitution, and behind him is a purple curtain with a heavy gold tassel or an approaching thunder storm. Nor do we like to think of the Senate as merely an animated directors' meeting.

July 19 1911

The Vatican thinks, and wisely, that there should be uniform pronunciation of Latin in the churches. The Italians say "Deous coui fetch tcheloum," and the Germans say "Petsit tseloum." When Dr. Muck was living in Boston he was amused by the Latin of the Choral Art Society, and if a Frenchman or Italian should hear choral Latin in Berlin under Dr. Muck's direction, he would also be amused. "It may be surmised that the Italian form will be adopted as approaching most nearly that of the ancient Romans." And, pray, just how did Cicero and Caesar pronounce Latin? Would Romulus, Remus and Lupa have understood them?

They that think American artists are protected and native art "developed" by a duty on imported pictures should study the import duties under George III.—especially the "Spices and Picture" section. "On every imported picture of two or less than four feet square, £2; on every imported picture of smaller size, £1." If a picture were four feet square or over, the entrance duty was £3. Books were also estimated according to the fine commercial rule. Foreign books were taxed by weight, 14 shillings the cwt. for all imported bound volumes. There are many books, domestic and imported, that might well be sold by weight.

July 18 1911

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morison stock company, in "The Boys of Company B," a comedy in three acts.

Tony Allen.....Wilson Melrose
C. Holbrook Allen.....Tom Whyte
Maj. McLane.....H. G. Carleton
Tim McLane.....Russell Randall
Chick Sewell.....Fraunie Fraunholtz
Babe Caruthers.....William DeWolfe
Arthur Stabler.....Rockliffe Fellowes
Henry Stabler.....Carl Asplund
Mrs. McLane.....Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Madge Blake.....Miss Rose Morison
Florence Henderson.....Miss Valerie Valerie
Eileen McLaneM.....Miss Eleanor Gordon

The atmosphere was military [illegible]

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: John Craig stock company in "My Friend from India," a farcical comedy in three acts by H. A. Du Souchet.

A. Keene Shaver.....Donald Meek
Erastus Underholt.....Robert Middlemas
Charles Underholt.....William P. Carleton
Tom Valentine.....Bert Young
The Rev. James Tweedle.....A.B. Clark
Bill Finnerty.....Arthur Fox
Bernice Underholt.....Gertrude Binley
Gertrude Underholt.....Grace Lothrop
Mrs. Beekman Streete.....Mabel Colcord
Marion Hayste.....Florence Shirley
Tilley.....Henrietta McDannel

BILL AT KEITH'S

"The Grazers" is a musical and dancing novelty opening the program. The midget acrobats follow, "the Great Ergotti and Lilliputians," who flip through the air with the utmost carelessness and precision. No matter how wild the leap, the leapers are quite unconcerned and manage to make their act laughable as well as wonderful. Clemons and Dean, the clever Englishman and Englishwoman, sing and dance with vigor and a sense of humor. The Englishman's tipsy terpsichorean travesty brought roars of laughter and applause. Apparently the gentleman who had dined extremely well had not a bone in his body. When he danced he looked like a string of spaghetti.

Una Clayton, Francis Morey, Herbert Griffin and George Lewis presented a little comedy called "A Child Shall Lead Them." It was a playlet reeking with sentimentality. But it also reeked with a sufficiency of wholesome fun and the acting of Miss Clayton as the ingenuous Maggie made the piece delightful.

The Clark sisters and Billy Farnum told in song all about "Love, love, love," and as an encore they gave the rollicking "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Howard, the premier ventriloquist of Scotland, made his first appearance here. His performance was extraordinary [illegible] people

A real old-fashioned minstrel show except that it was so much better than most old-fashioned minstrel shows wound up the program. Upon the stage were the Meistersingers, the Harvard Schubert and Weber quartets. Occupying the end seats and resplendent in black and white satin suits were such stars as George Thatcher, Lew Benedict, Hughey Dougherty and John Healy. The interlocutor was Harry Morse.

IN A TALL, LARGE GLASS

here is a discussion in New York spapers about the constituent s of the ideal mint julep. Whether e should be any water, except which comes from the ice; ther the sugar and ice should be red or "rattled," etc. A corre- dent insists that the julep should e made in a silver mug and drunk ro it. He knows not the glory of h true julep; he might as well insist n a beaker with its wide mouth, rh King George brought into fash- o again when he presented each one f is little guests at the Crystal Pal- c with one.

is to be regretted that Milton did o give the recipe for the julep which o us offered to the Lady:

'is cordial julep here,
h flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
i spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd.

his julep, however, reads as though it were hot punch, flip, or even warm rum and molasses. It is certainly not the glory of the Southern states.

Nor is it true that the liquor in a julep is always Bourbon whiskey. In Norfolk, Va., the stranger was asked a few years ago whether he preferred Bourbon or "French brandy." Either julep was delicious, never to be forgotten. Experto crede.

Juleps are found in perfection only in Maryland and the states below, or when a Southerner, sojourning in a Northern city, shows his friends how it should be done. It is doubtful whether Charles Dickens could now find in a Northern city the sherry cobbler that once excited his admiration. The ordinary claret punch sold in bar-rooms is a vile drink. The American is no longer addicted passionately to the habit of drinking through a straw. In the case of a julep, the drinker's nose should be in the mint.

P. H.

July 21 1911

WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT'

A hotel at a fashionable watering ae in Hungary has among its walt- rs students from the University of u pest. There are law students, 11 e cal students, one philosopher, and n chemist. The medical students may r sh assistance after table d'hote h philosopher should be invaluable y ecturing to the discontented. Let ope that the chemist is true to the n ord, and not like the butler in O Mutual Friend," who poured out r to the guests with the air of a e ist disapproving after his analyses. T landlord fondly hopes that these a rs will prove a lodestone for fair o en. The faculty of the university ich upset and the dean, or deacon, e law school is so bitterly opposed a his students have resigned. There e only two of them, and the land- r should not regret their going; they it have encouraged law suits. Ir Hungary life is not necessarily one n Hungarian rhapsody, nor are the u nts always dancing the czardas aying on the zimbalon. As a rule they are poor. At this hotel, and the vacations are long, the waiters are allowed free baths and all that pertains to the cure. It is said that the Hungarians like to see their young men independent and welcome these student waiters.

The sociologist in the United States has had ample opportunity to study this problem. Does a poor student degrade himself by waiting at table? Is it injurious to a university? Is it more "manly" for the student to be a motor man or to work in a factory?

There is as much snobbery in a republic as in a monarchy, perhaps more and of a meaner quality. We should say much depended on the ability, the agility, the memory, the good nature of the student that waits on guests. There are prizes for the proficient—witness the case of the Chicago waiter who has a handsome "residence" and has saved $50,000 out of his tips. Let us hope that the Hungarian guests at the Hotel Batadon will not follow the example of an American woman who with her five children at a seaside hotel left a waiter after two months unrewarded: "I could not give him a tip; he was so much of a gentleman."

P. H.

There is now a society in New York r he benefit of inebriates. This is a e in advance. In Amsterdam there a society for the protection of in- x ated persons. There is a fixed r. If a man's speech betrays him, babbles and his eyes have a a look but has dependable legs, led home for 15 cents provided ves within the city boundaries. s legs crumble beneath him, a d n a portable chair will cost 37 n and a wheelbarrow can be had r 5 cents. A cushion is 50 cents t. As yet there is no insurance a st a domestic scene after the n -coming.

The mayor of Milwaukee recommends in place of the alarm clock a phonographic arrangement that will give forth sweet music. The idea is not original with him. Montaigne wrote of his father: "Whereas some are of opinion that suddenly to awaken young children, and as it were by violence to startle and fright them out of their dead sleep in a morning (wherein they are more heavy and deeper plunged than we) doth greatly trouble and distemper their brains, he would every morning cause me to be awakened by the sound of some instrument; and I was never without a servant who to that purpose attended upon me."

h Worcester young woman was ht n refusing $1 for a kiss. Any n vho is 68 should be willing to r t least $2.

Because a Chelsea turtle spat out a penny of 1770, it does not follow that it swallowed it in that year. Many strange tales are told about the age of turtles and carp as though they were always the oldest inhabitants.

o that there is talk of more r a revival of "Iolanthe" would i order, but with an enlarged le horus.

July 22 1911

WEAPONS AGAINST CHOLERA

There should be no fear of cholera, ly for the reason that fear, as it beckoning finger, invites the is se. Where cholera originates, h ner it would rage if there were o inking at the well sacred to fol- w s of Mohammed, these are ques- o not rashly to be answered, but m g civilized races there is not the d palling superstitious dread.

It was this dread that palsied activ- y d made cowards of the brave. In e once famous romance the cholera l ed the wandering Jew, and even e rdinarily sane looked on the dis- s as a manifestation of divine r . for it was treated according to e heological method, and as other d mics regarded as a judgment of e rd. The fact that cholera varies t onditions of temperature, "is en- c ed by particular forms of diet, l s the course of rivers, yields in m measure to medical treatment, can be aggravated or mitigated by courses of conduct that have no relation to vice or virtue, takes its victims indiscriminately from all grades of morals or opinion"—this was wholly ignored.

The philosopher Schopenhauer and the light-hearted man of the world Rossini were alike in their childish fear of cholera. When there were cases in Europe they would seek out hiding places. Tschaikowsky, who had the same fear, died of the disease. He was only one of many illustrious victims, but a still more distinguished list could be drawn up of men and women slain by their heart, kidneys, lungs, liver.

Cleanliness is the great foe of cholera, and the cleanliness should be civic and personal. Temperance in food and drink should be observed. If the supply of water is pure and abundant, city and village are well armed. But the main thing is cleanliness, and in this we could learn from Berlin and other German cities: Cleanliness and courage come first of all.

A European correspondent writes: "Karl Muck is reported to be the most likely man to succeed the late Felix Mottl as conductor of the Royal Opera at Munich." But does Dr. Muck wish to take the position? At present he is happier in Berlin than he was a year ago, and if he should leave Berlin the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be open to him in 1912, for next season is Mr. Fiedler's last. There was a time when Dr. Muck was not at all pleased with the condition of affairs in Berlin and he then looked longingly toward Vienna. It would not be surprising if he decided to stay where he is, although Mrs. Muck is eager to return to Boston. There is a story that the position at Manchester, England, vacated by Hans Richter, will be kept for Mr. Fiedler, and for this coming season only "guest conductors" will be engaged; but the Manchester society is now financially in a poor way, as has already been stated in The Herald. If Dr. Muck does not return to Boston, who will succeed Mr. Fiedler? Let us hope he will be a strict disciplinarian, a man of fine poetic feeling and catholic taste, one that will be thoroughly respected by the orchestra.

Every one is interested in an umbrella, whether it be his by purchase or adoption. In Paris they are selling umbrellas with peepholes, so that the owner, borrower or thief can see where he is going and avoid collision. The idea is not a new one. Eighty years or more ago Prince Poutiakine, fussy about his health, settled in Dresden. He was so afraid of cold that he never stirred from the house in winter, and in the early spring had fires on his grounds to take off the chill. He invented an umbrella which he unfolded whenever there was the slightest breeze. This umbrella was nearly two feet in diameter. It came down over his hips, and had many little windows.

European political papers are now bound in Morocco.

Uncle Sam's new naval shells will be out of sight.

July 22

Welsh is an expressive language and the Prince of Wales should be able to speak it fluently for other reasons than "noblesse oblige." There is a railway station in Wales that has a name of forty-eight letters, and the meaning is: "The fair church at the pool of the white seagull near the alder grove where the fodder for the oxen is stored in the red barn."

Now that John O'Hara Cosgrove has resigned the editorship of Everybody's Magazine, he may be persuaded to tell just what liberties he took with Thomas W. Lawson's manuscript.

What shall be done with all these cats of ours? The Munich City Council has imposed a tax on cats, on the ground that the keeping may be dangerous to the public health, or a nuisance to the neighbors. It is thought that cats will be better cared for and the slaughter of birds be diminished. There is also the Malthusian side. Cats will not be so plentiful, and suffering among them will be reduced.

This Mrs. Katherine Sanford Thorne Sheffield Landers, who has married three Yale men in succession, is apparently imbued with the Yale spirit, in spite of the recent defeats.

The late William P. Chambers was opposed to his son Robert being a novelist. The obituary notices identified Mr. Chambers as being the father of the novelist.

July 22 1911

A MENACE TO THE REPUBLIC

Senator Kenyon sees a danger to the Republic, and this danger is knee breeches. The aristocrats of Europe, if we believe this stern old Roman born out of due time and dwelling in Iowa, wear knee breeches as an emblem of rank, as members of a privileged and consecrated class, in contempt of the lower classes, the complaining millions of men. If this vigilant guardian of democracy should die—absit omen!—no doubt "knee breeches" would be found written on his heart, as "Calais" on that of Mary Tudor.

And there are wealthy citizens of the United States who, in their zeal to ape aristocrats, actually donned knee breeches to attend the coronation of an English King. No wonder that the senator's voice was choked with righteous indignation.

What, pray, should an American citizen wear? A toga, though symbolical and in certain months comfortable, might not find favor in the eyes of the Watch and Ward Societies. Knickerbockers are inherently aristocratic, merely a variant of knee breeches. Overalls for every day use, and "pants," not trousers, not pantaloons, for formal occasions are the thing. The "wealthy citizens" who were present at the coronations as captains of industry, should have glorified labor by appearing in a flannel shirt, overalls and paper caps, and, as the exercises were long, they should each have carried a tin dinner pail. There would then have been no doubt as to their nationality. "Free and independent citizens of the glorious Republic" would have been the immediate answer to any ignorant visitor from the remotest colony or from the gorgeous East.

The Senator could have quoted scripture for his purpose: The Lord delighteth not in the legs of a man; not even those of an American citizen. Why then should they be exposed to make an English holiday?

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Marks of Alleged Vulgarity

The Herald has received the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Last week I was at the cottage of my old and esteemed friend, Leonidas G. Swett. After a heavy luncheon—a contrast to my usual frugal meal—I dozed on the veranda and was vaguely conscious of women talking. The elder daughter of my hostess described a western family in the neighborhood as "persons who eat rice pudding." The next thing I heard was: "Yes, they are very rich, I believe, but when I called on them in Boston they insisted on showing me over the house, and when I went into the dining room it was set for dinner, and I saw napkins in rings. That gave them away." Again I lost myself until I heard a woman say. "She's hopelessly vulgar. I am sure that when she is introduced to a stranger she smirks and says, 'Pleased to meet you.'"

Mr. Editor, I like rice pudding when it has many raisins. I like it hot and I like it cold, with or without cream, but there must be plenty of raisins. When I lived in New York many years

go and ate my noonday meal standing at counters near the Tribune building, rice pudding was a favorite dish. It was regarded as nutritious, filling and agreeable to the taste. The raisins for some reason or other were found at the bottom of the nappy. They formed a rich stratum. Five cents more was charged for a scoop of the dispensing spoon that hit this bed and lessened it.

I also have a napkin ring. It was given to me when I was a little boy. My school books and children's books have nearly all disappeared. Mrs. Johnson did not like pictures and articles of furniture with which I had early associations. She has an artistic nature, so one by one these old household treasures disappeared—among them a small bronze statue of Romeo embracing Juliet, also a clothes brush with a painting of Henry Clay on the back of it; also an old photograph of John Brown with enormous white whiskerage and a portrait of Pythagoras, the sage, whose head bore scanty herbage. But I have been allowed to keep my napkin ring, and a drawing of it—silver with a chaste inscription—will appear in the chapter on "Table Equipage, Ancient and Modern," in volume 17 of my colossal work. By the way, it is commonly understood that luxurious Romans at pompous feasts wiped their hands on the heads of boy slaves. There were many who had napkins, and when a noble Roman was invited to a supper he was expected to take his napkin with him. The host furnished only a table cloth.

"Pleased to Meet You"!

I cannot afford to have a clean napkin with each meal. Am I therefore vulgar because I try to keep clean this aid to cleanliness and have some sentiment about an enclosing, identifying ring? There is vulgarity in the ostentatious tossing of a crumpled napkin to the side of a finger bowl, with an air as though the tosser should say: "There, Robert, take it away and let me never see it again. You know we have plenty of napkins." The sentimentalist might draw a nice distinction between a home dining room and a restaurant.

I doubt whether I ever used the phrase "Pleased to meet you" in my life, yet I am not shocked when I hear it. The woman on the veranda said it was an expression only fit for a shopgirl. Thus was she doubly unjust and violent. The greeting shows amiability, a willingness to be friendly. It is complimentary to the one addressed. The French, who have for centuries been characterized as a polite people, prefer the word "enchanted." Meet the Baron de Traitles or M. Martin, and he assures you that he is "enchanted to see you." What should you say when you are introduced to a stranger? My collection of books on etiquette is in Boston, and I believe the latest volume is dated 1840. Should you glare and gurgle "Ugh!"? Some at once begin: "I have often heard my friend Ferguson speak of you," a formula that sometimes leads to boredom and generally excites suspicion. "What could Ferguson have said about me? I never liked him."

I pretended to go on dozing at Swett's that afternoon, and I made no defence of rice pudding, napkin rings or shopgirl; yet I know several shopgirls, respect their life of patient toil, admire with honest admiration their beauty, and from them I have learned much and gained valuable material for my great work (Elephant folio, sold only by subscription). I remembered, however, the grandfather of the young woman who despised rice pudding. He was a farmer in Vermont, a fine old fellow, who helped himself to butter with a teaspoon. I know the husband of the woman who laughed at the sight of napkin rings. He tucks his napkin under his chin. Soup as he raises it falls from his spoon as though frightened by the noise he makes. The woman who is never "pleased to meet you"—but why in turn be disagreeable? I had a pleasant afternoon at Sweet's. He draws ale from the keg and serves it in pewter mugs.

The Case of Richard Barry

The case of Richard Barry is a singular one. He was a member of the Players' Club, New York. He wrote an article, "Why Women Are Paid Less Than Men," and in it said: "Very few persons on the stage know how to think. In fact, few of them know how to feel, though they all make some sort of bluff at it. Education is unnecessary, general association with humanity is tabooed and few of the profession read enough to have any grasp on the things of the mind." This article was published and Mr. Barry was expelled from the Players.

The organizers of this club declared at the beginning that professional dramatic critics, men who made it their business to criticise plays and actors for the benefit or injury of the public, should not be eligible to membership. This was sensible, for any conscientious critic would necessarily wound the feelings of this or that member. The club was to be first of all a place where actors could feel at home and meet and talk unreservedly. It was the hope of Edwin Booth that actors would thus develop in character, be more honored in the community and have a higher regard for themselves and their profession.

Not all the members of athletic clubs are athletes. Not all the members of art clubs are painters, sculptors, illustrators. There was a time when actors were jostled in the rooms of the Players by so many who had nothing to do with the theatre that they were ill at ease, and this inspired C. J. Taylor to draw a picture for Puck. Two idlers were shown at lunch in the Players. One said: "I like this club; it's so quiet." The other answered: "Yes, you never see any of those damned actors here." The jest would be comparatively pointless today, but the law against the admission of dramatic critics has been observed from the beginning, and when some years ago a Boston publisher, who was a member, was persuaded to write dramatic reviews for a newspaper, he resigned his membership and his resignation was accepted as a matter of course.

The Surprising Part of It

Mr. Barry is not a dramatic critic. There may be truth in some of the statements that angered the actors in the club. The statements may be false. This is immaterial, for by writing about certain fellow-members in a critical spirit he violated a club rule. It is not surprising, then, that the board of directors expelled him.

The surprising part of the story is that Mr. Barry now comes into court and asks, on the return of an order to show cause, for a mandamus compelling the club to reinstate him. It is not necessary to ask whether a member of this club has any property or pecuniary rights in a social organization. The governors or directors of clubs have nearly always exercised the right to expel a member after he has had a hearing. Why should the expelled wish or be willing to return to a club when he has learned in a unmistakable manner that his presence is obnoxious to many, if not the majority, of the members?

It has been said that in every club there should be a committee of elimination which should eject a certain number once a year. There are small clubs in which every member is voted on yearly for continuance of membership. A man who had strong backing, no enemies, was elected, say, in 1900, when he was a quiet, decent fellow. Suppose that he gradually developed disagreeable traits. He began to bully the waiters, dispute his bills, snarl at the house committee, or he turned monologuist and became a bore, who butted into every group; or he was soon known as a sponge, always ready, yes, waiting expectantly, to absorb alcohol whenever any one would touch the bell; or he drinks more than is good for him and is stridently disputatious or falls asleep in a heap on the sofa. Reasoned with, called before the board of directors, he is incorrigible. His name is dropped from membership. Is it possible that he would wish to be reinstated when he knew that his presence would be disagreeable to many?

Mr. Barry wrote unpleasant things about a profession for the members of which the Players was founded. If he had written pleasant things he would probably not have been censured, and his remarks would certainly have been applauded. But he violated a strict rule of the club. Suppose that in a club frequented by many physicians a member should write a bitter article against doctors and accuse them of ignorance, malpractice, greed? Would he be thereafter persona grata? And would he feel at home with physicians to the right and the left of him?

From the store in Clamport, which is my summer club, there are no expulsions. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Cecilt, July 29.

Echoes of Gala Nights

The London journals give full accounts of the Coronation Gala Performances at His Majesty's when scenes from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "David Garrick," "Julius Caesar," "The Critic" and Ben Jonson's masque, "The Vision of Delight," were performed. According to report the King thought the show too long and was bored. He did not order the players to come to his box. After the expenses were paid, about £4000 remained for the benefit of theatrical charities.

One or two critics had the courage to speak out in condemnation of the program. Thus the Pall Mall Gazette was saddened by the thought that all living English dramatists were ignored. Mr. Owen Seaman, in his prologue, spoken by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, gave the reason for the apparent slight:

Though of extant authors in their prime
The adequacy never was in doubt,
To choose was odious; so we left 'em out.

The Pall Mall Gazette critic answered: "The properly constituted authorities of a National Theatre would, of course, have suffered from no such difficulty. They would have been able to act with Olympian detachment, and the public, and all concerned, would, no doubt, have accepted their proposals. It is possible they might have selected a whole modern play to fill the program—and I need hardly remark that such pieces as 'The Admirable Crichton,' 'Candida,' 'Strife,' and 'The Benefit of the Doubt,' adequately acted are worthy of being set before any audience in the world, not even excluding what Talma would have called 'a pit-full of kings.' On the other hand, they might have mounted one of the great pieces in the classic repertory, and given it the best possible cast. They would assuredly not have acted upon what seemed the dominant principle governing the composition of last Tuesday's program—viz., the desirability of crowding as many as possible of the actors and actresses of London into the bill. The final result was eminently unsatisfactory. Quite a number of impersonations were far from being the best of which their contributors were capable; and when that dreadful 'gagging' and clowning of "The Critic' began, every informed man and woman in the theatre who cares a jot for the good name of the British stage must have felt a sense of anger at such travesty of a classic being set before such an audience, including, as it did, many distinguished visitors from Germany, France and Italy, where the work of great artists is, as a rule, treated with reverence. One almost wished that Sir Herbert Tree had had the courage to give his own beautiful production of 'Henry VIII.' and fill the program with that!"

Objection was also made by many to the program of the state performance at Covent Garden, with acts of "Aida," "Romeo and Juliet," "Barber of Seville" and a scene from Tcherepnin's ballet "Le Pavilon d'Armide." Why was not the British composer represented? was the cry. And pray what operas written by Englishmen, Scots, or Irishmen would have pleased the brilliant throng?

"Stage Self-Criticism"

The gagging in the performance of "The Critic" disgusted many, yet it was defended, and the Era published a singular editorial article. The writer begins by speaking of Sheridan's plagiarisms and topical allusions. He then says that the success of the play when it is revived today is due to other causes than those which made it popular in the time of the author. "Most of its literary merit is drowned in a sea of clever additions and bright buffoonery, and the piece, which contains many lines which have become 'houschold words,' becomes a festival of 'gags' and business.'"

Sheridan was a stickler for the preservation of his text, but the Era rejoices in the supposition that "The Critic" in the original form would not be tolerated today. "We are opposed by instinct and principle to any entertainment of the stage which tends to expose the wrong side of the tapestry and to make the actor's art too cheap and common." The Spectator should forget the wood and canvas and ignore the fact that the actors are mere men and women who put on street clothes after the play and go home to supper. But there is another reason why caricatures of rehearsals are objectionable in the eyes of the Era. "They give the public an entirely wrong impression of modern methods. The scrambling, easygoing 'all right at night' system of preparing plays which prevailed in many theatres in the last generation is now a thing of the past. The blunders caricatured in 'The Critic' — the careless stage management, the incorrectly copied parts, the blunders and omissions, are only worthy of a company of 'barnstormers.' * * * We object to letting the outside public too much into our secrets. There have been too many articles written of late years telling the public how we make thunder and lightning, how we imitate common sounds, how we wear our wigs, and how we paint our faces. A real modern rehearsal offers no opportunity for ridicule. It is hard, steady and strenuous work, systematized to the last limit, and assisted by the advice of archaeologists and experts."

Pray, good sir, let us examine your bumps. In order that the spectator may preserve his illusions and respect men and women on the other side of the footlights, Sheridan's "Critic" should not be performed unless with gags and clowning.

And why does the writer not move the destruction of Hogarth's memorable picture of the strolling players, and insist that "Nicholas Nickleby," Scarron's "Roman Comique," "Wilhelm Meister," Capitaine Fracasse" and many novels by Mr. Leonard Merrick be put under the ban?

Becque's Great Play in English

"The Parisienne," a translation by some one unnamed of Becque's famous comedy, was played in London at the Royalty Theatre, June 26. All that the Referee could say about it was this: "A callous, sprightly, superficial study of a Parisian upper-class household of the time."

The Pall Mall Gazette's review was pitched in a higher key: "The piece is one of the most famous and one of the most bitter pieces of irony over put upon the stage. Some of this is inevitably lost in translation into English; a little more, perhaps, evaporates in the processes of a not particularly subtle performance. Those who have seen Mme. Rejane in the part of Clotilde will never forget the almost diabolical skill and charm with which she exercises her wiles on her husband; on her principal lover, Lafont, her 'second mari, autant dire,' as she calls him; and on the horse-and-dog-loving Simpson, who after five weeks, abruptly bids her good-by, and leaves her happy in the restoration of the old menage a trois of the first act. The part is the strangest study in the world of a woman who is a sincere liar, a convention-respecting immoralist, and a wife who is at once loyal in the furtherance of her husband's ambitions and flagrant in abusing his marital confidence. She is tact itself. Her good breeding is perfect. Never was woman more careful of appearances and more reckless in risking her own ruin. She has brains rather than passions, and lives the life of a grande amoreuse without feeling a single thrill until just at the end—when she is tempted to fly with the 'second mari.' But it is only for a moment. She pulls herself together and becomes 'correct' once more, according to her views of correctitude. It is an extraordinarily difficult part; and, on the whole, Mme. Yavorska plays it with intelligence and charm, and there are many fascinating touches in her performance; but her indifferent command of English still handicaps her, and her touch is a little heavy."

Henry Hadley in London

The London journals paid attention to Henry Hadley's concert of his own works June 28. His new symphony was brought out at Litchfield, Conn., last month, and his "Culprit Fay" and "Salome" were on the program. As the symphony has not been heard in Boston and the other two orchestral works have been played at Symphony concerts, the remarks of the Pall Mall Gazette have a peculiar interest: "Mr. Hadley has had great experience in composition, and, indeed, his music bears the stamp of one who has a wide knowledge of effect. For this reason the outward result of the capital performances he secured through the medium of the London Symphony Orchestra, was successful enough, and the composer obtained a warm reception. Looking, however, a little more closely into the music, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that the composer had employed a great deal of skilful manipulation of ther and of orchestral writing without a corresponding value in the musical expression. One listened in vain for the note of inspiration, for the emotional force without which the cleverest combinations of tone avail nothing. This being so, the suggestion noticeable in the music of the influences of other composers—Wagner, Strauss, Puccini—in a word, the lack of individuality remained mattered little, for the truth would would seem to be that the case is of music written only from a pictorial basis rather than from that of real feeling as well. The four movements of the symphony are entitled 'North, East, South, and West,' the idea apparently being to reflect some territorial characteristics of the States; the music, however, hardly gave a clue to the composer's intentions, in spite of some descriptive tendencies, such as the 'ragtime' in the third movement, presumably on account of the negro element 'way down South.' The Rhapsody bears the title 'The Culprit Fay,' seeking to illustrate the poem of the same name by Joseph Rodman Drake. Here the music had an appropriately light texture, at times alternating with others of a quality which seemed very much out of keeping with the fairy subject. Doubtless any apparent inconsistency would have vanished had but the hearer felt the saving quality of true imagination in the invention. Mr. Hadley, the program stated, is regarded as one of America's foremost composers; the present-day tendency to deal in orchestral color at the expense of line is, it fears, world-wide—there would be no objection if one felt the coloring was prompted by the heart instead of the head; when this is not so the result is really as purely 'academic' as the work of formal music conceived on the old fashioned pattern with themes and 'working-out' manufactured during the traditional consumption of midnight oil. Debussy, perhaps, has come nearer to the problem of writing atmospheric orchestral music with little subject

matter—with no more sequence of notes, that is, than is required to allow the instruments to give out their characteristic tone. But the composer who cloaks poverty of invention by the brilliance of the setting can only hope for a momentary success."

The Referee found that Mr. Hadley was not moved by strong emotional impulses, "but what he has to say is stated with a fluency, resource, and above all, command of orchestral tone-color and scoring that invest his work with musical interest." There was this unconsciously amusing note about his "Salome" which is "still less satisfactory" than "The Culprit Fay": "From a broad point of view this is not to be regretted, for the art would not benefit were it to impart immortality to so crazy a creation." Mr. Hadley's "Salome" was played in London two seasons ago.

Short Plays in London

Mme. Rejane made a hit at the Hippodrome early this month in "La Chance du Mari," y de Caillavet and de Flers. Suanne's husband, a young French ount, does not understand the importance of dress in a woman's life. uzanne buys a sunshade for 500 ancs and excuses her extravagance y telling him that everything a woan wears is useless. The count is ngry; Suzanne will not make up, and goes out to dine alone. She, qued, writes to her neighbor and ould-be lover that she has decided recompense his fidelity. She blots e letter and when the husband reurns he uses a little looking glass to ad the blotter. There are numerous mplications and a happy ending for e count and his wife.

Only a Woman," by Russell Vaun (ourt Theatre, June 16), tells of Mrs. Inyon, wife of a detective. Alone, she tephones her alarm to her husband. I will be 20 minutes before he can come to her. There is knocking, and Raymond Rose, the head of a gang of thieves, enters. She dares not shoot he carries her child, kidnapped from school. Mr. Rose, known as "The Shark," will torture and kill little Ena the mother does not join the gang and come his mistress. She manages to d out for 20 minutes, having her recover and having gained possession of Shark's. Whistlings and shoutings tout and the husband and police are time.

Absinthe," by Maud Hildyard and sell Vaun (Court Theatre, June 16), a mysterious subject. Lovelace, sur- and absinthe drinker, acquired in East the body of an Egyptian cess, who has been dead for cenps. He tells his friend Worsley that s about to bring her back to life begs him to see the miracle. Worsa doubting Thomas, prefers to go to The surgeon takes more absinthe while he is dozing the princess es to life. She cannot return his for she has no soul, but if the on will only kill somebody the ency will be supplied. Lovelace his friend, but the princess is still It turns out that this is all a "and the half-maddened Loveis partly pacified and then led the room by his friend, who has disturbed by his wild moanings." London public is evidently an easy

Good Sort," by Russell Vaun t Theatre, June 16), presents an ss Nina. Her former admirer s visits her. He has married Anette and his father, not knowing it, s him still infatuated with Nina. old boy calls on the actress who ses to release Pierre for a substansum. Receiving it, she hands it to the young couple.

nique," in blank verse by Alice (Lyceum Club, June 30), is a hological study of a tragic phase young girl's life." Monique, a Breton, suddenly becomes almost per through the death of her par- Her betrothed, therefore, throws er, and later, for the same rean artist, who had been her lover is, also deserts her. She deterto drown herself, but her grand- tells her it is braver to live o die, so Monique decides to go erica.

ge Plays

The superiority of the suffragette over the poor worm, man, was again proved by three plays proby the Actress's Franchise League Rehearsal Theatre, London, June J. B. Walter's duologue, "Of pinions," Maude and Sally disoman's recreation. Maude has p hunting out of deference to nions of a young man whom she a hunt ball. Sally is still a Lady banker, but is betrothed to a o says a wife should be her huscompanion at all times and in es. The women learn that the nd the betrothed are one and e.

ensation," by St. John G. Er- s for a theme the injustice shown under the employers' liability working girl is receiving 7 shillweek from an insurance com- r an injury she received in a The chief claim inspector calls on her, and seeing that the injury will probably be permanent, persuades her to take a lump sum and bullies her into accepting £5, instead of the £20 which she at first demanded.

"Miss Appleyard's Awakening," by Evelyn Glover, is an attack on the foes of female suffrage. The awakening comes from a visit of the secretary of an Anti-Suffrage Society, who alleges that the suffragette has joined the society in order to win proselytes. "Miss Appleyard is a member of the society, and the secretary solicits her signature to a petition to make the offence one of expulsion. She agrees until she learns that she herself would come under the ban through having canvassed for the local parliamentary candidate, and realizing the stupidity of her visitor's arguments, promptly becomes a convert to the cause."

Three Marked Failures

Mr. Maurice Baring, essayist and poet of distinction, wishes to be a dramatist. His "Grey Stocking," played a year ago, was garrulous, and his "Green Elephant" produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, July 3, is described as tiresome. There are four acts and nothing happens. There is much chatter about the disappearance of jewels belonging to Lady Warburton and who possibly could have stolen them. "One dreadful gentleman was a thief masquerading as an American detective who embellished his vocabulary several times with the word 'stunt'; and in the last act an English lady with a turn for spiritualism and crystal-gazing, turned upon him with a beaming smile, and in the tone in which she might have said, 'I know your secret; it is you who have won the Victoria Cross!' murmured gently, 'I know! It was you who stole the jewels!' And he let her believe so, and went back to America, 'stunts' and all." The "green elephant," by the way, is a trinket.

"Above Suspicion," an adaptation of Sardou's "Ferreol," was produced at the Haymarket, London, June 28. The plot is familiar. An innocent man is charged with committing a murder; a third person who saw the crime and could exculpate the prisoner, is not able to do so, for he witnessed it from the bedchamber of a woman whom he would compromise by going into the witness box. A version of Sardou's play, one made by Herbert Dansey, was played at the Royalty about seven years ago. The situation arose in a murder trial of the last century, and a year ago it was the motive of Percival Landon's "The House Opposite," produced by H. B. Irving. In Sardou's play the guilty woman is the wife of the president of the court. The original is "terribly talky" and in the present version by "William Morpeth," the talk is rather dull and at times stilted. The president, having as judge cross-questioned his wife, announces his intention of resuming the part of husband, and indulges in this fine burst: "The judge in me retires and the man resumes his rights!" The Pall Mall Gazette characterizes the play as conspicuously artificial, and the the Daily Telegraph begins a mocking review nearly a column long in this way:

"'I wants to see wheels go wound!' You remember that cry of the children in 'Helen's Babies.' It expresses the mental attitude you should take with you to the Sardou play."

"The Girl Who Couldn't Lie," by Kehle Howard, was produced at the Criterion, London, July 6. Its theme is an old one: telling the absolute truth is not compatible with social success or an easy life. Pauline Huegall, who has vulgar and exasperating parents, brothers and sisters, resolves to speak only the truth. Telling it, she breaks up the family circle, cools the ardor of her betrothed, leaves home to shift for herself, and toward the end of the play is in dire distress; but the author, knowing the popularity of a happy ending, sends her home, "and shows us her parents and family suddenly and quite inexplicably converted into amiable and affectionate human beings, the betrothed in full sympathy with the ambassadress of truth, and a burst of reconciliation all round. The play is a sort of sermon, illustrated with a crowd of exceedingly unpleasant types, and finally nullified by the author's surrender. We found it hard to laugh at the hard ill-breeding of Pauline—and her moral attitudinising was, of course, nothing but ill-breeding—and difficult to understand the patience with which so many people in the play listened to her long-drawn-out lectures, delivered upstanding while her auditors dutifully sat. And we failed to find any really useful lesson in the play; for, after all, so universally odious a lot of people as Pauline has to mix with must surely be very exceptional, if it exists at all."

Pericles and Aspasia Modernized

W. L. Courtney, who writes about plays and books, is the author of a one-act piece, "Pericles and Aspasia," which was produced at the Royalty, London, June 26. We have all seen comic histories of Rome in which Julius Caesar sports a plug hat and Cicero smokes a T. D. Mr. Courtney's little play is in this line, and, indeed, the Referee characterized it as an anthology of anachronisms.

Pericles is shown dictating to Aspasia, his typewriter, a funeral oration for those who fell in the war. The relationship of the two is highly proper, and the statesman's wife is heard in household questions, although in the printed cast she is only "A Voice." Aspasia is a suffragist, and Pericles anticipates Sir William Harcourt's "We are all Socialists now." Euripides is turned into Mr. G. B. Shaw. Alcibiades is a bounder who refers to Socrates as "Sock—a bit of all right." There is a telephone, and Pericles has an electric light in his study. Alcibiades carries off "Spasy" to a music hall. Ann Whitefield is referred to as an Aphrodite "pursuing her quarry in a motor car."

Even the Pall Mall Gazette admits that the wit is heavyhanded, and the Referee says boldly that the play is unworthy of the author's scholarship and attainments: "It might have been written by a sixth form boy (on the classical side) with a taste for amateur acting and a superficial knowledge of current events in the world of politics and the drama."

Mr. Courtney must have taken his play seriously for he lectured on Sappho and Aspasia, types of early Greek women, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain before it was produced. He reminded his hearers that the attacks on Pericles and Aspasia were not successful and the Athenians, when Pericles's two sons by his wife had died, went out of their way to legitimize the son by Aspasia. It was she, who in violation of Athenian customs, "organized a free life for intellectual women, with abundant opportunities for discussing problems of science, literature, and art." Then why burlesque her in schoolboy fashion?

A New Scottish Play

Graham Moffat's play in three acts, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," was seen in London for the first time July 4, at the Playhouse. The scene is a Scottish village about 1860, and the characters are a country tradesman and his family, Biggar by name, father, son and daughter.

Bunty is the daughter who manages her family and sweetheart with great tact. She shows her father how to manage the shop and his son; teaches her brother contentment and helps him in his love affairs; thwarts designing Susie Simpson, who wishes to marry old Biggar; recovers a fortune for her own sweetheart; aids her father in a sensible match with an old flame. She is a born manager, and her Weelum will no doubt be managed, or as Susie spitefully says, henpecked.

A critic, one of the best in London, speaks of the author's humor and shrewdness as "surpassing in their sustained dramatic interest and their suggestion of sincerity and simple truth anything of the kind we have seen from any other Scottish writer, not excluding Mr. Barrie himself. Indeed, the only parallel to the play of which we can think is the best of the Irish comedies produced by the Abbey Theatre Company, Lady Gregory's "The Image." As that is a faithful picture of a certain side of humble Irish life, so is "Bunty Pulls the Strings" a subtle realization of a certain side of life in Scotland half a century ago; and of the two plays the Scottish one belongs to the more perfect art, for good as are its first and second acts, its third is the best of all, whereas in Lady Gregory's third act the talk now and then becomes just a little too much for the action. * * * There are scenes in each of its three acts which are among the most perfect pieces of comedy now before the public." Kate Moffat played Bunty, and the part of Tammas Biggar was played by the author. "Here again the work of the Irish players is the nearest parallel we can think of. There is the same artistic seeming-wiltlessness, the same sincerity, the same entire self-absorption of the player in the character being played."

"Dramatic 'Tay' with Sugar"

The English find American plays too sentimental, and now they do not wonder at the success of "Pomander Walk" in New York, although neither the play nor the author, Louis N. Parker, is American. The Pall Mall Gazette poked fun at the sweetness of it all, and remarked incidentally that "tea" was wrongly pronounced "tay," a bit of false archaeology. "The curtain falls on no fewer than eight persons embracing in the golden light of one of the best stage moons we have ever seen. As one of Mr. Parker's sentimentalists observes: 'An angel's wing has passed over Pomander Walk, and everybody is getting married.' It was quite a shock to us to come away from the Playhouse into a realistic night, and find it unsentimentally raining."

After the reviewer told the story in a manner that surely did not please the author, he effectually disposed of the performance and the play. His remarks are worth quoting:

"Everybody has pretty things to say, even the very mild 'bad man' of the piece, who is nothing worse than a retired butler, disposed to claim his late master's friends as his own, and to meddle in somewhat unseemly fashion in other people's affairs, Mme. and Mlle. Lachesnais are as sweet as Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Margery Maude can make them, and that is very sweet indeed, and in the last act Mademoiselle sings, 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?' and becomes sweeter than ever. And there is a comic admiral, with a smile and a cocked hat, whose conversation consists chiefly of the exclamation, 'God bless my soul!' Mr. Cyril Maude impersonates him in his sweetest style. The young John Sayle of Mr. Reginald Owen is boisterously sweet, and the old one of Mr. Norman Forbes pathetically sweet. Miss Madie Hope, as the widow who captures the admiral, wears a sweet cap and gown, and Mr. Rudge Harding, as a dear, absent-minded doctor of divinity is the sweetest old thing that ever was in the shape of a clergyman. And in one of the entr'actes the orchestra plays a 'Fiesta Sevillana' by a composer named Baggers, and this also proved to be passing sweet. In fact, if there are any playgoers who do not care for sugar in their dramatic 'tay'—well, they had better stay away from the Playhouse so long as 'Pomander Walk' is on view. But, on the other hand, those who are blessed with a sweet tooth will simply dote on it."

The European Continent

"Niou," by Serge Persky and H. R. Lenormand, did not meet with great success at the Theatre des Arts, Paris. "Niou" meets a poet at a ball, a fancy dress ball. She is a married woman and I am sorry for her husband. The poet writes a declaration of love on a strip of serpentine paper, and Niou in the n-th tableau becomes hhhis. Then, of course, the husband turns up. The husband always does turn up upon the stage—on these occasions. The husband draws a revolver, upsets a lamp, and takes pot shots about the stage. My estimate of the bag was three scene-shifters at least, and I expected to see little bits of the poet all over the stage when they turned the lights up. But nobody was killed. There were more tableaux in the course of which Niou went off to be the poet's wife in the sight of Heaven. She then discovered that a poet's life is not always a happy one, and she kills herself. And when we hoped that all was over, Niou's poor parents killed themselves as well, and we went off to supper." Thus the irreverent Paris correspondent of the Referee about this play taken from the Russian.

Mrs. Schumann-Heink will give concerts with Frank Van Der Stucken in Berlin, Vienna and other European cities next season.

Richard Strauss is busy writing a symphonic poem.

Wilhelm Berger's Variations and Fugue for orchestra will be performed next season.

A rich Greek, Korplalognos, who died recently at Genoa, left 375,000 francs to build a concert hall for the Conservatory of Music at Athens.

A band of Russian writers have established a theatre for peasants at Moscow. The company is also composed exclusively of peasants.

Hugo Daffner has completed an opera based on Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

Alfred Poizat's "Sophonisbe" has been accepted by the Comedie Francaise. The Queen of Numidia has figured in tragedies by Trissin (1515), Mairet, Corneille, Voltaire and Thomson—"O, Sophonisha, Sophonisha, O!"

"Le Philanthrope, ou la Maison des Amours," by Jehan and Bouvelet, produced at the Oeuvre, Paris, is a fantastical piece. It tells of Morant, a professional benefactor. His sweetheart died, and he tries to make men and women happy by giving them opportunity of loving. Morant, a painter on glass, is in fact a respectable, honest old go-between. Louise swears to take vengeance on him, because, as she thinks, he has induced a man to leave her. Morant takes a party of boys and girls into the country and Louise going with them makes violent advances so that he loses his head and kisses her. She shrieks and enters a complaint of assault. Other illusions are dispelled. The poor take his alms without thanking him. He is disgusted with Louise, whom he thought he loved. He sees that he is surrounded by ingrates and egoists. About to kill himself, he receives a visit from a Franciscan monk, who preaches a sermon to him, and Morant resolves to go about the world as a preacher with this monk. The versification of this play is said to be excellent.

Notes at Random

Herman Perlet's quintet in C minor for piano and strings in memory of Julian Edwards was performed for the time in public at a meeting [illegible] Music Teachers' Association [illegible] Cali-

fornia at San Francisco, July 6. The San Francisco Call reports Arthur Foote as saying that "it is the most original composition of modern times." The Call adds: "Some of the musicians maintained that Perlet's work was a combination of the Italian and Teutonic schools, others that it savored of Mendelssohn, while Perlet scouted both interpretations and said that if it was like the work of any one it was like that of Raff, but to his mind it was a mixture of Pennsylvania Dutch and Herman Perlet." Mr. Foote's violin sonata in G minor, Ballade for piano and violin, and a song by him were on a program of works by American composers at a concert given in the evening of the same day.

Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, well known here, gave a recital in London June 28. Her voice and method were praised. "Yet there was a good deal wanting in her interpretation," according to the Pall Mall Gazette. "Miss Spencer rarely convinces, rarely realizes the mood or emotional force of the song taken in hand." The Daily Telegraph said: "Nature has endowed her with a voice of ample beauty, she has learned to use it with skill and restraint, and in the songs that suit her best, with genuine effect. Yet there are moments when the impression is borne in upon the listener that she does not always turn her advantages to the highest account. What one misses at times is the note of real, intense conviction—or so, at least, it seems."

Daniel Beddoe, also well known in Boston, gave a recital in London June 27. "A singer of the robust, virile type—without very much polish or refinement of style but plenty of natural confidence and spirit. His voice is powerful, especially in the upper notes; these, indeed, he appears to depend on chiefly for his effects, and certainly his top A is extremely resonant and of strong timbre. But the vocal method is not entirely satisfactory, as the quality has a certain roughness and occasionally even the production sounded tight."

The London Times of June 26 advised Mr. Elman to leave Lalo's "Spanish Rhapsody" on the shelf for a time. It is fond of the work itself, but playing it so much has not benefited Elman's style. "All the little touches that used to give real individuality to his performance seem to have become hardened and stereotyped, so that when he played the work on Saturday his rich and varied tone, his clean bowing and his sureness of technique only served to accentuate the rigidity of his formulae. If he would lay the Symphonie aside and refuse to play it for a year, he would no doubt give it with all his old magic on coming back fresh to it again; for the moment his playing of it is too stale for him to do justice to the music or himself."

Nor did the Times care for Elgar's new song, "The King's Way," sung by Mme. Clara Butt for the first time at a "grand patriotic concert" June 17. "The theme seems to have been adapted from one of the 'Pomp and Circumstance' marches."

Master Solomon, eight years old, gave a concert in London June 30, "and played a Mozart piano concerto in such a manner as to suggest that he has real musical ability. It is, of course, impossible to expect anything else from one so young, and in fact the particular quality of sensitiveness to tone is the important thing. Remarkable instances of early development have been not uncommon in recent years; it by no means follows, however, that the promise is fulfilled. One wonders whether the activity which in the case of music must necessarily entail a strain upon the growing nervous system ends sometimes in enfeebling the vitality so that when manhood comes nothing really great can be accomplished, or whether in the case of two world-famous prodigies, Mozart and Mendelssohn, their physique was weakened to the extent of being indirectly responsible for a shortened career. Having proved Master Solomon's genuine artistic nature, those responsible for his welfare might consider carefully whether it would not be well to let music slip into the background for the next three or four years so as to give the little chap the ordinary chances of growing into a healthy youth. A notice was distributed in the hall to the effect that the net proceeds of the concert were to be given to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond street. This was in conformity with the wise licensing regulations in the case of young performers."

Some Men and Women

"Lancelot" of the Referee is a close observer. Nothing escapes him. And he has ideas about tone production. He heard Mmes. Tetrazzini and Destinn in "The Huguenots" and told them apart. "This arises from the natural formations of the resonant cavities of their voices, Mme. Tetrazzini securing her greatest effects by head resonance, and Mme. Destinn having to use principally the roof of the mouth."

Granville Barker is at work on a new play. When asked what, as a Socialist, he thought of playing before the King, he answerd: "Why shouldn't a Socialist, as well as a Liberal or a Tory, or a Hottentot, a Buddhist, an Irish Nationalist, a Quaker, a Seventh Day Adventist, or a philosophic Anarchist play before the King?" He wishes to see municipal theatres—to begin with, in every town of 100,000 inhabitants. And repertory theatres! "Let them be open all the year round, giving employment to companies 40 and 50 strong, besides staffs of employes in front and behind. That would use up our competent and unemployed actors. I am not so interested in the incompetent. A repertory theatre finds out incompetence pretty quickly. When every city in the kingdom is as proud of its theatre as it now is of its art gallery and library—and that will be quickest brought about by its having a proprietary interest in it—then we shall be in a fair way to making the drama national."

Antonio Manuele, an Italian tenor, has been singing at the Coliseum, London. "He is certainly gifted with a powerful voice and of the true tenor quality. But his singing on the whole must be regarded as of promise rather than high achievement; making his effects chiefly through the resonant upper register, it would seem that the lower is less well managed, wanting in both volume and roundness of tone. Otherwise he sings with fervor, and the technic enables him to phrase well." The people liked him, and his "turn" was one of the most popular, although Miss Genee, James Welch in "An Eye Opener," Fragson, and others were on the program.

Miss Ellen Aggerholm, a Danish actress, took the part of Puck recently in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at His Majesty's Theatre. "It was the first time that a foreign artist had been permitted to appear in one of Sir Herbert Tree's Shakesperian productions at His Majesty's." She and her husband, Svend Aggerholm, hope to play in Danish and Scandinavian plays in English. "Among our leading playwrights are Otto Benzon, Gustav Wied and Hjalmar Bergstroem. Their vein is light comedy, but without ever going into frivolities. They treat serious matters, but treat them lightly, with a smile on their lips and a knowing look in their eyes, so that whilst you are enjoying the performance you are learning something as well. Some of our Danish plays have been translated into German and enjoyed enormous success in Berlin and elsewhere."

Isnardon, opera singer, and teacher at the Paris Conservatory, has published a book on the voice and the art of singing. He deals with the subject technically and aesthetically; gives hints to his readers, and is also anecdotical. Isnardon is already known by his interesting and valuable "History of the Monnaie Theatre."

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, famous for her Wendy, will appear at the Coliseum, London, July 31, in a one-act play, "The Gate of Dreams," by Dion C. Calthrop. "The story is of a young girl who, at the time of the American civil war, dreams of the lover who will one day come to claim her as his own. Into the garden of her dreams painfully makes his way a spy, in whom, all unconscious of what he really is, she recognizes her ideal. The conclusion is tragic, for in the end the interloper is shot."

Irish and Greek

"King Argimenes," in two scenes, by Lord Dunsany, was performed for the first time in London by the Irish Players at the Court Theatre, June 26. The story is of pagan times in Ireland. King Argimenes has been taken captive by King Darniak, and digs with slaves in the field. They are glad to gnaw berries thrown at them. One of them, a slave, has been flogged for speaking to the King's dog. Argimenes uncarths a bronze sword, and prays to the spirit of the former owner that he may gain his freedom. A prophet speaks a parable about a monarch who had more slaves to hate him than soldiers to die for him. Argimenes arms his companions with the weapons of the guards he has killed, leads a revolt and puts the King and his supporters to death.

The "Trachiniae" of Sophocles was performed at the Court Theatre, London, in the interests of Bedford College, July 6. "W. F. W." wrote as follows:

"Delaneira dominated the play—not by right of role merely, and not altogether by personality; but, because, as the great Frenchman used to say, she was 'in the skin' of her personage. Lichas was a bit too weak-kneed for her; and the scene where she gets the truth out of him about the captive, Iole, suffered in consequence. But her horor over her ill-advised conception of a poisoned shirt as a love philtre, when the not very recondite truth had come to her, was Sophoclean as well as Bedfordian; her silent exit to her suicide carried more conviction than the—to a modern audience—long-winded recitals of her wrongs would do. We are to understand that her husband, as was the way with Heracles, had flirted considerably with his captive Iole. When one saw Iole, one did not wonder. But the peculiar notions the hero entertained about marriage, as evidenced by his injunction, in extremis, to his son to take the captive to wife, makes Hyllus not the easiest part in the world for a modern to play convincingly, even in the original Greek. Mr. Garrod, however, was Greek enough to make it clear that he accepted the paternal assurances it would be quite all right, and to leave us assured that is was so.

"The hero himself only appears in a litter at the end of the play, after—not much to our regret—he has hurled the weak-kneed Lichas over the cliff. His tremendous, but strictly stage-managed, agonies got their full expression from Mr. Edwards; but it must be said that, like a more modern personage, Heracles is an unconscionable while in dying. One thinks of Delaneira's silent exit. Why the messenger, his message delivered, continued to pervade the stage as a garrulous elder, I did not quite understand till I discovered that Mr. Eddison was doubling the parts without much solution of the continuity of his make-up. The music that also pervaded the entertainment was remarkable."

Wagner's Friend Bakunin

There is an interesting description of Michael Bakunin in Wagner's Autobiography which The Herald reviewed last week. The Russian Nihilist was in Dresden at the time of the little revolution, which he, who would destroy everything by fire, looked down on, as conducted by amateurs.

It was on Palm Sunday of 1849 in Dresden that Bakunin, after a public rehearsal of the ninth symphony, led by Wagner, walked up to him and said in a loud voice that if all the music that had ever been written were lost in the expected world-wide conflagration they should pledge themselves to rescue the symphony even at the peril of their lives.

Bakunin was then in the full bloom of manhood. "Everything about him was colossal, and he was full of a primitive exuberance and strength. I never gathered that he set much store by my acquaintance. Indeed, he did not seem to care for merely intellectual men; what he demanded was men of reckless energy. As I afterwards perceived, theory in this case had more weight with him than purely personal sentiment; and he talked much and expatiated freely on the matter. His general mode of discussion was the Socratic method, and he seemed quite at his ease when, stretched on his host's hard sofa, he could argue discursively with a crowd of all sorts of men on the problems of revolution. On these occasions he invariably got the best of the argument. It was impossible to triumph against his opinion stated as they were with the utmost conviction, and overstepping in every direction even the extremest bounds of radicalism."

Bakunin looked to the Slavs for the regeneration of humanity. "In the natural detestation of the Russian serf for his cruel oppressor, the nobleman, he believed he could trace a substratum of simple-minded brotherly love, and that instinct which leads animals to hate the men who hunt them." He cited the delight of the Russian people in fire, and argued that the world would go very well as soon as the Russian peasant would be convinced that it was pleasing to God to burn their lords' castles with everything in and about them. The goal should be the annihilation of civilization. And while Bakunin preached these doctrines, he shielded Wagner's troubled eyes by holding his hand between them and the light for a full hour. In this man the "purest impulses of an ideal humanity conflicted strangely with a savagery entirely inimical to all civilization."

He occasionally spent an evening with Wagner. "For supper my wife set before him finely cut slices of sausage and meat, which he at once devoured wholesale, instead of spreading them frugally on his bread in Saxon fashion. Noticing Minna's alarm at this, I was guilty of the weakness of telling him how we were accustomed to consume such viands, whereupon he reassured me with a laugh, saying that was quite enough, only he would like to eat what was set before him in his own way." Bakunin astonished them by the manner in which he drank wine from ordinary sized small glasses. He detested wine, as a stimulant in paltry and prolonged doses. A stiff glass of brandy, swallowed at a gulp, was more to his liking. "Above all, he scorned the sentiment which seeks to prolong enjoyment by moderation." No wonder that he thought the revolutionary performances in Dresden childish.

July 24 1911

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked complained of the inconveniences of the Fifth Avenue Church, New York. "There was not even a place for the pastor to say his prayers or wash his hands." But there was probably a floor which would have sustained the pastor's knees, and he might have thought of the truly spiritual church not made with hands.

July 27 1911

Mr. William F. Apthorp, after an absence from Boston of about eight years, is now summering with his family at Nahant. The learned and brilliant critic of music and the drama has been sorely missed. As a critic he belongs to the older generation, and his colleagues, Henry A. Clapp, Benjamin E. Woolf, Howard M. Ticknor, who made Boston famous for its views of plays and actors, have joined the majority. Mr. Wyman and Mr. Richardson no longer discuss theatrical affairs—the more's the pity, nor can Mr. F. E. Chase be persuaded again to be entertaining, witty and instructive for the benefit of the public. Mr. Apthorp, as a writer, had marked individuality. Educated thoroughly in Germany and this country, a Bostonian by birth and traditions, his thought and method of expression were Gallic. Some were perhaps irritated for the moment by his love of paradox, by a jaunty manner of treating what to them was serious and solemn, but they, too, realized the solidity of his knowledge, the extent of his experience, the originality and honesty of his reasoning, conclusions, the sparkle that illuminated the weighty substance of his verdict. His wit was never personal; his opinions were not dogmatic. And above all, he was a human being. Would that he were to remain here to resume his work and give joy to his many friends!

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The Hartford Times, speaking of Mark Twain, says: "That in spite of the loss of fortune after fortune in his business ventures, he actually left accumulations of over $600,000, all gained from his books, and the copyrights which will long bring a handsome annual income to his heirs, shows what a literary genius he was." So the bank account is the test-tube of the literary genius in Connecticut.

It is a good thing for the Brookline children to construct tunnels out of sand. This is an age of tunnels. It is pleasant, also, to think of the youngsters building castles, and not only in Spain or in the air. The American castle is generally described by its modest owner as a summer cottage or a bungalow, especially when it has 37 guest chambers, each with a bathroom.

July 25. 1911

The Lyons municipal council has voted to tax all single men in the city $2, and a supplementary tax of $1.25 if they pay a weekly rent of $1 or more. Thus is there another attempt to increase the population of France. The ancient Romans tried a similar scheme, but the English were more impartial when William III. reigned. Every unmarried man had to pay a yearly tax from £12 11s. in the case of dukes and archbishops down to 1s., the sum demanded of "other persons." Married men were also taxed. A duke or archbishop was compelled to pay £50 when he was married, £30 at the birth of his eldest son, £25 when every younger son was born, £30 when his eldest son was married, £50 when his wife was buried, and £30 when his eldest son was buried. Other men paid similar taxes, according to their station. Thus it was cheaper for a duke to remain single. And why should not spinsters that dislike men be taxed? In the time of the Emperor Majorian they were not allowed to take the veil until they were 40, and widows under that age were compelled to marry again within five years by the forfeiture of half their fortune.

"Nat Goodwin's first wife, a Miss Weathersby, died in England 24 years ago." "A Miss Weathersby"! And is charming Eliza Weathersby so soon forgotten? Is her grave in Mt. Auburn cemetery already unknown? "Died in England"! "A Miss Weathersby"! Of what avail, then, are beauty, grace, popularity with the public, the sight of one's face is shop windows, the applause that greets the entrance on the stage, the roaring and the wreaths? And never was there a more loyal patient and devoted wife than this same "Miss Weathersby" was to the much-marrying Goodwin.

July 24 1911

SOME DISINTERESTED BENEFACTORS

In New York courts of late it has been shown that men of mature years have helped young women who longed for a musical education. As a result of their benevolence these men have come under suspicion of undue interest in the young women because they happened to be pretty and after the assistance went on the stage. It is a pleasure to state that one of the justices in these cases rebuked a lawyer who made evil insinuations. This justice reminded the counsel that there were men who gave away money out of the goodness of their heart, and not with sinister purpose.

In Boston, as in New York, Chicago and other cities great and small, men have assisted young women of marked talent who had not the money to study singing, piano or violin playing and painting. There are men who are now generous in this matter. Three or four Bostonians have been widely known for thus extending aid.

Some of these men have been fortunate. They have seen the women applauded in opera house or concert hall and in a position to gain large sums. In some instances they experienced ingratitude. In many cases the sums advanced have been repaid. In a few cases the generous have been threatened with blackmail, for there are adventurous women who masquerade as students devoted to art.

These benefactors always run the risk of having their motives misunderstood. It matters not whether they be young, in the prime of manhood, or in the period of reflection and reminiscence. There are persons who cannot understand how any man can help a woman from disinterested motives. If these unfortunate beings were in the great majority, many women who now delight the world would be mute and inglorious, harassed by the bitter thought that they never had an opportunity.

THE 11-YEAR-OLD MARKSMAN

A boy of 11 years was anxious to own a rifle. He saved his money for this purpose, and an indulgent mother gave him enough to make up the requisite amount. The boy bought a rifle, and was, of course, uneasy till he had shot at something. He finally found game: he dangerously wounded a young woman passing in an automobile.

The story at first was this: A motor car had killed a favorite chicken, and the boy was bound to be avenged. Perhaps he took an oath to this effect on the family altar. There is now another story: that he shot without deliberate aim, and really without intention, for the gun went off of its own accord. The fact remains that a young woman was seriously wounded, if she is not by this time dead.

Why should the 11-year-old youngster have been allowed to own a rifle? He was not living in a lonely region where Indians prowl and wild beasts roar. He was not even at home in the city of New York, where youths and maidens, old men and matrons go about well heeled.

Thoreau said that almost every New England boy among his contemporaries shouldered a fowling piece between the ages of 10 and 14. Thoreau also said, when friends asked him whether they should let their boys hunt, that he pitied the boy who had never fired a gun; "he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected." But Thoreau said many things that were deliberately paradoxical, or hardly applicable to modern civilization or the peace of communities. And it should be remembered that he sold his own gun before he went into the woods to play as a gymnosophist—to raise beans, observe the habits of the partridge and race with the loon on Walden pond.

There are boys who believe with Bacon that revenge is a wild justice. In certain towns of New England 50 years ago the favorite weapon for dispensing this justice was a sling with buckshot. There were windows of schoolhouses or of houses in which oppressive citizens dwelt riddled, and there was a fearful joy in hearing the sound of perforated or shattered glass. Or the boy on a roof overlooking the highway or behind a friendly tree quickened the pace of the oppressor's horse or aroused the driver from meditation on a business deal or the sermon of the last Sunday.

A rifle is not a pretty plaything for a youngster of 11 years. Encouraged thus in the use of firearms, he will be the more ready at a riper age to bring down his fluttering wife, a rival broker, an importunate creditor, or any imprudent person who may refuse to join him at the bar. P. H.

July 25 1911

Dr. Martha Lovell says that women are not physiologically fitted for business, and Dr. Eugenia Hancock agrees with her. Yet the two doctors continue to practise. They say housework is woman's natural work, for it is "varied, light and adaptable. There is nearly always a chance to lie down." Housekeepers will smile at this, especially at the word "adaptable." As for lying down, too many will answer in the words of the Pilgrim of Love: "No rest but the grave."

On board the Muncaster Castle were many strange beasts, birds and fishes, among them the bintarong and paradoure. Only the whangdoodle and the great gyascutus were missing, and leading zoologists are now of the opinion that these two singularly interesting animals are born only in the United States, west of the Connecticut river and east of California's boundary line.

July 25 1911

Dear Rambler—Buying eggs of a native in this old Cape Cod village, I complained of the unusual heat. She said: "You will have more of it. This is a bad year, and all sorts of dreadful things will happen. Nineteen is a bad number. Eleven is worse; and what do you think then of 1911?" Can any of your readers tell me whether these numbers are generally considered unlucky? Or is the belief local, or, rather, individual? John Aubrey wrote many pages about unlucky days and numbers and omens, but I have not the book with me, and for once our hired girl forgot to put "Napoleon's Dream Book" in her trunk.

The game of burglary is now one of the attractions in New Hampshire summer resorts, and the visitors show true proficiency.

The escaped convicts in Maine are said to be living on berries. No one need pity their lot. There are "health food specialists," who recommend this diet for the summer months.

R. Hoe & Co. will move their printing press factory from New York Westward Ho?

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Lindsay Morison stock company presents "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" with the following cast:

Mrs. Wiggs	Miss Rose Morison
Lovey Mary	Miss Eleanor Gordon
Miss Hazy	Miss Edna Oliver
Miss Lucy	Miss Valarie Valaire
Mrs. Eichorn	Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Mrs. Schultz	Miss Elizabeth Royall
Asia	Miss Florence Maguire
Australia	Miss Grace Roberts
Europena	Miss Marion Gode
Mr. Wiggs	H. G. Carleton
Mr. Bob	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Mr. Hunkerdunkus Jones	Russell Randall
Chris Hazy	Fraunie Fraunholz
Billy Wiggs	William De Wolfe
Deacon Bagby	John Fairbanks
Mr. Schultz	Tom Whyte
Deputy Sheriff	Paul Linton
Brother Spicer	Donald Barnard
Joe Eichorn	Willis Gleason
Postman	James Murphy
Mr. Stubbins	Wilson Melrose

The "Cabbage Patch" is ...

The second and last week of the All-Star Minstrels opened at B. F. Keith's yesterday. The theatre was well filled, in spite of the heat of the afternoon, and the audience enjoyed the performance, which was excellent throughout. The Minstrels gave a new program, but it was in the same style as last week. George Thatcher, Lew Benedict, Hughey Dougherty, John Healy and Harry M. Morse are clever fellows. They know how far a joke should go. They do not spoil the fun they make by over-doing it. Thus Hughey Dougherty's "Evelina" was altogether amusing. His air as he turned to the "Schweitzersingers," after a brilliant vocal effort, and remarked, as he turned away again, "They're jealous," was inimitable. John Healy's little sermon was another illustration of the art of making fun that is nothing but fun. The other end men and Mr. Morse were successful in the same way.

The Meistersingers sang as melodiously as ever. The songs this week seem better suited to singing by a number of voices than those chosen in some other weeks. The Meistersingers also helped out in the minstrel choruses with a spirit that added to the general good effect. Some of the solos were excellent, notably Mr. Steele's bass song, and Mr. Tripp's "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Menetekel gives an astonishing performance. An inky ball runs over a sheet of paper and writes words at command. There is no deception. Only a Daniel could explain it. Webster Cullison and Miss Lucie K. Villa "politely proffer"—as the bill says—"Mis-Mated." It is a clever sketch cleverly played by eight principals, including the dog, the cat and the parrot. Signor Trovato, violinist, from the Philippines, made a great hit, and had to go on playing in obedience to popular demand.

July 26 1911

Mr. Rudolph Duhrkoop says the American woman does not know how to pose for a photographer. The charge is absurd. She knows her best points and how to put them in the clearest light. Has she good teeth? She displays them to the camera as though posing for a picture advertisement of a tooth powder. And nearly all women pictured in newspapers as taking part in "social functions," all "society leaders" must therefore have sound teeth. A happy, grinning, open-mouthed lot!

Indianapolis boasts of being the literary centre of the United States and neither Boston nor New York can conscientiously gainsay the proud assertion. But Degraff, Ohio, is now the centre of virtue. There has not been an arrest there in the last two years. There is no need of police, marshal or mayor. Spotless town is as Sodom or Gomorrah in comparison. At least the inhabitants of Degraff say so. There are men who take a pride in blackening the reputation of the town in which they dwell. "For its size, sir, it's the wickedest city in the United States." The people of Degraff are more loyal, more patriotic.

July 27 1911

"Jowering."

To the Editor of The Herald:

L. D. Evans is correct in his conjecture that Senator Augustus O. Bacon of Georgia used the word "jowering," and not "jowling," as is shown by looking at page 2994 of the Congressional Record of July 13, and at page 3012 of the Record of July 14. This verb, "jower," is given in some of the larger dictionaries. In an article entitled "On Southernisms," by Prof. Charles F. Smith, in Vol. 14 (for the year 1883) of the Proceedings of the American Philological Association, is this (page 50): "Jower, or jour, quite common in the South in the sense of persistent quarrelling or scolding. It seems to be also an old eastern Massachusetts usage, but is rare there, I hear, if still known," etc.

Brookline, July 24. OBSERVER.

July 27 1911

There are bar-keepers who prescribe a thimble full of absinthe for the toothache. It will be remembered that Uncle George in Messrs. Stimson and Wheelwright's "Roles in Cambridge" smoked tobacco on account of a cruel nervous disease.

Six women at Newport, R. I., are named as "the society representatives with the most perfect figures." The other society representatives, then, have only perfect figures, but they are all perfect ladies.

Arthur Nevin's orchestral piece, "The Springs of Saratoga," has been performed "at a benefit in honor of the opening of certain features of the Saratoga Reservation." A critic describes this interesting and symbolic composition as beginning with "rumblings and rushings of a subterranean nature."

July 25 1911

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "On the Quiet," a comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas.

Judge Ridgway	Bert Young
Robert Ridgway	Donald Meek
Phoebe Ridgway	Miss Florence Shirley
Horace Colt	Robert Middlemas
Agnes Colt	Miss Gertrude Binley
Ethel	Miss Mabel Colcord
Duke of Carbondale	Cyril Ridduiph
Dr. Wolcott	Frank Bertrand
Hyde Ogden	William P. Carleton
McGeachey	Russell Clarke
Hix	A. B. Clark

Although Mr. Thomas calls his play a comedy, it is really farce, and very good farce.

The story is as follows: Agnes Colt, the younger daughter of a wealthy family, will receive her share of the inherited riches only if she marry according to the wishes of her brother and sister. She is in love with Bob Ridgway, a Yale student of whom her brother does not approve chiefly because he has already decided to marry his sister into the Prussian nobility. At the earnest request of all the rest of the family, however, he finally consents to the marriage on condition that Ridgway first go back to college from which he has been expelled, and graduate. Ridgway, having been to New Haven, objects. Then he persuades Agnes to marry him secretly, and after the ceremony consents to the brother's proposal and goes back to college. After a month of absence from his wife he runs away with her to his yacht, where they are discovered by the brother, who, to save the family honor forces Ridgway to re-marry his wife, with the millions gratefully included.

July 27 1911

THE MAYOR IN GERMANY.

Mayor Fitzgerald, no doubt, amused the citizens of Hamburg by referring to Budapest as a German city, speaking of Vienna as German, and praising "The Merry Widow" as a German operetta. For the people of Hamburg are proud of their city, and now that Bismarck is dead, prefer Germany to Austria. Nevertheless it is a Berlin and not a Hamburg saying that the Austrians are the connecting link between the Bavarians and men.

In the public mind there is not a sharp distinction drawn between everything Austrian and German. Suppose that Mayor Fitzgerald had alluded to Schubert as a German composer? Would there have been shouts of derision? Not at all, for Schubert is identified over the world as a German composer, yet he was strictly Viennese. Haydn and Mozart are always reckoned among the great German composers, but they were Austrians. The common speech in Vienna is German, or what the Austrians are pleased to call German. The original text of "The Merry Widow" is in German.

Budapest is, as every school boy knows, a Hungarian city; but it was once or twice Turkish; and it is now Austrian. Being Austrian, it is easy to refer to it as German—a pardonable slip.

But will Mayor Fitzgerald, as a singer, an artist, escape evil German influences? Will his tone-production become throaty or pinched? Will his intonation be chronically impure? Will he accept everything German in bulk, as Victor Hugo boasted of accepting Shakespeare? Perish the thought! May he return with vocal chords unstrained, clear throated, keen-eared, the Glorious Apollo among Mayors, the Amphion to whose sweet strains stones, bricks, mortar, steel frames move of their own accord, rapt and grateful, to build a bigger, busier Boston!

So the Sabine farm of Horace has again been discovered? Was there a jar of old Falernian? Was there a pot of beans cooked in oil? We know this: That the farm, wherever and whenever it is discovered—for operations in Horatian real estate are lively in the valley of Utica—was not like the model farm described bitterly by Thoreau: "A model farm! Where the house stands like a fungus in a muck heap, chambers for men, horses, oxen, swine, cleansed and uncleansed, all contiguous to one another! Stocked with men! A great grease-spot, redolent of manures and butter-milk!"

"Another theatre for New York? Fewer theatres and better plays would be more to the purpose.

A FRENCH AMUSEMENT

Because Messrs. Bernstein and Daudet happen to be Frenchmen, their duel is treated as a joke by Englishmen and Americans, who remember that when their countrymen met on the field of honor they shot to kill. Yet there is no doubt that in this instance either duellist would have been delighted had he inflicted a mortal wound.

Mr. Bernstein has been much abused, chiefly on account of his race, and Mr. Daudet, a writer who by no means equals his father in ability, has given the dramatist just cause for hatred and contempt. It would have been more philosophic on Mr. Bernstein's part and perhaps a more enduring revenge had he attacked the younger Daudet's novels, but Mr. Bernstein had been unjustly twitted with cowardice and charged with being unworthy of a challenge.

It is true that many duels in France are merely spectacular and for the gallery or for political effect. It is also true that duelling in France has for some time been on the decrease. The system known as the "methode Baudry," which puts a poor swordsman on a plane with the expert, has dampened the enthusiasm of fire-eaters. It is said that Beaudry will show a pupil in half an hour how to disconcert the most skilful: by holding the sword out straight and keeping it there. The antagonist does not dare to press the pupil from fear lest he pierce himself. For such duels there are often a great crowd of spectators, a roped ring and a cinematograph, as when M. Thomequex fought M. de Pierrebourg.

But there have been recent duels in deadly earnest, as when M. de Villaz killed Pietri, a Corsican journalist; as when the Baron del Prat fought the one-armed Viscount de Pully, and M. de Villette seriously wounded M. de Maloryn.

The wonder is that the theatrically disposed do not fight in aeroplanes. There is a precedent for such duelling. About a hundred years ago M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique were so foolish as to quarrel over a woman of the Opera, Mlle Tirevit. She promised to favor the survivor. Each with his second mounted in a balloon in the garden of the Tuileries. It was agreed that the balloons, not the men, should be the targets, and blunderbusses were used instead of pistols. Le Pique's balloon was pierced about half a mile in air and he and his second were dashed to pieces. De Grandpre sailed gally on and descended seven leagues from Paris. Nothing is said as to what became of Mlle. Tirevit.

Mr. Max Braun, a hotel pastry cook, who has inherited $100,000 from an uncle in Germany, says he will stick to his calling. Sensible man! Riches have wings; banks break; real estate depreciates and there are taxes; mines are exhausted; there are trust busters everywhere; but the American will always eat pie in spite of health food specialists and their raving.

"At an informal dinner, custom has decreed that the hostess be served first." Right O! Thus does she reassure the guests, if they see her eating. Thus does she fill the office of taster to the Prince in the fine old days and nights of subtle poisonings. For she should taste the dish before others. "Try it, it's not half bad."

Mr. Caruso now says that he has never been hoarse at all. He stopped singing and pretended to be vocally indisposed at the loss of about $100,000 merely to oblige his press-agent. Why, this is the best press-agent story of them all!

It is said that Mayor Cahill is a great student, particularly of Greek. Mayor Gaynor devotes his days and nights to Epictetus, but does not always observe a philosophic calm. What is Mayor Cahill's favorite book? Aristotle's "Politics"?

Jun 29. 1911

It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. John L. Sullivan is building a bungalow, for the home and solace of his retired years. But is it a true bungalow, a one-storied, tiled or thatched house surrounded by verandas? We fear not, for the material is stone and the building will cost about $4000. Mr. Sullivan then is no longer a realist, as he was when he "drank delight of battle with his peers"; he is an idealist, and to him a bungalow is only a name, without special reference to the Hindustani "bangla." "Mr. Sullivan's bungalow will be one of the show places of West Abington." And so would be the rudest shack or shebang, if Mr. Sullivan dwelt in it. In this instance the man makes the house illustrious, not the house the man.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette says that there is a proposition with the aid of a grant from the French government to play dramas by the contemporaries of Shakespeare in all countries. "This will lead to a revival of the works of Montaigne." His classic tragedies, or sparkling comedies? And, pray, what are the titles of some of them?

AN ENGLISH INSTITUTION.

Punch celebrates its seventieth birthday by publishing a number that contains examples of illustrations contributed by famous draughtsmen from the beginning. England, as well as Punch, may rejoice in the good fortune that has long attended this periodical, for Punch is much more than a private enterprise which promotes the gayety of the nation; it it an English institution. It reflects the spirit and temper of the people. It is often edited and illustrated by John Bull himself in the traditional al hat and boots, and there have been the mes when John Bull seemed to cav ry the hump and flourish the stick zini Mr. Punch in his most aggressive head d. ing to mouth.

Artemus Ward once said—and he was editing Vanity Fair at the time—that he thought it improved a comic paper to publish a joke in it once in a while, and Mr. Emerson, with an unusual precision of statement, said that Punch published a good joke once a month. Punch is not the ordinary jester. At the beginning, when Douglas Jerrold fought against the oppressing rich and abuses incidental to class distinctions. Mr. Punch was bitter, furious. He thundered rather than squeaked. John Leech was not merely the pictorial narrator of Mr. Briggs's adventures, the sketcher of pretty housemaids, policemen, horses, and witty, irreverent street boys; he, too, could be savage. Witness his cartoons against Louis Napoleon, and the one provoked by the great Tsar of all the Russias slain by Gen. February. During the civil war the Americans who had journeyed with Mr. Punch through Snobland and other countries known to him, found no pleasure in his company, for John Tonniel could not understand why brother should fight against brother, and he caricatured Lincoln with a fine display of insular insolence and cruelty.

This birthday number, however, does not recall the political cartoons. The pictures by Leech, Doyle, Keene, Du Maurier, Phil May and others are taken from the countless illustrations of life and manners in England for 70 years. They remind one of the vast storehouse of information concerning customs, habits, costumes, fashions in art and literature. Here is a true history of the English people, a history written by the people and preserved in a form more enduring than in that of volume, section and chapter with foot notes and index.

And in these seventy years Punch as caricaturist and satirist, without being priggish or prudish, has respected the eyes and minds of pure women and ignored the subjects which inspire the artists and the writers of rivals across the Channel. This English Punch differs from his European and Oriental brothers. He can hit hard; he can be provokingly obstinate; he sometimes blunders or is dull; but he is clean-minded, not given to reading, or contributing to, erotica.

MEN AND THINGS

By PHILIP HALE.

After Many Years. A short note, or rather memorandum, sent to The Herald by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, puts the distinguished sociologist in a new light. Is it possible that he will eventually be known to the world as a psychologist?

"The other day I met a man whom I had not seen for several years. We had been in the habit of talking together at length and freely. We were interested in the same things. During his absence we corresponded. Yet when we came together after long separation, there was a curious hesitation in conversation, there was a tendency toward reticence. To a third person the talk must have seemed commonplace, stupid. The sun was more brilliant, the sky was a deeper blue, life was more precious because I again saw my friend in the flesh. I could put out my hand and touch him. I was happy because he was in the room. Why could we not talk as in the old days? A judicious indulgence in well concocted alcoholic beverages did not loosen our tongues. Was he disappointed in me? Did he say to himself, 'Herkimer, you have grown old and you look seedy?' The human skin, they say, is wholly changed every seven years. My friend has a new skin. Do we shed affection, do we put off intimate association once in seven years?"

"Jowling" and "Jowering." Some time ago Senator Bacon of Georgia was reported as saying that the senators of the United States should not deport themselves as men "jowling" in the street. The Herald published an editorial article, an inquiry into the origin and use of the word "jowling." Then Mr. L. D. Evans wrote to The Herald, stating that in his opinion Senator Bacon had not been correctly reported: that he probably used the word "jowering." "Observer," in a letter dated "Brookline, July 24," and sent to The Herald, referred to the Congressional Record. Mr. Evans's supposition was proved to be the truth, and "Observer" quoted from C. F. Smith's "Southernisms": "Jower or jour, quite common in the South in the sense of persistent quarreling or scolding. It seems to be also an old eastern Massachusetts usage, but is rare there, I hear, if still known."

"Jowering," however, is not distinctively an Americanism. Like many other words which English philologists delight in condemning as "American," it is an English word of good old age and respectable standing, though it is now heard chiefly in the provinces. Defoe and Sir Walter Scott did not hesitate to use it, and it is found in English literature early in the 17th century.

To jower—the variants "chower" and "jour" occur—meant originally in Shropshire, Devonshire and Somerset county, to grumble, mutter, complain in an undertone. It also still means "to speak the Somerset brogue." There is another word, "jower," to exhaust with fatigue, as in the sentence, "sho came home right on jowered out." And a person shaken or jolted by riding in a vehicle without springs is said to be jowered.

The glory of the word is in the meaning "grumble, mutter, complaints." Prof. Wright, in his "Dialect Dictionary," quotes this magnificent invective: "Why ya, purting, tachy, stertling, jowering, prinking, mincing thing!"

It will be seen that there is a marked difference between "jowering" and "jowling." Jowering may lead to jowling. The jower may become a man of action. Then he is a jowler.

Whitewash and Plagiarism. It is stated that "The Amazing Emperor Heliogabalus," written by Mr. J. Stuart Hay of St. John's College, Oxford, and published last spring by the Macmillan Company, has been withdrawn in this country by its American publishers because 60 or more passages of varying lengths were taken from Mr. Edgar Saltus's "Imperial Purple," "Historia Amoris" and "The Pomps of Satan," and included in Mr. Hay's book without quotation marks or other means of identification. It is true that in his preface Mr. Hay acknowledges with thanks "the permission of Mr. E. E. Saltus of Harvard University to quote his vivid and beautiful studies on the Roman empire and her customs." Commenting on this statement, a reviewer in the literary section of the New York Times (July 23) said: "It is worth noting besides that Mr. Saltus is never known as 'E. E.' Saltus and that he was not educated at Harvard."

Nevertheless Mr. Saltus entered Yale University—it was then Yale College—in the class of 1876 as Edgar Evertson Saltus. He went to Yale from St. Paul's, Concord, left the class of '76 at the end of freshman year and was for a short time in the class of '77. He afterward studied in Paris, Heidelberg and Munich and was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1880. His first book, "Balzac," was published in Boston in 1884. "The Imperial Purple" was published in 1892.

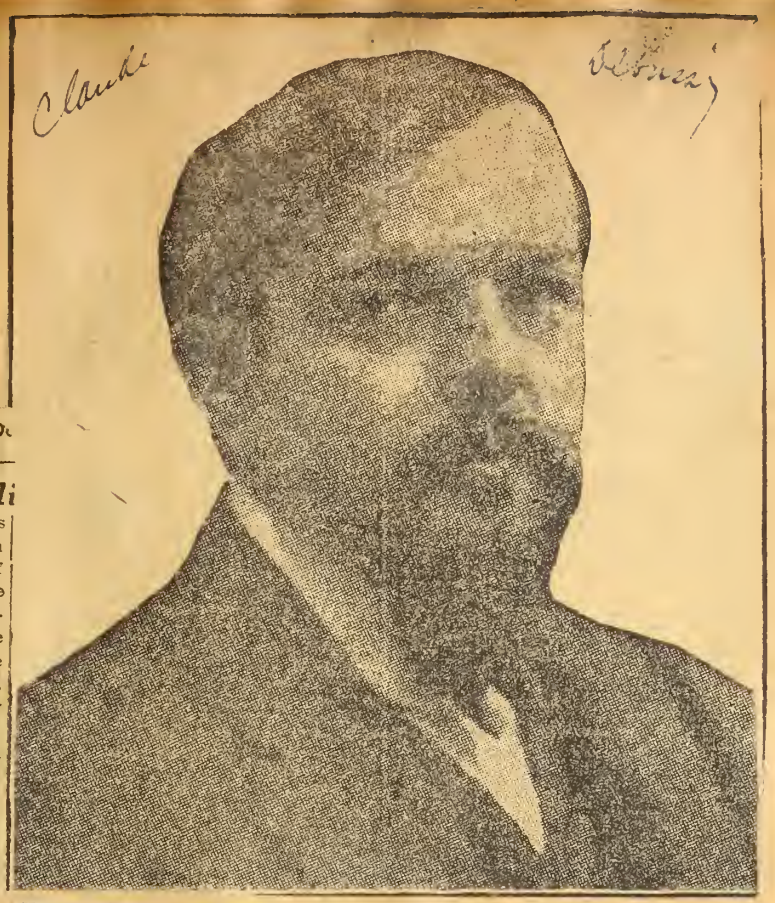
In this class of '76 were "Bob Cook," Walker Blaine, Otto Bannard, Creighton Webb, Lispenard Stewart, C. N. Fowler, James Brooks Dill—men who became known in one way or another to the public. The late Police Commissioner Bingham of New York was a member, although he did not graduate, but went to West Point. Mr. E. P. Howe, attorney and counsellor-at-law, of Boston, was also a prominent member of this class. Mr. Saltus in those days was a singularly handsome man, who was more inclined to read and talk than to pursue diligently the prescribed studies. He was a brother of Francis S. Saltus, a poet with a morbid gift, whose first volume, "Honey and Gall," showed the influence of Baudelaire. This poet also wrote a long life of Donizetti, the composer, but the biography was never published and, it is said, that the manuscript mysteriously disappeared.

A March Hare on the Throne. Mr. Hay attempted to "rehabilitate the memory," of Heliogabalus, to whitewash the Emperor who years ago appealed to Mr. Saltus, for in a report to the secretary of the class of '76 in a passage that is unfortunately like one in the correspondence of Flaubert, he described himself as assisting with Heliogabalus at the wedding of the Sun and the Moon. But Mr. Hay was not the first to prepare a bucket of whitewash for the Emperor. As far back as 1839 Thomas De Quincey in a footnote to his essay on "Casuistry," published in "Blackwood," mentioned golden swords, poisons enclosed in jewels and "other modes of august death" prepared by Heliogabalus, who had been told by the Syrian priests that he should be "biathanatos," i. e., should commit suicide. "Unfortunately, all were unavailing, for he was murdered and dragged through the common sewers by ropes without either purple or gold in their base composition." And De Quincey added: "The poor boy has been sadly abused in history, but, after all, he was a mere boy, and as mad as a March hare."

The Times reviewer does not allude to De Quincey's apology for the Emperor, nor is there any reference to the life of Heliogabalus by M. Georges Duviquet, which was published in Paris in 1903. To this book, characterized by a frankness of expression that would prevent general circulation in a literal translation into English, M. Remy de Gourmont contributed a preface in which he combatted the idea that the life of Heliogabalus summed up Roman manners and morals in the third century. De Gourmont pointed out that the Emperor was not a Roman, but a Jewish Syrian who stood closer to Christianity than to Aryan paganism; that he was a monotheist, "as all Oriental emigrants, corrupted by nature, and dried by the constant heat of the sun."

priest and a son of a priest, he purposely gave a religious character to his debauchery and married a vestal." De Gourmont insisted that "the Emperor of extravagance" was always a child, generous, loved by his people, a ruler who put no one to death for the sake of politics or greed, who did not persecute religious adversaries or the philosophers.

Mr. Hay was, therefore, not the first to "rehabilitate the memory" of this Emperor. And it may here be said that Mr. Saltus has not always been careful in the insertion of quotation marks. A most cynical scene in one of his early and unpleasant novels was inspired by a passage in a short story by Balzac and the cruel reply of the shabby hero to a wronged woman is taken word for word from the French novelist.



Claude De

By Phili

Arrey von Dommer, writing his "Handbuch der Musikgescnichte," which is on the whole the best history of music as yet published, stopped with the death of Beethoven. He gave as a reason that we were still too near the successors of that composer to judge accurately their works and influence, and it would be an act of greater folly to weigh contemporaries in the balance.

To some von Dommer must seem a timorous person, absurdly conservative, an old fogy. This is a day of snap judgments. The complex and unusual symphony, symphonic poem, or quartet of a contemporary is played and after one performance the young lions of the press confidently roar disapproval, eternal condemnation, or fall on their knees, overpowered by the presence of an immortal. A symphony heard for the first time is "epoch-making." Two years go by, and the symphony is forgotten, for it sleeps in the huge dustbin of Time. This symphonic poem is "a failure," "unintelligible," "chaotic." The music obstinately lives. "The work gains by repeated hearings."

It is said, especially by composers, who think that the world is against them, and there is a conspiracy to crush them, that the chief aim of criticism should be to detect genius. They quote Schumann's "Hats Off!" But Schumann discovered so many geniuses that the rim of his hat was soon broken; and of these "geniuses," how many are recognized as such today? Anyone acquainted with the history of music knows how strange, how inexplicable is contemporaneous judgment; how great works were at the time of their production ignored or openly flouted; how fulsome praise was lavished on music that was moribund at the first performance!

Raphael Cor and Debussy. Some time ago Mr. Raphael Cor contributed to the Revue du Temps Present an article entitled, "M. Claude Debussy et le Snobisme Contemporain." He begins by saying that it is always a perilous task to attack a religion. He admits frankly that Debussy is a musician "without parallel." He does not question his originality, which consists, as M. Cor asserts, in the employment of sonorous elements and at the same time in refraining purposely from arriving at any musical result.

M. Cor argues against Debussy at great length. The article reduced to a syllabus is as follows:

Without melody there can be no conception of music, for music and melody are inseparable. And here he quotes from Wagner, Hanslick, Ribot, Taine, Schopenhauer concerning enjoyment found in music and the origin and nature of this enjoyment.

Inasmuch as Debussy's music lacks melody—melody as understood by M. Cor—it therefore is not music. Its originality is negative. Take away from music rhythm, melody, emotion and you have defined Debussy's musical works. There is a sort of diffuse harmony, a murmuring and subtle monotony, which may well give pleasure to sensitive ears; but this is like a shower of sounds, diluted and without form. The monotony at last stupefies the hearer—as in "Pelleas et Melisande." It is not like the fine effect gained through the monotony deliberately conceived by Berlioz in the Offertory of his Requiem.

The music of Debussy, it is true, leads to reveries. "It transports us to a strange and vanishing world, where the light is only vague moonlight, where the waters sleep, where noise is hushed, where voices stammer and only childish, uncertain, scarcely formed words are heard." This pallid music pleases chlorotics. It skims the surface of things. Women appreciate it; it is made for them. "And how many of us are women in this respect!"

Is the "fluidity" of this music unparalleled? M. Cor cites the opening of "Rheingold," the "Scherzo of Queen Mab," the prelude to "Lohengrin," music by Duparc and Gabriel Faure, effects of mystery and dreamland obtained by Schubert in such simple songs as "Der Doppelgaenger" and "Die Stadt."

This music is of its period; it is musical dust, a mosaic of chords. But color in painting or music is not the first essential. The first is design; and a formula is nothing in itself; its worth is due to the genius of the artist who uses it.

The passionate admiration of Debussy's music is in Paris a disease of the season, or a crisis. It is the fashion there to contract such diseases. Debussy has founded a sect, and "the professionals of his scale" are legion. How many vain imitations, childish apings! Is not the second act of "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" the least successful portion of the opera? and in this act the influence of Debussy dominates. The caprices of Parisian taste are always strange. One of its characteristics is to go to extremes. There is the violent, brutal Octave Mirbeau, the Caligula of the drama. (M. Cor was anticipated by Jules Lemaitre, who in a review of "Tosca" dubbed Sardou the Caligula of the drama.) The same persons who wax enthusiastic over Mirbeau, go into ecstacies over Mallarme and extol Rhene Ghil to the skies. They know not discrimination. Swooning over Franck's "Beatitudes" they deny the fact that certain pages are strongly reminiscent of Meyerbeer. Paris is full of parlor critics who practise "the cult of exception and the fury of distinction." But because a work is free from vulgarity, it is not therefore beautiful. "If this were true, it would be necessary to find worth in the music of M. Erlanger, which would, indeed, be excessively unreasonable."

Maeterlinck and "False Naivete." It is the fashion to adore the falsely naive; not the candor of true genius, but the childish simplicity that is affected, manufactured. "In this effort to stammer lies all the art of Debussy; it is also, very often, the art of Maeterlinck." "That which gives charm to his characters, little, perplexed, and dolorous souls, agitated by precarious sentiments, is especially the abandonment with which they deliver themselves to their Unconsciousness." Hence this deliberate search after infantile expression.

M. Cor describes Maeterlinck's art as the substitution of the unreal for the ideal, mystic verbosity for emotion, false naivete for grace. "Something like a combination of Emerson, Burne Jones and poor Shakespeare." Futile words are spoken solemnly. "His heroes of trembling life, with a semblance of modesty, puerile, vaguely sensual, shaken by perpetual fears, have the delicacy of beings that hardly exist." They have presentiments, not sentiments. They are often asexual. It is not easy to distinguish Pelleas from Melisande. Maeterlinck's plays, in a word, are "Shakespear for snobs." And then M. Cor summons the philistine Max Nordau to his aid.

Ah, this "Pelleas and Melisande," this drama of infinite tenderness, pity and beauty! To the Greeks foolishness, and M. Cor is a Greek. Among these Greeks must also be reckoned the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette. When the play was revived in London on July 11 this critic spoke of "the author's deliberate baldness of expression," "precious oases of laughter in a depressing desert of elementary psychology and primitive symbolism," and he had the courage to say: "Try as we may we have never yet been able to discover in 'Pelleas and Melisande' any qualities of tragedy, poetry or imagination justifying the fame of the work; while regarded as mere literature, its style always strikes us as a sheer negation of beauty and distinction. We are quite aware that many men and women whose opinions on all matters of art we profoundly value, and are often proud to share, would put us in the pillory for holding, much less expressing, such a view; but no service is done to any cause by pretending an admiration that is not felt, and of that crime at any rate we shall not be accused."

Two Congenial Souls. Having thus freed his mind concerning the Belgian dramatist, M. Cor finds Debussy just the man to work in sympathy with Maeterlinck. Where the latter is indescribably "foolish," Debussy vies with him. There is need of a pale, frail, languid, anemic hero or heroine to inspire the composer. He is less musician than artist; therefore, he pleases the French. Not that his "Pelleas and Melisande" is wholly weak. M. Cor graciously allows that the reading of the letter is noble declamation, and there are curious musical effects of light and shadow in the scene of the grotto and the departure from the vaults. The scene of the fountain is delicately poetic.

As far as collaboration between Carre, the director of the Opera Comique, and Maeterlinck is concerned, the opera is remarkable, nor should Debussy be forgotten. M. Cor quotes from an article by Vincent d'Indy, in which that distinguished composer inquires into the emotions excited by this music drama. Mr. d'Indy states that the drama alone is not enough to produce an impression of this kind; nor is the music by itself the creator of the peculiar and complex emotion. "The music in itself plays only a secondary part for the most of the time. The text is the chief thing, the text marvellously adapted in its sonorous conception to the inflections of the language and bathing it with musical waves of divers colors which enhance the design, disclose the hidden meaning, magnify the expression, leaving, meanwhile, the spoken word to appear transparent through the enveloping musical fluid." From this M. Cor concludes that Debussy's great merit is that of adaptation.

Questions Propounded for Answers. After the publication of this article, the Revue du Temps Present asked certain persons to reply to the following questions propounded:

(1) What is the real importance of M. Debussy and what part should he play in the contemporaneous evolution of music?

(2) Is he an original individuality, only accidental?

(3) Does he represent something new and fecund, a formula and a tendency that are likely to found a school, and ought he, in fact, to found a school?

The second question was not clear to some. Thus M. Jean Chantavoine answered it in this manner: "To know whether he is an individuality 'seulement accidentelle,' it would be necessary to know first what you mean by the phrase 'individualite accidentelle,' and I admit that I do not clearly grasp the meaning."

M. Cor's article, the questions, about 30 replies, certain comments on the article itself and another essay, "Le Secret de M. Debussy," have been compiled by C. Francis Caillard and Jose de Berys and published in a small volume of 146 pages by the Bibliotheque du Temps Present, Librairie Henri Falque, Paris.

The compilers say that they do not add the list of musicians and critics who excused themselves from answering, who did not dare or were unwilling, and showed exaggerated discretion and prudence. The list of the omitted includes, the compilers say, the names of universally applauded pianists, the conductor of a leading Parisian concert orchestra, of a symphonic master, a member of the Institute, and many composers.

Nor is it surprising that these men refused to answer.

Some Excused Themselves. The list of those that did answer is not a distinguished one. The names of d'Indy, Faure, Duparc, Ravel, Marnold, Laloy, Lalo, Saint-Saens, Pierne, Ducas, Widor, Massenet, Charpentier, G. Dupont—to mention only Frenchmen at random—are conspicuous by their absence.

And see how some who did answer waived the questions or thought them impertinent:

Maurice Barres of the French Academy: "Debussy is too great an artist to allow an ignorant man like myself to stand among his judges. This is the reason of my silence, which I wish you would understand as an evidence of respect for art."

Camille Chevillard, composer, and conductor of the Lamoureux orchestra: "I am poorly qualified to judge and take sides in the discussion of Debussy. Your appeal to the most diverse opinions is enough to establish fully the great and indisputable personality of the artist under discussion."

Gaston Carraud: "Your questions seem to me premature, and then, in art, the words 'school' and 'formula' are only detestable. No one could seriously raise any doubt as to the actual importance and originality of Debussy. It is not now easy to see clearly into the past; how is it, then, about the future?"

Ecorcheville, contributor to S. I. M.: "It is rather chimerical, this wish to judge a contemporaneous master, of the kind that still reserves surprises for us. Impartial criticism has not the gift of prophecy; should it perhaps have the gift of indiscretion? I hope not."

Funck-Brentano, historian, chose the second question. "I think it impossible to answer it. Musical emotions correspond with nervous conditions. Will the music of M. Debussy be in harmony with the nervous state of generations after us? There is the answer, and who can tell? The greatest critics are always deceived when they meddle with predictions for the future. There's Diderot speaking of Boucher and Marivaux; he did not doubt that they would speedily die; while in music he saw nothing above Duni. Who knows Duni today, or even his name?"

Louise Ganne, composer, referred to the line in Moliere, "You are a goldsmith, M. Josse." "Permit me to reserve my opinion concerning my talented colleague on account of my relationship with M. Josse."

The late Felix Mottl here appears as "Frederic" Mottl. He wrote as follows: "The 'Apres-Midi d'un Faune' is a charming little piece, fine, exquisitely sonorous. I find no relationship with 'Pelleas.' In music drama the principles of Richard Wagner remain, for me at least, the only ones, and I cannot judge a work like Debussy's that is so different from my ideal." And yet Mottl was untiring in the production of operas by Berlioz and Chabrier.

Reynaldo Hahn, composer, answered that he was busy and the subject was too important to be discussed lightly. He found truths in M. Cor's article, and he also found opinions with which he was not in sympathy. "It is horribly difficult to discuss music without creating confusion and misunderstanding. . . . If I hold Mr. Debussy in high honor, I am not a Debussyite and I consider Debussyites unfortunate persons."

Romain Rolland said he had too much to do. He referred the questioners to his friend, Jean Christophe, the hero of Rolland's novel. Jean answered: "I am not very fond of any of your French music and I am not crazy over your M. Debussy. I cannot understand, however, when you have so few artists, why you argue about the greatest you have. It is easy to reply to the questions whether he will found a school and whether it will be of any importance: Every great artist has a school. Every school is injurious. Would it not, then, be better if there were no great artist?"

And now listen to Siegfried Wagner,

the son of his father: "I ought to confess the truth. I do not know the works concerning which you ask my opinion. 'Pelleas' has been performed in Germany, but I was advised not to go; 'the German translation is so bad.' I half-followed this advice; I heard only one act, and no one should judge after one act."

Some Opposed to Debussy. Among those who frankly say they do not like Debussy's music is Camille Bellaigue, critic, who was at the Paris conservatory with Debussy and Macdowell. He thinks Debussy's importance slight, hopes his individuality is only "accidental," and is cocksure that Debussy will not found a school or have disciples. A snippy person, this M. Bellaigue.

The late Arthur Coquard did not care for Debussy, but in his answer he treated him respectfully and admitted his original individuality. 'How is it possible to doubt it?" Debussy has invented a new speech; he is a "prodigious inventor of harmonies" who plays at enchaining chords, and with resolutions and orchestral sonorities; an exquisite composer without ancestors, without immediate family. But personality and genius are two things. There are men who have invented first class formulas and lacked force to rise to the highest level. Debussy has exploited harmony, but not melody or rhythm, and while a short work like "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" is charming throughout, "the works of long breath are of a desperate monotony in spite of certain and truly inspired pages. There is no force, no power in these interminable dialogues. Nor are tenderness and passion found therein, but in their place a sickly sentimentalism is displayed to seduce the neurotic of this period when neurasthenia flourishes." Nor is there grandeur, enthusiasm, all that which is noblest in the human soul. And Coquard declares that Debussy will have in music a place analogous to that occupied by Verlaine and Mallarme in poetry. He will not found a school. The next evolution will not be of harmony, but of melody, which with rhythm has been neglected of late years.

Paul Flat declares brusquly there is "an enormous part of 'snobism' and bluff in the reputation of this composer." It is impossible for the Debussy formula to found a school.

Siegmund von Hausegger, composer and conductor, writes a serious, ponderous letter. He is ravished by M. Cor's article. For Debussy making it a principle to neglect melody and rhythm renounces the two constituent elements of music. Nevertheless, as a "manifestation of an epoch and its tendencies" his work deserves consideration. Taken in themselves his harmonies are not always original, and sometimes when provoking audacities are expected, the harmonies are common, everyday, despite their insinuating charm and apparent complexity. "His originality comes rather from bizarrerie than from a richly endowed nature. His art will rouse to the highest point the interest of the historian, but will not have any vital, effective influence in the future. * * * It is incontestable that some of his harmonic innovations have borne fruit, but it is also clear that they bring not a new style, but only a new procedure, imitation of which would throw us into sheer mannerism, and maonerism is always synonymous with decadence." Thus does Mr. Hausegger show that he is unacquainted with the meaning of "decadence," which is anything but an exhibition of mannerisms.

The Sar Peladan awakes from his mystic and Assyrian dreams and compares Debussy to M. Matisse: "Debussy appears to me the musician of the Salon d'Automne." The Sar's musical gods are Palestrina, Berlioz, Franck, Wagner. "Perhaps I am a rival of Midas. M. Debussy's music is the only music radically disagreeable to me, so that it puts me in a state of physical uneasiness."

Edouard Tremisot, composer, tremoles at the thought of a school founded by Debussy. It would be to deny the past and the present including M. Tremisot. It would be fatal to French art, but for a time only, for "nothing can stand in the way of the immense breath of Life" (with a capital L).

Friends, Judicious and Extravagant. M. Ansermet declares that Debussy's work is the most important musical phenomenon since Wagner and the Russians. He finds in Debussy's music (and all that have ears not stopped with prejudice can find) a melodic line, rhythm, tonal unity, equilibrium, clarity of form. Then there is his orchestral richness, "without recourse to the brutal bursts of Wagner, or the truly chlorotic pallor of Gabriel Faure in a certain suite." No musician since Beethoven has in like degree with Debussy not only the sense, but the "need" of tonal unity. He has already influenced his contemporaries; as nearly every page of "Elektra" shows. M. Ansermet could now point to Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," for which the Italian plundered Debussy ruthlessly.

Albert Bazaillas wrote a long letter, in which he compares M. Cor attacking Debussy to Rousseau tearing Lulli and Rameau to pieces and declaring that French music could not have melody and its recitative is not recitative. M. Cor and M. Mauclair are preoccupied in their consideration of music with logical qualities instead of those that are sonorous. "Debussyism" frightens them and others by new habitutes of thinking and feeling, and, above all, as an exceptional or morbid case. They judge his music unhealthy, deleterious, immoral, as Nietzsche declared that Wagner ruined our health and music. "Wagner," said Nietzsche, "is not a man; it is a disease." This reply of M. Bazaillas is an exceedingly able one, one of the most interesting and cogent articles in the volume. Compare it, for example, with that of M. Cheramy, who thinks that no French musician has translated love into tones and the love of Pelleas is to him a treatise on neurasthenia and impotence.

There are warm answers in praise of Debussy by Fernand Gregh and the reader sympathizes with Camille Mauclair who saying that Debussy is an excellent musician then adds, "Debussyism is hateful snobbery."

But it was left for Willy, otherwise known as "L'Ouvreuse," M. Henri Gauthier-Villars, to give the conclusion of the whole matter.

"What is the good of discussing? M. Laloy declares that only the spectacles of nature and the music of C. Debussy make him 'suffer through force of joy and sheer excess of their beauty!' Zut!

"On the other hand, your bellicose collaborator, M. Raphael Cor, sees in "Pelleas" only a succession of "little superfluous sounds and arbitrary chords." Re-zut! "* * * One can chemically analyze certain productions of Debussy's disciples, and find only bicarbonate of ninths by conjoint degrees, acetate of dissonances with enchainment of major thirds, traces of appoggiaturas not resolved. But no one can deny the high worth of a Debussy, 'who has remained wholly faithful to our French musical tradition,' as M. Vincent d'Indy, one of the most fervent admirers of 'Pelleas,' has said, and no one, I think, will accuse M. d'Indy of incompetence or snobbery."

There was a German councillor who said that next to making music the most disagreeable thing was talking about it.

New French Publications. The Herald has received from the house of A. Durand & Fils, Paris, the following recent publications:

BARIE, Augustin: Symphony for organ, op. 5, three pieces for organ, op. 7 (Marche, Lamento, Toccata).

DEBUSSY, Claude: Music to d'Annunzio's "Martyre de Saint Sebastien," transcription for voice and piano by Andre Caplet; Trois Ballades de Francois Villon (English words by Nita Cox); "Le Promenoir des deux Amants," three poems by Tristan Lhermite (English words by Nita Cox).

DUCASSE, Roger: Sarabande, symphonic poem for orchestra and voice, transcription for four hands by the composer; Petite Suite (Souvenance, Berceuse, Claironnerie) for four hands.

DUKAS, Paul: "La Peri," a danced poem, transcribed for the piano by Leon Roques.

JONGEN, Joseph: Concerto for 'cello and orchestra, op. 8; Fantasie for orchestra on two Walloon folk songs, op. 24, transcription for four hands by the composer; Four pieces for organ, op. 37 (Cantabile, Improvisation-Caprice, Priere, Choral).

LABEY, Marcel: Quartet for piano and strings.

RAVEL, Maurice: Quartet for strings (new edition, revised by the author); "Daphnis et Chloe," ballet in one act, orchestral fragments—Nocturne, Interlude, Danse Guerriere, transcription by Leon Roques for four hands or two pianos, ad. lib.

SAINT-SAENS, Camille: "Dejanire," lyric tragedy in four acts, libretto by Louis Gallet and C. Saint-Saens, arrangement for voice and piano by the composer.

SAMAZEUILH, Gustave: Quartet in D minor for strings.

WITKOWSKI, G. M.: Symphony in D minor, orchestral score.

Notes on the Works and Composers. Augustin Barie studied the organ with the late Alexandre Guilmant and also with Louis Vierne. The symphony is dedicated to the latter and the Lamento, No.2 of the three pieces, is in memory of Guilmant. The symphony is in five movements. The first is a solemn prelude of two pages built on a recurring theme for the pedals, a sort of basso ostinato, out of which comes the subject for the fugue, the second movement. An adagio follows. The fourth movement is a piquant intermezzo. In the brilliant finale, the chief theme is derived from the ground bass of the prelude. There are relieving episodes of sustained song. The symphony and the three pieces should be a welcome addition to concert programs and the character of the music is not unsuitable to the dignity of church services.

Ducasse, or Roger-Ducasse, for he hyphenates his name, is not unknown in Boston, for his "French Suite" was performed at a Symphony concert April 16, 1910, and his "Pleasant Variations on a Serious Theme" were performed last season at a concert of the Boston Orchestral Club. The Sarabande has as motto, a passage from an "Old Chronicle," telling how a dying man asked "amiably and gently" that a sarabande might be played; "It was a dance of Spain, which a lutanist of whom he was fond played very beautifully." The dying man made this request in his agony as he was borne toward the Abbey of Aisnay. And the journey long viols and oboes and flutes sounded this sarabande, while the priests intoned their psalms and the folk wept and lamented in their pity and distress. And the bells, great and small, were also heard chiming melodiously. The "Little Suite" is effective for four hands and not difficult.

Paul Dukas, known in Boston by his "L'Apprenti Sorcier" and nocturne to "Polyeucte" dedicated "La Peri" to the Russian dancer, Miss Trouhanowa. The ballet is in one scene and the characters are the Peri and Iskender. As the Magi saw that Iskender's star was growing pale, he went up and down Persia searching the flower of immortality. At last at the end of the earth he found a Peri asleep on the steps that lead to the court of Ormuzd. She held in her hand the flower, which was a lotus like unto an emerald. He took it from her and she awoke with a cry, for without it she could not ascend to the radiance of the god. Looking at her, Iskender longed for her, and the flower grew purple, and the Peri knew it was not for him. She tried to take it from him, but he stood back, fearing, yet amorous. She danced the dance of the Peris, and when her face touched the face of Iskender, he gave her the flower, and it was then like gold and snow. Iskender knew his end was near and the darkness gathered round him. The transcription demands musicians as well as executants and it must necessarily lose in color and brilliance.

Jongen's 'cello concerto, dedicated to Jean Gerardy, is in three movements. The first in D major begins with an orchestral prelude. The sturdy, sharply rhythmed theme of this prelude is used later. After the entrance of the solo 'cello with figuration on this theme, there is a broad song for the 'cello and the tempo changes from largo to a pace of moderate animation. The themes are well defined and contrasted and the movement is varied by changes in rhythm and tempo and by interesting episodes. The second movement has a well sustained aria with a brilliant middle section. Recitatives in the finale lead to the main body of the movement. The lively, springy chief theme, and the expressive second theme are skilfully elaborated. The fantaisie shows the ingenuity of the composer. Of the organ pieces, the Cantabile, Priere and the Choral are especially suitable for church service. The Cantabile opens with a flowing canon for two voices, and there is well defined solo work of a quiet nature. All of the four pieces are carefully made and with an art that is not pedantic. Jongen was born at Liege in 1873. He was awarded the Belgian prix de Rome. The list of his works includes "Callirhoe," a symphony, a cantata, a string quartet.

Lahey's piano quartet is in four movements and is by no means of the ultra modern school. A symphony by him was performed seven years ago.

Ravel's quartet in its first form was produced in Boston by the Kneisel quartet and it should be played again, for compositions of this nature are not easily appreciated at one hearing. The composer is known here chiefly by impressionistic piano pieces and by an orchestral composition. The quartet is dedicated to Ravel's teacher, Gabriel Faure.

Samazeuilh's quartet is dedicated to Paul Dukas. Samazeuilh, a frequent contributor to Le Guide Musical, has written a violin sonata, which had the honor of being hissed in Paris, and also a symphonic study for orchestra which was inspired by the myth of Prometheus.

Witkowski's symphony in D minor was performed in Boston at a Symphony concert, April 4, 1903. I believe the composer's name is Martin, and he took the name of his Polish mother. He was a lieutenant of cuirassiers. Brought up in Brittany, he studied with d'Indy and now lives at Lyons.

Debussy's Music to the Mystery. While d'Annunzio's Mystery, produced at the Chatelet May 20 of this year, was considered pretentious and dull, the music composed for it by Debussy was warmly praised. Mr. Russell has announced a concert performance of the music at the Boston Opera House next season, under the direction of Mr. Caplet, who prepared the performance in Paris.

There is music for the beginning of the first act (Premier Mansion), "The Court of Lilies." After a solemn prelude in which a most expressive melody enters, the twin brothers, Marc and Marcellien, sing a canticle written for two contralto voices. There is also music for the scene in which Sebastian asks a sign from heaven and shoots skyward an arrow that does not return to earth. "My brothers, I hear the sound of breaking chains." Voices are heard, human and supernatural, exclaiming, "Sebastien, you are witness." There is orchestral music for the crowd shouting "A miracle." The twins call upon all to worship God. The chorus of seraphs is unaccompanied. The angels in heaven appear and sing.

II. "The Magic Chamber." There is rather a long prelude, wholly orchestral. There is an air for Erigone. "The virginal voice is crystal with gold and it bends over the soul as an autumnal sky," as the poet says in a stage direction. There is also music sung by the Celestial voice, "the ineffable chant of the Virgin without stain, the Root of Jesse, the mother of the Saviour." For this air there is an elaborate interlude and an impressive postlude.

III. "The Council of False Gods." After a short prelude and a few measures for the scene, players of the lyre, commanded by the Emperor, intone a hymn to Apollo. Again there are orchestral pages. The women of Byblus listen to the saint asking "Have you seen whom I love?" and describing the agony of Jesus in the garden, and they sing "Ah! You mourn the Well Beloved. . . . Alas, you mourn Adonis!" And, lo, a voice is heard as though rising from an infinite depth, a voice of death and resurrection and the women shout, "Behold the god!" There is corybantic frenzy. The saint, who calls on his Redeemer, refuses to incarnate the god of beauty. He is doomed, and the Syrian chorus laments his descent toward the black gates.

IV. "The Wounded Laurel." There is orchestral music, including a prelude. Sebastien is tied to a laurel tree, in a grove of Apollo, to be slain by archers whom he had formerly commanded, who would again gladly save him. His body is pierced and the Syrian chorus again laments.

V. "Paradise." This act is connected with the fourth. There are a few orchestral measures after the Lamentation, and the chorus of exulting martyrs is heard, as a great light breaks and Sebastien enters into his reward. Holy virgins, and the apostles, and the angels join in the song of welcome. The soul of Sebastien sings as it mounts toward heaven. "I am a soul, O Lord, a soul in thy bosom." And then the saintly host praises the Lord in the firmament of his power, paraphrasing the 150th Psalm.

The Ballads of Villon chosen by Debussy are the one to his "Amye"—"Faulse Beaute, qui tant me couste cher," the one made by Villon at his mother's request as a prayer to the Virgin Mary, and the well known "Femmes de Paris," with the refrain, "Il n'est bon bec que de Paris," which is thus marvellously Englished, "Parisian dames must bear the palm." It's a pity that Mr. Henley is not alive to scald the genteel translation. These ballads were sung last season by Mr. Charles W. Clark in New York, and in other cities.

The first of "Le Promenoir des Deux Amants" was published about seven years ago under the title of "La Grotte" in the collection "Trois Chansons de France."

Saint-Saens's Return to Mythology. Saint-Saens's "Dejanire" was first performed as an opera at Monte Carlo last May when Mme. Litvinne took the part of the unhappy heroine and Mr. Muratore that of Hercules. The other characters are Iole, Phenice and Philoctetes. In this version or rearrangement of the story Hercules loves Iole, who in turn is in love with Philoctetes. Iole brings Delanira the robe poisoned with the blood of Nessus that the hero may don it for the sacrifice to his father, Jupiter, and for his marriage to Iole. Delanira and Philoctetes are in the throng, and the former, remembering the words of the perfidious Nessus, thinks that a miracle will take place and Hercules return to her. Tortured by the centaur's blood Hercules mounts the pyre and calls on Jupiter to send his lightnings. The lightning descends and when the smoke clears, Hercules is seen, transfigured, with the gods on Olympus, while the friendly chorus sings: "The invincible Hercules succumbs, but he rises again, immortal." Thus is there a departure from the old legend which represents Hercules, after he has put on the garment, as borne in his agony from Cenaeum, where he would sacrifice to Jupiter, to Trachis, and then ascending to Mt. Oeta, to be burned on the pyre. Nor in the opera does he command his eldest son to marry Iole. Nor, as far as the text instructs us, does Delanira hang herself in despair at what she had unwittingly done.

The opera is in four acts. As Samson in Saint-Saens's "Samson and Dellilah," Hercules is a tenor. Delanira is a dramatic soprano, Iole is a soprano and Philoctetes a baritone. The first and fourth acts are played before the palace of Hercules at Oechalia. (Now at Oechalia the palace belonged to Iole's father, Eurytus, whom Hercules had killed). The other acts are in the women's apartments of the palace. There is a short and severe prelude in place of an overture. The music as a whole is written with a view to give the classical atmosphere though to be appropriate to a tragic Grecian subject.

Gallet's play was originally produced with incidental music by Saint-Saens, at Beziers, Aug. 28, 1898. It was played at the Odeon, Paris, Nov. 11 of the same year, when Dorival took the part of Hercules and Miss Laparcerie that of Delanira. The opera too clearly shows the evolution of scenic music into operatic.

Verne and Shakespeare. Mr. Kawakini, the husband of Sada Yaco, the celebrated Japanese actress, has produced a play at the Imperial Theatre, Osaka, entitled "A Journey Round the World," but he allows his hero 70 days. As in Jules Verne's story, there is the bet; a bank is robbed; a young Japanese woman is carried off. The travellers start from Osaka, and first go to San Francisco, where they see a prize fight; two gentlemen pummel one another as coal heavers. They are merely rival candidates for office. The kidnapped girl is found in India and the Japanese rescue her from the pyre. At the end of the play, as in Verne's, Fukuhara is in despair, thinking he has lost the wager, and then joyful when he learns that he has still a day and a night. The chief part, that of Fukuhara, the intrepid traveller, was taken by Mme. Yaco.

"Measure for Measure," under the title of "Shaheed-E-Naz," has been played in Hindustani by the Alfred Theatrical Company. The program bore the note that "to suit the requirements of the Indian stage and the taste of the public, the originality of the play is somewhat disturbed." Some of Shakespeare's minor characters were dropped to make way for five invented by the adapter. These new characters carry on intrigues that are supposed to be amusing. "They seem to be quite skilfully contrived," says an English correspondent, "and in conception and execution are strongly suggestive of our own Restoration comedies." The adapter thought that the appointment of Angelo (Saidarjung) as the duke's deputy, and the enforcement of the law against immorality, should be explained. There is a first scene in a garden. Katil (Lucio's wife, hates the Duke and attempts to kill him, for he had pardoned a man who had seduced her sister. Angelo shoots her, but she makes a dying speech, and, to quote the adapter, "impressed by the discourse of Katil that excessive levity is prejudicial to the merits of justice, King Jehander (the Duke) wishes to enforce the neglected law; but the indulgence he has hitherto shown naturally prevents him from being harsh, and he thinks it best to absent himself for a while, and deputes a fit person in his absence to restrain this immorality." Escalus fares badly, for he is described as selfish and licentious. He had made improper proposals to Claudio's sweetheart, but "being contemptuously repulsed by the chaste lady, spitefully accuses her and her true-hearted lover, who is shortly to marry her, of immorality." In the final scene Escalus is condemned to the block. The adapter believes that things should be done on the stage, not talked about. In his version we have this scene: "Angelo, blind to all things save fulfilling his illicit object, waits for Isabella's appearance. At the stroke of midnight Isabella and Mariana, dressed in similar costumes, are seen coming from the secret underground passage at the rear of the garden. Isabella appears terrified. Mariana gives her courage, sips a narcotic in her hand, and rushes her to Angelo, who strives with her; but Isabella, taking advantage of his state, skilfully escapes, and leaves in her place Mariana, affianced wife to Angelo." There is a scene, an inn, where a drunkard and an opium-eater quarrel.

'Hamlet" in Japan. "Hamlet," translated and adapted by Dr. Isubouchi, has been performed at the Teiko-Ku-Za. Neither the translator or the actors have ever seen a play of Shakespeare acted according to Western traditions. This is the statement of the Japan Advertiser, and yet the Advertiser says that Mr. Doi as Hamlet "has made a close study of Hooth, and his make-up closely resembled the great American Hamlet." The critic wrote prudently concerning Mr. Doi: "It would not be reasonable to expect this young actor to come to the part with a broad conception, but to say the least, Mr. Doi did not disappoint. If he is not all that we could wish, at least it is evident that he has ideals of his own and attempts to carry them out." We are told that the voice of Miss Matsui was too loud. Her conception of madness was truly Japanese, and lacked the deep melancholy and abandonment to sorrow that the part calls for." Mr. Togi who took the part of the King and also that of the Grave Digger, was excellent. Mr. Kato as Polonius was praised, "although his foreign old man's strut sometimes amused the audience." The Ghost was a short person and wore a long veil.

From the Advertiser's description, it is fair to infer that the audience as a whole was bored. The tragedy was so "entirely different from the accustomed plays, it was scarcely to be wondered at if now and then some one went to sleep. * * * Even newspaper artists nodded over their sketches. On the other hand university students and well known authors and thinkers were to be seen paying the closest attention and referring to the book translation."

Dr. Tsubouchi believes that Shakespeare's plays should be acted as nearly as possible as in the day of Shakespeare. "Hamlet," with its five acts and 13 scenes, occupied more than seven hours in this Japanese theatre.

Revival of an Old Question. Nothing is said about Japanese opinion concerning the madness of Hamlet. "Mordred" in the Referee not long ago declared that H. B. Irving's Hamlet is the "gentlest, sanest Hamlet imaginable." "I don't believe Hamlet was made; and Mr. Irving—with the poet to back him up, as I apprehend it—seems to take that view. I cannot, I never could, understand how such a question ever arose and I certainly do not think Shakespeare intended to perplex an audience with any such puzzle. I conjecture that it was only because actors less acute than Mr. Irving have not been able to make answer of it that the riddle, to which there is no answer, was ever propounded. Now, Mr. Irving makes it all perfectly clear, from the moment he resolves, as he tells Horatio and Marcellus in so many words 'to put an antic disposition on.' In the scene when Polonius tells him that 'the actors are come hither' there can really be no mistaking who is the fool of the two any more than there should be in reading the scene to oneself; and, again, Hamlet's idea of the situation is very distinctly indicated by Mr. Irving in the scene when Polonius, willing to agree to anything, says 'Very like a whale,' and Hamlet replies inconsequently, as it would seem, 'Then I will come to my mother by-and-by.' For Mr. Irving's Hamlet is a Hamlet with a roguish sense of humor and a most good-natured Hamlet; in truth, a very human Hamlet."

"Mordred" names Mr. Irving as one of "the two best Hamlets of our times." And who is the other? Not Mr. Forbes-Robertson, not any man, but Mme. Bernhardt, just as "Mordred" says that Esme Beringer was the best Romeo he remembers. And "Modred" wishes, as many wish, that "Hamlet" were played to a finish, the finish strictly according to Shapespeare. "The entrance of Fortinbras—in whom we are duly interested early in the play—rounds off the story. The sense of the shambles, which is the final sensation of the play, as it is usually produced on our stage, is corrected at once when Fortinbras, lifting the play again from the unheroic level of the slaughterhouse to the altitude, the majesty and the dignity of high tragedy, gives instructions to let four captains carry off Hamlet like a soldier. As Mr. H. B. Irving plays it, Hamlet himself has the last word, and the curtain falls on the dying Hamlet's 'The rest is silence,' which suppresses at once two of the most beautiful poetical lines in the whole of the play, Horatio's

'Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.'

I had rather Hamlet had not the last word; for the tragedy is not completed with his death."

And with this ending the funeral march for "Hamlet," written by Hector Berlioz, should be played, one of the noblest compositions in all music.

July 31 1911

Mr. Henry Hadley writes to the Rambler from St. Moritz: "I expect to conduct the excellent London Symphony Orchestra again next season as well as the Vienna Philharmonic. A most gratifying letter from the directors of the London Symphony has informed me that my 'Culprit Fay' will be on the program of a regular concert of the Society next season and Mr. Safonoff writes to me that he will conduct my 'Salome' tone poem in St. Petersburg next season." The Herald recently quoted the Pall Mall Gazette's review of Mr. Hadley's concert in London last month. The Standard said of his new symphony that it is "well made and bristles with ingenious devices and subtle color effects. Mr. Hadley certainly has the gift of the orchestra to a very remarkable degree." Will Mr. Fiedler produce the symphony here next season?

AN IMPERATIVE SOCIAL NEED.

Some determinator of delights and regulator of social amenities has handed down this opinion: "Courtesy demands that any introduction receive recognition, no matter if it is undesirable, but the acquaintance can be dropped afterward by a failure to recognize the undesirable party when next you meet." This opinion, though brutal, if not caddish, surely holds good in the matter of street car introductions, the most obnoxious of all.

Mr. Bolivar argues that because he thinks Ferguson is a good fellow, "one of God's own," as he enthusiastically proclaims, Johnson also should take Ferguson to his manly breast and, metaphorically, kiss him on the brow. The three are in the street car. "Johnson, shake hands with my friend Ferguson. Two fine fellows ought to know each other." Now, Johnson never liked Ferguson's looks, and he is dimly conscious that for some absurd reason Ferguson does not think highly of him.

There is at once mutual distrust. Ferguson lives near Johnson. The two often meet. What are they to do? They speak a few conventional words, at first; then they nod; finally they are barely civil, but neither one has the courage or the bad breeding to cut the other.

Some years ago Mr. F. E. Chase proposed that there should be a formula of de-introduction. Thus Mr. Bolivar, finding that his two friends do not hit it off, might say some Wednesday morning: "By the way, Johnson, allow me to de-introduce you from Mr. Ferguson." Then there would be no need of recognition. And it might happen that in time the two, not knowing one another, would entertain a mutual and high respect and be possessed with a longing for intimacy. Then a re-introduction could be easily arranged and a lasting friendship might follow.

Vacation stories

OLD FAVORITES AT B. F. KEITH'S

A large audience at Keith's Theatre last evening enjoyed a program in which old time favorites had a large share, each receiving hearty and well deserved applause.

Mrs. Annie Yeamans was warmly welcomed. Fleet of foot and light of heart, she was again entertaining with quaint humor in her unique and delightful fashion. It was a pleasure to hear Maggie Cline in the songs that have made her famous while her singing of "Throw Him Down McCluskey" roused to enthusiasm the most jaded among the audience.

Lottie Gilson, too, delighted with her song of the little boy who didn't want a sister, and with her rendering of "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley." Fox and Ward, the pioneer minstrel men, Gus Williams with his inimitable dialect stories and Ward and Curran in the well known "Terrible Judge" provoked boundless mirth. The Thornes and company were equally amusing in their representation of the vicissitudes of "An Uptown Flat," while Allen and Clarke pleased with their music making.

All the performers joined in "Sim Demsey," built about the irresistibly laughable story of the hard-hearted jailor, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the assembled players closed an evening of delightful reminiscences.

"The father of croquet is summering in Easthampton." For father read step-father. The game was born in England before it came to the United States, and one of its sponsors in baptism was Capt. Mayne Reid, whose treatise on the game may be remembered by the older generation. But elements of the game were found in other countries before the English claimed it as their own. Croquet, or roquet, is now severely scientific, but it is doubtful whether the players have as much fun as when hoops and balls were big, and some had mallets made of handsome woods for their private use and did not strike more accurately therefor.

The New York Sun, commenting on the passion of the English for tea, says that England's fleets and armies fight on tea and its literature and science are written on tea leaves; "but why in that mighty British world of tea must the coffee drinker sit with a sour face and an irritated palate?" There is an old saying that the tea drinking nations will finally subdue those given over to coffee. England, Russia and China should take courage. Japan is said not to be so faithful to the tea plant as in past years.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: John Craig stock company in "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," a farcical comedy in three acts by John Stapleton.

Benjamin Bachelor....William P. Carleton
Minerva.....Miss Mabel Colcord
Charyllis.....Miss Grace Lothrop
Amaryllis.....Miss Margaret Fay
Marianne.....Miss Florence Shirley
Stephen Howson.....Mr. Donald Meek
Dr Ludwig Schwartz....Robert Middlemas
Anthony Gumbug.....Bert Young
Miss Arbuckle.....Miss Gertrude Binley

At the end of this week the Castle Square theatre will close for the season which has consisted of 49 weeks, and during that time 32 plays have been produced. Mr. Craig has often stated that the main object in the selection of his repetory for the year is variety. A stock company of course must furnish this, but variety is a dangerous word and it is very much to Mr. Craig's credit that the plays chosen have, as an average had real artistic merit There have been remarkably few failures and many worthy successes. A theatric year which has included, "The Servant in the House," "Richard III," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "The Rivals" and "Arms and the Man," besides such excellent farces as "When Knights Were Bold," "The Lottery Man," "The Genius" and "On the Quiet," is a genuine dramatic asset to the theatre going public. Nearly all of these plays were conscientiously acted, many of them with skill and histrionic ability. "The End of the Bridge" was a conspicuous example of what this stock company can accomplish when it puts forth its best efforts. Mr. Craig's Hamlet, Miss Young's Mary in "The Servant in the House," Mr. Week's Bishop in the same play, Mr. Hassell's Gratiano and Miss MacDannell's Peter were of the very essence of fine acting, fundamental in conception, polished in execution.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt returning to Paris declared that in Chicago she had seen miners with their lamps in their boiled leather hats going home in their own 40-horsepower motor cars from work. She did not give the exact location of these mines near Chicago. A French journal suggests that instead of taking the part of Mephistopheles this season, as she purposes to do, she should play Baron Munchausen.

Aug 2. 1911

THE RAMBLER

The Rambler learns from the Rev. Clay McAulay, formerly of Boston, now living in Tokio, that Japan is, indeed, fast becoming Americanized. We quote from a well-displayed advertisement in the Japan Advertiser of June 30: "Yurakuza Theatre, Tokio. The Great Jansen Show. The show all Tokio is talking about. American Ambassador O'Brien said: 'Delightful, Excellent Performance.'" Borowsky's Circus was at the Kokucikwan, Tokio Wrestling Hall, and there was a mis-

cellaneous show at the Teikokuza, with a program including an historical piece, a modern tragedy, an old play, a comedy, a classical piece. Mme. Shibata in vocal solos, "Italian Dance by Actresses," "Cake Walk by Actresses" and "Japanese Dance by Actresses." This Mme Shibata sang arias from "The European operas" and the reviewer said: "This is indeed an innnovation." She is to be sent to Europe to study for the operatic stage, for there is to be a local opera company in Tokio. There is this note about the cake walk: "That anything so frivolous should appear in the stately new theatre shows that the Japanese stage as represented in this modern playhouse has broken away from all restraints of the past and wishes to serve the public with all the nonsense as well as solid refreshments of the theatre in other lands." And what will the Japanese say to "Madama Butterfly," with its alleged "local color"? The apparition of Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton will not increase the affection of the Japanese toward Americans.

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The announcement has been made that Mme. Lipkowska will sing next season in certain parts at the Boston Opera House. This is welcome news to many who otherwise would miss this charming artist, pathetic and moving in "Lakme," and in comedy "a dainty rogue in porcelain." She made a marked impression in London last month as the cigarette-smoking heroine in "The Secret of Susanna," and as Mimi. The Times spoke of her skill and grace, "an exquisitely fresh little figure" in Puccini's opera: "In the later scene, too, she struck the right note of pathos without a touch of exaggeration or undue theatrical sentiment." The Pall Mall Gazette said there was much that was engaging in her conception, and the Referee praised her Mimi, "for her youthful appearance, charm of manner and quality of voice were all in consonance with the character." It was to be expected that as Susanna she should show "archness, vivacity and consistency." This opera of Wolf-Ferrari will show Mme. Lipkowska in a new part to her many admirers in Boston.

Aug 3. 1911

"ELECTRA" IN HARVARD YARD

A large and appreciative audience was present last evening at the performance of the English version of Euripides's "Electra" by the Coburn players in Harvard yard, under the auspices of the summer school of arts and sciences.

On a picturesque stage, with a background of leafy birches and overhung with mighty oak trees, the grim and baleful tragedy of revenge and hatred was enacted by a company of players well schooled both in the reading of lines with utmost intelligence and in the skilled characterization of parts.

Electra.....Mrs. Coburn
Clytemnestra.....Miss Harrington
Orestes.....Mr. Coburn
A Peasant.....Mr. Peters
An Old Man.....Mr. Erlynne
Messenger.....Mr. Donnelly
Castor.....Mr. Kyle
Leader of Chorus.....Miss Turner
Second Leader of Chorus....Miss Barleon

As Electra, the vengeful, passion-swept woman, unsatisfied alike in love and hate, Mrs. Coburn played admirably. Her emotional intensity in voice and gesture were both sincere and pertinent, while her impersonation, at all times impressive, was perhaps at its best in the scene with Clytemnestra. Here Electra's silent scorn and loathing of the Queen's excuses was depicted by eloquent facial play while the torrent of vituperations that follow was delivered with potent dramatic significance.

Mr. Coburn, as the outraged and wretched Orestes, was equally engrossing in his conception and rendering. The supporting company was excellent. Of the minor parts Mr. Erlynne depicted admirably the faithful servant, loyal to the last, and although feeble with age, ever ready to serve his master's children. Mr. Donnelly narrated the killing of Aegisthus with graphic reality, while Mr. Kyle, as Castor, decreed the further fate of the matricides with dignity and impressiveness.

Mr. Jack Johnson's conquest of England is now complete. The Referee—and it does not like Americans—says: "There is something rather fascinating about Johnson's stage personality," and refers to him as "bright and breezy."

Mme. Duse has her own view concerning the "elevation" of the stage: "To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed. The actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make Art impossible." The Players Club of New York recently gave Mme. Bernhardt a reception. It will now probably hang Mme. Duse's portrait by the side of Mr. Richard Barry's.

Aug 4 1911

Mr. Frank Schloesser writing in London about ice says: "'Iced creams' seem to crop up in cookery book and contemporary records about the year 1700, and half a century later they are commonly quoted as 'ice colums' (which term still obtains in the United States of America)." Where, just where, O Mr. Schloesser?

La France through an error in proofreading thus vexed its London correspondent: "'Our Tailor King,' notre roi marin, comme disent les Anglais." Yet England has had two Kings who showed sartorial interest and set the fashions; George IV. and Edward VII. The ruler that decreed the Prince Albert coat was only a Prince Consort.

CHAUCER IN HARVARD YARD

HARVARD COLLEGE YARD—Percy Mackaye's poetic comedy, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," based on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," performed by the Coburn players.

Geoffrey Chaucer.....Mr. Coburn
The Friar.....Mr. Kyle
The Prioress.....Mrs. Coburn
The Wife of Bath.....Miss Harrington
Johanna.....Miss Turner

With merry England in the days of Chaucer for setting, and the poet himself for central figure, Mr. Mackaye's comedy is unconventional and wholly delightful in mood and workmanship. The lines are crisp, witty, with now and then a touch of genuine sentiment, the episodes highly entertaining and the situations irresistibly droll.

The play deals with the amorous blunders of the poet. In the courtyard of the Tabard Inn coy Mme. Eglantine, the prioress, on her way to meet her brother at Bob-up-and-down, is in terror for the life of her pet hound Jacquette, whose neck the miller intends to wring to revenge a bite. The poet comes chivalrously to her aid, restores the dog to her arms and, incidentally, captivates her for all time by his gallantry. Thither comes Alisoun, the wife of Bath, astride a donkey and surrounded by admirers. She, too, marks the poet for her own. But with an experience of five husbands behind her, she wooes him boldly with saucy tongue and hoydenish ways. Chaucer is hard put to evade her persistence, and the more timid advances of the enamoured Mrs. Allsoun is outwitted, however, in spite of all her ruses, and condemned to wed the miller, while Mme. Eglantine loves on unsatisfied.

The players acted with their usual excellence and gave much pleasure to the large audience. As Chaucer, Mr. Coburn was capital. Miss Harrington gave a spirited performance of the mischievous Alisoun. Mrs. Coburn was a demure and alluring prioress, while Mr. Kyle was admirable in the part of the lisping friar. The other members of the company contributed individually fine support.

Aug 5 1911

SHAKESPEARE UNDER TREES

Harvard College yard. Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," performed by the Coburn players.

Baptista.....Mr. Peters
Vincentio.....Mr. Knoles
Lucentio.....Mr. Gaul
Petruchio.....Mr. Coburn
Hortensio.....Mr. Walider
Grumio.....Mr. Erlynne
Katharina.....Mrs. Coburn
Bianca.....Miss Barleon
Widow.....Miss Turner

An audience of fair size and in holiday mood attended the performance yesterday afternoon. The play itself was considerably cut and the introduction or induction as some prefer to call it, that which relates the doings of Christopher Sly, was omitted.

Petruchio is one of Mr. Coburn's best parts. He plays him in wildly farcical vein, and "The Taming of the Shrew" is pre-eminently a farce, requiring to be treated as such. But his Petruchio is also romantic, for had he not been imbued with the spirit of romance the woman-tamer would never have undertaken his task so blithely or with such calm assurance of success. He is a fanciful soul, purposely playing the fool, and he takes the audience freely into his confidence. Furthermore, he is no swaggering bully, but an Italian gentleman, whose love for his lady shines clearly through his harshest treatment and worst of feigned blusterings. No wonder that Katharina once mastered loves him with all her heart and how proud he is of his work!

Mrs. Coburn, who has successively impersonated with equal excellence a matricide and a nun, is at her best as the termagant. A striking apparition when she first steps upon the stage, a very incarnation of deviltry, with rebellion written in her face, vixenish behavior and waspish tongue, there is no mistaking her shrewishness. Nor is she easily subdued, and something more than the mere act of Petruchio's snatching her up to bear her off in triumph is needed to bring her to submission. The conversion is slow and even when almost attained there are fitful outbreaks of the old frowardness. But when she finally realizes that she has her match and assumes gentle and feminine demeanor, she is infinitely charming both in her softened looks and in her wifely admonitions of obedience to her wilful sister and the widow.

Although in the main not so good as in the other plays, the other members gave adequate support. Mr. Peters was a courtly and dignified Baptista, while Mr. Erlynne as Grumio, the wise ass, elicited repeated bursts of laughter and applause.

"HEAD-GEAR" SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED

While the English, long faithful to the "silker" and the derby or bowler in hot weather, have welcomed the straw hat as one of the few advantageous features of the American invasion, and straw hats have been seen in the House of Commons and at solemn functions on aristocratic lawns, they are still intolerant of head coverings peculiar to foreign nations. Thus a London journal asked why apparently sane persons should wear a fez.

A committee of doctors at the Dresden Health Exhibition has conducted a series of experiments for the purpose of discovering the coolest form of "head-gear." It appears that golf caps are the hottest. The heat of the head under one of these is nearly 100 deg. Farenheit, or 1 deg. more than the surrounding atmosphere. A peaked cap showed a half degree less; a derby about 95; a plug hat 93½; while a soft felt hat showed a temperature of 85. A straw bowler was cool at about 80 and the heat of the head under a Panama fell to 75. Nothing is said about the colors of the hats, or whether there was a "ventilated" specimen, or the presence of alcohol in the system of each exhibit.

It would seem that the length of the time that the hat is on the head might have something to do with the temperature. Walt Whitman shouted: "I wear my hat as I please—indoors or out." and George Fox and his followers insisted on wearing their hats in the "steeple house." The composer, Auber, was seldom uncovered. He wrote his music with his hat on, ate his meals hatted, and in a theatre sat in a box, so that he was not obliged to remove his hat; and he liked to go to synagogues, for he remarked: "I never feel so much at home anywhere, not even in my own house, as in a synagogue."

The English understand Auber's feeling: witness the sights in their legislative bodies; but the day has gone by in London when any man not wearing a "silker" in business hours was regarded as a suspicious character or an American.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

Coburn Players Give Shakespeare Tragedy in the Evening.

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," performed by the Coburn Players:

Paris.....Mr. Hamilton
Capulet.....Mr. Donelly
Romeo.....Mr. Coburn
Mercutio.....Mr. Kyle
Friar Lawrence.....Mr. Peters
Juliet.....Mrs. Coburn
Nurse.....Miss Harrington

A very large audience was present last evening at the last performance of the Coburn Players, and which, generally speaking, ranked higher than those hitherto given.

Mrs. Coburn's Juliet, a pathetic figure was admirable both in conception and rendering. Winsome to look upon, she read the lines with sincerity, touching simplicity and true appreciation of the text. Mr. Coburn's Romeo was correspondingly good. Fraught with all the impetuosity and ardor of youth, his impersonation lacked neither dignity nor breadth. The balcony scene was especially effective.

Of the minor parts, Mr. Kyle was an excellent Mercutio, and Miss Harrington the kindest and most garrulous of nurses. There was much well deserved applause.

Mr. H. C. Miller of Kokomo, Ind., testified in court, for his wife sued for divorce, that he had not worn socks for twenty years, but "had given his wife money for years for her personal adornment." Mr. Miller, it seems, is a demi-millionaire, so he could afford to wear stockings of the finest stuff, aye, silk, and change them twice a week. Abstinence from socks should not be a cause for divorce. There was the great statesman, known familiarly and admiringly as "Sockless Jerry." And in these sanitary days brave men and fair women cry out against the wearing of shoes and stockings. Among them is Mme. Lipowska, one of the daintiest women that ever graced the Boston stage. As she is not a symbolical, interpretative dancer, she respects operatic conventionalities; but at home and in the country she often dispenses with what is genteely known as "footwear."

Aug 8 1911

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Over Night," a farcical comedy in three acts by Philip A. Bartholomae. Principal characters:

Caroline Patschen.....Grace Gelswold
Caroline Powers.....Sadie Harris
Al Rivers.....Wallace Worsley
Mrs. S. Rutherford Cleveland.Terese Dragle
Georgiana Kettle.....Ann Crews
Richard Kettle.....Ernest Truex
Elsie Darling.....Margaret Lawrence
Percy Darling.....Robert Kelly
Hotel Clerk.....Arthur P. Aylsworth
Professor Diggs.....Harry S. Hadfield

There have been honeymoons and honeymoons ever since the one that was married by an incident with an apple, but it is an absolutely safe bet that there were never two such honeymoons—or four as they turned out to be—as the ones that started on the steamer Hendrik Hudson of the Albany day line and went to smash somewhere above Poughkeepsie.

In the first place Georgina Kettle was a big suffragette and was wedded that morning to a nice little man whose mother, also a suffragette, had brought him up right—from the suffragette point of view. He was "milk fed," according to the other male honeymooner, the athletic and husky Percy Darling, whose bride, Elsie, was a sweet little clinging vine.

A trivial incident called the athletic Percy and the strong-minded Georgina ashore just before the boat started from Poughkeepsie. It went and they stayed, by mistake, while the milk-fed Richard and little Elsie, his friend's bride, went along up the lordly Hudson into more troubles than they ever had dreamed of before. Richard had an awful time with a cocktail and Elsie was overwhelmed with horror and weeping spells.

They decided they must pretend to be married, and the other passengers showered them with rice, while a suffragette on board compelled poor Elsie to make a votes-for-women speech. They fled the boat at the first stop and went to the Rip Van Winkle Inn, but were followed by their tormentors and the evening was spent in getting most amazingly and amusingly tangled up. This process was aided by the keen-witted country hotel clerk at the inn, a travelling hypnotist from Omaha and the wooing of a young couple who were willing to try the dangers of a honeymoon.

In the morning sturdy Percy and the big Georgina arrived. They had been fighting each other all the way and they kept it up to the rare enjoyment of all beholders. Georgina was jealous of her

Richard. Percy was loyal to his Elsie, till he saw the unhappy little pair pretending to make love in order to keep up appearances. There was an explosion and it required the services of the Omaha hypnotist to straighten matters out by putting Elsie in a trance and making her tell the truth.

It is all most charming fun, bright, sparkling, naive and unmarred by horseplay or coarseness.

Ernest Truex is the most deliciously lamblike male product of suffragettism that one could possibly imagine. Margaret Lawrence is so demure and sweet that you want to bat Richard for not kissing her at the first chance he gets. Even her crying spells are a delight, while her childlike innocence is enough to make a graven image howl with laughter. Robert Kelly is just forcible and manly enough as the athletic honeymooner. Mr. Aylesworth is a whole performance in himself as the country hotel clerk, and all the rest do their parts to a nicety in making "Over Night" one of the best bits of its kind that Boston ever saw.

A large audience last night enthusiastically stamped the work of both author and actors with its approval.

DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP SEEN AT KEITH'S

Steered by Wireless, It Sails in Auditorium—Good Vaudeville Bill.

J. McH.

A dirigible airship, guided by an unseen hand, hovered over the audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday, dipped perilously close to the heads of those in the orchestra seats, then rose again toward the balconies and went its semicircular way. Two propellers in front took care of the forward motion. One or the other stopped when the invisible pilot wanted the ship to go to the right or left. Propellers underneath caused the gas filled bag to go up or down. It was not a toy craft; it looked big enough to take up one person, and it had the shape with which the illustrated papers and magazines have made us familiar.

The secret of the invisible guidance was revealed by the presence on the stage of the inventor, A. J. Roberts, with a complete set of wireless apparatus in working order. It was an interesting exhibition. It was announced that Mr. Roberts would demonstrate the wonderful possibilities of the machine as an instrument of modern warfare. This was perhaps done when a parachute fell from the airship, representing a bomb; but in any case the possibilities of the machine in war could be easily imagined.

Such a graceful exhibition of strength and skill as that given by the Zarrell brothers is seldom seen. These two perform feats of weight lifting with an ease which almost deceives the spectator. A costume consisting chiefly of the skin of some jungle beast does not hide the play of muscles developed to perfection.

Kajiyama, with his Japanese students direct from Tokio, and his charming little sister, who looks as if she, too, came from Tokio, gives a wonderful exhibition of handwriting. He begins by writing the alphabet backward; but that is a small matter compared to his feat of writing different words with each hand at the same time and other wonderful things he does.

Two young women, billed as Burnham and Greenwood, give what is truly called an original musical and singing specialty. The two make lots of real fun; but what caught the audience's fancy most yesterday was the way Burnham—or was it Greenwood?—persisted in lifting a shapely foot in a careless and irrelevant way in the middle of a sentence or a song.

Herbert's dogs give another capital act. A pleasant feature is the evident affection of the animals for their trainer. The terrier which loops the loop and climbs a ladder, jumping from the top into a blanket, is the chief performer. There are some fine jumping grayhounds also.

Miss Valerie Bergere and her company appear in a comedy by Edgar Allen Woolf, "She Wanted Affection." The way Mrs. Lamont, the dissatisfied wife, tried to get the affection she wanted, was to invite herself to the bachelor quarters of one of her husband's friends. Letters get mixed up. The husband gets the note meant for the bachelor and vice-versa, so Mrs. Lamont finds no one in Dearborn's rooms; but Dick Lamont finds her. After a scene, in which a variety of emotions are appealed to, all ends happily. The plot lacks plausibility, and the dialogue is crude. Miss Bergere cannot be blamed for the failure of her zealous efforts.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Lindsay Morison stock company presents "Clarice," by William Gillette, with this cast:

J. H.

Dr. Carrington.....Wilson Melrose
H. Forsythe Denbeigh, M. D.....Rockcliffe Fellowes
Mr. Trent.....James A. Bliss
Pink Bemis.....Tom Whyte
Bell boy.....William DeWolfe
Judith Clancy.....Miss Rose Morison
Mrs. Trent.....Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Clarice Marland.....Miss Eleanor Gordon

"THE END OF THE BRIDGE"

For the first time in any place outside of Boston, "The End of the Bridge," Florence Lincoln's Harvard prize play, which ran for the unprecedented period of nine weeks at the Castle Square, was given at the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco last evening. Mr. Miller has had this production in preparation for some time, having secured the rights while "The End of the Bridge" was running at the Castle Square, and its presentation in San Francisco is preliminary to its New York opening, which will come shortly.

Miss Henrietta McDannel played the part of Peter, in which she made such a success at the Castle Square. She will rejoin Mr. Craig's company next month.

Aug 15 1911

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morison Stock Company in "Wildfire," in three acts:

Mrs. Henrietta Barrington.....Miss Eleanor Gordon
Myrtle Wentworth.....Miss Valarie Valaire
Janet Stirling.....Miss Rose Morison
Hortense Green..Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Doctor Woodhurst.....H. G. Carleton
John Duffy.....William De Wolfe
Ralph Woodhurst.....John Fairbanks
Matt Donovan.....James A. Bliss
Fred Sanderson.....Russell Randall
Bertie Almsworth.....Rockcliffe Fellowes
Chappie Raster.....James Gordon
Bud.....Denny Delean
Peter Johnson.....Paul Linton
John Garrison.....Wilson Melrose

CHARLES RICHMAN SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Successful Appearance in Vaudeville—Other Enjoyable Features.

K. W.

A large audience was present last evening at B. F. Keith's Theatre and enjoyed a well balanced program notable for the variety of its attractions.

A feature of the performance was the first appearance in vaudeville of Charles Richman, who will be remembered in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and as taking the leading part with Annie Russell in "A Royal Family." Last evening Mr. Richman appeared both as playwright and actor, and in both respects he was equally successful. The medium chosen for the display of his talent was a farcical sketch, "The Fire Escape," which contained all the elements necessary to provoke unbounded merriment and at the same time afforded the performers excellent opportunities to show their abilities.

Tom, a sentimental youth, has hired a room biessed with a fire escape, which the other guests in the hotel are entitled to use in case of danger. Grace, his fiancee, is also an inmate of the house. Desiring to make himself more presentable before calling upon her, he sends his coat and only pair of trousers to the tailor. Meanwhile fire breaks out. Grace, knowing him to be nearby, rushes to his room for protection. The predicament that ensues and their subsequent flight down the fire escape is the occasion for the wildest hilarity. Mr. Richman is fortunate in having the personality of the actor with the qualifications necessary for a vaudeville entertainer. He played with spirit and was well supported by Antoinette Walker as the timorous Grace and Charles Silber, who impersonated the bellboy excellently.

The other feature of the evening, Gus Edwards's school boys and girls in "Graduation Day," was given with individual excellence by all the participants, while the jollity naturally pertaining to such a festive occasion pervaded the schoolroom.

Among the other members of special merit was Harry Tsuda, who demonstrated a perfect control of body in marvellous feats of balancing. Will Rogers, the Oklahoma cowboy, delighted by his expert lariat twirling and quaint wit, while Carl McCullough gave clever imitations of Ralph Hertz, Harry Lauder and others. The French musical comedians, Williams and Warner, played familiar melodies in a new and startling fashion, and Major and Roy juggled with bewildering dexterity.

WALDRON'S CASINO

At Waldron's Casino the opening attraction is "The Majestics," which appeared yesterday. The company gave a two-act musical comedy burlesque, "Rogue de la Mode," which has a good plot, funny situations, bright dialogue and pretty music. It is handsomely staged and costumed and the girls are pretty. The leading comedy parts are cared for by Frederick Ireland, George Stevenson, Joe Emerson, P. W. Miles, James Nugent, George C. Hardon, Ben Steve, Nat MacNally and George Mitchell. The leading girl parts are played by Misses Nell Capron, May Walsh, Edna Roberts, Cecilia Weston, Marie Hebron and Margie Catlin.

Casino opened Aug 12 satisfie

Castle Sq. 1910-11

Aug. 29. The Squaw Man.
Sept. 5. The Circus Girl.
12. Zira.
19. The Bells of Haslemere.
26. When Knights Were Bold.
Oct. 3. The Crown Prince.
10. Girls.
17. The Talk of New York (2 weeks).
31. The Servant in the House.
Nov. 7. Richard III.
14. Going Some.
21. The Lion and the Mouse (2 weeks).
Dec. 5. Twelfth Night.
12. The Love Route.
23. Jack and the Beanstalk. 15 weeks
Jan. 30. Hamlet.
Feb. 6. The Road to Yesterday.
13. Faust (2 weeks).
27. Arms and the Man.
Mar. 6. The End of the Bridge (9 weeks).
May 8. The Merchant of Venice.
15. The White Sister.
22. The Rivals.
29. A Gentleman from Mississippi.
June 5. Little Lord Fauntleroy (2 weeks).
19. The Lottery Man.
26. The Genius.
July 3. The Barrier.
10. Mary Jane's Pa.
17. My Friend from India.
24. On the Quiet.
31. A Bachelor's Honeymoon.

1911 — 12

BOSTON, AUGUST 13.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE OPENS

Great Audience Greets Return of Old-Fashioned Melodrama to City.

'ACROSS THE PACIFIC' GIVEN

Military Play Stirs Great Enthusiasm, Thrills and Delights.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Military melodrama, "Across the Pacific," in four acts, by Charles E. Blaney.

Willie Live.....Harry Clay Blaney
Joe Lanier.....Edward F. Finley
Bud Stanton.....Frederick Ormonde
Sam Drysdale.....Edward Raymond
Mike Flannagan.....Harry Fisher
Elsie Escott.....Miss Augusta Gill
Nell Hazelton.....Miss Grace Fries
Madge.....Miss Kitty Wolfe

Aug 22 1911

"EXCUSE ME" AT TREMONT

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Excuse Me," a farce in three acts, by Rupert Hughes. Produced by Henry W. Savage. The cast:

Harry Mallory.....K.....Joseph Yanner
Jimmie Wellington.....Phil Staats
Ira Lathrop.....Scott Cooper
Rev. Walter Temple.....W.....Charles Abbe
Roger Ashton.....Harry Carter
Harold Wedgewood.....Harry Kendall
The porter.....G. W. Day
The Conductor.....Lou Hendricks
Mr. Bauman.....Phillip White
The gambler.....Alonzo Price
First highwayman.....Sherman Taft
Second highwayman.....Richard Turpin
Rev. Charles Selby of Ogden.Harry Kernell
Marjorie Newton.....Geraldine O'Brien
Kathleen Llewellyn.....Marjorie Skirvin
Mrs. Walter Temple.....Lydia Dickson
Anne Gattle.....Lalive Brownell
Mrs Jimmie Wellington...Jacqueline Blaney
Mrs. Whitcomb.....Aline Fredericks
Snoozelums.....By himself

Mr. Hughes's farce is an amusing trifle. It is described as "A Pullman Carnival," and the three acts take place in the San Francisco sleeper of an overland limited starting from Chicago. Scenically the piece is an admirable reproduction of the cars used by the Pullman company, and nothing is left undone to create the illusion, which is vividly realized.

Although Mr. Hughes is not the first ingenious playwright who has invaded the "tumultuous privacy" of a sleeping car, for all theatregoers will remember "The Tourists," he has dealt wisely with so precarious a subject in restraining himself from any indelicacies. The fun is genuine, clean, legitimate. But so fast a pace is set for the humor that at the end of the first act those more sceptical among the audience are doubtful for the fate of the two following, and to some extent this doubt is justified.

The first act is wholly delightful. It abounds in irresistibly amusing incidents, the lines are replete with sparkling sallies of wit, it does not depend solely on the physical behavior of those on the stage. And as a true farce, it is extravagant in situation, in dialogue, in its violations of the laws of probability, and in its caricatures of human weaknesses and foibles. The passengers for the sleeper arrive, and are in turn confronted by the porter, to whom falls the best part in the play. With knowing glances and quaint wit he estimates their several characters.

There is the Englishman, who monopolizes his attention, is at once clamorous for the luxury of a tub, insistent in demands for the London Times, vehement in denunciation of everything connected with the train. There is the fat, bibulous man, who, bound for Reno and a divorce, pours forth his domestic woes to each of the travellers in turn.

There is the crusty old bachelor who is unexpectedly to meet his playmate and sweetheart of many years ago in the person of Anne Gattle, apparently condemned to perpetual maidenhood as a missionary. There is, too, the Rev. Walter Temple, with his simpering wife. They are taking their first holiday after 30 years, and the minister determined to enjoy life to its fullest extent disguises his profession by a red necktie.

Then there is the eloping couple, a young army officer and his pretty bride, around whom the plot centres. An accident to their taxicab prevented their wedding ceremony, and they reach the train, breathless but unwed, just as it is leaving the station.

In the second act there is a steady decrescendo of interest and action. The ending is weak, and it should be strong. The third act, which threatens to prove yet thinner in matter of action, is relieved by the holding up of the train and the courage of the eloping officer, who in turn defies the highwaymen.

Mr. Day as the porter was capital. He played the part cleverly and was realistic even to the professional manner in which he made up the berths.

Miss O'Brien was excellent as the eloping bride. She scolded, quarrelled, pouted and made love with engaging frankness and adorable naivete.

Mr. Kendall gave an exceptionally amusing impersonation of the Englishman, while Mr. Staats as the fat man and Mr. Hendricks as the conductor did very creditable work. The others of the supporting company were fair. There was a very large audience, which filled the theatre and gave evidence of much enthusiasm.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morison Stock Company in "Old Jed Prouty."

J. H.

Old Jed Prouty.....Wilson Melrose
Lige.....Russell Randall
Zeb Hardy.....H. M. Morse
Beacon Hill.....Rockliffe Fellowes
John Todd.....James A. Bliss
Aaron Hemmingway.....H. G. Carleton
Zack Wilcox.....William De Wolfe
Stanley Wooster.....James Gordon
Valentine Vonclure.....Paul Linton
Dick Stubbs.....Denny Dullea
Fanny Todd.....Miss Valarie Valaire
Tribulation Prouty.....Miss Rose Morison
Mrs. Stubbs.....Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Jeanette.....Miss Lillian Stuart
Alice.....Miss Marion Goad
Martha Giddens.....Miss Eleanor Gordon

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Girl in the Taxi," a play in three acts by Antony cMars. The cast:

Marietta.....Jeanette Bageard
Clara Stewart.....Helena Salinger
Walter Watson.....Frank Farrington
John Stewart.....Harry Hanlon
Bertie Stewart.....Bobby Barry
Mary Peters.....Jean Salisbury
Percy Peters.....Jack Norvall
Frederick Smith.....Joseph Clark
Mignon.....Julie Ring

ROSE PITONOF AT B. F. KEITH'S

Even without the headline performance of Rose Pitonof the bill at Keith's this week would be an uncommonly good one. Jewell's mannikins gave a remarkable performance, showing a fully equipped stage on the main stage, with miniature orchestra, boxes and spectators. The spectators applauded, the orchestra played, and the mannikin actors and actresses gave nearly everything in the dramatic line except a problem play. It was often hard to realize that these little figures, in spite of the stiffness of their motions, were not living beings, so lively and natural was their performance. Mme. Jewell, who came before the curtain, was a most attractive vision.

Alexander and Scott, lately of the musical sketch called "In Virginia," which delighted the ear and the eye, while it puzzled the brain of the spectator. Male sopranos are not uncommon, but a man with a rich contralto voice is a rarity, and there were moments when it seemed impossible that the beautiful southern singer in the luscious gowns could be a man. The sketch was graceful and dignified, and,

although there was a lot of comedy at the close no horse play was allowed to detract from the distinction of the ensemble.

Willard Simms and Marguerite Lucier, in a sketch called "The New Paper Hanger," kept the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. Willard has the true comic gift and the farcical exaggeration of his action never palled. His apparent unconsciousness of his audience, his remarkable facial mobility, his singing and byplay were delightful. In the dance he was grotesque and inexpressibly funny, but Isadora Duncan might well have envied his grace and lightness—as she had evidently inspired them. The Rossow midgets gave an acrobatic display, and had a boxing match that kept the three big atendants busy. The agility and quickness of these litle people recalled that of the mannikins.

As for Rose Pitonof, fresh from her famous swim from Twenty-sixth street pier, New York, to Coney Island, a week ago Sunday, she received a warm greeting from her fellow-townsmen, and gave a refreshing exhibition of aquatic feats. She showed the various strokes used in her contests, and introduced one or two new features that have not been seen here in swimming feats. "The Pitonof kick," in which Miss Pitonof, with arms folded and feet crossed, made the speed of an ordinary swimmer, and the dive feet first, in which the swimmer came up also feet first, were perhaps the hits of the exhibition. Miss Pitonof showed a girlish nervousness of manner, but this in nowise interfered with the grace and skill of her action. The Ploetz-Larella sisters in a gymnastic act, Jack Cotter and Ada Boulden in a musical sketch, Keller Mack and Frank Orth in "The Wrong Hero," and an unusually good set of motion pictures completed the program.

Miss Alsie Ackroyd, the young East Boston girl who last Sunday swam to Boston light, was yesterday afternoon introduced to the audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre by Rose Pitonof as her latest and most successful rival. Miss Ackroyd got a warm reception with the little Dorchester swimmer. It was then arranged by the management to have Miss Ackroyd appear during the rest of the week; but last evening, through a misunderstanding, she did not arrive in time to go on. She will, however, appear this afternoon and at every succeeding performance during the week.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM

Opening day at the Howard was a decided success and the house held a merry throng of patrons both afternoon and evening. The show started at 1 and from that time until 11 last night there was plenty of fun. Billy Watson and his "Beef Trust" Girls with Watson as Philip Krousemeyer and Billy Spencer as Grogan made things lively. Each of the girls weighs close to 200 pounds, and all sing well. Mr. Watson introduced what he called a "Pony Ballet" and it was interesting to see the big girls skip around like fairies. Miss Alice Gilbert, Miss Margaret Newell, Miss Ida Walling, Marion and Thompson, Charley Johnson and an excellent men's quartet helped to make the show a success. The continuous bill is capital. White Hawk and Red Thunder, real Indians, Jennings and Renfrew, Brown and Taylor, Ben Pierce, of Dorchester, the Komedie Three, Miss Dora Ronca, violinist, Darmody, juggler, and new moving pictures make up the program.

WALDRON'S CASINO

"Charlie" Waldron presents the Big Gaiety company as the attraction at Waldron's Casino this week. "A Florida Enchantment," a burlesque in two acts and seven scenes, introduces a lot of clever comedians and pretty girls. The German comedians, Gus Fay and Joe Hollander, have the leading parts. They are supported by Eddie Lovett, Miss Clara Backett, Frank Henry, Al Hermann, Miss Marie Beauguard, Miss Beulah Benton, Miss Teavor, William West, Frank Smith and Alfred Bunan. There is a chorus of 30 girls. The burlesque is full of fun, good music and excellent vaudeville.

Aug 23 1911

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald received yesterday a letter, or rather a package of notes, from its valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson. It is evident that although he has been taking a vacation for a few weeks, his relaxation has been only an agreeable form of sociological research. Visiting the cottagers in Ocutit and Ucutit—at home in cottages with 17 bathrooms and with telephones on lawn and tennis court, garrulous on verandas of yacht clubs and giving an enlightened patronage to rum swizzle, in his lightest moments he has been collecting material for his colossal work. We do not know where Mr. Johnson is now investigating, but the envelope containing his memoranda is post marked Icutit.

"I have for some years been interested in the vocabulary of 'society editors.' I have become accustomed to those hideous arrangements of words, 'smart set,' 'swagger set,' 'our best people,' 'well-groomed,' 'exclusive clubs,' as I am no longer surprised when I read in a news column that a marriage is 'the culmination of a romance,' that 'willing hands lifted the body,' that a lawyer or a baseball club 'won out,' or that some distinguished pugilist has 'uttered a deft.'

"The society editor now uses the phrase 'in residence.' 'Mr. and Mrs. J. Belcherton Griggs are in residence at their cottage, Skytower at Clamport-by-the-Bay.' The editor presumably wishes to say that Mr. and Mrs. Griggs are living in their cottage at the favorite summer resort.

"But 'in residence' is an ecclesiastical phrase with reference to the presence of incumbents in their benifices, as canons in their cathedrals; or the phrase is used with reference to colleges or universities, electoral rights.

"In Ucutit a few days ago I heard a visitor say that Mrs. Montjollicor 'must be in residence,' because an American flag was flapping from a pole on her land. 'Our best people' thus announce that they are at home. When there is not land enough for a heaven-defying pole, the flag is displayed from an upper window, and I am informed by a person who, I believe, is trustworthy and well versed in the usages of society, that when the cottage is owned by the wife and she is absent, the flag is not flown, although the husband may at the time be sleeping and eating in the house. I am also informed that the display of a flag is without reference to a first or second mortgage. In case of a mortgage, why should not the flag be at half-mast?

"Would not a placard in a window, bearing the legend 'Ice' or 'Express,' or the initials of the expected meat man with his cart, be more to the purpose?

"Villagers are influenced in many ways by the summer dwellers. It is not surprising, then, to find Capt. Nickerson, the intrepid clam digger at Ucutit, flying a flag, for he is 'in residence' except when he attends the Barnstable fair, or, greatly daring, journeys later to Brockton. Capt. Eldridge, skipper for many years of a coasting vessel—he once sailed even as far as Surinam, and what he saw there is still the subject of wonder at the store—also flies a flag, for he, too, is 'in residence.'

Paragraph omitted here

"How manners and customs repeat themselves while the solar system nears the constellation Hercules! The Spanish epigrammatist, M. Valerius Martialis, wrote of Roman girls who wore cool snakes about their necks. 'Gelidum colio nectit Flacilla draconem.' Some editions prefer the reading 'Glaucilla' or 'Gracilla.' It matters not what the young woman's name was; the necklace was in fashion when Domitian reigned. And Seneca and Pliny testify that the girls of Rome wore living snakes around their necks and on their breasts and found the ornament pleasantly cold.

"I find no evidence, however, that snakes worn in the crown of a hat, plug, Derby, slouch or straw, will remedy baldness. Snakes were used in many lands for medicinal purposes, but not to promote the growth of hair. The man in Winsted should take a mole, burn it whole in the skin, then mingle the dust with something to form an ointment and rub his pate vigorously; or bees that have died in the combs, dried to powder and mixed with the honey in which they died are recommended by the more conservative as a hair tonic."

It is said of a New Englander charged with forging and uttering checks that domestic and financial troubles drove him to drink. "No one gave him a cheering word." And yet how did the old song go with its homely advice to wives, the song sung emotionally by Mr. Alexander P. Browne with the aid of a friendly and lusty chorus at meetings of the Papyrus Club when it was in its best estate?

Remember the barkeeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile.

Aug 24 1911

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE.

A New York policeman testified in court that a young broker driving a devil-wagon was "ory-eyed." The term, descriptive of a certain stage of intoxication, is familiar, but is the spelling adopted by the New York World correct? The dictionaries, even the latest slang lexicons, are here of no assistance; in fact, they do not recognize the word. Nor does the "Concise Dictionary" include "zymoes" or "zymos"—the latter form is preferable. "Zymos," as every schoolboy knows, is defined as luxuriant whiskerage of the patriarchal order. "Zymosis" follows "zygosis" in this new dictionary, but of what worth or interest are they in comparison with "zymos"? What is the origin of the word "simoleon," and should the word be used as a vague term for a large sum, or for a definite amount, as "one bone" in free speech means one dollar?

An English monarch designed and sailed a yacht long before the German Emperor donned a yachting cap, and preached a sermon on Sunday to the crew. It was in the reign of Charles II. that yachts were first built for the purpose of trials of speed. The Merry Monarch built 14, ranging from 25 to 166 tons, and the smallest, the Jamals, was designed by him. A London antiquarian finds the first report of a sailing match in Evelyn's "Diary" (1661): "I sailed with his Majesty in one of his yachts—vessels not known among us until the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King, being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other pleasure boat and another of the Duke of York's for £100. The race was to Greenwich and Gravesend and back. The King lost going, the wind being contrary, but he saved the stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Majesty sometimes steering himself."

Probably the first yachting club was "The Water Club of the Harbor of Cork," now known as the Royal Cork Yacht Club. It dates from 1720 and in its earliest years enforced sumptuary laws. Thus it was prescribed that "No Admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the entertainment of the Club, or presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat." No member of the club was allowed to wear a long-tail wig, large sleeves, or ruffles." One of these ancient rules might well be enforced in clubs today: "That such members of the club, or others as shall talk of sailing after dinner, be fined a bumper." The yachting bore, once facile princeps—or "vaseline prin cex" as an office boy remarked the other day in a fine burst to a customer—is now a comparatively insignificant figure. Scientific invention and scientific applications have enlarged the domain of the bores. The golfing one, not long ago dreaded as the teredo or shipworm, gave way to the owner for the first time of an automobile. The passionate pianola player pressed aina hard, and now the amateur or theoretical aviator or air-man bids fair to be without a rival. Yet if it were not for enthusiastic bores there might be no discoveries, no progress. Columbus must have been a formidable bore at the court of Spain.

A word more about yachts. The first private yacht owner in England was a woman, Elizabeth Chudleigh, better known as the Amazing Duchess of Kingston. On her yacht she sailed to Italy and up the Tiber to visit Pope Clement XIV., who entertained her magnificently.

As Dumas the Elder, lying flat on his back and on the deck of his yacht in the Mediterranean, would weave the plot of a romance or drama, so the Emperor William, returning from a cruise in Norwegian waters, brings home the score or fragments of an opera. For the Emperor is not only a statesman, theologian, warrior, sociologist, architect, critic of all things knowable, and also other things, but he composes music. The libretto is about Augustus II. of Poland, and the score will contain Polish folksongs and dances. The Poles may find this opera the crowning wrong against their afflicted land, but the opera will be performed in Berlin if the Emperor says the word, and the critics who know their business will find the music strong, beautiful and "characteristic." If it should be the duty of Dr. Muck to conduct the rehearsals before his return to Boston, his face will be a pleasing study.

The Countess d'Agoult.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The writer of the paragraph, "Bethmann-Hollweg is Part French," published Aug. 22 in your entertaining column "In the Public Eye," spoke of the "Countess d'Agoult, known in literature as Daniel Stern, and later the wife of Liszt."

Liszt was never married, although he had two narrow escapes, one from the Countess d'Agoult, the other from the Countess Caroline von Sayn-Wittgenstein.

The writer mentions two daughters born to Liszt and the Countess d'Agoult; Blandine, afterward the wife of Ollivier, and Cosima, who now rules at Bayreuth. There was also a son, who died in infancy.

A few days ago the New York Sun referred editorially to Theophile Gautier as a good husband and devoted father; but Gautier was never married. When asked why he did not wed either mother of two sets of his children, for whom he worked indefatigably, he answered in all seriousness that to marry either mother would be grossly immoral and cruelly unjust toward the other. W. B. H.

Boston, Aug. 23.

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Aug 25 1911

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE.

A correspondent writes: "Reading today 'the Wrong Box,' by Stevenson and Osbourne, I came across the word 'adminicle.' Pray, what does it mean? I do not find it in the 'Students' Edition of A Standard Dictionary of the English Language' (Funk & Wagnalls Company), the only dictionary at hand in the village."

You would find the word in the admirable "Concise Dictionary of Current English," adapted from the Oxford Dictionary and recently published. "Adminicle" means an auxiliary, and in legal usage corroboratory evidence. The word is not often heard in this country and might well perplex any reader of "standard fiction" or "best sellers." How did it happen to appear in this novel, which is a wildly extravagant farce? It might be said that Stevenson, like Baudelaire and Gautier, was a lover of dictionaries; that he read them thoughtfully and noted words for future use. Or as he turned over the pages devoted to "A" the word "Adminicle" struck his eye, pleased him by its lack of suggestion, and he said to himself, "I'll work it into the story tomorrow."

There is no more entertaining reading than that afforded by this "Concise Dictionary." The editors say in their preface: "The test of currency has led us to diverge in the opposite direction from the practice usual in dictionaries of this size; if we give fewer scientific and technical terms, we admit colloquial, facetious, slang and vulgar expressions with freedom, merely attaching a cautionary label; when a well established usage of this kind is omitted, it is not because we consider it beneath the dignity of lexicography to record it, but because, not being recorded in the dictionaries from which our word-list is necessarily compiled, it has escaped our notice."

Is the definition of "dago" given in this dictionary strictly accurate? "American Spaniard, Portuguese or Italian." Is not the average American in the habit of classifying insolently as Dagos all Spaniards, Portuguese and Italians whether the Spaniard be in Madrid or New York, the Portuguese in Lisbon or Provincetown, the Italian in Tuscany, Piedmont, Calabria or selling fruit in Boston? A Bostonian who is irritated whenever he hears a foreign language once said that to him all foreigners could be divided into two classes, Englishmen and Dagos. To some Americans the Englishmen are the more foreign

Aug 26. 1911

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Thomas De Quincey, enjoying a bit of solitude at Grasmere, was disturbed by the apparition of a Malay, and long afterward was haunted in opium dreams by the thought of the visitor. But the Malay did not carry things for sale, not even the traditional creese with its wavy blade. There is no spot so lonely on the New England coast that is not invaded by Armenians in the course of the summer. The senses of Thoreau were so acute that, passing a dwelling house at night, he could smell the sleeping inmates, and to him the dwelling outwardly clean and attractive with white paint and green blinds, was a slaughter house. Possibly the Armenian noses out the cottager. However this may be, he is more terrible than De Quincey's Malay.

The books tell us that the products of Armenia are wheat, barley, cotton, hemp, tobacco, silk, manna, honey, wax, gold, saltpetre, sulphur, bitumen, silver, lead, iron, jasper, marble; but the invading Armenians bring valises of table linen, embroidered shirt waists, Irish lace collars, kimonas, etc. They are pertinacious, never discouraged. The mistress of the house may scream her displeasure. The Armenian does not attempt to persuade in words. He opens his valise and displays his goods on the veranda. His insidious appeal is to the eye, not to the understanding. The mistress hesitates—and is lost.

There are Armenians who return every summer to the Cape and are known to the natives, crows and blue jays from Sandwich to Provincetown. They are accepted by the cottagers as any phenomenon of nature, as thunder storms, tent caterpillars, a blight on bay leaves or beach plum bushes. It is the newcomer that is feared. He is a melancholy man, as though he longed for the streets of Tiflis, Urumiyah or Erzerum. He brings with him a certificate of character, written by a clergyman in White River Junction. Some of us have known this railway station from boyhood. Cakes are kept there under glass covers and pies under wire fly screens. The custard pie was famous in the seventies. Trains were almost always an hour late at this junction. Is there an Armenian training school nearby? According to the clergyman—and his name is Legion—only good Armenians descend upon the coast; but what a relief it would be to read a letter of recommendation from a clergyman living at Essex Junction or even Bellows Falls!

The Emperor William is not the only composer of music who has worked this summer. Mr. Frederick S. Converse of Westwood, at his summer home near Lake Sunapee, has been rewriting "The Sacrifice," it is said, and there is also a rumor that he is planning a work for the stage with Mr. Percy Mackaye. It will be remembered that Mr. Converse wrote music for Mr. Mackaye's "Joan of Arc," which was played at the Boston Theatre about three years ago. It is to be hoped for Mr. Converse's sake that the new work will be of an operatic nature rather than a play with music. The objections against incidental music are reasonable. The music, whether it be good or bad, interferes with the dialogue on the stage, and nine out of ten spectators, interested in the play, pay little or no attention to the music.

Mr. Henry Hadley, born in Somerville, and now conductor of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert of his own works in London some weeks ago. The Herald then published reviews of the concert that were printed in certain London journals. The Daily Telegraph now startles its readers by assuring them that Mr. Hadley "possesses a gorgeous silk green robe, made according to his own instructions, with a yellow lining which folds over in large lapels," and this costume "has became an indispensable adjunct to his inspiration." Another name is added to the list of composers who dress or adorn themselves to court the Muse. There are composers who apparently don a second-hand suit.

A Bostonian who has written a novel, a volume of short stories and a book of verse, chooses a windmill on Cape Cod for his ivory tower. He does not move gracefully with the sails, but sits within, and in a well appointed chamber. How can he utilize the mill in his new novel, which will portray modern society? Cervantes recognized the value of windmills for copy, and there is a stirring scene in "The Cloister and the Hearth" where Gerard escapes murderous robbers by gripping the woodwork of a sail, going to the ground and then firing the mill. Mr. Stone making an escape in "The Red Mill" was more fortunate than Gerard; he did not sprain his ankle in alighting.

Mr. Chesterton, who argues that "Macbeth" might as well be played with costumes of today, should be delighted with the news from Japan. "Hamlet" was performed recently in that country and the melancholy Dane wore in the first act modern evening dress with a plug hat. In Act II. he appeared in a Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers and the shrieking worsted stockings of a bicyclist. In Acts III. and IV. he donned again his claw-hammer and sported a flower in the button hole. In Act V. he moved about in the academic garb of a student of the University of Tokyo.

Aug 27. 1911

A Memorable Night in Naples

Sig. Salvatore di Giacomo commented ingeniously on a letter written by Isabella, Princess de Caposele, to her friend, Violante Zanolin at Venice, Nov 4, 1737. The princess had returned from the inauguration of the San Carlo Opera House, Naples.

This letter might for the most part be written today by any woman to a friend after the opening night of an opera season. Let us read what the princess wrote, without inquiring anxiously into her existence, or wondering whether she were known only to Sig. Salvatore di Giacomo.

AT HOME, NOV. 4, 1737.

My dear Violante—The constancy of your friendship affects me so that your image is continually before me on happy or sad occasions. Whether my soul be moved by pleasure or pain, my thoughts always go out toward you and I say to myself, either, "With you, Violante, how I would rejoice!" or "If my friend were with me, sorrow would not sadden me so deeply!"

It is two o'clock in the morning. I come from the theatre of San Carlo, opened this evening for the first time, to the astonishment of the Neapolitans, with music and ballet, and inaugurated in the presence of His Majesty—may God keep him!

The signor, my husband, Prince de Caposele, who has just now gone to bed and is sleeping, wearied by continual visits to the boxes, possessed, as you well know, a little box in the old theatre of San Bartolomeo, for which we paid at the distribution only 90 ducats. For the same box in the second tier which we have now at the San Carlo, my husband gladly paid 760 ducats for the satisfaction of taking pleasure in the neighborhood of the King and playing court to him. And so, in spite of the change in the weather and the continual rain, my husband went last Thursday to engage the box.

Isabella as a Critic

What a spectacle, dearest Violante! I shall not say anything about the music, for as you know I do not understand this serious music very well. My husband says that it is very praiseworthy, and, indeed, the audience manifested its approbation by continual applause. But, between us, I admit to you I experience far greater pleasure when Scarlatti comes to us to play an allegro or a minuet down stairs. What shall I say? Sarro is perhaps a highly respectable composer, but acording to my poor judgment, he is too much given to lamentations for enjoyment in the opera house. His Majesty—may God have him in his keeping!—slept nearly the whole evening. Serious music, my dear, very serious, and not suited to our ears.

It was not agreeable for me to hear from my husband, who was informed of the fact at the auditor's office, that we could not put on our box the device of our house. The King—may God preserve him!—has ordered that no hoxholder should paint or engrave on his box the coat of arms of his family. On the other hand it gave me great pleasure to learn that His Majesty had prohibited smoking in the lobby, so that women should not have their stomachs upset. The old San Bartolomes Theatre had become a barracks by reason of this annoyance, and you know how I suffer in this circumstance which does not respect the nobility.

How the Queen Looked

My Violante, what an illumination, what pomp, what a feast for the eye! The King arrived at the hour appointed for the beginning of the performance, and suddenly the conversation in the boxes and the stalls ceased. The first clavecinist played the royal music and there was an immense clapping of hands with cries of "Long Live the King!" "Long Live the Queen!" We all stood up and saluted. Her Majesty, the Queen—May God keep her!—seemed in the distance exceedingly beautiful, but some one who had the good fortune to go near to her told me that her face is deeply pitted from the small pox.

Her hairdresser is not one of the most distinguished, and Her Majesty does not think too much of her toilet. She is given rather to modest and religious habitudes; her boudoir is her oratory; her perfumed water is holy water. A blessing on her! Why can I not follow her example and prepare for myself a place in Paradise? But my confessor, Dom Pietro Vigarito at San Giacom, tells me that attention may be paid to the toilet provided it be without scandal and with a noble tranquility. As you may like to know how I was dressed, I'll tell you.

Isabella's Coiffure and Dress

My coiffure was a l'Amadigi, although I do not much like this style; but the hairdresser says that the curls frame pleasantly my oval face, and it is necessary to obey the hairdresser. Beauty patches are now worn in profusion, but I put on only a "passionnce," two "galantes," and an "assassine" on the corner of my lips. I wore some pearls in my hair, and I had a double string of them around my neck. My turtle dove bodice, very long, for they wear them so at present, was ornamented with pearls, as were the openings and edges of the puffed sleeves. All this ornamentation with other embellishments was an amiable gift from my husband, who bought it in Paris. The vest, which you alone know well, was of rose colored silk with tulips in relief. I have changed the flounces and replaced them with silver lace which is more effective. On the puffs a bright orange red trimming is charming. My fan has a picture by some one named Fragonard, a Parisian, and this is also a gift from my husband. They tell me it is marvellous. I do not see where the marvel comes in—two little Cupids, a dog, and a bit of grass—that's all. On the other hand the ivory frame is very rich; the sticks are perforated and the perforations spell my name. Perhaps I was a little too much decollete. The little Prince de Tarsia who was in the box next ours was looking at me through his glass the whole blessed evening. So much the worse for him. When we all went out, this young Venetian, who is the guest of the Duke de Telese, our neighbor, gave me his arm. He's a very dangerous young man. He said to me in the lobby that I was one of the handsomest women there, and that I deserved a throne, and every time he added in a low voice, "I shall lose my health on account of you, Mme. Isabella."

General Gossip and Requests

And now about the opera. La Tesi was remarkable in the part of Achilles, in which she was dressed as a woman, according to the requirements of the libretto. But the Peruzzi pleased me still more; she has a slight figure and a voice of exquisite quality. La Tesi seemed to me the giant of Palazzo. The tenor Amorevoli was surpassed by Marianino, who, taking a secondary part, was universally applauded. The surprising scenery painted by Richini of Turin and the dances abundantly satisfied his majesty. At the final cry of the chorus in the prologue, where Munificence, Glory and Speed appeared, everybody arose and shouted: "Long live Carlo!" The King with repeated bows signified his royal pleasure.

I was glad when I read a royal notice displayed in the lobby which prohibits any one from going upon the atage before and after the performance under penalty of two years of confinement at Castelnuovo for the nobility. Capsole, my husband, will not repeat the brave deeds at San Bartolomeo. If you knew how he made me suffer on account of the singer Rosa Albertini, who since then has been killed, poor thing!

You may ask: "How have they been able to construct such an immense theatre in so little time?" What can I say in reply? My mind is still bewildered by the spectacle, and it seems as though I were deep in a dream. If you come to Naples, my gentle Violante, you will see something which for luxury, richness and size has not its like on earth. More than ever, I long for your speedy arrival, so that you can soon wonder at this Neapolitan pomp, the ladies and the cavaliers, together in this noble place.

And now I end, embracing you and begging you if it does not put you to great trouble, to send me the "Lent" of Fr. San Pieri, who, they tell me, is a very learned man, and two packages of bergamot powder, with a pair of delicate gloves and the Venetian zendaletto which you promised me. Excuse me, pardon me, dearest Violante, but your kindness impels me. Blessed be the father that begot you! With ten thousand kisses, your

SABELLA CAPOSELIE.

The San Carlo in 1737

The performance on this famous night began at 8 o'clock. The theatre was full to overflowing. Each boxholder having received his key furnished the box with seats that best suited his tasto and comfort. The subscribers to the old theatre of San Bartolomeo were given the preference in the assignment of the boxes, and they had the same tier and the same numbers in the new theatre. The women waiting on the Queen and her maids of honor were in two boxes of the fourth tier.

The lighting was by wax, oil and tallow. In each box and before a looking glass, one, two or three wax candles were lighted according to the rank of the proprietor. Three candles were the mark of the highest nobility. In Naples today the people say: "Get out! You are only a gentleman of one candle!"

There was a long line of carriages, also a throng of valets bearing torches. The king had ordered coachmen to approach through a certain street and leave by another.

There was no restaurant in the opera house, but in the lobby there were stands, arranged to allow free walking up and down, and sherbets, oranges, lemonade, cakes, chocolate and candied and fresh fruits were sold. No servants, not even those of the king, were allowed to enter. The military figures on the stage were true soldiers. During the whole performance there were two sentries stationed on each side of the chief door of the palace, and two at the right and left of the footlights.

How It Was Built

Charles III., while he had restored the old theatre San Bartolomeo, after it was burned down, dreamed of an opera house more worthy of the city. The contractor Angelo Carasole promised to build one in seven months. The work began March 11, 1737, and was completed Oct. 28 of that year. In June he received from the royal treasury, according to contract, 20,000 ducats. The expense of the theatre was 75,000 ducats.

The composer chosen for the opening night was Domenico Sarro, who in 1737 was 59 years old. He set music to the poem "Achille" by Metastasio, a libretto then unknown in Naples. Sarro, born in 1678, had studied in Naples and been protected by the Prince de Francavilla. He had composed operas, many cantatas, some oratorios and seranades. It is said that he wrote good music for the church, "simple in harmony, elegant in form." The President de Brosses, who heard Sarro's "Partenope" at Naples in 1739, characterized the composer as a learned musican, but dry and dull.

About Men and Women

Mme. Alma Gluck of the Metropolitan Opera House will be the soloist at the first Boston Symphony orchestra concert in October. The second or third concert will be a celebration of the 30th anniversary of the orchestra, and it is proposed to give a concert in memory of Liszt, who was born Oct. 22, 1811. Mme. Gluck has sung here as a member of the Metropolitan company at the Boston Opera House (Mimi in "La Boheme") and at a Handel and Haydn concert (Verdi's "Requiem").

The heirs of Mme. Norman-Neruda, Lady Halle, ask $25,000 for her Stradivarius.

Mme. Teissandier, the Parisian tragedian, will publish her memoirs.

It is said that there is "hypnotic sympathy" between Mella Mars, the "Duse of the Cabaret," who made a hit at the Hippodrome, London, and Bela Laszky, the composer of her songs, who accompanies her as pianist. He will not, or cannot, compose songs for another singer. She says she cannot sing other music, and if he is not the pianist she cannot sing at all.

The Paris correspondent of the Referee says that Richard Strauss asked D'Annunzio to write in verse the story of the night of a Montmartre courtesan from tea-time until dawn next morning. "D'Annunzio is not anxious to spend the rest of his days in a prison cell for perverting the morals of the world and fears that he might do so if he wrote the piece."

Mlle. de Sainte-Amare, known as a "Roumanian dancer" in Paris, accused her cook of stealing. When the mistress gave her evidence in court the cook laughed uproariously, and called to testify in her defence, asked the magistrate to ask the plaintiff her name. "Katie de Sainte-Amare" was the reply. "No!" shouted the cook, "I mean her real name." Katie did not answer, and at last the cook said: "Her name is Calosso, like mine. I am her mother." Everybody laughed and Mlle. Sainte-Amare left the room before the magistrate had time to dismiss the case.

Mr. John D. Barry, writing for the Bulletin of San Francisco (Aug. 14), gave reasons why he did not like "The End of the Bridge." "Seldom have I known a writer of plays to show such unsoundness as Miss Lincoln, such unhealthy feeling." The play in plot and in treatment "conveyed no relation to human life." It might have been written by "a highly imaginative old lady, who had spent a lifetime in reading old-fashioned sensational novels." The determination of the physician to marry the girl, although she is virtually insane, is "unnatural and revolting." Nor was Mr. Barry pleased with the boy. "In the first place he wasn't a boy. He was a woman wearing boy's clothes and a curly black wig. Every motion revealed the woman, every look, every inflection. I wonder how long it will take the stage to rid itself of the convention that a girl or a woman can play the part of a boy. A genuine, freckled-faced boy in this particular part would have been refreshing. But he would have been incongruous, too. For no genuine boy could have spoken with anything like naturalness the absurd lines that the author put into his mouth; lines that no boy could ever have uttered, that no boy could ever have thought."

Mme. Bernhardt will begin an engagement at the Coliseum, London, with excerpts from plays by Dumas, Moreau and Sardou, on Sept. 18. She has accepted a four-act play in verse, "Seigneur Polichinelle," by Zamacois.

Mme. Albani has completed a volume of reminiscences, "Forty Years of Song," which will be published this fall.

Felix Mottl's autograph manuscripts of works by Haydn and Beethoven will be added, according to Mottl's wish, to Viennese collections; those of Hummel to the city of Pressburg, while those of Berlioz, Bellini, Wagner, will be sold at auction.

Foreign Musical Seasons

The London musical season did not end until late in July. It was financially a poor one. A contributor to the Daily Telegraph wrote (July 22): "I fear it would be terrible to learn how little has been the financial return, while the musical result has been very small. On all sides one hears of financial loss. One singer deemed himself quite fortunate this year in losing only a matter of some $300 or $350 over a series of recitals where before he had invariably made good money. Another of equal eminence worked like a Trojan to find the not profit a good deal less than $30. True, audiences were not always so insignificant in numbers as might have been. But they did not pay their way. They were "liberal free-fooders," so to speak. I have told before the saying of Alexandre Siloti, the eminent Russian pianist and conductor, that in Leipzig concert-giving was expensive because the giver had to present his hearers with free tickets; but that matters were worse in Berlin, where not only were free tickets expected, but they were not made use of unless accompanied by a cab fare. I don't know if matters have yet sunk to this level in London. But I do know that during a season like that just passing away, the dead-head has been ubiquitous.

"On all sides, again, one hears of the decay of that once very lucrative function, the musical 'evening,' for which good fees were paid. This, singers and others tell me, has been killed (or is it only 'scotched'?) by motor cars and the growing habit of week-ending in the country that is now so general for all the world but the musical critic. And, of course, where such functions still maintain their position fees, I suppose, are not on so lavish a scale as formerly, owing to the general levelling-up of musicians' ability and the dearth of the genuinely 'big name'—owing, that is, to keen competition among a number of extremely capable folk who are not precisely stars and to the dearth of 'stars.' This general levelling-up is, of course, excellent for the presentation

of music, but those good folk who give or have musical parties required a 'star,' and were prepared to pay for it. Where, so to speak, 'are the stars of yester year?'—a subject for a dolorous ditty!"

The operatic season is described as flat and unprofitable. "The changes have been rung chiefly upon the old-fashioned repertory. The new Puccini opera, 'The Girl of the Golden West,' failed—or at least failed by comparison with Puccini's previous operas. Its failure, however, was early anticipated, since the magnificent melodrama upon which its libretto is founded called in no single situation for a musical setting. No doubt there were other reasons, but this is enough. If, however, the opera season has been flat and unprofitable from the musician's standpoint, a colossal and richly deserved success has been achieved by the Imperial Russian Ballet.

During the last season of the Berlin Royal Opera House 47 works were mounted: 30 German, 11 Italian and 6 French. Two hundred and ninety-eight performances were given; 191 of them were devoted to native works. Wagner was represented 75 times, Mozart 41. The most popular operas were "The Magic Flute" (28) and "Koenigskinder" (28). "Lohengrin" was performed 15 times, Strauss's "Salome" 9 and "Elektra" 4.

London's Dramatic Season

The Pall Mall Gazette gave this review of the dramatic season that closed in London late in July:

It would be easy to fill many columns with a detailed account of the dramatic season which came to its close last week, and for lovers of grim humor a statistical table of the plays that ran less than a month would no doubt make the sort of reading they enjoy. But it is better to "let the dead past bury its dead"—and, like the butcher's sheep in "Hyacinth Halvey," a good many of the pieces brought out in London this year are by this time "very dead indeed." Both pleasanter and more profitable is it to reflect on what has been worthily achieved, particularly when it has also enjoyed the favor of the public. Mr. Shaw, for instance, has won the greatest of all his London successes with "Fanny's First Play," the piece still running at the Little Theatre. One rather exquisite circumstance in connection with it is that, after his "Misalliance" last year, several of the critics solemnly warned him that unless he took his work as a dramatist more seriously he would never have another success and would lose his prestige altogether. He replied by writing a play into which quite a crowd of the critics themselves are introduced, to the overwhelming joy and laughter of the public (and of the critics themselves), and it has been drawing the town for four months.

Nothing so witty and original as this has been seen in London this year; but Mr. Mason's comedy, "The Witness for the Defence," had a good run at the St. James's, and is memorable for the fine acting in it of Miss Ethel Irving and Sir George Alexander—whose knighthood, by the way, was one of the most popular of the coronation honors. Mr. Haddon Chambers has had another and still greater success at Wyndham's. It is not the best piece he has ever written, but it deals for the most part with the feelings of natural men and women, and its incidental studies of human oddities are queerly sympathetic. As literature, however, both these pieces were surpassed by the two comedies produced at the Haymarket during the season—Mr. Charles McEvoy's "All That Matters" and Mr. Rudolf Besier's "Lady Patricia." The former contained some of the best pictures of English rural life ever shown on the stage, and was the occasion of a magnificent performance by Mr. J. Fisher White in the part of a wise and dignified old shepherd. The latter was a sparkling and ingeniously constructed satire, full of elegant sentimentalities, sprinkled with a host of divertingly apt quotations from English and foreign writers, and rich in genial characterization; but, although Mrs. Patrick Campbell cut a most amusing figure in the title role, particularly in the last act, and the whole "production" was perfect in every respect, the play did not draw the public in anything like the numbers its merits deserved. The season at the Haymarket is, however, ending successfully with the production of the Scottish play, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," in which the author, Mr Graham Moffat, and his company have lately been drawing crowded houses. The great success of "Kismet" at the Garrick is, I think, chiefly due to the spectacular and plastic merits of the production, though it is also very well acted.

Two extraordinarily fine one-act plays have been produced during the season. One of these was Mr. Henry James's "The Saloon," a little piece which was presented at the Little Theatre, under Miss Gertrude Kingston's management, and convinced every spectator capable of penetrating through the quicksetledge of some not very capable acting, of its quality as a drama of weird power. The other was "The Gods of the Mountain," by Lord Dunsany, the production of which, at the Haymarket, was one of the last, though far from the least, of Mr. Herbert Trench's services to the British drama during his directorship of that theatre. It was one of the grimmest, most imaginative, and most picturesque little plays shown in London of late years, and hundreds of playgoers visited the theatre specially to see it.

Three famous pieces, that belong, however, to poetical or general literature rather than to the drama, Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," M. Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and Oscar Wilde's "Salome," were presented at matinees, with a great deal of commendable enthusiasm, but without any very artistic direction. In the Swinburne tragedy the choruses, instead of being spoken, were sung and danced, with the result that some of the most gorgeous passages in modern poetry became practically inaudible and quite unintelligible. In the other two plays the acting of the title-parts left a good deal to be desired; though it is to be doubted whether "Salome," however well acted, can ever appeal pleasurably to any other than a morbid audience. It does undoubtedly emit a kind of luminousness, but is it not, so to speak, the radiance of a dead mackerel in a dark coal cellar, rather than any sort of healthy light?

In the world of musical comedy Mr. George Edwardes has had two more popular successes with "Peggy" at the Gaiety and "The Count of Luxembourg" at Daly's; while Mr. Robert Courtneidge has seen "The Arcadians" beat all records for pieces of the kind at the Shaftesbury where the curtain fell for the last time on that remarkable production on Saturday night, after a run of more than 800 performances. These two managers have learned one very important lesson in a theatrical manager's education. They have found out precisely what their patrons like, and they spare neither trouble, expense, nor taste in seeing that they get it.

Aug 28 1911

Prof. Hutchings was a brilliant example of a race that is disappearing, for the ordinary barker, whether he stand before a tent or in the door of an auction room, is merely a stentor. Prof. Hutchings was much more than a thunderous voice; his vocabulary was enormous; his sentences were balanced and rhythmical; he was a master of the swelling period and dying fall. Furthermore he had a lively imagination. Matthew Arnold would have objected to his style as Corinthian; Walter Pater would have characterized it as Asiatic; but Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne would have heard him gladly. Champfleury has preserved the memory of eloquent toothdrawers and quacksalvers who held crowds and worked miracles on bridges or in squares of Paris. Prof. Hutchings deserves a eulogist of similar appreciation. Forty years ago there was a remarkable and peripatetic seller of pens, and this was the burden of his chanted rhapsody:

> Search the world over,
> Wherever you please;
> You'll never find
> Such pens as these.

Then there was the never-to-be-forgotten Prof. Gardner, the soap man, an irresistible attraction at New England cattle shows. There was the strange being made up to look like Edgar Allan Poe, who spoke by the light of a flaming torch at street corners. "A father came to me and knelt at my feet and cried: 'Tell me what ails my daughter.' I raised him from the ground and said: 'Describe unto me your daughter's symptoms.' 'Irregular and excessive appetite; an ashen countenance; frightful dreams in sleep and gnashing of teeth; when up, constant picking at the nose.' I looked the father sternly in the eye and said: 'Sir, your daughter has ——,' and for nearly half an hour this melancholy genius swayed the throng hanging on his inspired lips. Prof. Hutchings is no more, but his graphic descriptions and flights of eloquence will be long remembered by thousands and treasured as household words.

The meeting of Mr. Jack Johnson and King Manuel, late of Portugal, should tire the fancy of our old friend the Historical Painter. It might be said of Mr. Johnson as of Charles the First:

> "He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene."

"I am glad to meet you, King,' said Mr. Johnson, and he thus disappointed those who expected him to say "Kink." Nor did he through any foolish desire to appear acquainted with "the usages of our best society" add, "Excuse my glove."

A woman said to Judge Wentworth that he could not send her to jail because he did not know her address. Letters now may be sent her "Prison restante."

The novels of Charles Louis Philippe unfortunately are little known in this country, for they are not to be ranked with romances characterized by the Parisians that take a pride in French letters, as "export literature." Philippe—he died too young—in "Croquignole" describes a young woman who earned her living by sewing shirts. "Angelo was composed of a pair of scissors accompanied by a thimble, and she was also composed of a spool of white thread, a paper of needles and a piece of calico. She was even a little more complicated, and a spool of black thread which she did not ordinarily use was to her as an additional organ. Perhaps it is proper to add to all these two other organs: Angele Leneveu also possessed eyes and hands." This description might well be put as a footnote to Hood's "Song of the Shirt."

Luigi Vannuccini died at the Baths of Lucca on Aug. 3, and yet there has been no note about his work and influence in American newspapers, although many young men and young women of this country studied singing with him in Florence. He was in his 83d year when he died, and his career was as long as it was honorable. The traditions of pure Italian song to him were living principles. He strove after perfection in "bel canto." He was a musician of great practical experience, not merely a theorist mounted on a hobby-horse. His pupils acquired technical proficiency, fine taste and a love for the art he nobly represented. Among them are leading European singers, who are singers, not spasmodic declaimers; also Americans who have gained an enviable reputation in opera house and concert hall, and American teachers whose first thought is the cultivation of the art, not pecuniary reward or self-glorification.

"The Kaiser has decided that in future no dramatic production will be financed by any member of the imperial family." How about the tragi-comedy "Morocco" which is now rehearsing?

Aug 29 1911

It was stated not long ago that Mr. Paderewski was in Buenos Ayres, but a cablegram assures us that he observed with philosophic calm the burning of the buildings on his chicken farm at Morges, Switzerland. In the first year of the civil war Gen. P. T. Beauregard was reported as being in two, three, or even more places at the same time, but no one since has succeeded in accomplishing this difficult feat. Mr. Paderewski as a composer has always been a stickler for form. Seeing the flames, unless he was at Buenos Ayres, he perhaps remembered the saying of Plotinus, that fire, of all the elements, has the finest form and is, therefore, the most beautiful. This chicken farm was the joy and pride of Mrs. Paderewski. Her husband, however, has not been moved to composition by the sight or thought of poultry, unlike Louis Moreau Gottschalk, who wrote a once popular piano piece, "La Gallina." Musicians, as other human and inhuman beings, have their hobbies. Mr. Emil Paur, while he was the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, personally conducted a hen yard in Jamaica Plain. Mr. Paderewski, on the other hand, stood by at Morges as one consenting and rejoicing in his wife's pleasure. Inasmuch as he will receive, according to report, $200,000 for 80 concerts in the United States during the season of 1912-13, the poultry yard will no doubt be restored, and on a grander scale.

It appears that railway station men in Minnesota wear diamond rings, which injure lamp chimneys when they are cleaned.

Forty years ago brakemen on the Connecticut River railroad sported huge moss-agate rings. What has become of the moss-agate rings, sleeve buttons, breast pins? Have they joined the bracelets, brooches, pins, watch chains, ear-rings made from the hair of favorite cousins, sisters, aunts?

Any question concerning the nature of a cocktail is of interest to thousands, who would apply to the drink the line of Marlowe: "Infinite riches in a little room"; yet the inquiry into the purity of a "Maraschino cherry" is of little importance to one that has eaten above cherries and prefers his cocktail without fruit, as he shuns those that taste as hair oil smells. "Marasca, a small wild cherry; Maraschino, a liqueur made from this cherry." The liqueur is delightful at the right time, although much of the pleasure in sipping is in the sight of the peculiar bottle; but a "Maraschino cherry" is not by any means a necessary ingredient of a cocktail. It would be more profitable for the pure food experts to inquire into the number of cocktails that should be taken before dinner; whether one is enough for a grown man; whether the appetite whetted by three is as fictitious as it is wolfish. The experts should publish a pamphlet "On the Use and the Abuse of Bitters."

The fine writers, the young Corinthians of the press, the weavers of purple phrases are now fully and laboriously employed at Chesterfield Court House, Va., but we have not yet been told what Mr. Beattie eats at breakfast. In the old days when newspapers published "graphic" accounts of executions, the "unfortunate man ate heartily of a breakfast provided for him by the friendly wife of the jailer," and this breakfast was generally composed of chops, eggs on toast and what was known in prisons, railway restaurants and country hotels of the time as coffee. It would have been the height of irony to set a health food before the condemned, even with sugar and real cream.

Why do not the ingenious Frenchmen who write detective stories and introduce us to "sleuths" in comparison with whom Poe's friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, Sergt. Cuff and Inspector Bucket are as village constables, bestir themselves in the mystery of the Louvre? How about this young man of a northern race, a blond with blue eyes, who "would gaze strangely at the dark Italian beauty as though enthralled with her 'divine smile'"? Men have become enamored of pictures as in the old days of goddesses in marble. It is a pity that da Vinci is not alive to be warmed by this strange appreciation of his picture. He was a man of many sides, of unexpected resources and invention, also a man of mystery.

To G. G. A.—Yes, the word "hangar," "shed for housing aeroplane," is at last in the dictionary—in the "Concise Oxford Dictionary," as are "aviate," "aviator," "aviation." It is pronounced ("ngg.") The original French word meant a shed, cart-house, shanty, lean-to.

Keith's

Many who heard Col. Sam Holdsworth at B. F. Keith's yesterday were reminded of another colonel — Col. Newcome. The latter took his boy Clive out one night to see the sights of Bohemia, and they wandered into some hall of harmony where they heard such singing as Col. Holdsworth gives this week. It was perhaps the most interesting feature yesterday on a bill which has many good features. Col. Holdsworth is said to be 82, although this is his first American appearance. He has a sweet, clear, manly tenor, which he uses with skill. A few of the cords are a little worn; but this colonel is not likely to break down as the other colonel did on a memorable occasion. Yesterday he sang songs of a kind in favor 50 years ago, but still acceptable wherever good people gather for entertainment. He sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold" with appropriate quavers, but to show that these quavers were the result of art and not weakness he sang other songs in a firm, vigorous voice. His enunciation was particularly good.

J. K. Murray and Miss Clara Lane were welcomed to the vaudeville stage. They sang well, of course, but they might make some changes in their program to advantage. Their best number yesterday was the duet between Little Buttercup and Capt. Corcoran in "Pinafore." It was hardly intelligible to those who were not familiar with the opera; but there is something about the music that makes it always agreeable to hear when well sung, as it was yesterday.

There are three comedy sketches on the bill. Charles J. Ross and Miss Mabel Fenton return to vaudeville after 10 years in "Just Like A Woman." Mr. Ross's acting as the roistering husband was capital yesterday. It was a pity he had to swear off at the close. However, he only said he would try never to take a drink again. Miss Fenton was also successful. Harry H. Richards and company—three persons in all—give a ridiculous piece called "Hallucinations." They make it go by dint of lively acting, and one does not realize what nonsense it is until it is over. A glimpse of life behind the scenes is given by Edward Flanagan and Neely Edwards. Two actors, who have been playing in partnership, decide that they can stand each other no longer, and that they are going to part right there. While they are exchanging heated remarks, a telegram comes in offering the two $50 for a turn at a club that night. One flings the message angrily from him; the other picks it up. "Jack," he says, "I promised my mother a birthday present this week. If we do not take this $50, she will get no present." "Dick," says his partner, "your mother shall get her present." Each grasps the other's hand warmly, and for a moment no word is spoken. The audience showed by its applause how well it liked the piece.

Such marvellous bicyclists as the great Aurora troupe have not been seen here for a long time. Those who think they have seen everything in the way of trick bicycle riding that is to be seen may change their minds if they go to B. F. Keith's this week.

Whittle, the "ventriloquist who looks like Roosevelt," is not so very much like that great man, but he is a clever ventriloquist. John T. Ray and W. F. Rogers, "the chaps with the educated feet," use the latter to advantage. They also sing and recite. One of them delivered a piece yesterday in behalf of woman. He laid down the principle that when a woman errs in nine cases out of ten there is some fool man at the bottom of it. Fred and Annie Pelot and Felix Adler are also capable entertainers.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Louis F. Werba presents Della Clarke's "The White Squaw."

Bruce Marshall.....Bernard Johnson
Jacques Cautier.....Clinton P. Ferry
Michabo.....Bernard Castle
Ampata.....Ada L. Barbour
Jeanette.....Mindel Kohman
Octavia.....Pearl G. Hart
Neamata.....Clara Greenwood

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lindsay Morison stock company in "Three Weeks." Cast:

"The Lady".....Miss Eleanor Gordon
Lady Henrietta Verdayne.....
Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Anna.....Mrs. Elizabeth Royall
The King of Sardalia.....James A. Bliss
Sir Charles Verdayne.....H. G. Carleton
Capt. Grigsby.....William De Wolfe
Dmitry.....Russell Clarke
Verchoff.....Russell Randall
Petrovitch.....Paul Linton
Walter.....John Fairbanks
Paul Verdayne.....Wilson Melrose

Aug 30 1911

Now that many have taken a vacation and returned to the treadmill for another year, newspaper physicians—for there are newspaper physicians as there are newspaper singers, actors, clergymen, athletes and even statesmen—pronounce learned opinions on vacations, as they are generally spent. They condemn them. Mr. Ferguson, who went with his interesting family to Europe, writes that he has had no rest, not even at Monte Carlo. Young Hankinson, on the other hand, who spent two weeks in a little hotel on the Cape, had "the time of his life," and was active in the open air from breakfast to bed time. He did not look at a book. He read only the sporting news in the papers. Mr. Grout had a delightful fortnight, for he smoked a pipe on a veranda that faced Monadnock and read a history of the Byzantine Empire. Mr. Thomas A. Edison is taking a vacation for the first time in 20 or 30 years, and it is evident from his comments on life, manners, men, science, religion and all creation, as reported by cable, that he sadly needed a mental change. Every one finds his pleasure in his own way, and the vacation of Peter would be two weeks of hard labor for Paul. The great majority of the complaining millions of men and women have no vacation, real or fictitious.

Mr. Edison is reported as saying that here is too much sleep in the world. 'Eight hours is ridiculous. Sleep was nvented in the curfew days when there was only villainous artificial light and nen got into the habit of sleeping. The vorld loses two-thirds of its life in leep." Inventors and the march of civization, which some fondly think is ow a quickstep, have done much to ake sleep away from the eyes of morals. It is not necessary to speak of hug-chug motor boats in general, or of he boat in particular that goes about Marblehead harbor visiting yachts beween 5 and 6 A. M. and distributing ater, which no doubt is sadly needed y jaded mariners after a night of song nd jesting. Nor is it necessary to refer the powerhouse in Marblehead that ts off steam about 4 A. M. and gives pleasing illustration of the proposition at sound travels swiftly and loudly er a body of water. Nature has its arm clocks carefully wound up and eciscly striking. The most formidae are the bluejays and the crows no meet on the marsh or in the pine ove and discuss the business of the y. Or the woodpecker insists on ousing the sleeper at an absurdly rly hour. There are sounds that ine the lazy to turn over, stretch legs d sleep again: as the rumbling of a gon over a distant bridge—a sound hich Thoreau says is heard farther an almost any other at night; as the away scurrying of a railway train hich reminds those snug in bed of he hideous promiscuity of the sleeping ar and the danger lurking in a defective rail.

Travellers tell strange tales. For any years it has been reported and elieved that if a man attempting to ross a street in Paris is run over by reckless driver, the pedestrian is at nce arrested and heavily fined. Yet e read that M. Flateau, an actor in aris, was knocked down by a taxicab. he driver has been sentenced to imisonment for three months and the mpany that employed him has been dered to pay M. Flateau damages to e amount of $1500. This is flying in e face of tradition. Equally extraordnary is the opinion handed down by an nglish judge, Judge Parry, that "when is a question whether a motor-driven hicle or a horsed one should give ay, the presumption is that it shall the motor." We have been led to ink in Boston that the streets and e fulness thereof belong to the trolley r and the automobile; that a man osses a street at his own risk. Charles amb, who did not understand the untry and was ill at ease outside city alls, used to revel in the "sweet serity" of the streets. What sort of a ure would he cut today crossing assachusetts avenue at Boylston street hesitating at any popular corner?

The returning visitors whose pleasant task has been to inquire into the manners and customs in European cities find much to praise and envy. The progressive income tax system in Vienna seems to have escaped their notice. In that city passengers are in the habit of tipping the street car conductors, two hellers, or about half of a cent in our money. An order has been issued that the conductors shall henceforth pay about 83 cents a year as income tax on their tips. The government will thus collect yearly a little over $3250. The Vienna journals protest against this "beggarly economy." Will the tax increase the amount of the tip or put an end to the practice? Here is a problem for deep economic and deep thinkers.

Aug 31 1911

A VICTIM OF LEGENDS.

Theophile Gautier, who was born one hundred years ago today, is to many only the man that wore a red waistcoat the famous first night of "Hernani," and the author of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," an abomination. As a matter of fact he was resplendent at the performance in a pink doublet, and the once abhorred romance is as a story by Miss Edgeworth in comparison with novels by Frenchmen, Englishmen and women that have been freely read and openly discussed within the last twenty years.

He was a poet of "impeccable" verse; a teller of wondrous tales fantastical and realistic; a traveller, impressionable, a born colorist, a close observer who in description had the gift of rejecting the unessential and vivifying that which was real; a journalist who worked indefatigably for nearly forty years, and it is said that if all his writings were collected they would not be contained in three hundred octavo volumes. Yet according to the legends he was a wild-eyed romanticist, Byronic, a "lion" or dandy of his day, a hashish eater, an amateur in letters and a poseur in daily walk and conversation. Misunderstood during his life, a bogy to the bourgeois, he had a crowning misfortune: He is caricatured in the "Journal" of the Goncourts, who professed to be his friends; for the Gautier talking familiarly in the "Journal" is only a man of prepostcrous theories and absurd opinions, a grotesque, antipathetic person.

In 1830 Gautier was rich, extraordinarily handsome, a favorite in salons, an enthusiastic follower of Victor Hugo in the romantic movement. He lost his fortune through the Revolution and found himself obliged to earn daily his bread. He wrote his novels and tales, his books of travel, his poems that are among the chief glories of French literature by reason of their exquisite finish, but he was first of all a journalist. At the beginning he knew sumptuous days and nights, for La Presse, conducted by Emile de Girardin, paid in a princely manner, and "the good Theophile" sported his coupe with little ponies and a negro tiger and smoked cigars that had been rolled for potentates and Russians. These years were few, and until his death in 1872 Gautier toiled daily, rejoicing in his work, not complaining of the comparatively small pecuniary return, writing for the next twenty-four hours with a care and a gusto as though he were conscious of critical posterity. A brave and cheerful spirit, always young, always enthusiastic, a constant worshipper of art! He was proud of the fact that he could strike 520 kilos with a blow of his fist on a Turk's head; he was proud of having won a prize at the swimming school; and the man rejoicing in his strength was also revealed in all that he wrote, even when it was of supposedly ephemeral character.

He shared with Balzac, the elder Dumas, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Zola, Daudet, Verlaine, the honor of not being an Academician. He left behind him, to use the words of M. Emile Henriot, an enormous and varied work, of which the finest fragments have the pure and solid beauty of marble. And during his life of drudgery he had this consolation: He was praised openly and nobly by Sainte-Beuve.

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE

An Englishman, Mr. Keating, urges the necessity of an act by which the changing of Christian names will be an easier operation than it is at present in his country. The registers of Somerset House show that within recent years unfortunate children have been christened Anno Domini Davis, Odious Heaton, Bovril Simpkin, Joseph Lyon Lamb, Jolly Death, Happy Jiggins, One-Too-Many Johnson, Not-Wanted Smith, River Jordan. A poor wretch born during the Boer war now groans as Richard Coeur de Lyon Horatio Nelson Wellington Marlborough Kitchener Buller Gatacre. Mrs. Brightwen tells in her autobiography of curious names among the gypsies. She once met Mr. Trinity Smith, who had named his daughters Levise, Centini, Cinnaminti, Cinderella and Siberenia. This last name would serve for a transatlantic liner or a parlor car. She asked another gypsy why he had named his little girl Leviathan. He answered: "Well, ye see, it were the name of the big ship (the Great Eastern was first called the Leviathan), and I thought it was a pretty name and I would name my next boy after it; but however it comed a gal, and I thought it didn't matter, so she were named so." There are many surnames, high sounding, magnificent, that are of vulgar extraction. Mme. Cahen d'Anvers, who was recently attacked in a French railway train, is descended from a Jew named Cohen, who, living in Antwerp, thought to make himself a man of more importance. It is said that corresponding with a Mr. Otto in Cologne, he signed himself C. d'Anvers, whereupon he received an answer from O. de Cologne. This is the sort of story that can be safely told in a parlor by any young man who is known as "always the life of the party" and also as "well informed."

Mr. George Arliss, going up and down the land as Disraeli in a stage show, may revive an interest in the statesman's novels. When Goldwin Smith died there was talk for a time of "Lothair," because he was therein introduced as an Oxford professor, but it is safe to say that neither the romance nor Bret Harte's parody is well known to the younger generation that delights in the complete works of Messrs. Oppenheim, Chambers and Davis. And yet, they that are interested in novels of life and manners will find pleasure in Disraeli's romances, if they have acquired the art of judicious skipping, or if they were born with the gift of turning instinctively to one amusing or instructive page among a hundred. Can anyone tells us what drinks for sultry weather Disraeli had in mind when he wrote this sentence in "Sybil"? "In the midst of all this, waiters glided about, handling incomprehensible mixtures bearing aristocratic names; mystical combinations of French wines and German waters, flavored with slices of Portugal fruits, and cooled with lumps of American ice; compositions which immortalized the creative genius of some high patrician name."

What were the "patrician" names given to these "mystical" drinks? In the United States the names come from the plain people and the untitled aristocracy, as John Collins, Remsen, Rikey, H. P. W. There are men who ask for no greater fame than this close association with a cocktail. There are men in clubs who, having held close communion with the barkeeper, ask ostentatiously, when the rooms are filled between 5 and 6 P. M., for a Jones, Brown or Robinson cocktail—an individual cocktail, in other words. Great is the joy of the crowd, sitters in the seats of the scornful, when a green waiter says "How?" or "Come again" and the individualist is obliged to recite his formula.

'Sybil" was written in 1845, and the scene of the opening chapter was on the eve of the Derby of 1837. Was American ice then used freely at the Jockey Club or at Lady St. Julian's? And why "Portugal fruits"? No wonder that Mr. Latour "took a rusk and a glass of lemonade, and retired to rest with a cool head and a cooler heart."

In these novels there are hints at the dialogue of Oscar Wilde, as when, in answer to Mr. Berners, who did not like suburban dinners because "you always get something you can't eat and cursed bad wine," Mr. Mountchesny answered: "I rather like bad wine; one gets so bored with good wine."

The Mr. and Mrs. Upton Sinclair affair is an interesting study for the intrepid sociologist or any writer on the domestic relations. Mr. Sinclair is apparently not a restful person and some might argue that his wife would be obliged to exercise more than ordinary tact in escaping harassing domesticity, but Mrs. Sinclair's objection to her husband is not that as a writer he shows febrile excitement, nor is it in any way connected with his investigation of Chicago slaughter houses. She finds fault with him because he is an "essential monogamist," and has a "conservative mind." Monogamy has been defined as the practice or circumstance of being married to one at a time. Mrs. Sinclair has compiled a dictionary and phrase book for her own use. The "essential monogamist" has three qualities as in the case of her husband: he is not able to devote his time to his wife; he is so absorbed in his work that he is not able to keep his wife from being seen with other men; he is over developed intellectually. But this is a loose, inconsequential, scattering, preposterous definition. It is not surprising, then, that Mrs. Sinclair is hungering for her "soul mate" and even now searching for him. She sings:

"There is another life I long to meet,
Without which life my life were incomplete."

It is a good thing for prosaic men to be warned in time; it is better to run into an alley, or even stay indoors, than to use violence in repelling advances.

Sept 1 1911

AS THE WO

By PHIL

The Herald has received a pathetic letter, a Macedonian cry. Some weeks ago a gentleman of Winsted, Ct., put snakes in his hat that they might cool his bald pate in hot weather. He hoped that they might massage his scalp, so that much-needed hair would grow. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, commenting on this practice and belief, wrote to The Herald a note in which he quoted from Martial, who speaks of Roman girls thus cooling their necks in summer months, but he could find no evidence in Pliny and other learned authors concerning snakes as a remedy against baldness.

Our correspondent, "C. F. S." thinks that Mr. Johnson must be in error. "Everything else under the sun has been tried already, and why should snakes have been left out?"

We are at present unable to consult Topsell's "History of Serpents," Ferguson's "Tree and Serpent Worship," or the works of Galen, Rhasis, Avicenna, Averroes, Paullini and Capt. Burke, but Pliny, the elder, giving various approved remedies for baldness, does not mention the use of snakes in any manner. Here are some remedies that he recommends: Cabbage leaves soaked in vinegar and alum; a liniment of nettles; melilot, Honey lotus; the water which exudes from an elm tree when it is hacked; aloes with new wine (to be rubbed in under the rays of the sun); the juice of common polytrichon; pig's breast with gall nuts; bear's fat with laudanum and the plant Venus hair; ashes of goat's horn mixed with nitre, tamarisk seeds, butter and oil—the horn of a he-goat is preferable. Pliny mentions other sure cures, and urges the thin-haired to dress their locks on the 17th or the 29th of the month. He also reminds the reader that the people on the island of Myconus in the Aegean Sea were born bald. There is other curious information—but this is a squeamish age, and the Watch and Ward Society is vigilant—witness recent episode in the adventurous life of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson.

The letter written by "C. F. S." is entertaining, though pathetic. "The process, more or less rapid, of losing one's hair has been in the case of many men I know one of the most potent factors in the development of their character. A bald-headed gentleman told me he had gone through as many trials and endured greater mental anguish than any one who has lost well beloved relatives, wives or much money. He has finally reached a stage of resignation and attained Nirvana. His pride has left him. He is now a more endurable member of society than the 'conceited jackasses' with abnormal growth of hair.

"Before he reaches this state of beatification a man must go through three stages. I speak from experience. The first is a period of fond, illusive hope when he consults leading dermatologists in turn at $10 per. This lasts for a number of years. It depends to a large extent on the number of available specialists and the length of the patient's purse.

"In the second stage he goes to bald-headed friends for advice. No one, of course, would think of consulting a man and a brother with an Absalomic growth, for he would answer: 'I leave my hair alone.' Ky-ind friends have urged me to try kerosene, onions, rice, carrots, castor oil, alcohol. Rice, because the Chinese live on rice, and a bald-headed Chinaman is seldom if ever seen. Carrots were prescribed because they add lustre to the coats of asses. Alcohol was suggested for this reason: Taken internally, it is supposed to make the hair come out; therefore, if it is ap-

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[illegible] extremely, [illegible] a counteracting effect. [illegible] consumption should be an [illegible] and constant factor. A [illegible] still more serious [illegible] of [illegible] student, a deep thinker, who has given the subject profound [illegible] me a [illegible] from a papyrus found in an Egyptian tomb. The prescription was apparently [illegible] for the mother of a king of the first dynasty, belonging to one of the first families of Egypt [illegible] It is as follows: The callous part of dogs' paws one part, dates one part, [illegible] of donkeys, one part; [illegible] the whole in oil and actively rub the scalp with the mixture.

"The victim of baldness, grown desperately [illegible] into stage three, when the efficaciousness of many remedies has been thoroughly tested. I have recently spent many hours reading the advertisements in the journals. News and editorial articles, gossip about sports and theatres and Miss Mary Garden, reports of murder trials and railway accidents and divorces in high society were of no interest to me, but if any new hair restorer as 'The Great Chinese Secret' or 'Esau's Favorite Prescription,' was mentioned, I obtained it at the earliest possible moment. In London a short time ago the employe in a barber's establishment remarked on the thinness of my hair. He said it was caused by the burrowing of a small animal under the scalp. This creature builds a shell like that of an oyster and, crowding out the roots of the hair, thus causes their death. He suggested a remedy, easily applied in the form of a lotion, at 10 shillings the flask, which would dissolve the calcarious growth, and pressed on me another bottle at a guinea, which would undoubtedly restore the hair to its pristine beauty. I bought both."

Other adventures of "C. F. S."—this Conrad in quest of his hair—will be related tomorrow.

Sept 2 1911

Yesterday we lost "C. F. S." in London town buying lotions at a high price, desperate in his fight against baldness, craving a "nobby head of hair." "One reason," he writes, "why it is impossible to get a good hair cut in London is that the men in the barber shops are employed for their ability to sell so-called hair restorers, and not at all for their skill with the shears or razor."

"The friend that gave me the prescription found in an Egyptian tomb also showed me a remedy recommended in Cleopatra's 'Book on Cosmetics.' 'For bald patches, the following is the best of all, acting for falling hair when applied with oil or pomatum. Acts also for falling off of eyelashes or for people getting bald all over. It is wonderful. Of domestic mice, burnt, one part; of vine rag, burnt, one part; of horses' teeth, burnt, one part; of bear's grease, one; of deer's marrow, one; of reed bark, one. To be pounded when dry and mixed with plenty of honey till it gets the consistency of honey; then the bear's grease and marrow to be mixed when melted, the medicine to be put in a brass flask, and the bald part to be rubbed till it sprouts.'

"I am now in the hands of a charming lady whose sign I happened to notice one day. She tells me that she really is not obliged to work for a living. She belongs to one of the best families in Dorchester. Besides treatment of the scalp, she advertises manicuring, palmistry, chiropody, marcel wave and clairvoyance. Perhaps my communication may seem to you long-winded, but you have no idea what an absorbing topic baldness is to the afflicted."

Much depends on the shape of the head. Walt Whitman sang of

> The grand faces of natural lawyers and judges broad at the back top,
> The faces of hunters and fishers, bulged at the brows, the shaved blanched faces of orthodox citizens.

There are bald-headed judges, statesmen, philanthropists with polished domes of thought who would be grotesque and futile were they to have another make-up. The truly great accept their baldness as a glory, unless the head happens to run to a peak. It is still a reproach to Julius Caesar that his baldness gave him much uneasiness, because he thus often found himself exposed to the jibes of his enemies; and we do not like to think of him anxiously bringing forward the scanty herbage from the crown of his head, as Suetonius tells us was the conqueror's wont. It is impossible to think of the late Bill Nye with a luxurious head of hair pleasingly combed. Nor is the early growth of hair or precocious baldness necessarily an indication of the length of life. Sir Thomas Browne discussed this question in his curious "Letter to a Friend, upon the occasion of the death of his intimate friend": "Lewis, that virtuous but unfortunate King of Hungary who lost his life at the battle of Mohacz, was said to be born without a skin, to have bearded at fifteen, and to have shown some grey hairs about twenty; from whence the Diviners conjectured that he would be spoiled of his kingdom, and have but a short life; but hairs make fallible predictions, and many temples early gray have outlived the psalmist's period. Hairs which have most amused me have not been in the face or head, but on the back, and not in men but children, as I long ago observed in that endemical distemper of little children in Languedoc, called the Morgellons, wherein they critically break out with harsh hairs on their backs, which takes off the unquiet symptoms of the disease, and delivers them from coughs and convulsions."

There is no reason why every man should not be his own weather prophet. All he has to do is to consult his pet hedgehog. A certain citizen of Cyzicus was praised far and wide as a forecaster of the weather. And how did he gain his reputation? "Because he had learn't the quality of the Hedge-hogge, whose property is to build his hole or denne, open diverse wales, and toward severall winds, and fore-seeing rising stormes, he presently stoppeth the holes that way, which thing the foresaid Citizen heedfully observing, would in the City foretell any future storme, and what wind should blow." Of course, a hedgehog confined in a flat would serve only as a child's pet; but a "denne" could be rigged up for him on the roof for barometrical purposes.

The Herald has already referred to the centenary of the birth of Theophile Gautier, Aug. 31. For some reason or other the celebration of it in Paris was adjourned until Oct. 23, the anniversary of his death. There have been anticipatory articles about him in Parisian periodicals. An especially noteworthy article by Emile Henriot was published in the Mercure de France of July 1. M. Henrion, quoting the absurd remark of M. Emile Faguet, that Gautier's name would not be mentioned 50 years hence, countered by saying that in view of M. Faguet's judgments concerning Stendhal and Baudelaire, his latest declaration should have no weight. There are interesting portraits and caricatures of Gautier in Je Sais Tout of July 15, but the accompanying article by M. Leo Larguier is merely a retelling of familiar legends.

During Gautier's life the sale of his books brought him in little money. He received in all only $300 for his "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and for "Jeune France" about $80, so it will be seen that he is not to be classed with those roaring lions of literature, Messrs. Oppenheim, London and Rex Beach. In his younger days Gautier was more famous for his flamboyant cravats than his prose or poetry. His hair was Merovingian and his favorite hat was the only one of the kind in Europe, Asia, America and Madagascar. Thus he vexed the honest bourgeois, as the preface to "Mademoiselle de Maupin" enraged the Academicians and all that made fetishes of classic volumes.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully.

Kearney	John Craig
Don Luis de la Torre	Morgan Wallace
Padre Antonio	Walter Walker
Lieut. Larkin	Al Roberts
Kinkaid	George Hassell
Sunol	Robert M. Middlemass
Senora Kenton	Mabel Colcord
Juanita	Mary Young

After a three weeks' vacation Mr. Craig and his company reopened the Castle Square Theatre last night with Mr. Belasco's romantic drama, "The Rose of the Rancho," in which Frances Starr made a notable success several seasons ago. The audience was profuse in its welcoming applause and its floral tributes. The cast was a long one, including every member of the large company, with the single exception of Miss Gertrude Binley, and nearly every one did strikingly good work

Sept 3 1911

DRAMATIC [AND] MUSIC

By Phili[p Hale]

Gush About the Art of Balance

There has been as much fine writing of late about dancing and dancers in London as there has been about the picture Mona Lisa in certain American journals. A Mrs. Roger Watts has given an exhibition in London, "The Art of Balance," that drove a representative of the Times into an hysteria that did not prevent him, however, from remembering his Greek, for he spoke of "enthralling glimpses of physical 'Sophrosune.'"

"It was not so much what she did or how she did it that mattered." In this respect she differed from the man who angered Chevalier by the "nasty way the said it." "What she was, the Greek life behind the veil of flesh, seemed the memorable and mysterious thing. She is about 2000 years old, having the secret of her immortality which is not ours; no wonder that Eleanora Duse, whose Latinity is a key to all classic wonders, thinks her the most wonderful woman in the world." But the enthusiastic rhapsody is worthy of quotation in full:

"Quotations from the 'Iliad' in English were read aloud after music as Greek as might be (singing-birds, especially the storm thrush and the nightingale, are the only Greek musicians nowadays) had been played, and then she appeared for a few seconds to show us, in reality rather than realistically, what we have only seen before in terms of marble and bronze. She became a Greek warrior attacking without weapons, or falling wounded to leap up again, or charging the enemy. She was Sarpedon starting for the attack in his chariot, Teucer shooting his bitter arrows, or the discus thrower at the Olympic games. In each case it was an episode of rhythmic movement during which, for a moment, she 'forgot herself to marble,' and recalled a fugitive memory of some famous statue that is or ought to be. So that it may manifest how she—this slender lady of the tragical eyes, eloquent in un-English looks—had acquired the living art, which lies petrified in the museums of Rome, and Paris, and London. After an interval she became Athene marching with the majestical gait which revealed the goddess, or entering the chariot for her ascension. It was wonderful and holy and joyous, and the meaning of it all transcended Duse's earnest compliment with a gently-quivering hand. And yet—one could understand and sympathize with Auguste Rodin's saying that it was a case of 'hands off' for him and his disciples. For Hellas is gone never to return; no taking thought can bring back the Greek balance of intellect and emotion; the coming of Christ has changed all the gods of those far-off gracious days to marble things with unlighted eyes. The Hellenic beauty and grace are not for us; our treasures of the kind must be sought for in the welter of modern ugliness, and there they are surely to be found by others than Rodin and the Rodinists."

The Russians and Isadora

The Russian dancers at the Roman exposition did not meet with their accustomed success. Mr. Spiro wrote a sour article about them. He inveighed against the triviality of the stage effects and the crudeness of color in costumes. "Nothing happened" in the ballets, and he singled out "Armide's Pavilion" as being especially barren of "ideas," so that the spectators thought regretfully of "Excelsior"! And these Russians are said to have reformed the ballet! But Mr. Spiro, with the aid of a powerful glass, saw the same old gauze skirts and pink tights and pirouettes and entrechats and toe feats and springing into the air, as in any well organized opera house. He admitted the "stupendous" technical proficiency of the visitors, but on the whole was bitterly disappointed, and a certain disarrangement of pieces by Chopin put him in a fine state of madness.

In "Manja," an extraordinary novel by Anastasia Werbizkaja, a story of amorous complications, adjustments and re-adjustments that surpasses even the Upton Sinclair affair in its latest stage, there is a curious commentary on the art of Isadora Duncan. Manja is about to dance at her own wish for her first lover, Mark Alexandritsch Steinbach.

"Ah, Mark, it is the only talent I possess. I am a born ballet dancer and have a rhythmic sense that is simply stupifying, as our teacher was in the habit of saying. When I hear music, the desire to put myself in motion takes hold of me." (Thus did she resemble our old and esteemed friend Bill Simmons.) "It is an uncontrollable necessity, a passion. At first they laughed at me, later they were enchanted."

"I understand you dance after the manner of Isadora Duncan."

"Ah, don't speak to me of her. I cannot bear to think of her dirty ankles. Frau Kessler once took Sonja and me to see her. At the beginning I found it bewitching, I saw the realization of my dreams. But she moved her arms so unesthetically! Her laughter was so forced and false! Her figure is so ugly!"

"And how is it with your figure?"

"Oh, my body, Mark, is beautiful! I know it. I have often studied its lines before the looking glass. I feel that I could be something great if I should study. I am far more graceful than the celebrated Duncan—and at the same time I am no taller than she is."

A Cry from London

Let us go back to the London rhapsodists. "M. P." wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 10, giving the reasons "why we have no English ballet."

There is first a description of Schumann's "Carnaval" as danced by the Russians:

"Long blue curtains hung round a stage, empty save for two red-and-white striped rep sofas, primly placed at the back.

"Through the curtains at one side slips a quaint little dancer, in the dress of the later thirties, the period of Dumas, De Musset, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin, George Sand, Rachel, some of Balzac's novels, and of the Romanticists, when they were all young enough to be romanticists!

"After her comes a quaint little gentleman, with buff beaver hat, a buff short-skirted velvet coat and white trousers.

"They look like figures in a dream, as they glide up to one of the sofas in the simple, dream-like scene, and make pretence of making love till they are interrupted by another such dream-like couple; or by Harlequin and Columbine; or by Pierrot, chasing a lovely little butterfly danseuse, whom he tries to capture beneath his conical white hat, and is strangely surprised to find that—Poof! she is not there! True symbol that! Pallid Pierrot, ever chasing a white butterfly he can never catch! The ascetic idealist, always seeking the Soul of Things, that ever allures and forever eludes him!

"Such is a thumb-nail impression of Schumann's exquisite little musical novel 'Le Carnaval,' as realized by the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden. In the grace of its color, somehow, it recalled those visions in paint of Antoine Watteau. In the infallible precision of its design it somehow recalled the better work of Beardsley, who would have revelled in it as a piece of sheer art, even as Schumann must have revelled in it as a piece of interpretation."

And why is there no English ballet comparable to this? "M. P." says because the English are too lazy, too self-depreciatory, too jealous of each other, "too graspingly anxious for a 20 per cent. dividend; because it is one of the most conventional of traditions that the artist is invariably 'unbusinesslike' (which is mere nonsense); because we have never yet given the artist (not the 'artiste') his or her proper place in the theatre, and because we are simply—too unpatriotic."

At the same time "M. P." remembers artistic work at the Empire and at the Alhambra, which, according to his own opinion, ranks with anything that the Russians have given, ballets performed mainly by English dancers and always under English management. "But we are too lazy to have, permanently, work of such distinctive artistic value as the Russians have given us, because it would take long to plan out for similar future results. We are too grasping to spend the money needed to found a proper school, not merely for dancing, or for singing, but where ballet (or for that matter opera) is taught as a thing of some artistic unity and significance. We are too short-sighted to see that money so spent would yield its due return in a given number of years. And we are too unpatriotic to believe that good art—at least in the direction of music, dancing and mimicry, as expressed in opera and ballet—is possible to English people."

And "M. P." cries out, "In America they are getting ahead of us!" And the cry is so acute that it is printed in italics. He describes the school directed in New York by Mme. Cavallazzi. "Her school, which has been in existence only a year and a half, has just given a complete ballet in the rehearsal room of the Metropolitan Opera House, and it was subsequently announced that 15 of the girls had been engaged to dance in the Metropolitan Opera company and eight of them in the Russian ballet headed by Pavlowa and Mordkin." "M. P." does not ask how they dance but exclaims, again in italic, "What are we doing here?"

A Visiting Scottish Family

Not only will the Irish players, the Abbey Theatre Company, be seen in Boston early this fall but the Scottish Family that has met with great success in London in the comedy "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will visit the United States, and presumably Boston this season. There are six members of one family in the cast of "Bunty"; Graham Moffat, the author, his wife, his sister, his daughter and his two younger brothers. Mr. Moffat said to a London reporter: "I have had it in my mind for years to bring all the family together, because I knew we were exactly fitted to play the types of Scottish character we know so well, and that we could present something altogether different from the plays to which the public has been accustomed. Our father was a Scottish elocutionist, and our mother to whom we also owe much, has a great gift of Scottish story-telling." Mrs. Moffat designed all the dresses for the comedy, which is a crinoline play of 1860. Her husband thinks that semi-modern costume has not been developed to the extent it might be on the stage. "Plays like 'Caste' and 'Our Boys,' if dressed in the costume of the year in which they were originally produced, would still have another run, because the quaintness of that costume is in keeping with the old fashioned style of writing. 'Bunty Pulls the Strings' was de[signed]

veloped from a natural knowledge of Scottish character and ways. More than in any other play I have written, the characters I wanted to put into it suggested the story. Usually it is the other way round; the story suggests the characters."

Dickens in England and France

Mr. Pickwick has again appeared on the stage in "Two Peeps at Pickwick," prepared by Metcalfe Wood for the Savoy Theatre, London. The first peep was outside the Golden Cross, where Mr. Pickwick, with Snodgrass and Tupman, had an encounter with a cabman and Alfred Jingle circumvented Mr. Tupman in wooing Rachel Wardle. The other peep was at the White Hart, with Sam Weller, describing the visitors by their boots and Jingle run down by Pickwick Wardle, Perker & Co. Ben Field took the part of Pickwick. "The incidents are torn rather violently from the book, and the devout Pickwickian of today must go prepared for a good deal that will seem to him vandalism; but an adapter must not, perhaps, be dealt with too severely on that score, so long as he preserves with reasonable accuracy the atmosphere of his original. And this, we think, Mr. Wood contrives to achieve with a very fair measure of success."

Allusion was made in the Pall Mall Gazette to "No Thoroughfare," written by Dickens in collaboration with Wilkie Collins and brought out at the Adelphi, London, in 1867 with Fechter, Henry Neville, the elder Ben Webster and Carlotta Leclercq in the cast. The play lasted three hours and forty minutes. "H. M. W.," the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, thinks that if it were produced today, it would "evoke little more than laughter," even with the finest acting. "The staginess and trickiness of it are almost inconceivable; and to read it with what is being done now, is to realize the strides our stage has taken in the direction of sincerity since the sixties. Here is a little scene between the Scoundrel Obenreizer and his ward Marguerite, whose affection he is endeavoring to gain, for sinister purposes of his own, but who loves George Vendale, much to Obenreizer's disgust:

Obenreizer (as men bring in flowers): Now you will see that your birthday is not forgotten.

Marguerite: I thank you.

Obenreizer: Oh, not for them! My present is not made yet! Flowers will fade. Wear these (presents jewel case) and give them a beauty which is not their own.

Marguerite: Oh, how could you buy these for me! How can you expect me to wear these! I would have been contented with the flowers. We must dress for dinner. (Exit.)

Obenreizer (aside): My crime is useless. I have put my whole life in peril, and this is my reward. Oh, curses on her glitter and her beauty!

Yet many of us remember Charles Fechter as Obenreizer and treasure the recollection. The stilted languaged did not disturb us, and the scene in the cellar with Joey Ladle, his entrance for robbery in the sleeper's room—but why particularize? It was a remarkable performance, one of many which justly gave Fechter the reputation of being the greatest melodramatic actor of his period. And there are those who remember Hamlets, widely differing, yet each in its way unforgettable; those of E. L. Davenport, Fechter, Rossi, Edwin Booth and Forbes-Robertson. But it has been said that no one ever failed utterly as Hamlet except Mr. Willard.

Mr. Pickwick will appear on the French stage. "It is not the first time, of course, that 'Boz' has been Gallicized either for production or for publication. And Thackeray has put on record his impressions of an unconscious travesty of 'Nicholas Nickleby' he witnessed once in a Paris theatre. The designing crew of Gride and Pyke and Pluck, if we remember rightly, were transformed into unutterable villains with impossibly ferocious whiskers, and the hero who unmasked their machinations turned out to be a polished and effeminate person rejoicing in the name of 'Smique.' Needless to say, he was a Frenchification of the hapless Smike. In some such lines 'Les Aventures de M. Pickwick' might lead the benevolent Samuel to any length. His innocent escrapes with the fair sex might easily become Lotharian intrigues of the most abandoned sort, and the scenes in the Fleet develop into a chain of horrors calculated to knock the Bastile and the Conciergerie into a cocked hat and a coal-scuttle bonnet. We are reassured, however, by the news that the adapter, M. Charvay, has steeped himself in Dickens, and may therefore rank on a level with M. Dauray, who has done so much in France for Meredith and Kipling. Unfortunately, one of M. Charvay's friends is so anxious to prepare French taste for the humor of the play that he has talked of its being Americanized, and there could hardly be an unkinder cut all round. Fancy the late Samuel Pickwick, Esq., of Goswell Street with a transatlantic twang!" Thus the Pall Mall Gazette still obedient to the expatriated W. W. Astor.

"Les Aventures de M. Pickwick" will be brought out at the Athenee this month. M. Robert Charvay has written in collaboration with M. Georges Duval, editor and part author of the latest French translation of Shakespeare's plays. M. Charvay was asked by a Parisian journalist whether he thought "that the humor of Mr. Pickwick would produce its complete effect upon a French public." He answered that the French are now "familiarized with humor."

Theatrical Matters in France

A monument has been dedicated at Boulogne to Coquelin and Coqueline cadet, who were born in the town that disappointed Mr. Yellowplush because it was on the shore and not on the sea. It was there the two actors began life as baker boys. The monument is near the Casino. It represents in bronze figures of life size, Coquelin aine declaiming with his hand on Coquelin cadet, who sits on a bench beside him. A bust of Moliere is on a pedestal above them.

Trarieux's adaptation of Balzac's "Cure de Village" will be entitled "Captive" and played at the Comedie Francaise, with Paul Mounet as the cure and Mme. Bartet as the leading woman.

Henry Caen, fired by the thought of Genier's ambulatory theatre, which goes along the roads of France in summer, purposes to build a houseboat theatre for next June and cruise up and down rivers and canals.

"The Count of Luxembourg," adapted by de Flers and de Caillavet, will be brought out at the Apollo, Paris, in January, and the manager is trying to persuade Fred Wright, the younger, of London to take part in the performance. Alexandre Bisson's new piece, "Le Petit Cafe," will be produced at the Palais Royal, and Xavier Roux's "L'enjoleuse" is announced at the Theatre Michel.

A new life of Garrick, "David Garrick et ses Amis Francais," by F. A. Hedgcock, is highly praised. It is published by Hachette & Co. The author has written a study of Thomas Hardy, "penseur et artiste." He gives an account of Garrick's social and artistic life and his adventures as an actor in France, and tells of his friendships with distinguished Frenchmen. It should be remembered that Garrick's father was the son of a Huguenot who, leaving Bordeaux, settled in London as a wine merchant. While the French actors gladly admitted the genius of Garrick, he had little taste for the declamatory style of Le Kain and Mme. Clairon. In his letters he criticised the Parisian actors freely. He admired Preville, the comedian, and they played practical jokes together. One day they were in the Versailles diligence, when the driver refused to start until he had four more passengers. Garrick got out and, disguising his face and voice, called to the driver and re-entered the coach. This he did four times, and then the driver, satisfied, whipped up his horses. When Garrick first went to Paris he produced mangled versions of Shakespeare's plays, and it was Ducis, a Frenchman, who encouraged Garrick to refashion "Hamlet."

"Un jour de Fete," a one-act comedy by Gabriel Faure, has been brought out at the Comedie Francaise. The Paris correspondent of the Era describes the play as follows: "Jacques de Verneuil has met a charming girl. They are not violently in love with one another, but they marry, and are intensely happy. When the story opens they have been married three years, and are celebrating the anniversary of their weding day. Jacques is obliged to leave on a small errand, and during his absence a lady, Mlle. Lucienne Bernard, accompanied by a little girl, calls at the house and is received by Mme. de Verneuil. Lucienne does not mince matters. She informs the wife that she has been for years Jacques's mistress, and that her child was born several months after her lover left her. For all that, she does not accuse Jacques, who, she says, always told her that he could never marry her, and who is not aware that he has a daughter. When her husband returns, Mme. de Verneuil quietly tells him what has occurred, adding that under the circumstances he has a duty to perform. Lucienne has no intention of stepping between husband and wife. All she wants is a little help; and, with his wife's sanction—nay, at her bidding—Jacques promises to extend a helping hand to mother and child. It is a very 'bourgeois' ending; but the authors intended to show that in these very 'bourgeois' milieux situations do not arise such as we are shown in the up-to-date plays. Everybody canont be a Nora, a Peer Gynt, or a Nekludoff."

Gemier's Theatre Ambulant, to which I have already referred, on its opening night in July brought out a drama in two scenes: "Le Sous-marin L'Hirondelle," by Mme. Moreux and Perard. A torpedo boat is navigating seven fathoms below the surface, suddenly strikes a derelict and is so wedged that it cannot be extricated. The officer in charge is able to communicate with the flagship by means of the telephone buoy, but the crew is half asphyxiated before the boat rises to the surface.

Mlle. Leonie Yahne has issued a writ against a young woman who calls herself Mlle. Yane at the Theatre des Capucines. She first wrote to her, requesting her to choose another "nom de guerre," but Mlle. Yane paid no attention to the letter. The case came into court and Mlle. Yahne's counsel said it was a serious one "inasmuch as the public, misled by the great similarity of the two names, could not understand how Mlle. Leonie Yahne, who had played leading parts in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' 'La Griffe,' etc., and is at the head of her profession, accepted roles not worthy of a first-class artist." The judge, inasmuch as it was a hot day, postponed the case until he could think in a clearer manner.

Plays for Vacation Reading

"H. M. W.," the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, has been reading plays instead of seeing them. One of them was "In the Workhouse," a grim piece, produced in London last May and reviewed in the Herald of May 21. It is published by the International Suffrage Shop, in Adams street, Adelphi, and sold for a shilling. "H. M. W." also read a three-act historical drama, "Catherine the Great," by Henderson Bland and Manning Foster, "crammed with history and with a number of highly effective scenes in it, particularly in the third act, though the first two would be the better theatrically for some simplification—a little less history and a little more drama." Of George Moore's "The Apostle," which, published by Maunsel & Co. of Dublin, is based on the idea of a meeting between the Saviour, and St. Paul in an Essene monastery 25 years after the conception, "H. M. W." says: "It is not complete, and all I have to say regarding it is that its distinguished author's reputation will not suffer very much if it is allowed to remain uncompleted."

"H. M. W." was greatly delighted with the fragment by George Meredith entitled "The Sentimentalists," produced in London in March, 1910. It is to be found in a volume of "Short Stories" published by Constable & Co. in the memorial edition of Meredith's works. "H. M. W." speaks of the "sly art of Meredith at its cunningest in a scene between Astrae's uncle and her lover Arden":

Homeware—You would call her your Muse?

Arden—So prosaic a creature as I would not dare to call her that.

Homeware—You have the timely mantle of modesty, Mr. Arden. She has prepared you for some of the tests with her uncle Homeware.

Arden—She warned me to be myself without a spice of affectation.

Homeware—No harder task could be set a young man in modern days. Oh, the humorous damsel! You sketch me the dimple at her mouth.

"This strikes me as a bit of perfect Meredith.

And how charmingly Meredithian, the exclamation with which Homeware prepares us for the entry of the breathless Lyra: 'But here we have a belated breeze of skirts,' and that other sentence with which Lyra warns us of the approach of Astraea: 'I am sure I hear a spring-tide of enthusiasm coming.' Such is the 'music' with which this great artist—who, I believe, would have been as supreme a dramatist as he was novelist had he resolved to be—ushers in his characters.

"And has the tyranny of an overuxurious husband ever been better described than in the following speech of Lyra Plariel:

" 'His idea of marriage is the taking of the woman into custody. My foot on the stairs, I hear his hoot behind me. In my boudoir I am alone one minute, and then the door opens to the inevitable. I pay a visit—he is passing the house as I leav it. He will not even affect surprise. I belong to him. I am cat's mouse. And he will look doting on me in public. And when I speak to anybody else he is that fearful picture of all smirks. Fling off a kid glove after a round of calls; feel your hand—there you have me, now that I am out of him for my half a day, if for as long.'

"Astrae exclaims, 'This is one of the world's happy marriages!' And Lyra retorts:

" 'This is one of the world's choicest dishes! And I have it planted under my nostrils eternally * * * Oh! good husband! good kind of man! whatever you please; only some peace. I do pray for the husband-haunted wife!' "

Delightful reading, if you please, but is the dialogue effective on the stage?

"William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends," by S. M. Ellis (published by John Lane), also interested "H. M. W.," for the two volumes contain theatrical gossip about "Jack Sheppard" of which at least eight dramatic versions were produced in the fall of 1839, and about other plays founded on Ainsworth's novels. When a "Jack Sheppard" was produced at the Surrey Theatre—John Neville, the father of Henry Neville, played the part of Jonathan Wild—it was followed by "The Devil's Daughter; or, Hell's Belles." A dramatization, "Dick Turpin's Ride to York," based on the description in "Rookwood" of the famous ride that never took place, has come down to our own time.

Theatrical News from England

Lyn Harding, who expects to play with Miss Grace George in New York, will return to London about Christmas, when he wishes to play Benedick, Othello and King Lear, but he will produce some new dramas. One is by Edward Knoblauck, author of "Kismet." "It is adapted from the German and is very powerful. Its present title is 'The Other Man,' but no doubt that title will be changed. It is the story of an honored magistrate, who from time to time changes into a wretched criminal and does not know it. He changes during slumber, in full sight of the audience. In his scenes of degradation he visits the most awful criminal haunts."

A new sporting drama, "A Member of Tattersalls," by H. Browning, has been rehearsed for the English provinces. The Member, played by Rutland Barrington, is described as a fine, fat, outspoken, upright and downstraight bookie with a motto, "I will stand by my friend," with a heavy accent on the "will." The chief friend by whom the Member, Peter Perks, will stand is a young major, who has bet and speculated unwisely. Peter's dead wife was a lady of high society, and he wishes to see his darling daughter moving in aristocratic circles, so he pays the major's debts and proposes that the major should marry his daughter; but he refuses to be bought, and she shies at the thought of being sold. There is a desperate villain in the shape of a lord to whom the daughter is betrothed, and the villain tries to bring disgrace on the old bookmaker in connection with a certain handicap.

"In Love," a new version of "La Dame aux Camellias" has been played in London for copyright purposes. The title is not a new one.

COLONIAL THEATRE — Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow," a new musical play in three acts. First performance on any stage. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Music by Charles J. Gebest. Earl Weixelbaum conducted.

Cicero Hannibal Butts..Raymond Hitchcock
Violet Butts.....Jean Newcombe
Oswald Butts.....Harry Clarke
Anna Varvara.....Sophye Barnard
Yvette.....Gertrude Vanderbilt
Ivan Scorpioff.....John Hendricks
Baron Maximillian Scareovich..Joseph Allan
Dick Graham.....Lincoln Plumer
Tantul Popova.....George E. Mack
Capt. Basil Romanoff.....Theodore Martin

A very large audience which crowded the Colonial Theatre last evening gave by every evidence of enjoyment a decided affirmative to the two questions which underlie the discussion of such a play: Is it amusing? Is it good of its kind?

"The Red Widow" is in all respects an excellent production, well staged and admirably acted. The book and lyrics are well written, the dialogue is entertaining, fat with droll allusions to topics of the day and bubbling over with a never ceasing fund of merriment. The music is tuneful, well rhythmed and melodious. It is in turn brilliant, caressing, sensuous, sentimental and dramatic, and it is at all times well fitted to what is taking place on the stage. Among some of the best songs were: "I Shall Never Look at a Pretty Girl Again," "We Will Go, Go All Aglow to Gogo," and "Dinner," while there were others equally deserving of praise.

The plot is an ingenious one. It concerns the adventures abroad of Cicero Hannibal Butts, manufacturer of C. H. B. corsets and colonel in the New York state national guard, U. S. A., who meets in London and becomes ensnared in the wily schemes of Anna Varvara, "The Red Widow," who is a raging Nihilist. Cicero Hannibal, publicly referred to by Mrs. Butts as "Cissie," is henpecked. His wife, whose sculptural form is encased in one of his very best models, remains in London to look after suffrage affairs, while he journeys to Russia accompanied by Varvara, whose determination to enter her country, which she has been forbidden, is facilitated by the use of Mrs. Butts's passport. Poor Cicero's adventures are of the most startling order, and his compensations are slight. But besides an endless succession of amusing incidents, which does not permit the interest of the audience to flag for a moment, there are clever bits of satire throughout the play; for example, an ironical exhibition of the boresome dinners that occur in domestic life, in society, in public life where there is a long-winded speaker.

The play was handsomely mounted, the setting for each act being equally effective, and there was the usual lavish array of unusually comely and irresponsible girls, generous in self-revelations.

It was a pleasure to see Mr. Hitchcock again and he received the warmest of welcomes, as in fact did each member of the cast. He was last evening as droll as ever, and as Cicero Hannibal he was ably provided with a part calculated to display to their limits his unique and inimitable merits as a comedian. He played in wildly farcical fashion, but he does not rely solely on physical exertions and horseplay. In spite of his hoarseness, his songs inevitably make their mark and are more successful in moving the audience to laughter than those of other comedians vocally more blessed than he. Above all and at the height of his fun-making, he remains a human being and that is perhaps one of his most potent attractions. At the close of the first act, in response to continued rounds of applause, he spoke a few words, promising a speech at the end of the second. It was characteristically humorous and wholly in keeping with the evening's holiday mood.

Miss Barnard as "The Red Widow" was a dashing villianess. A lurid apparition in scarlet and glittering finery, she sang excellently, and acted the part of the adventuress with a staccato laugh to perfection.

Miss V[illegible] [illegible] clever embodiment [illegible] with lithe grace [illegible], while she was [illegible] her [illegible]ation of the [illegible] entrusted to Cicero H[illegible].

The [illegible] company [illegible] excellent work [illegible] the minor parts Mr. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] and with [illegible] authority.

Park Theatre—Miss Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg," by Anne Caldwell.

[illegible] M[illegible]	Mary Mersch
[illegible] A[illegible]	Ju[illegible]
A[illegible]	L[illegible] F[illegible]
Pansy Etta	Frances Warde
[illegible] Adams	P[illegible] Trent
[illegible]	Charles G[illegible]
[illegible]	Zelda Sears
[illegible]	Walter Young
[illegible] R[illegible]	Margaret Armstrong
W[illegible] B[illegible]	Charles Lane

Once upon a time, in a little village that belonged geographically to New York state, but whose true place was in the heart of old New England, there lived an elderly spinster. Her name was Hetty Gandy. She was buxom, blithe and busy, kind and good. She sewed her neighbors' dresses and was a great gossip, sometimes mixing things up badly, though without malice. She was sentimental to a degree. Under a smiling, good-humored exterior there lay a heart that yearned for a home and the joys of wedded life. Sometimes, as she confessed once herself, she had even wished she could be sitting up for a drunken husband. She was a great reader of novels by such analysts of the heart as Laura Jean Libbey, Charles Garvice, the contributors to the Family Herald and so on. One day she was packing some eggs to send to the commission agent. Coming to one remarkably fine one, she, in a fit of inspiration, seized a pencil and wrote on the pearly shell some verses beginning "The rose is red, the violet blue," and proceeding to suggest the writer's willingness to listen to honorable proposals. She signed her name and wrote on the date. She sent the egg, as she put it, "she knew not whence; she knew not whither." Three years passed; then came a telegram: "Have read message on eggshell; be with you at 12:30 tomorrow. Can you come to Albany with me? Wiley Bassett."

Hetty Gandy made instant preparations for a wedding. Presents poured in—mainly cream pitchers—and the modest home was suitably decked out. Punctually came Wiley Bassett, but not to marry. He had eaten that egg after it had lain three years in cold storage, and his digestion had been ruined. He sought redress. He wanted Hetty Gandy to be his star witness in a suit against the man who had sold him the egg.

It was a terrible blow to poor Hetty; but she bore up bravely. The case was explained to Bassett, who agreed to play the part of bridegroom until they left Eden Centre together. Bassett, though his digestive apparatus was deranged, was a man of some discernment, and it did not take him long to find out that Hetty Gandy was the woman for him, and so all came out right.

That is the story of "The Nest Egg." It has been played with success in New York, and provided Miss Sears with her first opportunity to appear as a star. She had already done clever work in Clyde Fitch plays, and had come to be recognized as a thoroughly capable actress. In spite of her excellent record there were many last night who were surprised as well as pleased by her portrayal of the delightful old maid. We have all met such, and the only inconsistency in Miss Caldwell's creation is that Hetty should so want to change her lot.

Miss Sears was very good at the [illegible]t in her discussion of the fashions with a college girl and the latter's friend. She accepted some corrections of her pronunciation, but no one could tell her that gamp was spelled with a "u," although she had not had a university education. This was said with fine sarcasm. Then how she told the story of the nest egg and how she crushed Norman Frisbee, the one really disagreeable character in the piece. While the whole spirit of the play is amusing, there is some [illegible] business at the close of the second act. This Miss Sears did well last night. Her reference to her lonely condition was touching and altogether natural, while the transition to pure comedy, though abrupt, was not forced.

Miss Mary Mersch was excellent as the college girl. Pretty, athletic looking, talking a kind of slang which is probably heard occasionally at certain solemn gatherings at Wellesley or Smith, she presented an interesting picture of a present-day type. Miss Lola Fisher was charming as Allie Adams, and Miss Armstrong was satisfactory as Virginia Rodney. Miss Frances Warde, as Pansy Etta, the child whom Hetty Gandy took from the poor farm, played her part more than acceptably.

Of the men, Walter Young, as the unamiable Norman Frisbee, gave a capital picture of the money grabbing, [illegible]h young man who thought his wealth would get him everything. The others were adequate.

The play has plenty of clever dialogue. Hetty Gandy commits some amusing malapropisms. Her disapproval of the suffrage movement is expressed with emphasis. The suggestion that the elaborate costumes worn at votes-for-women demonstrations are really for the benefit of the men was audacious, but amused the house, which was kept amused throughout. There was a large audience.

Sept 4 1911

According to the books, this is the birthday of Francois Rene, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, illustrious romancer, philanderer, master of a superb style. Writing his memoirs and certain prefaces, he told many stories that were not true and some of his most magnificent lies enliven his reminiscences of his adventures in the United States. Few Americans now read "Atala" or "Rene," but the name of the author is preserved by the Chateaubriand steak, as that of Nesselrode, the Russian diplomatist, by a pudding. The precise date of Chateaubriand's invention unfortunately is not recorded. Did he conceive the idea of the double steak, or did some cook, pleased by the great man's eulogy of his handiwork, pay him the immortalizing compliment?

Far be it from us to tarnish the glory of Mr. Charles W. Glidden of Lawrence, who recently ate 58 ears of corn in one hour and 55 minutes, without change of cuffs or the use of a finger bowl. He, too, has entered proudly the hall of fame, whether his appetite be natural or he be a victim of bulimy. Mr. Glidden makes brave promises; he offers to eat eight dozen eggs at a sitting, six boiled dinners at another; nevertheless, Mr. Nicholas Wood of Harrison county, Kent, England, is still the man for our money. This honest yeoman could eat with ease at one meal a whole sheep raw, and once he ate 30 dozen of pigeons. He devoured at another time 18 yards of black pudding, and once, after he had made way with a whole hog, he swallowed three pecks of damsons. John Taylor, the Water Poet, saw him put down six penny loaves, three six-penny veal pies, a pound of butter, a good dish of thornback, a slice round a peck-loaf an inch thick, and all this in the space of an hour; and the house affording no more, he went away unsatisfied. "Two loins of mutton," says Taylor, "and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him. Once at Sir Warham St. Leger's house he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach that he ate as much as would have served and sufficed 30 men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and burst, but that the serving-man turned him to the fire and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold; and afterward, being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while, which, when the knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had lain bedrid with eating."

Nicholas, however, was on one occasion put to confusion. At Lenham a certain John Dale laid a wager that he would fill Mr. Wood with good wholesome victuals for two shillings. He bought six pots of strong ale, in which he soaked 12 new penny loaves, "the powerful fumes whereof put Wood to sleep and won Dale his wager." A low down trick! And what a waste of good ale! Mr. Wood spent all his estate upon belly timber and died very poor about 1630. Peace to his stomach and gastric juices!

And while we are discoursing concerning food and drink, let us not forget that the months are over—

> Those four sad months wherein is mute
> The one mysterious letter that has power
> To call the oyster from the vasty deep.

Or, as a humble poet sang in the Detroit Free Press 22 years ago:

> "Let us royster with the oyster—in the shorter days and moister,
> That are brought by brown September, with its roguish final R."

The following recipe for "A Hash of Oysters" was published in a very old book for the kitchen: "Parboil about three quarts of oysters in their liquor, mince about two quarts of them small and stew them with half a pint of white wine, an onion cut in quarters, four large blades of mace and a grated nutmeg, sliced chestnuts, some pistaches and a quarter of a pint of white-wine-vinegar, a pound of fresh butter, pepper, salt and a bundle of sweet herbs; stew them well on a soft fire, and fry the remaining oysters, seasoned with pepper, salt and nutmeg, in a batter made of fine flour, eggs and cream; green it with the juice of spinage, and serve them together with lemon juice and a garnish of sliced oranges and olives." A simple luncheon dish that can be readily prepared when the mistress of the house is surprised by visitors!

The Herald quoted recently from Disraeli's "Sybil." In this novel is a splenetic description of a club that is worth remembering in these days, when it is the fashion to describe a man who runs off with another man's wife or embezzles as a member of "the most exclusive club," whether the distressing incident occurs in Boston or Lima, Ohio, New York or Hockannum Ferry. Disraeli boldly gave this London club its own name, the Athenaeum. "Those middle-aged nameless gentlemen of easy circumstances who haunt clubs, and dine a great deal at each others' houses and chambers; men who travel regularly a little, and gossip regularly a great deal; who lead a sort of facile, slipshod existence, doing nothing, yet mightily interested in what others do; great critics of little things; profuse in minor luxuries, and inclined to the respectable practice of a decorous profligacy; peering through the window of a clubhouse as if they were discovering a planet; and usually much excited about things with which they have no concern and personages who never heard of them."

Senor Andura Gossi, a Spanish shorthand writer, has petitioned the Pope, asking for the appointment of a patron saint for men of his calling. He names St. Cyprian of Carthage, St. Caspian and St. Genesius as deserving of the honor, for, as he says, they were all short-hand writers. But which St. Genesius? Hagiologists "long on them." There was the Genesius, a bishop and confessor, about 662, the Genesius who was a comedian and afterward martyr; and there was St. Genesius of Arles, also a martyr. St. Cyprian of Carthage was the one against whom the heathen populace shouted: "Cyprian to the lions!" There was another Cyprian, who before his conversion was a magician.

Sept 5 1911

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE OPENS

"The Price," a New Play by Broadhurst, Given—Helen Ware the Star.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The Price," a new play in three acts by George Broadhurst. First performance in Boston. Production by Henry B. Harris.

Mrs. Dole	Jessie Ralph
Susan	Margaret McWade
Ethel Toscani	Helen Ware
Stanard Dole	Warner Oland
Prof. Damaroff	George W. Barnum
Dr. Brostol	Harrison Hunter
Florence	Gertrude Dalton

The Hollis Street Theatre was opened yesterday afternoon for the season of 1911-12. Mr. Broadhurst's play was produced for the first time on any stage at Waterbury, Ct., Aug. 31.

The story thus might be told: Dole, an artist, married when he was young an older woman, the daughter of his boarding-house keeper. In her way she is devoted to him. She looks after his house and sews buttons on his shirts. She is inherently coarse, a nagger, rough with her servants, seeing more in pots and kettles than in pictures. Years pass by. Ethel Toscani becomes Dole's secretary. She inspires his work. He loves her and she, with a fine sense of gratitude, gives herself to him. She afterward falls in love with Dr. Bristol, a strait-laced person, who has a high regard for her because, although her life has been a stormy one, she has withstood temptation, as he fondly thinks. Dole wishes to tell his wife that he cannot longer endure her; that he must marry Ethel. He does not know that he has a weak heart and will soon die. Dr. Bristol has acquainted Ethel with Dole's condition and told her that any shock will kill him. He wishes to announce their betrothal. Forgetful or reckless of consequences, she assures Dole that his divorce would be futile, for she loves the physician. The surprise kills the painter.

Ethel marries Dr. Bristol, an orthodox citizen in good and regular standing and a skilful operator with the knife. They adopt Florence, a young woman of supposedly prepossessing appearance, who plays Massenet's "Elegic" neatly on the piano and gushes over steel engravings, photographs and sketches. The doctor hires a housekeeper, Mrs. Dole, although his wife resents the intrusion. Mrs. Dole persuades her that the doctor looks on Florence as his soul affinity. In the endeavor to befriend Florence, he lies to Ethel, who detects the falsehood through Mrs. Dole's questions and hints after the best manner of Iago. Furiously jealous, Ethel makes a scene. She discovers her folly, and Mrs. Dole is ordered to leave the house. The housekeeper then produces a diary kept punctiliously by the late Dole from his youth up. She reads choice extracts to the husband and wife, and, having worked the mischief, disappears.

There is a long scene between husband and wife. He will not pardon her intimacy with Dole. Her argument that she yielded through gratitude akin to love, and did not sell herself in the marriage market for money or a title, leaves him stony-eyed and with vocal energy unimpaired.

The physician disappears, saying that his wife has gone out of his life. She is about to take poison when a grateful servant snatches it from her and consoles her by mentioning the fact that she, too, has been married. Her husband left her. He did not come back. Ethel wonders whether Bristol will return, and while she wonders the curtain falls for the last time.

There is a wholly superfluous character, Prof. Damaroff, a confirmed chatterer. It appears in the first act that he knows of Ethel's peculiar relations with the two men; but he is on the stage merely for purposes of exposition; he is of no assistance to Ethel and of no interest to the spectator.

It is surprising that a man of Mr. Broadhurst's experience should have written such a poorly constructed and wholly preposterous drama. The first act consists almost wholly of exposition. Each character in turn tells the story of his or her life and incidentally that of another.

The play might reasonably, then, be expected to begin with the second act, but again there is an intolerable amount of talk with clumsy handling of unlikely intrique. The scenes that should be strong, as those between the housekeeper and the doctor and his wife, and between the husband and the wife, are weakened by inconsequential detail and lines that might have come from the author of "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," in his more eloquent moments.

And what is to be thought of this situation? Mrs. Dole, having read passages from Dole's diary in which he unmistakably refers to his unhallowed intimacy with Ethel, tosses the book to her and thus abandons the only evidence she has. Neither the physician nor the wife thinks of looking at the damaging entry. After Ethel has admitted that she gave herself to Dole; after her husband has left the room, she then finds out that Dole did not make the entry; that Mrs. Dole had written it with her own hand!

It is unnecessary to insist on this incredibly foolish stage trick, or to point out other weaknesses in the construction. Nor would it be profitable to enlarge upon the utter theatricalness of certain situations, the absurdities in plot and dialogue that would be evident to the most superficial observer.

Miss Ware in "The Third Degree" played the part of a simple, loving wife of humble birth and no advantages, with a singular intensity, with a direct appeal to the emotions. Ethel Toscani is supposed to be a woman of refinement, an inspiration to the painter who also, through her, became an authoritative writer on art, a graceful, fascinating creature. Miss Ware did not thus characterize Ethel. Her Ethel was a commonplace woman, neither brilliant nor sensuous, rather heavy in speech and action. There were moments made effective by facial expression, but in the "great scenes," in the grand tirades, Miss Ware's voice was coarse rather than passionate and without inflection in the passages of entreaty for forgiveness. As a whole the impersonation was without force or distinction.

The members of the supporting company did not rise above the lines of the author; they did not give plausibility to the situations. In a word, the support was mediocre. Much might have been made out of the character of the housekeeper. Mr. Broadhurst might have represented her as conscious of her inferiority to her husband, but a patient, willing drudge, who, slowly awakening to the intimacy between Dole and Ethel, became a mysterious and threatening figure, a sombre instrument of posthumous revenge, yet a woman with whom the audience would sympathize. Mr. Broadhurst preferred to portray her as a vulgar and comic scold.

The audience heartily applauded the servant who snatched the poison from the hand of her mistress, and courteously called Miss Ware and her company before the curtain. There was often incongruous laughter, which was a striking comment on the sincerity of the drama.

GLOBE THEATRE—Ward and Vokes in "The Trouble Makers."

	Hap Ward
Percy Earlston	Harry Vokes
Harold Weathersby	Hazel Gilmore
Edith Parker	Richard Barry
Ned Welby	Lillian Boles
Fannie Parker	Adella Parker
Carolina Meek	Charles S. Chapman
Barnaby Meek	Lucy Daly
Babbling Bess	

BOSTON THEATRE—Reproduction of "The Round-Up," a drama of Arizona in four acts by Edmund Day. Chief characters:

"Slim" Hoover	Rapley Holme[illegible]
Jack Payson	Mitchell Harri[illegible]
Dick Lane	Harry Cowa[illegible]
Bud Lane	William H. Sullivan
Jim Allen	M. E. Heise[illegible]
Sage Brush Charlie	Frank H. LaRu[illegible]
Buck McKee	J. Albert Ha[illegible]
Echo Allen	Gurda Heniu[illegible]
Josephine	Mattie Edward[illegible]
Polly Hope	Paula Glo[illegible]

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"A Prisoner For Life."

Jack Dean.....Richard Sherman
Senator Larry Farrel.....Tom Tempest
Tom Benildict.....Edward Trevor
Harrison Arden.....Richard Forbes
Judge Randolph.....Charles R. Warren
Jake Budinsky.....Henry Frey
Ah Sin.....Will S. Beecher
Jackson.....James Ragan
Pete.....Robert Gillis
Amy Arden.....Marie Loreuze
Vera Arden.....Augusta Durgeon
Sally Web.....May C. Fields

SEASON OPENS AT B. F. KEITH'S

It was the opening of the fall and winter season at B. F. Keith's yesterday. As this house had been giving two performances daily all through the summer, the interval between the seasons is very like the imaginary space that divides the beginning of the new year from the end of the old. Still, there was every sign of an opening day yesterday. The bill was an unusually good one, including as it did a clever Parisian pantomime, a capital comedy sketch, one excellent musical act, an exhibition of ancient Greek wrestling and other features, all of merit.

The pantomime brought 15 persons on the stage. The name of the piece was "Paris by Night." There were two scenes, both exteriors of cafes. While it was a clever thing of its kind, the story was a little grewsome. Based on the struggle between two young women over a youth, whose unconventional clothes and general air of bohemianism suggested the Latin-quarter. In the end one of the young women stabs the other. The girl who is stabbed was played by Mlle. Marie Corio, who acted a part which did not seem to offer much difficulty, with a good deal of grace. Of course, there was some eccentric dancing, which was well done, as well as some buffoonery of which a drunken soldier was the chief provider.

"Youth," as given by Mrs. Gene Hughes and company was a jolly affair. Fancy a terribly prim widow with a grown up daughter she has brought up as primly as herself, and then fancy, bursting in on this prim pair, a frisky grandmother—mother of the widow—who looks as young as the grand-daughter. Mrs. Gene Hughes is the grandmother, and she plays with spirit. Quickly she converts her dowdy of a grand-daughter into a beautiful girl, and with a little more difficulty transforms the prim widow by bearing to her the news that she is not a widow at all. It is a genuine laughable comedy.

The La Toy brothers do some wonderful acrobatic work. Miss Marie Fenton sings some songs very acceptably. Miss Ruby Raymond is a graceful dancer, and with James Hughes and James Graham, in "Ambitious Street Urchins," gives a lively act. The Frey twins are bright, handsome Greeks, who illustrate the methods of the wrestlers of old. These methods do not seem strikingly different from those of today; but the performance of the brothers leaves an agreeable impression of grace and strength.

Leo Carrillo reproduces a scene in a San Francisco court, in which there is a Chinese witness, with a Chinese interpreter. He does it well, which means that it is very funny. He also gives other funny imitations.

The Irish musical comedy, "Just Landed," is well given by Walter and Miss Georgie Lawrence. Miss Lawrence's song, descriptive of her voyage to America, is a work of art. The Great Bell family give a very fine musical performance. Even those who are not fond of listening to the musical bells and the dulcimer will enjoy the hunting scene as given by the Bell family. It is a descriptive piece that describes.

The Herald has received a letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is now at Clamport.

"On my return from visits to the summer palaces of the rich, endured only for the sake of sociological material for my colossal work, I find much to do. Home to the old chateau! I have picked the beach plums on the lot; the wild grapes are almost ready for jam; and I hope on Tuesday to join the cranberry pickers with my trusty scooper. Not many years ago it was thought that cranberries should be picked only by hand, otherwise the vines would suffer. Now scoopers are used everywhere, and wise men say the vines are improved by the rough treatment. There is nothing like the democracy of a cranberry bog. I shall have as co-workers Portuguese, native whites, negroes, and here and there a survivor of that proud race, the Mashpee Indian. But to my subject.

"Busy as I am, I feel it my duty to acquaint 'C. F. S.' with a few sure recipes against baldness. Baldness, alopecia and ophiasis will be considered at length in the third volume of 'Man as a Political and Social Beast' (elephant folio, sold only by subscription). This volume has the sub-title 'As to His Head.'

"I consulted a little book in black letter, 'A Thousand Notable Things of Sundry Sorts,' published in 1627, but to my amazement, while there are several prescriptions for excessive superfluous and incongruous growth of hair, there is only one for baldness, and that is of a singular nature which should be veiled in Latin.

"Paulus Aegineta discusses the disease in his usual clear and masterly fashion. Note the solemn opening of his chapter: 'As some plants die from dryness for want of sap, and some from the sap being unsuitable to them, so it happens in like manner with the hairs; for baldness is occasioned by want of the natural juices and alopecia and ophiasis by the badness of them. These complaints differ only in figure; for, in the latter, the affected part has the appearance of a serpent; and alopecia derives its appellation from the circumstance of foxes being frequently subject to the affection.'

"But let us quote his recipe of recipes. Take the dried stomachs of five hares, roast carefully in an earthen vessel, add to them the third part of myrtle tops, of the fruit of acacia, of the juice of acacia, of sweetbriar an equal part, of maidenhair three ounces; pound all these things together and sift through a small sieve. Then adding of bear's grease four pounds, of that of a seal the same quantity, pound and preserve in a leaden vessel. At the time of using add to any fragrant ointment.

"Dioscorides recommends tar water. Alexander prescribes baths and a moistening diet, and when hairs fall out owing to the cleansing of the system from depraved humors, as happens after diseases, he cautions against a too meddlesome interference with the process of nature. The Arabians were in favor of purging, a regulated diet, and friction with oil of nuts, or stimulant applications containing cantharides, nitre, etc. Musk and amber are among recommended ingredients. Antyllus advised a more heroic treatment—scarifications, cupping and leeching. I should advise 'C. F. S.' to consult Octavius Horatianus (I. 7), Marcellus (de Med.), Isidorus (Orig. iv., 8), Oribusius (Synops. viii., 22, and Meth. Med iv., 5), Nonnus, Incertus auctor (Frag. op. Moschionem in Gynaec, 21); also the treatises of Myrepsus, Actuarius, Psellus, Serapion, Mesne, Holy Abbas, Alsaharavius and Callimachus (Hymn. ad Dianam), with the learned notes of Tytler and Spanheim. These books are easily obtained and afford easy, delightful, profitable reading. Any one of the Sutherland Sisters could no doubt give valuable information.

"In connection with baldness a well proved means of driving away flies, 'that they shall never come again,' should be known to all. I quote from the book of 1627 to which I have already referred. When thou wilt drive away flies from any place that there shall none be seen there again, make the image of a fly in the stone of a ring; or as my book saith Mizaldus in a plate of brass or copper, or of tin make the image of a fly, of a spider, or of a serpent, the second face of Pisces then ascending. And while you are making a graving of them, say, 'This is the image which doth clean rid all flies forever.' Then bury the same in the midst of the house, or hang it in any place of the house (but if thou hast four such plates, and bury or hang them in four corners of the house, or hide them within the walls that nobody take them away, it were far better). But this laying of them must be when the first face of Taurus doth ascend. And so no fly shall come in there, nor tarry there. Ptolomy saith that he saw the trial hereof in the house of King Adebarus, who was very wise and was marvellous expert in natural magic, in whose palace or place there was neither fly nor any other hurting worm. 'And that I might search it out,' saith he, 'I brought in there live flies which presently died.'

"As soon as the cranberry picking is over I shall spend what I earn in going to Lisbon, O., for I read last week in a New York journal that in a grillroom of that town a feast was given which 'must have rivalled those where bacchanals danced and satyrs leered.' I feel it my painful duty as a sociologist to verify the report and, if possible, to be present at the next entertainment provided by 'the best known residents of Lisbon.'"

Sept 6, 1911

Is Miss Viola Allen to be ranked with the great army of unconscious humorists? It was to be expected that she would speak of "appearing in the new vehicle" provided for her by Louis N. Parker as though his play were a wheelbarrow or a wood-sled, for few actors or actresses soar above the vocabulary of their press agents. But one of Miss Allen's remarks is disconcerting. She states that the play will give her an opportunity to lay aside for a while the habit of the nun "and appear in a more worldly costume." Now the heroine of Mr. Parker's new drama is the Lady Godiva.

Notes on Etiquette.

The Baronne Staffe died about a fortnight ago, yet no society editor, no arbiter of fashion and the elegancies has commented on her passing in the columns of Boston or New York journals. She was "the acknowledged literary authority in France on the manners and tone of good society." Her "Regles du savoir-vivre dans la societe moderne" has reached its 152d edition; her complete letter writer has been sold to the extent of 38,000 copies, and her "L'Art de Manger toutes choses a table" found 18,000 purchasers. In her time she settled vexed questions, as "at what date after the death of her husband it is permissible for a widow to ride a bicycle," and she warned the suddenly rich against attending a village festival arrayed in black trousers, a frock coat and a plug hat. She was an amiable person, and reasoned amiably with her readers. Thus she differed from M. Louis Verardi, a truculent writer, who commanded rather than advised. Here are examples of M. Verardi's style:

"Do not gnaw your meat too close to the bone, or you may be mistaken for a jackal.

"Do not pocket the cakes and the fruit at dessert.

"Throw out of the window the man who presumes to take a drink from a lady's glass on pretence of thus reading her thoughts.

"If you stare at a woman in the street, you are an impertinent jackanapes. If you thus scrape an acquaintance with her, you are a fool, and it will not be long before you find it out."

The French have had the advantage of books on table etiquette since the 12th century. One of the most entertaining of these volumes is the translation made by Claude Hardy in 1613 of Erasmus's "De Civilitate Morum." "To dip in sauce the bread that you have bitten is the act of a villager." Yet this action is seen today at many a table d'hote in Germany and in many Parisian restaurants of the first class. "To clean an eggshell with the finger nails or with the thumb is ridiculous, and to use the tongue for the same purpose is still more so, for this can be done more politely with the knife." The writers of these old books were as plain spoken and indecent in defining good manners as was Swift when he preached in prose or verse the gospel of cleanliness.

"Yours Truly."

The Cantonal authorities at Berne have decided that the longwinded and conventional sentences of politeness in official correspondence, especially at the beginning and the end of a letter, must be suppressed, for the saving of time, and the equivalent of "Sir" and "Yours truly" will be employed except when the letters are addressed to distinguished foreigners.

This reminds the Pall Mall Gazette that the formula "Yours truly" is comparatively modern. "Less than a century back the lords of the admiralty used to subscribe letters (even letters of reproof) 'Your affectionate friends.' It is said that this practice was discontinued in consequence of a post-captain following their example, and when writing to the admiralty subscribing himself in the same way. He was desired to discontinue the expression, and in the letter acknowledging reproof, subscribed himself, 'I am, gentlemen, no longer your affectionate friend.'"

There are sensitive souls whose feelings are hurt when any one writing to them on business declares at the end of his communication that he is "yours truly," and yet what more is to be said? There are some who prefer "yours sincerely," and the more genteel subscribe themselves "yours faithfully." It was once the fashion, in more stately days, for a man to write: "I have the honor, sir, of being your most obedient servant," and this formula, as well as the florid protestations of the French, who, according to the old geographies, were "a courteous nation, who produce silks and are fond of light wines," was thought to be as necessary to a signature as the pen flourish to the name of a full-blooded Castilian. And so it was once the fashion for a New England son to address his father as "Respected Sir."

Courtesies of Intimacy.

The more modern books of etiquette inform us that to address a "lady" with whom the writer is slightly acquainted as "My Dear Mrs. Boompointer" is more formal and respectful than to write "Dear Mrs. Boompointer," yet to the wanderer from another planet it would seem that "My Dear" were a verbal familiarity. There are still business men who begin a letter "Gentlemen," though they are not wholly sure that the addressed answers the characterization. "Dear Sirs" should be sufficient, especially when the writer is trying to drive a sharp bargain. "Sir" is for oratorical use, and is too closely associated with Dr. Johnson. "Yours cordially" is used by many women, yet the phrase awakens prejudice in the minds of many. Abraham Lincoln preferred "your truly" even when the letter was to a friend, and the phrase should answer for nine out of ten occasions, although the name of the gusher is Legion.

"Sabotage."

To the Editor of The Herald:

In your issue of Aug. 23 we find the word "sabotage" used in connection with a notice of the picture of "Mona Lisa" which has disappeared from the Louvre. Will you kindly give us the meaning of the word "sabotage," as we cannot find the definition in any of our dictionaries, and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Lynn, Aug. 25.

[The French word "sabotage" literally means the making of wooden shoes and comes from the noun "sabot." In recent years "sabotage" is a word applied in France to any action on the part of strikers to hold up employers, gain a concession in wages, hours, etc. Thus, putting obstacles on a railway track in order to frighten officials into consenting to a demand made upon them would be a violent, outrageous "sabotage."—Ed.]

Sept 7 1911

A young man of the type characterized by Dickens as scorbutic referred yesterday and in an irreverently jaunty manner to a highly respectable and respected citizen of Boston as an "old gazebo." He spoke as one not reckoning with words as counters. His description was meaningless. Had he used the term "geezer"—the variant "geeser" is not to be recommended—or even "snoozucks" or "snoozer," he would have stood as one versed in slang, acquainted with slang dictionaries of three centuries, on familiar terms with contemporaneous "footpads and loafers of speech."

Superb Gazebos.

And what a superb word gazebos is! It recalls the Orient with its pomp, sensuousness, gorgeousness, mystery. A gazebo, like the Great Panjandrum, might lord it over hundreds of thousands. There is the thought of a dusky host, armed with scimetars, terrible in peace, destructive in battle, as a devouring army of locusts. There is the thought of elephants in rows, obedient, wise as their progenitors whom old men in India consulted, about to write the sacred books.

The shapes arise! Harun al-Raschid saunters in the streets of Bagdad with his grand vizier and Masrour the sworder. Adventurous in disguise, they are welcomed by the fairest of women and listen to the wild tales of the one-eyed calenders, wilder than any in the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi." The travellers in the desert hear the Afreet in the column of brass begging Solomon for mercy. Camels, dancing girls, ghouls, waving palms, the simoom, the monsoon, hideous gods delighting in blood and fire, jewels that shed light more brilliant than that of the sun and softer than that of the moon, buried treasures, palaces built in a night, enchanted apes—the glory and the horror of the east, these are all known to the Gazebo!

The gazebo is never a geezer, much less a snoozucks or a snoozer, "old Sport" or "Old Beeswax." Alas that in the dictionary a gazebo is only a structure whence a view may be had, a belvedere, lantern, turret, balcony. No summer cottage is really a cottage, even though it have 23 bathrooms, unless there is a gazabo in which the imaginative may face the east and dream.

The young Flaubert—he was always a romanticist masquerading as a realist—saw in a vision Babylonian queens leaning on their elbows as they gazed on Asia. They were seated in a gazebo.

"Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." This verse is as the blare of trumpets and the crash of cymbals. What a pity that Belshazzar cannot be justly hailed as a gazebo! He of all potentates deserved the sonorous, haunting, superb title.

Women Duellists.

We have all read of Mlle. Arria By of Toulouse, a "leading feminist"—a vile phrase not tolerable or to be endured—who challenged a few days ago M. Cazale, an editor and a mere man, to deadly combat with pistols and with or without coffee. She was not the first woman in France to send a challenge.

There was Mlle. de Maupin, the short-lived beauty of the Paris Opera House, whose recorded adventures were far more extraordinary than those of Theophile Gautier's, heroine of the same name. A young wife, she ran away with a fencing-master and became singularly proficient with the rapier. It was her delight to don male attire and pick a quarrel. One night after she had insulted a marchioness at a ball given by the brother of Louis XIV., she severely wounded three champions of the dame, one after the other. Tired of all sorts of conquests, she went back to her husband, for he was apparently a timid person, and after his death she passed a few and austere years in a convent.

French women of high rank have fought with women their equals in position. The Marquise de Nesle and the Marquise de Polignac met in the Pre-aux-Clercs in 1719, all on account of the Duke de Richelieu. Buvat says

they fought with knives, as though they had been Sicilians, that the Marquise de Nesle, wounded above the breast, slashed her rival's face and cut her in other places but Soulvie states that the meeting was in the Bois de Boulogne and the weapons were pistols. A ball only slightly grazed the Marquise de Nesle's shoulder, and she said after the flow of blood had been stopped with nettles crushed between stones: "He is the most amiable nobleman of the court; the eldest son of Venus and Mars." The Marquise de Poignac was something of a vixen. When she saw her rival's breast all bloody she screamed at her: "Go! I'll teach you to follow in the footsteps of a woman like me. If I had the perfidious one in my power, I would eat his heart, after blowing out his brains." Fine women in their way, to be ranked with Mr. Thomas Hardy's "group of noble dames."

Bar-Room Art.

Students of art in bar-rooms have often seen two charming engravings: one of women fighting a duel with rapiers the other the consequent scene of reconciliation. Were these pictures suggested by the duel between Richelieu's friends? The pictured scene is of a more modern date and the dress of the combatants below the waist is modern.

The pictures may sometimes be seen in billiard rooms, the smoking room of a club or a hotel. In the bar-room they are in agreeable contrast to the fat Bruennhildes and Germanias who are represented as recommending certain breweries; to the shameless hussies who are portrayed as quaffing champagne; to sleek and sleepy odalisques addicted to the cigarette habit. The critic, with one foot on the rail, looks on these advertisers of wine, beer and tobacco with the indifference that is dignified by the name of ataraxia, but the two women feacing or reconciled move the stoical to an admiration which needs no alcoholic stimulant.

Sept 8. 1911

AS THE WORLD WAGS

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Johnson, the interlocutor in the minstrel show, asked Mr. Bones: "Where do flies go to in the winter?" Mr. Bones answered glibly: "They ought to go there in the summer." But as the major-general said to the troops in "The Pirates of Penzance": "Yes, but you don't go."

The Herald a few days ago mentioned the method of driving away flies approved by Mizaldus and practised with invariable success in the palace of King Adebarus. Lichtenstein thought it worth while to describe the fly-catchers of Cape Colony. They dipped a large wisp of straw in milk and hung it by a string to the beam of a roof. When it was covered with flies they came with a large bag slowly under the straw and, getting it in to a certain depth, shook it so that the flies fell to the bottom of the bag. Thus they sometimes captured a bushel of flies daily.

In a Glass.

A fly in a drinking glass is no more acceptable than one in the ointment of the apothecary or in the proverbial jam pot, yet some one in Greenock wrote to "Notes and Queries" over 50 years ago—the letter is in the volume "Folk Lore," reprinted from the periodical—that "among the deep sea fishermen there is an idea that if a fly falls into the glass from which any one has been drinking or is about to drink, it is considered a sure and true omen of good luck to the drinker, and is always noticed as such by the company." The Daily Chronicle, referring to this belief, recalled an unamiable attempt to describe national characteristics by imagining the conduct of men of different nations. A man is supposed to have paid for his drink and found a fly in it. The Englishman would pay for another glass and leave the first untouched. The Scot would demand a fresh glass without paying for it. The Irishman would let the fly go and drink the liquor. The German would fish the fly out with his finger and then drink. The Spaniard would leave the drink untouched and walk proudly away without a word. The negro would drink, indifferent toward the fly. The Chinaman would eat the fly and then drink heartily.

The blue bottle fly found a staunch defender in Frank Buckland who classed these flies with rats as "among the most useful of created things to the human race." He admitted that we do not eat them; "but everything in the world was not made to be eaten and these despised creatures really do great service to us by getting rid of decayed substances which would otherwise breed fever." It is a pity that Buckland is not alive to defend his favorites against raging hygienists. He would have been pleased to hear of a rat dinner given about 30 years ago at a famous old manor house near Albany, N. Y. The rats had been fed on grain for months, possibly from their youth up. Guests from Albany, which was then a city of epicures, were loud in their praise of the delicate flesh.

Fraternal Nations.

There is a fine insolence in these characterizations of nations. There is the same spirit shown in the attitude of one county or town toward another. Look at the curious pages in Ray's collection of proverbs, pages of coarse and virulent abuse. The school geographies were not free from prejudice and vaunted the superiority of Americans over other nations. All the dwellers in Asia were "heathen," and there was hardly a word about the religious books of India, the example of the gentle Buddha, the sober lives of uncomplaining millions, or about the precepts of Confucius and the marvellous records of the Chinese. Some never outgrow the early prejudices and beliefs. They now see Mr. Curtis Guild eating candles at the Russian court and judge all Mexicans from the ingenious novels of Capt. Mayne Reid.

Perhaps the bitterest characterization of a nation comes from Berlin: "A Bavarian is the connecting link between an Austrian and man." But in New England one village sneered at another. Chelsea, Vt., looked down on Tunbridge, and even today any disparaging allusion to certain towns near Boston throws a vaudeville audience into fits of superior laughter.

Monna Lisa Again.

At Humboldt, Ia., they are not exercised over the disappearance of Monna Lisa. The talk is about its "greatest citizen," Mr. Frank Gotch, who has been named for the governorship by the more enthusiastic of his fellow-townsmen; but the London newspapers of the 24th and 25th ult., stirred by the daring theft, are naturally full of recollections, criticism, anecdotes, comparisons, gossip, etc. We are informed that Leonardo da Vinci was a remarkably good cook; that he designed a "special roasting jack" for the kitchen—this should have incited the late Walter Pater to a rhapsody rivalling his famous description of Monna (or Mona) Lisa; that Da Vinci was left-handed and always wrote from right to left; that he abbreviated some words, joined others together, and employed neither punctuation marks nor accents; that the first class attendants at the Louvre are paid only $400 a year. Then there are the jesters who exercise their wit over the now too-celebrated smile.

A member of the Pall Mall Gazette staff was looking at a reproduction of the picture in a shop window. A "lady friend" was with him. "'Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary,' we quoted. 'Who said that?' demanded the lady. 'Pater.' 'Oh, well, he was a man, so, of course, he did not understand. The whole explanation lies in the fact that she was Franceseo del Gioconda's third wife. The weariness in the eyes refers to what she has endured from hearing of the virtues of her predecessors. The smile means that she quite knows that in time she will be an instrument of correction for her husband's "dear fourth."' Realizing that the speaker was herself a 'dear second,' the auditor sighed."

And what is to be said of Mr. E. Wake Cook who wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette: "As for the wondrous smile, it is simply a meaning smile of a lewd woman, which affecting imaginative men, they indulge in dithyrambs about the 'divine,' the 'mystic,' 'bewitching' smile!"

Simper Eadem!

The flippancy of the poet who contributed these verses to the Daily Chronicle is to be preferred to the solemn and sour statement of Mr. Cook:

LA JOCONDE.

Lady—may I dub thee 'Liza?—
Is it well to hope
Thou hast gone to advertise a
Martian pill, or otherwise a
Soap?

Did thy everlasting chuckle
Through the August blaze,
Like eternal honeysuckle,
Madden one who did too muckle
Gaze?

Seekest thou aerial postage?
Ha, some Julia spell'd
Thee afar in such a ghost age?
Art thou as Moroccan hostage
Held?

Can'st thou, rumor whispers, be a
Copy of the gem,
Thieved with mercantile idea?
Well, no matter! Simper ea-
Dem!

Sept 9 1911

"T. L. D." writes to The Herald: "I sympathize with 'C. F. S.' in his search after an effective hair restorer. My hair began to go when I was in college. Many ribald jests have been made that cut me to the quick, and I have been the song of drunkards at the club and in the street. I, too, have been persuaded into buying nostrums in leading European cities, and in Stockholm I tried the Swedish movement. I read yesterday in a London weekly that onions contain sulphur; that onion juice mixed with honey will cause the hair to grow and also restore its color. The writer—I think he is no less a person than Mr. George R. Sims—quoted from 'onions and cress' by H. Valentine Knaggs, L. R. C. P.—it sounds like a farce-comedy name.

"Sir John Sinclair in his 'Code of Health and Longevity' also recommends the onion to the hairless.

By Galen's rule, such as phlegmatic are
A stomach good within them they do prepare.
Weak appetite they comfort, and the face
With cheerful color ever more they grace.
And when the head is naked left of hair
Onyons (being sod or stamp'd) again repair.

"These lines are punk as poetry. Is the remedy also punk? Inasmuch as the onion carried in a pocket wards off rheumatism, and cut soothes wasp stings, no one should be without one. Sitters in the seats of the scornful in a theatre might rub onion on their pates during the waits. The action would be less distressing to others than the wild rush to the aisle and the return with the breath smelling of fireworks."

Strictly Personal.

Has "C. F. S." or "T. L. D." ever read of the sad fate that befell a Cockney who plumed himself on his "nobby head of hair"? It is told in verse, and is of a respectable age. The Herald will publish a few of the verses as soon as it can find the volume of old street ballads, among which this head of hair is as conspicuous as the head of Medusa would be in a wigmaker's window.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes: "Yesterday at Clamport I observed to my great surprise a native Cape Codder at work in a field. I hailed him and passed the time of day with cheerful comments on the weather. I also said that I was glad to find him working. And this was his answer: 'Mr. Johnson, the price of things has gone up so high that I don't think it pays to work any longer.' Discontent is spreading among those who should be recognized as the bone and sinew of the republic. I am going to write about it to Mr. Taft tonight."

To "W. L.": Windmills are said to have been introduced into Europe from Asia Minor.

Mr. Eustace Miles says that, chewing conscientiously, a banana costs him 800 bites. In revenging itself on man, the banana is contented with one slip. Some time ago a potman in London was sent by a publican to cash a postal order. He found the postoffice closed, and, going to another one, slipped on a banana skin and broke his thigh. He sued the publican under the workmen's compensation act. The defendant pleaded that he had sent the potman only to the first postoffice, not to the second; also that the man had a weak foot. The judge found for the publican on the ground that a banana skin is a common thing in the street, and any one might slip on it whether he were on his master's business or his own. The case will probably be appealed. And now the question is, does "the act of God or the King's enemies' (as people who drop banana skins might fairly be called) escape the compensation act?"

The Tipping Nuisance.

The old question of tipping is revived again in England. Some one quotes an expression of amazement recorded by a foreign visitor in the 18th century: "This giving of vails makes the place of a domestic a more comfortable place than many small trades. The nobility of no nations appear so mean as the English. My lord looks on while his guest discharges the house by paying the servants, and no domestics are so insolent and so inattentive, because they know it is not from his lordship's hands they receive their money."

The Daily Chronicle says that some of those 18th century guests retaliated. One of them wrote over the door of his host: "Fees for dining here are three half-crowns to be paid to the porter on entering; peers and peeresses to pay what more they think proper." There were even hosts who disapproved the practice, as the one that always attended his visitors to the door with this amiable remark: "If you do give, give it to me, for it was I who bought the dinner."

Is it possible that English servants took Dean Swift's celebrated directions seriously? The Dean wrote to butlers: "When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view and follow him to the door, and as you have opportunity look him full in the face—it may bring you a shilling. If the gentleman has lain a night in the house, get the cook, the housemaid, the stableman, the scullion, and the gardener to accompany you, and stand in his way in the hall in a line on each side of him. He must have less money or more confidence than usual if any of you let him escape. And according as he behaves himself remember to treat him next time he comes."

Sept 10 1911

Sir Herbert Tree's "Macbeth"

Sir Herbert Tree needs no press agent. Like Verges, a good old man, sir, he will be talking.

Rehearsing "Macbeth" for His Majesty's Theatre, Sir Herbert remarked: "Wherever you can introduce beauty into 'Macbeth' it is of the greatest value, for it relieves the sombreness and knits up the ravelled sleeve of tragedy." He threw this off as jauntily as though he were commenting on the weather.

The Pall Mall Gazette takes Sir Herbert very seriously. It advises readers as to the proper preparation for seeing him and the tragedy. "Those who take with them to the theatre an intimate knowledge of the play will find the production more interesting—not necessarily more enjoyable, but obviously more interesting—than those who go with minds that are blank so far as this marvellous work is concerned." If a spectator can take with him to the theatre some memories of previous revivals of the tragedy, those in which Adelaide Restori, Ellen Terry and Henry Irving acted, he will find the production at His Majesty's "still more provocative of thought and comparison than it would otherwise be, and those who, to an intimate knowledge of the play and some vivid memories of previous performances, can add, from their own reading, lively impressions of Garrick and Kemble, Kean and Macready, Sarah Siddons and Helen Faucit in the principal characters will be the most enviable of all. Unfortunately, few of our playgoers nowadays take the theatre sufficiently seriously for such a self-equipment and the theatre suffers in consequence.

"May one offer a suggestion? It has been announced that Sir Herbert Tree has compiled an acting version of 'Macbeth,' in which the five acts of the original are reduced to three. How has he done this? How would one do it oneself? Why not try? Why not buy a couple of copies of one of the sixpenny editions and piece them together, in three acts, with the necessary omissions, transpositions and other alterations. And then, at His Majesty's Theatre, compare your own acting version with Sir Herbert Tree's and decide which of the two is the better. Such a preliminary preparation will be found to add surprisingly to the interest of the visit to the Playhouse."

The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette also advises the spectator to analyze the characters of Macbeth and his wife and put the analysis of each into writing. "The study involved in doing this will be found engrossingly interesting, and not the least valuable result of it will be the swiftest and clearest possible appreciation (or otherwise) of the conceptions of these characters put forward by Sir Herbert Tree and Miss Violet Vanbrugh."

Again it may be said they take their pleasures seriously in London.

Gems from Sir Herbert's Oratorical Lips

Sir Herbert graciously told a reporter that Macbeth was a physical hero but a moral coward; a hero in battle but a coward in murder. "He was very good at the wholesale business as a warrior, but when it came to the retail affair of murdering the king he shrank from it." Not contented with this touch-and-go criticism, Sir Herbert donned the buskin: "The heavy tread of the footsteps of Fate is heard throughout the play."

The scene between Lady Macduff, her son and Ross, which is usually omitted, is in the eyes of Sir Herbert a scene of great importance.

He commented on the character of Macduff, contrasting it with that of Macbeth, who, "though splendid as he is, magnificent, titanic, a fallen angel, yet is like Sisyphus constantly rolling up his stone, but gathering no moss of sympathy." Students of mythology will be especially interested in this comparison. Did Sisyphus expect to gather moss by rolling his huge block of marble uphill? The scholiast is dumb.

Sir Herbert, having paid tribute to Mrs. Bourchier's Lady Macbeth talked amiably about himself. It appears that his preparation of "Macbeth" was a holiday task. "I think memory is largely a matter of health. But studying is the most tiresome part of our business. It is not a thing you can buy. You can't go into a shop and say, 'Give me a shilling's worth of 'study'.' You have to devote to it several hours a day for many weeks * * * I study the part first for myself—ignorance of erudition is a great impulse to imagination—and after that only do I turn to tradition." How Sir Herbert's mind goes constantly to the shop!

Macbeth in Knee Breeches

Some time ago Mr. Chesterton told the readers of the Illustrated London News why he thinks the characters of Shakespeare should be represented in modern costume.

"Garrick did not care much for the historical costumes of 'Macbeth'; but he cared as much as Shakespeare did. He did not know much about that prehistoric and partly mythical Celtic chief; but he knew more than Shakespeare; and he could not conceivably have cared less. Now the Victorian age was honestly interested in the dark and epic origins of Europe; was honestly interested in Picts and Scots, in Celts and Saxons; in the blind drift of the races and the blind drive of the religions.

"Under these circumstances it is not strange that our age should have felt a curiosity about the solid but mysterious Macbeth of the Dark Ages. But all this does not alter the ultimate fact; that the only Macbeth that mankind will ever care about is the Macbeth of Shakespeare, and not the Macbeth of history.

"When England was romantic it was interested in Macbeth's kilt and claymore. In the same way, if England becomes a republic it will be especially interested in the republicans in 'Julius Caesar.' If England becomes Roman Catholic it will be especially interested in the theory of chastity in 'Measure for Measure.' But being interested in these things will never be the same as being interested in Shakespeare.

"And for a man interested in Shakespeare, a man merely concerned about what Shakespeare meant, a Macbeth in powdered hair and knee breeches is perfectly satisfactory. For Macbeth as Shakespeare shows him is much more like a man in knee breeches than a man in a kilt. His subtle hesitations and his suicidal impenitence belong to the bottomless speculations of a highly civilized society. The 'Out, out, brief candle,' is far more appropriate to the last wax taper after a ball of powder and patches than to the smoky but sustained fires in iron baskets which probably flared and smouldered over the swift crimes of the 11th century.

"The real Macbeth probably killed Duncan with the nearest weapon and then confessed it to the nearest priest. Certainly he may never have had any such doubts about the normal satisfaction of being alive. However regrettably negligent of the importance of Duncan's life, he had, I fancy, few philosophical troubles about the importance of his own. The men of the Dark Ages were all optimists, as all children and animals are. The madness of Shakespeare's Macbeth goes along with candles and silk stockings. That madness only appears in the age of reason.

"So far, then, from Garrick's anachronism being despised, I should like to see it imitated."

A Repertory Theatre in Australia

For some years companies in Australia have performed with great success plays which had been popular in England and the United States. Long runs were unknown, and there was a round of musical comedies and sensational melodramas. "When the management tried to stem the torrent by putting on plays which had some meaning, the box office promptly reported that 'it did not pay.' Even Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Bernard Shaw have been tried and were judiciously dropped after trial by an ineffectual cast. The depression which followed this mad boom from 1885 to 1892 was mainly the cause of this, and it took many a weary year to lift the mental gloom."

During the ast three years there has been a marked increase in the demand for dramatic literature at circulating libraries. The conclusion was drawn that there must be an audience for better plays. Mr. Gregan McMahon, an actor, decided to start a school for dramatic art and found a Repertory Theatre by giving occasional plays that would never otherwise be seen in Melbourne. He leased a large hall for four evenings and announced the production of St. John Hankin's "The Two Mrs. Wetherbys," and a scene from "The Critic" for two nights and Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" for the other two. The characters were acted by students of the dramatic school. The plays went with "unerring force." Ibsen's play on the second and last night crowded the hall and hundreds were turned away. The prices of admission were extremely low, yet there was a profit of about $200 "and there could be no doubt that the performances might have successfully gone on for a week each." A second series was staged, including "Candida" and "The Voysey Inheritance." There will be opportunity given for Australian plays of which there appears to be a surprising number.

"The movement," says the Australian correspondent, "as far as it has gone seems to prove that a considerable minority of possible playgoers are heartily sick of modern plays written merely 'to pass the time away,' and demanding nothing more from the spectators. This class needs smaller theatres and less gorgeous setting, but it demands that the play should raise some question that will give one cause to think. If it takes root here Melbourne will be in the curious position of owning two sets of playgoers, one that does not want sermons at all, and the other that will hear them on the stage, though it won't go for them to any church."

Gossip of an Impresario

The Parisian impresario Schurmann has written a volume of his memoirs "Secrets de Coulisses" (published in Paris by Bauche). I am under the impression that this is a second volume.

M. Schurmann has his favorites. The most "noble minded" artist he knows is Paderewski, who often gives away the whole of his fees in charity. Mme. Patti "deserves every penny of her £400 an engagement, is always exact and punctual in fulfilling her obligations and touring. She lives for her art and allows nothing to interfere with it."

There are many entertaining pages in the book. M. Maeterlinck, who is thought by some to be a neurotic dreamer, is a benevolent-looking giant, with a strong Belgian accent, who asks what there is for lunch as he gets out of the train and whether there is any good beer in the place. There is no author more indifferent to the stage performance of his plays. "When Maeterlinck visited the Gymnase a week after 'Joyzelle' had been staged he left before the end, remarking to the manager: 'After 10 o'clock the best place is bed.'"

M. Schurmann has known artists who had not arrived. One of them visited him while he was travelling. The manager's eyes rested on the actor's boots which were an odd pair. "Don't think for a moment, M. Schurmann," said the man, unabashed, "that I have adopted this style out of beastly pride."

And here is a story of Ibsen: "When he had completed a new play, the Copenhagen journals announced the fact with a flourish of trumpets, and added: 'The Master will deposit his MS. at the National Theatre at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.' At that hour the road between Ibsen's house and the theatre was lined with people. The great man appeared with his precious roll of paper, neatly tied up. As it slipped through into the letter-box the public gave a great shout. The philosopher acknowledged the demonstration with a grave bow, and retired within doors with the consciousness of having performed a glorious mission. Every one of his ordinary acts in public was accompanied by a mise en scene, and even when he sat the curtains of the window were drawn aside so that his features might be visible to his admirers outside."

Notes Aobut Music

M. Jean Marnold paid Debussy's music to d'Annunzio's "Martyre de Saint Sebastien" scant courtesy. "The Christian hero was personified by a dancing Israelite, who, although a Slav by origin, played with an insurmountable German accent." He had difficulty in pronouncing the words "en mangeant le doux fruit de vie." The best that she could do resulted in "en manchant le du frit de fie." D'Annunzio corrected her: "No, mademoiselle. You should say 'en manzant le doux frruit de vie.' For heaven's sake, speak French." M. Marnold said that the association of the illustrious poet and distinguished composer was unfortunate. The flamboyant style of d'Annunzio is far removed from the delicate and profound sensitiveness of Debussy. Furthermore, the Italian thought he was writing French because he employed words found in the French dictionary, and this decision led to shapeless, inane, incomprehensible verbiage. "It is, then, not at all surprising that the composer of 'Pelleas' wrote for 'Saint Sebastien' music that will add nothing to his glory. It is to be regretted that for this 'task of occasion' he was disturbed in his solitude and interrupted in more spontaneous work." M. Marnold says, by the way, that the Russian ballets in Paris afforded only a choreographic and decorative interest.

Miss Tina di Roma, an Italian pianist and a "very beautiful and graceful woman," made her first appearance in London toward the end of last month at the Hippodrome. Her technic was described as facile and accurate; her style, brilliant and vital; and she displayed "a wonderful command of tone-color."

Richard Strauss's arrangement of one or two of the waltzes in his "Rosenkavalier" was performed for the first time in London at a Promenade concert Aug. 23. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "So infectious did the swing of the melodies prove, and so irresistible the richness of their orchestral setting, that the rules against encores had for once to be broken, and the whole piece to be repeated."

The Times published a more extended notice: "This (the waltz) contains no structural element which would prevent its being actually danced to, were it not that the dancers would certainly stop to listen, as the audience made clear by asking for it again. The music has nothing abstruse about it; it contains themes of Mozartian clarity side by side with the syncopations which Brahms's 'Liebeslieder' have made familiar; but it binds them with a grip which is quite new. It is difficult to define the musical means by which this is done. They are perhaps quite simple, well known things, though not before applied to a waltz; such things as the purchase obtained on the tonality by an excursion to a remote key and so returning to the original key from a new side, or, what is the same thing on a smaller scale, the attack of a critical moment in the harmony by using not a simple note but a whole chord in appoggiatura. But this is a cumbrous way of expressing a delight too fleeting to be analysable."

Lady Speyer, once known in Boston as Leonora von Stoch, will play the violin at the Norwich, Eng., festival late in October.

Thomas Beecham will conduct the Cardiff Orchestrial Socity.

Hans Pfitzner is at work on the text and music of an opera, "Palestrina."

Teresa Carreno will give concerts in Europe this winter.

A new symphony by Leander Schlegel will be produced at Dortmund Sept. 22.

Gabriel Dupont has written an opera, "Elektra."

Gustav Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," a symphony for tenor, alto and orchestra, will be produced at Munich this season. There are six movements. The poem is founded on old Chinese poems.

Paul Ertel has written an opera, "Gudrun," which will probably be produced soon at the Berlin Royal Opera House.

Massesiet's new opera, "Roma," will be produced next March at the Paris Opera. The first performance will be at Monte Carlo in February.

There will be performances at Bayreuth next year.

An Appreciation of a Masterpiece

The London Times spoke as follows of Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune" after a recent performance of the work at a Promenade Concert:

"It is such music as a Greek might have written if polyphony had then been born. It is true that we do not know much about their music, that all of it that is extant could be compressed into a single sheet of music paper, and that it does not bear the slightest resemblance to anything modern. But one fact emerges from the volumes of the theorists—that their system was the best obtainable compromise between very various microtonal scales. That the composer of 'L'Apres-midi d'un Faune' gave any thought to such a matter is unlikely; but the strange relationships of the intervals he employs recall just this untrammelled state of melody. So that it is by the agency of a language that we have not yet completely learned that we are conducted into a civilization which we have long outgrown. But with the garb of antiquity the composer has also put on its spirit, not as a pose, but as a reality. In the just proportions, the economy of forces and the direct sensuous appeal of this Prelude we recognize that beauty is truth.

"Indeed, a comparison of Debussy with the man who first uttered that sentiment is not altogether uncalled for. When some one asked how it was that Keats, born in a livery stable, learned his Grecian lore, Shelley replied, 'Because he was a Greek.' So is Debussy, in his freedom from conventional phrase and in the sincerity and restraint of his utterance. Or is what seems his Hellenism due rather to that power of assimilating suggestion which he has shown in 'Pelleas et Melisande,' and did he drain his inspiration at Stephane Mallarme's poem, its 'a beaker full of the warm South'?"

Theatre Notes from England

The managers of certain "picture palaces" in the English provinces endeavor to win popularity and money by advertising: "Old age pensioners admitted free to matinees on showing their pension books."

The new sporting drama to be produced at Drury Lane on the 14th introduces a specially "realistic race." The horses will come straight down the stage toward the audience. One act will be at Delhi during the Durbar. Other scenes will be a state ball at Dewan Khas, the Mull at Delhi, a polo match in progress, and a volcanic eruption. The authors are Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, who won success with their sporting drama "The Whip."

"H. W. W.," the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, recalls "a night in the pit at the old Globe Theatre (London) during the run of 'Richard III.'—a dreadful version—with the late Mr. Richard Mansfield as Richard—a dreadful performance. The new drop curtain was embellished with a picture of Straford-on-Avon, and some one sitting near me asked a friend why that particular town had been selected! No doubt, he was one of those who 'do not or cannot read Shakespeare.' Whatever he was, he was enormously enthusitstic over a version of 'Richard III.' which appeared to contain as much Cibber as Shakespeare and as much Mansfield as either."

"S. K. P." writes to the Pall Mall Gazette about theatrical touring. "The young stage aspirant of today, lapped as she is in luxury, knows little of the joys and sorrows of the road. She is either wise enough to take care to be born a member of a well known theatrical family, or she passes from some dramatic school to a salary of two figures, and is entrusted with the parts of Portia and Juliet within six months. In our days matters were differently managed. We spent long days in the offices of agents, totally unable to convince them of our genius."

The writer accepted 35 shillings a week and an engagement to go on a fit-up tour for the winter months. "Three journeys a week—early morning train calls for choice—three arrivals at dismal little towns, three hunts for lodgings. To this day the name 'Stroud' raises in our soul apicture of a long, wet tramp during the whole of an afternoon, piteous efforts to get 'taken in' and stern refusals based on the reasoning that the last company had 'dried up' in the place and left without paying its bills, and that we should probably do likewise. A knight of romance figures in this scene; he is a baker's boy; he finds us shelter, and on being asked humbly if he would accept seats for eight nights, replies, with a mixture of hauteur and affability: 'I always patronize the drama.'" He ends an account of sad adventures with these words: "It was a hard life, and its fruits were never reaped; but it is good to look back on it now, for the sake of its memories of good comradeship. Good now that an old stock story of the travelling 'theatrical' has lost its sting, the legendary cry of the intelligent child: 'Ma, take in your washing, the play-actors is coming!'"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell opened in vaudeville, in England at Brighton, Aug. 28, in a new one-act piece, "The Bridge," by Malcolm Seaton.

J. Comyns Carr is, by arrangement with the author, making a stage version of A. E. W. Mason's novel, "The Four Feathers."

Of More Local Interest

As The Herald has already stated, Miss Alma Gluck will sing at the first concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Oct. 6, 7. The concerts in commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the orchestra will be on Oct. 13, 14. The "Liszt anniversary" concerts will be on Oct. 20, 21, with Rudolph Ganz as the pianist. Mr. Zimbalist, a violinist of high reputation in Europe, will play at the concerts of Oct. 27, 28.

Mr. Henry Hadley, who has been appointed conductor of the new San Francisco Symphony orchestra, writes to The Herald from West Chop that his symphonic poem, "Salome," will be performed in St. Petersburg next February. Mr. Safonoff will be the conductor.

Mme. Emma Eames writes that she will be seen as Desdemona in Verdi's opera at the Boston Opera House this season.

Sept 11 1911

The music hall, loudly praised by Mr. George Moore in the "Confessions of a Young Man," and flattered by Mr. Arthur Symons, who once likened his soul to it in a fine poetic burst, put an end to the London street singer of ballads. As Mr. John Ashton says in the preface to his collection of these humble ditties, a new generation has arisen, "who will not stop in the street to listen to these ballads being sung, but prefer to have their music served up to them 'piping hot,' with the accompaniment of warmth, light, beer and tobacco (for which they only have to pay) at the Music Halls; but whether the change be for the better, or not, may be a moot question." Mr. Ashton wrote this preface before the appearance of great actresses, as Mmes. Bernhardt and Rejane, and famous opera singers in the halls was dreamed of, even by those who in the night watches revolve schemes for "the elevation of the stage."

The Nobby Head of Hair.

The ballad, "The Nobby Head of Hair," to which reference has been made by The Herald in the course of the discussion of baldness, and remedies against it, is in Mr. Ashton's anthology. The balladist sings in the first person of how the pride of a London youth was tripped up by his hair, so that his glory was his ruin, and his name should be enrolled with that of Absalom or Samson.

There are 10 verses. The poet, though mindful of his past misadventures, still boasts that no one "in this street can sport such a nobby head of hair"; that there is nothing half so handsome as the said hair; that as a boy he was a wonder, and when he was a young man his mother was sure he would catch an heiress; that at places of amusement there was a buzz of admiration. But to the tragedy. At the Zoo apes pulled his locks, and a bear grappled him.

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AN ABSALOMIC TRAGEDY.

N[illegible] k[illegible] g t[illegible]s brut[illegible] treatment, from the [illegible]

I [illegible] a [illegible] I ask'd to see her [illegible]

Her h[illegible] we met [illegible] the road, he asunder [illegible].

Then he dragg'd me through a horse pond by my [illegible] head of hair.

He left me n[illegible]r d[illegible] with affright and wet through to the skin;

A mob [illegible] came around me—they did nought but jeer and grin.

A [illegible] took me in custody, and solemnly [illegible]

I [illegible] swell' mob was, by my [illegible] head of hair

The magistrate [illegible] the fair youth to [illegible] and [illegible] his hair was cut close.

I [illegible] live me mad, but it [illegible]

[illegible] spirit, that I soon forgot the past.

The mill it dragg'd down all my fat; I look'd quite lean and spare.

My friends, they knew me only by my nobby head of hair.

The Cruel Mannings.

A far finer ballad, however, is "Life of the Mannings." The first verse is too sentimental, but the others are Dantesque in grim simplicity. The choir will now sing, omitting the first verse:

Maria Manning came from Sweden,
Brought up respectfully, we hear,
And Frederick Manning came from Taunton,
In the county of Somersetshire.
Maria lived with noble ladies,
In ease and splendor and delight,
But on one sad and fatal morning,
She was made Frederick Manning's wife.

She first was courted by O'Connor,
Who was a lover most sincere;
He was possessed of wealth and riches,
And loved Maria Roux most dear.
But she preferred her present husband,
As it appeared, and with delight
Slighted sore Patrick O'Connor
And was made Frederick Manning's wife.

O'Connor beat his breast and wept in sorrow, but they were all reconciled at last

And met together night and day,
Maria by O'Connor's riches
Dressed in splendor fine and gay.
Though married, yet she corresponded,
With O'Connor, all was right,
And oft he went to see Maria,
Frederick Manning's lawful wife.

At length they plann'd their friend to murder,
And for his company did crave,
The dreadful weapons they prepared,
And in the kitchen dug his grave.
And as they fondly did caress him,
They slew him—what a dreadful sight,
First they mangled, after robbed him,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

Songs of the People.

The Mannings were executed at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, in 1849. William Palmer was hanged in 1856. There is a noble ballad about him with a chorus:

My trial causes great excitement
In town and country everywhere,
Now guilty found is William Palmer
Of Rugeley town in Stafford Shire.

Dr. Palmer of Rugeley town in Staffordshire was accused of poisoning his mother, mother-in-law, wife, "poor Cook," and his own brother.

Everything looks black against me,
That I really must confess,
The very thoughts that do oppress me
Cause me pain and distress.

Then there is the ballad of Mary Arnold, the Female Monster, which also has a chorus:

This wretched woman's dreadful deed
Does every one affright,
With black beetles in walnut sheels
She deprived her child of sight.

It is often said that the crowd at the fight between Heenan and Sayers near Farnborough in 1860 was furiously unfair, and by breaking into the ring saved Sayers from defeat. The English insist today Sayers was the victor. Yet Mr. Ashton published a ballad, "The Bold Irish Yankee Benicia Boy," which, sung in the streets of London, ends as follows:

When Heenan came to England, far from a distant land,
They said he was a fool to come, to face an Englishman.
But they were all mistaken when they saw the glorious battle,
Heenan cooked the champion's bacon, and made his daylights rattle.

Sept 12

"What shall I eat to be saved?" Some anxious souls not assured by the lucrative answers of admired specialists with regard to the stomach may turn to Mr. F. J. Rebman's translation of a treatise by Dr. F. X. Gouraud, formerly connected with the laboratory of the medical faculty at Paris. "What Shall I Eat?" is the title. The anxiously inquiring will find sentences like this: "In the stomach with an equal amount of albumen milk produces a chlorhydropeptic secretion, inferior to that of meat and much inferior to that of bread. In the duodenum, with the same quantity of fat, the secretion of steapsin is scantier than with meat; with the same quantity of carbohydrates the amylolytic secretion is slightly lower than with bread." Yes, yes, and Mr. Muttington, reading this, orders for his breakfast a cantaloupe, the health food that looks like a pocketbook with whiskers, a chop, two soft boiled eggs, toast, rolls and corn muffins, rice cakes with syrup and a small pot of coffee. Breakfast is to him the most important meal until it is time for luncheon.

Nicotiana.

The Baltimore Sun recently published verses that will please many. The little poem is entitled "Old Man Tobacco."

Quiet in the evening for the people of the poor,
And old man Tobacco comes a-tapping at my door;
Old man Tobacco,
With a smile that seems to say:
"Fill up your pipe, my hearty,
And we'll smoke care away!"

Weary of the trouble and the aching and the pain,
And old man Tobacco comes a-tapping there again:
Old man Tobacco,
Like a comfort in the night,
With his "Fill up, my hearty,
And I'll let you have a light!"

Sober stars above us and the silver moon a-shine,
And old man Tobacco at this cabin door of mine:
Old man Tobacco,
With the comfort of his smile,
And his "Fill up, my hearty,
And you needn't mind the style!"

Care goes and sorrow, and a sweetness comes to me,
And old man Tobacco is the cause of all the glee:
Old man Tobacco,
With his funny, curling smoke,
And his "Fill up, my hearty,
And you'll think life all a joke!"

The verses are humble. There is no mussing of the hair; no frenzied appeal to the Muse. Pegasus is on a jog-trot and the spurless rider smokes a T. D. Or the poet may be debarred from the soothing practice owing to former immoderate indulgence. The noblest poem to tobacco was written by Charles Lamb in an agony of farewell. Saying this we do not forget the ode by "C. S. C." Byron's tribute has a touch of insincerity as though he hoped with his "sublime tobacco" to give his name to a brand of cigars. There are anthologies concerning the weed. Did any one ever write verses in praise of chewing tobacco (plug, or fine cut)?

Without a Poet.

"Orpheus C. Kerr" was once well known, better than the man himself, Robert H. Newell, who wrote other books than the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers."—volumes of poems, "The Cloven Foot," which was an adaptation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," to American scenes and characters, and a singular novel, "Avery Glibun," in which some of the men and women who met at Pfaff's were introduced. He was a gentle soul, who was found dead in his flat 10 years ago. He was one of the three or four husbands of "Mazeppa" Menken, probably the most fascinating woman of her day and generation. In March, 1862, "Orpheus C. Kerr" wrote "The Southern Volunteer's Farewell to His Wife." It begins:

Fresh from snuff-dipping to his arms she went,
And he, a quid removing from his mouth,
Pressed her in anguish to his manly breast
And spat twice, longingly, toward the South.

The author hinted that the lines had been written by an "oppressed Southern Union man, who had gone from bad to verse."

But do any of the anthologies, or any of the publications of Cope, the tobacconist to which distinguished men as the author of "The City of Dreadful Night" were glad to contribute, write in praise of "Solace," "Mayflower," "Mechanics' Delight," "Honey Dew," "Peach Blossom," or any form of pressed cake, or loose in tin..., or paper?

At the Bureau.

Jean de Mitty wrote a charming quatrain in praise of a pretty tobacco seller of a Parisian boulevard:

Si le tabac est un poison
Et si l'amour en est un autre,
Je ne connais pas de maison
Plus dangereuse que la votre.

De Mitty was a curious character. According to Guillaume Apollinaire, he was a Roumanian who preferred to call himself a native-born Frenchman and spoke of an aunt at Fontainebleau who would leave him a fortune. He planted an imaginary family tree with branches by which he climbed to an aristocratic perch. He enjoyed his superstitions. Thus he never wrote a letter without first tracing it with the index finger of his right hand on the neighboring thumb. It was a good omen when he met a red-haired person. If he encountered a young woman with red blotches of a certain shade and form on her face he knew fortune would befriend him that day. And his little trifling madrigal is pretty, though its charm evaporates in translation. Did the tobacconist smile on him? Did he obtain his "caporal" at a reduced price?

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Cowboy and the Thief," a four-act comedy of western life, by J. Wendell Davis. The cast:

Richard Farnum	J. Wendell Davis
Jim Dawn	Harrison J. Terry
Joe Fawley	Hardine Rickman
Pedro	Frank L. Ebright
Patrick O'Flannigan	Leroy Lewis
Stuttering Jake	Eddie Harris
Homely Pete	Charles Carlton
Tom Winrow	Edwin Mokelke
Bill Barlow	Mr. Mullaly
Steve Harding	Mr. Schwarz
Joe Harding	Felix McCabe
Margery Holmes	Ida Marie Nelson
Chip	Mabel Thorne
Starlight	Lola Stuart

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "Her Husband's Wife," a comedy in three acts, by A. E. Thomas.

L. A.

Stuart Randolph	John Craig
Richard Belden	Morgan Wallace
John Belden	George Hassell
Irene Randolph	Gertrude Binley
Fisher	Mabel Colcord
Emily Ladew	Mary Young

Mr. Thomas calls his play a comedy, but it is in reality a farce, and the story is as follows:

Irene Randolph, married to Stuart Randolph, is a hypochondriac. She takes a different medicine every hour and sees a different doctor as often. Having made up her mind that she is going to die, she selects a future Mrs. Randolph to carry on her interrupted wifely duties. The young woman whom she thus honors is the most unattractive and, in her own words, the "dowdiest" person she has ever known. She unfolds her plan to this lady, whose name is Emily Ladew, and begs her to promise to marry Stuart. Emily understands why she has been chosen, and there rises in her a stealthy determination—she accepts the proposal. In the second act she has transformed herself from plainness into coquettish beauty. She flirts with Stuart, not without success. Irene becomes desperately jealous.

Richard, the brother of Irene, and Emily have been engaged, but as the result of a quarrel the engagement was broken, and this was the cause of Emily's "dowdy" appearance in the first act.

Nevertheless, Emily persists in carrying out the agreement and considers herself engaged to Stuart. Irene, thoroughly frightened by her husband's attentions to Emily, tells this young lady wild tales of Stuart's drunkenness, even of his brutality. Emily, nothing daunted, replies that Irene did not know how to manage him; that she will avenge her. The scenes between them are delightfully funny.

The last act, however, is poor. Mr. Thomas, in spite of his originality and sense of fun, finds it necessary to get the husband drunk in order to bring about explanations and conclusions. Emily, of course, is really in love with Richard, which Irene at last discovers, and the relief of feeling secure about her husband, inspires her to give up the medicines and her vision of death.

Everyone who enjoys farce should see "Her Husband's Wife." for it is a striking example of how good a farce can be when it is written by the right man. Its whole atmosphere is a joy; its lines, though well sprinkled with amateurish swearing, are clever and spontaneous; the situations are ridiculously funny, and the people are all natural and lovable. You can laugh at them without losing your self-respect. If only our typical farce was like Mr. Thomas's joyous creation!

The company recognized the value of the material they were handling, and more than lived up to the play. There was a noticeable smoothness about the performance, which came from the niceness with which they played to each other.

Mr. Craig and Mr. Hassell were both good, particularly Mr. Hassell, who at times was not only outrageously funny, but intensely interesting. Mr. Craig is fortunate in having secured Morgan Wallace; he is very much of an actor. Also, he has at his disposal a very foolish smile, which in comedy is decidedly effective.

Miss Young was best in the first act, but she played with spirit and a fine sense of fun throughout. Miss Colcord individualized a small and what might easily have been a colorless part. Miss Binley was good at times.

The play and the acting are a credit to the company. Next week, "Beverly of Graustark."

The program at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is one of the most delightful ever produced in vaudeville in this city. So many are the so-called strong acts that four at least share in the first honors. Joseph Hart's "Bathing Girls," a half-dozen really pretty girls, somewhat of a novelty in itself for the stage of today, with Glenwood White and Josephine Poor as soloists, give six songs in costume amid spectacular scenes. The electric effects are excellent, especially in the last scene, where a remarkable imitation of surf bathing is given.

Ray Cox appeared to advantage, in spite of a heavy cold, in several character songs, as a waitress, a country maid and in a burlesque upon the classic dancer. Her closing act was the impersonation of a girl "fan" at a baseball game, where her running comments on the course of the game were a revelation even to the wildest rooter.

Ed Wynn and Edmund Russon, the "rah-rah" chap and an Englishman whose appreciation of humor was a bit tardy, kept the house in an uproar. Wynn was the possessor of a marvellous hat which he could turn into every conceivable shape, each change being more ridiculous than its predecessor.

Staley and Birbeck gave an interesting musical performance, starting in a blacksmith shop in working garb and transforming into a drawing room with evening clothes in a very few seconds and later changing back again with equal dispatch.

Miss Rose Coghlan failed to score heavily in "Between Matinee and Night" chiefly owing to the rather heavy character of her offering and its slowness of movement. It was poorly adapted to a vaudeville audience and suffered in contrast with the rapidity with which the other acts moved. Miss Coghlan gave a dramatic presentation of the actress who suddenly discovers her daughter, whom she believed dead in babyhood, grown to a young woman, and was effective in her scene with her divorced husband, who persuades her that it would be better not to betray her relationship to their child.

Alf Grant and Ethel Hoag, in a rapid fire dialogue, were well received, as was Joe Kelsey in songs, especially "Steamboat Bill," where the orchestra loaned their voices in assistance. The Heyn brothers proved well developed muscular specimens and performed a number of difficult feats with ease and grace.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Jim the Penman," a romance of modern society in four acts, by Sir Charles L Young, Bart.

James Ralston	Wilson Melrose
Louis Percival	Wyrlie Birch
Baron Hartfeld	James A. Bliss
Capt. Redwood	Lindsay Morison
Lord Drelincourt	Russell Randall
Jack Ralston	Frank H. Harrington
Agnes Ralston	Miss Miriam Collins
Lady Dunscombe	Miss Rose Morison
Mrs. Ralston	Miss Eleanor Gordon

Sept 13. 1911

Bellicose Miss Ly.

The Herald has already told the story of Mlle. Arria Ly, a female suffragist of Toulouse, who challenged the editor of a local newspaper to a duel, which he declined. It now appears that her real name is Josephine Goudon, and she is fully convinced that marriage is degrading. The question whether a man should fight a duel with a woman is vigorously discussed in Paris. One writer says that to box or wrestle with a woman would be out of the question, but to fight with pistols requires skill, habit, accuracy of aim, and a woman may easily thus be superior to a man who has never practiced. He ends by saying that if a suffragist should send him a challenge he would gladly accept it and do his best to kill her. It is said by another that women, when the new code is determined, should not have the right to challenge husbands or relatives, "otherwise half the married women of Paris might be tempted to fight somebody."

In connection with this it is pleasant to note that in "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" the word suffragette is thus defined: "(Facetious name for) Woman who agitates for woman suffrage (incorrect use of 'ette')."

"C. F. S." and others who are wasting their substance with hair restorers should read the "Praise of Baldness," by Synesius, a bishop of the fifth century. The panegyric is an elaborate one. All branches of human knowledge are invoked to teach man that baldness affords happiness; that not every one deserves to be bald. Some thought Synesius had his outs, for he disbelieved in the resurrection of the body and adhered to the Platonic doctrine of the pre-existence of souls, but, like Hannibal, he was a pretty fellow in his day. When he was elected to a bishopric be at first declined, alleging as one of his reasons that he had a wife from whom he would not separate. It was Synesius who converted Evagrius and took 300 pieces of gold from him to distribute among the poor. Evagrius wished to test the text, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and demanded a promissory note for payment in heaven. Evagrius—we are not told that he was bald—died. His sons hurled him with the note in his hand, nor was Synesius informed of this, but Evagrius appeared to him in a dream to say that he would find the receipt in the tomb. And there the note was in the dead man's hand with an indorsement of payment by the Saviour. The treatise in praise of baldness was therefor written by a man of authority. "C. F. S." should read it, also Druon's "Etude sur la Vie et les Oeuvres de Synesius."

The Hero of Waterloo.

Mme. Millos recently died at Troyes, aged 102. She is said to have been the last Frenchwoman who met Napoleon Bonaparte face to face. Her parents were in service at the Palace of Fontainebleau and when she was 5 years old Napoleon spoke to her shortly before he farewelled his guards. A portrait of Napoleon by Capt. Marryat has been found among some papers in the Maidstone Library in Kent. Marryat served in a sloop on the St. Helena station, and made the sketch at Sir Hudson Lowe's request about 14 hours after Napoleon's death.

It is also reported that a committee in Paris is raising a fund for a monument to Victor Hugo to be erected on the battlefield known as Waterloo. For

is not Victor Hugo by his description of the battle the true hero of the field? Disagreeable persons have said that the famous chapters in "Cosette" are romantic, imaginative; that there was no sunken road; that the guide made no treacherous indication; that there was no guide, etc., etc. It might be answered that Hugo's battle was what Waterloo should have been. And is not his solution of Napoleon's defeat more satisfactory than the labored explanations of writers on military affairs (profession and amateur)? "Napoleon had vexed God." This is oracular; perhaps it is a little vague; it is certainly rhetorical. This, at least, is true: Hugo's battle has been accepted by thousands as the true one.

Then there is the famous chapter about Cambronne's answer when asked to surrender. Did Cambronne say the word? He surely did not make the copy-book reply: "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." That would have done for a melodrama, but Cambronne was a simple soul. There is an entertaining inquiry into "the word of Cambronne" published in pamphlet form. Cambronne himself appears to have been in doubt. Probably he forgot. Perhaps he said nothing. There are always inventors of famous speeches on the deathbed, the battlefield, sinking ships. "Tell him that you have seen Caius Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage" is a good speech to spout. What Caius Marius really said was "Get out," or he only glared at the Gaulish slave.

Hugo and Marryat.

Some of us remember the interest excited by "Les Miserables" when it first appeared in English, in separate paper covered volumes published by Carleton & Co. of New York. Javert was then as familiar a character as Mr. Sherlock Holmes is today. Marius was regarded as a spoony character, whose hat was full of holes through which he saw the stars, but Jean Valjean was voted an uncommonly fine hero. It is the fashion now in some quarters to decry the novel; to point out the historical errors, the wild extravagancies; to speak of the false and sentimental humanism; and recently an ingenious Frenchman has shown that Hugo lifted his account of the barricades from a suppressed and forgotten book nearly contemporaneous with the street fights. Let them rave, as Mr. Tennyson sang. "Les Miserables" is still a mighty monument of genius.

Appreciation of Hugo's descriptive power and wild imagination should not prevent enjoyment of Marryat. The captain was a clever caricaturist with his pencil, and it is whispered that some of his pictures stood in the way of his promotion. Bureaucrats are sensitive—when the question is concerning their dignity. His portrait of Napoleon may be a faithful likeness or a caricature; but his best stories: "Jacob Faithful," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Peter Simple," and other titles might be added, are delightful reading. They are manly books, and there is something wrong with a boy or a man who does not relish them.

Sept 14 1911

Let us now praise famous men. The antiquarian, Browne Willis was born on Sept. 14, 1682 at Blandford, Dorsetshire. He succeeded to an income of £4000 a year, which he spent in beautifying and restoring ancient churches. A man of blameless life, he often wore four coats, surmounted by an old blue cloak, and all were strapped around by a leathern girdle. His boots were things of shreds and patches, and it is said that he wore one pair for 40 years, but it is not the part of a wise man to believe everything that is printed in books. He added a handsome tower to Buckingham Church, but was careless about the foundation, so the tower fell and demolished the sacred building. Some one whose architectural knowledge enabled him to foresee the accident was asked if he had warned his fellow-worshippers. "Yes," he answered, "I think I told my family and friends that it would be well if they should shut their pew doors as softly as possible."

On His Travels.

The Herald has received the following letter:

CLAMPORT, Sept. 12, 1911.

Editor of The Herald:

These lazy days I have been travelling on my veranda. I look across the bay and far out I see the schooners, and do not envy them that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. If I am to reel to and fro and stagger, I prefer to do it on my own lot. I hear the screech of a distant train, and am reminded of the inevitable discomfort of those who are thus boxed from place to place. An automobile honks in the village, and I relight my pipe and smile as I reckon up the cost of punctured tires and of the chauffeur eating at wayside inns, expensive even when he sleeps.

I travel in books of adventure and exploration and on maps. Looking over Europe at the time of the Crusades I saw yesterday an interesting region to the right, about where Asia Minor now stands. It was marked "Seljuks of Rum." This led to pleasant thought of Medford—alas, the glory is departed!—Santa Cruz, Jamaica, pineapple in case bottles, hot buttered rum of indisputable medicinal properties, rum sour, milk punch, and I again wondered at the generosity and thoughtfulness of nature, shown, as Dr. Maginn pointed out, in the mutual adaptability of rum and cold water.

But how much did a Seljuk hold? More than a keg, cask, barrel, hogshead? Or was it the size of a tierce? Perhaps it was larger than a puncheon? Then I remembered that rum came from the West Indians and was formerly known as rumbullion, rumbustion, or rumbo, and surely it was unknown to the Crusaders. Consulting a dictionary, one of the books that have helped me in preparing my colossal work (sold only by subscription), I found that a Seljuk was not a thing of staves and hoops and bung-hole, but a member of a Mohammedan dynasty descended from the chieftain of the same name and that "Rum" was here a variant of Rome and not our old and esteemed friend, the Demon. See how misleading are even accurate maps!

This morning I was reading "A Relation of the Commodities of Nova Hispania and the Manners of the Inhabitants, Written by Henry Hawks, Merchant" (1572), and I came across this passage in relation to Vera Cruz: "This towne is inclined to many kinde of diseases, by reason of the great heat, and a certeine gnat or flie which they call a mosquito, which biteth both men and women in their sleepe; and assoone as they are bitten, incontinently the flesh swelleth as though they had bene bitten with some venimous worme. And this musquito or gnat doth most follow such as are newly come into the countrey. Many there are that die of this annoyance."

The Cape, sir, has always been celebrated for sand, beach plums, cranberries, scrub pines and mosquitos. The New Jerseyites have prided themselves on the size of their mosquitos, and I can bear skin-witness to the reasonableness of their boasting, for in my younger years, when I was reckless and unmindful of the fact that I owed it to an expectant world to be prudent, I visited Elizabeth, Newark and Hackensack, and even, greatly daring, spent a night in Jersey City. The mosquito at Venice is also to be feared.

This summer the mosquito on the Cape is terrible, chiefly by reason of its tiny size. Men of fancy have added new horrors to life by imagining familiar and repulsive animals magnified. Thus Mr. Wells, in his "Food of the Gods" pictures a desperate combat between a man and rats the size of a Newfoundland dog or a pony. The squirrel if he were the size of a calf would not be a pet on the Common. Think of a pig as large as an elephant!

Nature's Triumph.

The mosquito of 1911 laughs at screens. It is as though nature, wishing to mock the ingenuity of man, to take away his complacent enjoyment of landscape or seascape, to deprive him of restoring sleep and thus counteract the blessed chemistry of the night, had cunningly shaped a new mosquito and manufactured it by millions. What screen can be a sufficient defence? Or if a screen will be invented impervious to everything except air—and this seems impossible—will not nature then create the invisible mosquito?

The mosquito of 1911 disturbs philosophic composure. The thinker in his chamber is no longer safe. When there is no breeze, as now while I am writing, the mosquito is inspired with the spirit of personal vengeance. He singles you out. If you slay him, a hundred take his place. Remembering that the Wind clan of the Omahas flap their blankets to start a breeze which will drive the pests away, I have instructed our maid of all work to shake a blanket vigorously near the veranda. Finnish wizards are in the habit of selling wind to mariners. There is a Finn now at work on my neighbor's tennis court. I'll make him an offer, but perhaps he has been too long in this country. If there were a Lapander in the village, he might be persuaded to beat a drum.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Sept 15. 1911

New Orleans was the chief city in Cockaigne when 5,000,000 gallons of molasses flowed majestically through its streets. "Them molasses." Nor should any one shrink from the familiar variant: "Them molasses." But was the molasses the black, thick stuff dear to our boyhood? And is there any molasses like that now sold? The black and sluggish liquid gave an additional glory to hasty-pudding, fried or in the mushy form. Bread and molasses was a feast for the gods. Ginger bread was all the richer, and breakfast cakes, buckwheat, rice, plain ordinary flapjacks, waffles, have not been the same since the thin, brown or yellowish dilution has been accepted as a succedaneum. Dr. Johnson, who often spoke as though he coveted the honor of quotation long after tea was cooled for him forever, characterized brandy as the drink for heroes. He was unacquainted with rum and molasses. Mr. Daniel Quilp would have been a better man had he thus sweetened the rum poured from a huge case-bottle. The word itself is a charming sound, harmonious to the ear. In comparison with it "syrup" is flippant, and "treacle" an abomination.

Skyward Flights.

It is often stated that the first balloon ascension in England was an Sept. 15, 1784, when Vincent Lunardi of the Neapolitan embassy went up in an airship from the Artillery Grounds at Moorfields. His balloon looked like an old fashioned summer house; it was provided with wheels, so that it could be used as a travelling-carriage; the air was rarefied by the application of artificial heat. A great crowd saw the ascension. To quote Lunardi's own words: "The effect was that of a miracle on the multitude which surrounded the place, and they passed from incredulity and menace into the most extravagant expressions of approbation and joy."

Lunardi was a vain and excitable young man. He was not too modest, for he related stories to his credit; how a woman dropped dead from fright at the sight; a highwayman on trial was acquitted by a jury that rushed out of court to see the balloon; and the King adjourned an important council that they might all observe the ascension. Lunardi was accused of lying when "he professed to be able to lower his balloon at pleasure, by using a kind of an oar."

He was the hero of a season. Wigs, coats, hats, bonnets, were named after him; he was presented at court; a bow of scarlet ribbons that had been known as the Gibraltar, bore his name. At Edinburgh, asked to propose a toast, he gave: "Lunardi, the favorite of the ladies." When he made an ascension in Glasgow, the Advertiser said: "Many were amazingly affected. Some shed tears and some fainted, while others insisted that he was in compact with the devil, and ought to be looked upon as a man reprobated by the Almighty."

Lunardi's Predecessor.

But this Neapolitan was not the first to make a balloon ascension in England. James Tyler went up in the air at Edinburgh on Aug. 27, 1784. His car was a crate for packing earthenware. Finding he could not carry his fire stove with him, he went without it, and soon fell, after he had risen 300 feet and gone about half a mile from the starting place.

Tyler was educated as a surgeon. An unconscious humorist wrote of him: "Being of an eccentric and erratic genius, he adopted literature as a profession, and was the principal editor of the first edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica." Tyler, accused of sedition, fled to America, "where he died in 1905, after conducting a newspaper at Salem, in New England, for several years." Should not New England airmen do something in honor of his memory?

Foes of the Air.

An Italian, P. Francesco Lana, in 1679 demonstrated "How it is practically possible to make a ship which shall be sustained by the air and may be moved by sails or oars." His scheme was of a brazen vessel which should weigh less than the air it contained and float in the air when that within it was pumped out. He calculated everything except the pressure of the atmosphere; but he had a conscience.

"Other difficulties," he wrote, "I see not which may be objected against this invention, besides one, which to me seems greater than all the rest; and that is, that it may be thought that God will never suffer this invention to take effect, because of the many consequences which may disturb the civil government of men. For who sees not that no city can be secure against attack, since our ship may at any time be placed directly over it, and, descending down, may discharge soldiers? The same would happen to private houses and ships on the sea; for our ships descending out of the air to the sails of sea-ships, it may cut their ropes; yea, without descending, by casting grapples it may overset them, kill their men, burn their ships by artificial fireworks and fire-balls. And this they may do not only to ships, but to great buildings, castles, cities, with such security, that they which cast these things down, from a height out of gunshot, cannot on the other side be offended by those from below."

A Maine Idyll.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I was much interested in the latest news about the Demon Rum. Some years ago I spent a fortnight in a little town in the district of Maine, a town beautifully situated on a large bay, with wooded hills of considerable height rising abruptly from the shore. I stopped at a comfortable inn. Being an early riser, I observed that the bar was open at 6 A. M. As I suffer from sleeplessness, I also observed that this bar was kept open till midnight. There was a steady stream of customers. A man was pointed out to me who was drinking up his livery stable. He had got down to three horses, a buggy and a democrat. Another citizen was known as the village clock because he took a drink at the bar punctually on the stroke of the hour, except at noon when he appeared at 11:45, for a whet before dinner. The landlord told me that the sheriff was a "mighty accommodating man"; he always sent word a week before a formal seizure. I may be permitted to add that the liquor was of a fair quality.

H. S.

Winchester, Sept. 14.

Sept 16. 1911

Mortimer Collins, never weary of praising Catullus, described Horace as a poet who wrote expressly for quotation in the House of Commons. Of late years honorable members have not been given to Latin quotation, and readers of the whimsical and pleasant novels of Collins would be inclined to annotate this jest. It would be a joy to hear Horace discussed by Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, Thackeray and Collins, and then to hear Horace answer any objections. Perhaps this pleasure is in store for some of us; at any rate, it is worth the anticipation. And perhaps for a first class poet, for a "boss poit," as Artemus Ward put it, Horace was too worldly wise, too everyday. He certainly lacked the exquisite pathos and the fiery passion of Catullus, but he was much more than a "Business Man's Guide to Success."

Swapped Jobs.

Forty years ago Horace and Juvenal were bugbears to nine-tenths of college students, for the great majority of teachers used the odes, satires and epistles of the former and the satires of the latter merely for testing a pupil's knowledge of grammatical construction. There was little attempt to reconstruct the life and manners of the Roman people from the poems, and strictly poetic beauties were ignored. Nevertheless, some of the passages still stick, as the one in which Horace speaks of man discontented with his lot, whether he be a sailor, merchant, farmer, whatever be his calling. How happy would the sailor be, were he to work on shore, etc., etc.

Not long ago a laborer in a small English town challenged the Rev. Augustine Mackie to swap jobs with him for a day. The reverend gentleman, admitting that his opponent could not assume duties in church, chose Saturday, an off day; but he sent the time-table of his work on that Saturday to the laborer. This time-table included a morning spent in retranslating English into Greek, the study of "Homo-ousian" subjects, and the "hapax legomena" of the Apocalypse; an afternoon of visiting from house to house, and an evening spent in the preparation of a sermon or two. The laborer cried, "Hold, enough!" He said he did not mind the "homo" and the "hapax" business, but he shied at the visiting. "The people know me too well."

Thus the clergyman was saved a day of manual labor; yet in his heart of heart would he not rather have worked with his hands than made the perfunctory visits? Who knows whether "homo" and "hapax" had not lost their fascination? He may even now envy the lot of the laborer.

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the challenge, advanced this supposition; "Suppose the archbishop of Canterbury and an engine driver exchanged for a day. We would rather take our chance inside the church under the engine driver than inside the primate's train."

Personal Items.

Mr. Edison, going from town to town in Europe, continues to talk foolishly and show a singular lack of observation, reflection, judgment. What a pity that the reporters, in order to save him, do not display a gift of invention equal to his own!

The scenery designed by Gordon Craig for Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Macbeth" is described as "extraordinarily effective." One of the London critics says that the staircase down which Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep "seems in itself to suggest the vastness and universality of the tragedy." This is on a par with Herbert's and Pip's characterization of Mr. Waldengarver's reading of Hamlet as "massive and concrete."

To some it was a disagreeable surprise to find the New York Times employing the verb "enthuse" in a bold full page head line.

Mr. William Faversham has a new play, "The Discovery of America," and his part will be that of a modern Columbus. We shall not see it in Boston, if Mr. Faversham is a man of his word; for when he was here with Stephen Phillips's "Herod" his fiery soul was grieved by the public inattention and he said in a fine burst that he should not visit us again. The late Richard Mansfield used to shake the dust of various cities from his shoes—but he was willing to have his boots dusty again the next season.

Epithets of Reproach.

The Kansas City Star wonders who was the first to apply the word "boob" to an offender.

But is "boob" the reproach of all reproaches? To some "mutt" is still more objectionable. "Chump" grates harshly to the one it is characterized, especially if he be of a sensitive nature, and surely no one likes to be called a "bonehead." This last epithet crushes the spirit of the proudest. He may laugh at "boob"; he is sure he is not a "mutt" or a "chump"; but "bonehead" sets him a thinking. The taunt comes to him in the night-watches. "Perhaps the impudent fellow was right after all, perhaps I am a bonehead." The epithet should therefore be used with discrimination. A "boob" may have brilliant moments; a "chump" may be successful in business, as often is; "mutt" is always good-natured and generally generous; but what hope is there for a "bonehead" in this world, or in the next?

Sept. 17 1911

The Old National Theatre

The Herald gladly publishes the following interesting letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Perhaps now that there is to be a National Theatre in Boston again, it may not be amiss to revive some personal recollections of its predecessor of the same name, which stood at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets. My first visit to the old playhouse was in the middle forties, when as a small boy I was taken in a carriage with "Billy" McGill, whose father was one of the proprietors of the old Exchange Coffee House, and his two sisters to see "George Barnwell" and "The Forty Thieves." The first mentioned drama was hardly a fit one for youngsters to see, but I presume our elders thought we would be pleased with the old stage version of the adventures of Ali Baba. We had seats in the boxes, which were in the genteel portion of the house. The pit was beneath us, with its bare backless wooden benches, where the democracy sat and ate peanuts and oranges as the play progressed and uttered their criticisms in no uncertain tones. This was the place where the Boston truckmen usually sat. They were a power in those far-off days, and in a local drama they were styled, I believe, the noblest work of heaven. Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, the father and mother of Charles R. Thorne, Jr., of more recent theatrical celebrity, took the leading parts.

A Riot in the Good Old Days

It was all on account of this couple that the last theatrical riot in Boston occurred. It appeared that Mrs. Thorne, who was one of the noted Mestayer family, was cast for the part of Jack Sheppard in the dramatic adaptation of Harrison Ainsworth's novel of the same name. For a good and sufficient reason she declined to enact the character, though she had often appeared in it before. The management, however, announced her for the character, and the pit was crowded, when Robert Hamilton, the stage manager, came forward to the footlights, leading Miss Louisa Gann, a gentle and ladylike actress, who afterwards became Mrs. Wulf Fries, and said she would enact the role which Mrs. Thorne had declined. But the pit would not submit to a change. It would not have her as the rollicking Jack who was hanged on Tyburn Tree, and immediately there was an uproar. The manager's explanations were drowned in a sea of protesting voices; he retired from the scene but came back with a placard bearing the legend "Mr. and Mrs. Thorne have left the theatre." This only added fuel to the flame of unrest. Seats were torn up and hurled upon the stage and missiles, savory and otherwise, were thrown at the bearer of the unwelcome news, who soon retired in disgust and dismay. The disturbance was the only drama given that night and the theatre was closed.

Actors and Actresses at the "Old Nash"

The Pelbys were in control when I first knew the old National. Mrs. Pelby was apparently the moving spirit and was "a fine figger of a woman," as Joe Gargery might say. She was eminently well fitted for what used to be called "leading heavies." I recall seeing her as Moll Pitcher in Dr. J. S. Jones's drama of that name, a character afterwards played at the same theatre by Mrs. Woodward, the aunt of Clara Louise Kellogg. Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Pelby's daughter, occasionally came before the footlights within my recollection. She had been quite celebrated as Ophelia Pelby, but she married a paymaster in the navy, I think, who got into some financial difficulties with the government, and, like most actresses who make unfortunate marriages, she returned to the mimic scene. She had one son, who was always called Forrest Pelby, an old schoolmate of mine in the Adams school.

I remember seeing Cartlitch, mentioned by Thackeray, as being at Astley's in London, as Mazeppa at the National. This was before the days of Adah Isaacs Menken and the other female Mazeppas. Mrs. Vincent and her first husband "Jimmy" King, then famous in negro parts, E. F. Keach (afterward the manager of the Boston Museum, preceding R. M. Field), Junius Brutus Booth, Jr. "Old Scott" a grotesque but not finished comedian, and Walter Leman are among some of the players that I saw at the National Theatre in my boyhood. The latter produced a play of his own there in which there was an eclipse of the sun, so you see we had realism on the stage 60 years and more ago.

"London Assurance" received its first representation in Boston at the National Theatre and Mrs. Pelby ransacked the milliners' stores to obtain artificial flowers to add to the rural attractions of the exterior view of Oak Hall, the home of Max Harkaway. George Jones (afterward of eccentric fame as the Count Joannes) was the first to appear in the city as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons" when Bulwer's most dramatic play was given at the National. This, by the way, was a part Nathaniel P. Banks performed at the same house as an amateur.

Early Appearances of Sothern

The old National was burned down in 1852 while Mrs. Sinclair, who had been divorced from Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, was beginning an engagement there. The company and Mrs. Sinclair then went to the old Federal Street Theatre, which was torn down not long after. The National Theatre was rebuilt within the year, I believe, and Mr. Joseph Leonard, then and afterward celebrated as a Boston auctioneer, became its proprietor. I was present on the opening night when "The Heir-at-Law" was the leading play. The comedian of the company was E. A. Sothern, then known as Douglas Stuart. He made a failure as Dr. Pangloss, though he was called before the curtain and made a speech. He, however, retired not long after from the theatre, and I saw him later on as Malcolm in "Macbeth," quite a come down from his high estate as a comedian. It was some time after that he stumbled into fame and fortune as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin" at Laura Keene's Theatre in New York.

Mr. Leonard had in his company Mr. S. Lake and Miss A. Raymond, pantomimists of the old school from England, and a pantomime was produced during the season, a kind of entertainment which seems to have gone out since the days of Maffit and Bartholomew and George L. Fox. "The Corsican Brothers," with Gustavus V. Brooke as the dual hero, was brought out at the National Theatre on an elaborate scale with a gorgeous fifth act.

Mr. Leonard did not make a pecuniary success of his venture, and the National after many changes drifted into the hands of William B. English, an old newspaper man who had married Mrs. Western, a fairly good actress who had two beautiful daughters, Lucille and Helen. With them as the leading magnets he produced "The Three Fast Men," a play that was cribbed from a piece entitled "Tom and Jerry," which in its turn was adapted from a book with florid illustrations ridiculed by Thackeray.

The National was burned down a second time in the early sixties, and in the fire the motto over the proscenium arch, "We Will Endeavor," disappeared forever. Much more might be written about what the newsboys used to call "the old Nash," but old men must not be talking too much.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester Centre, Sept. 11.

But Thackeray had carefully read Egan's once famous story of London fast life, and his ridicule was in a way a compliment. Today the book is bought chiefly for the sake of the "florid" pictures. Let's see, what was the name of the heroine? Corinthian Kate?

Vocabulary of Old Stock Companies

Mr. Ryan, as an old theatregoer, uses the term "leading heavy." This and other terms in the vocabulary of the old fashioned stock company have well nigh disappeared. In one of the war-time Herald's reprinted this year Mr. Willard announced the opening of the Howard Athenaeum, with Mr. Chanfrau as first star in "Our American Cousin at Home," and the members of the company were thus characterized in order: First old man, heavy leading man, juveniles, first walking gentleman and singing business, second old man and heavies, second walking gentleman, comedian, second low comedy, second heavies, for respectable utility business, leading comedy lady, duennas and heavies, walking lady, chambermaids, first and second old women.

The Irish Players in Boston

The players of the Irish National Theatre in Abbey street, Dublin, will begin an engagement in the United States by opening the new theatre, the Plymouth, in Boston. They should be heartily welcomed by all who are interested in the drama, good acting, or literature.

I was recently asked by a man fond of the drama and well informed whether only Irish plays were to be given at the new theatre, and I soon found out that by Irish plays he meant the conventional rough comedy and the sentimental drama with songs that are familiar to us all, plays associated with what are known as "dogfaced comedians," noisy jesters with green whiskers, or a sweet-voiced tenor who sings when suspected of theft, treason or murder.

The Abbey Theatre of Dublin has been described as "an evolution from a fixed idea," and "that idea was to find and give the people drama that was not commercial, i. e., the ordinary play of commerce was not to be the thing." Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, George Moore, Edward Martyn, George Bernard Shaw and others believed that a Dublin theatre would appeal to the people "if it reflected in its plays the new life and the new literature of Ireland. There were signs then of a literary revival of Irish nationalism in the air. They were not born wholly of the attainment of better political conditions for the people. These persons, aided by the wealthy Miss Horniman, a patron of the drama in England and Ireland, were willing to begin in humble circumstances, and found the shabby little hall in Dublin—"The Antient Concert Rooms."

In this little hall and afterward in the small Abbey Theatre, plays by the persons named, and by J. M. Synge, Douglas Hyde, Lennox Robinson, R. J. Ray, Boyle, Lord Dunsany, T. C. Murray, St. John G. Ervine and others were produced. The art of the players, and the character of the plays, tragedies, and comedies, made the theatre a success, and when the players visited London critics and general public cried out that no such acting by individuals and in ensemble had been seen except in the performances of the Comedie Francaise or Antoine's Theatre Libre.

The voices and intonation of these players worked a spell in London. Mr. Walkley of the Times expressed the unanimous opinion when he wrote: "We had never realized the musical possibilities of our language until we heard these Irish people speak it. We are listening to English spoken with watchful care and slightly timorous hesitation as if it were a learned language. That at once ennobles our mother tongue, brings it into relief, gives it a faintness and distinction of which, in our rough, workaday use of it, we had never dreamed. Talk of the 'lingua Toscana in bocca Romana'—the English tongue on Irish lips is every bit as melodious."

Opposition to the New Irish School

Some of the plays produced in Ireland excited the adverse criticism of those who maintained that an erroneous view of the Irish peasant was given to the world. (In like manner there were protests against the representation of Irish life given in the stories of George Moore, entitled "The Untilled Field.") That remarkable comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World," by the late J. M. Synge, was hissed by many in the audience when it was first played in Dublin, and violent articles against it were published in Dublin journals. There was also opposition to "The Tinker's Wedding," by the same author. The storm of abuse died away, and the dramas are now recognized in Dublin as works of an unusually high order.

Nevertheless at a meeting of the Dublin National Literary Society this year Miss Agnes O'Farrelly read a paper, "The Irishman on and off the Stage." She said she "knew no people who took a saner view of the pros and cons of life than the Irish, but the man with brass buttons on his coat and the girl with the shawl about her head had been kept on the stage 30 years after their time. What was the explanation of the elusiveness of the character of their countrymen that seemed always to escape the grasp of their dramatic authors? Why had they failed to catch the lights and shades of Irish personality and often made it all shade? It was because they put on too much light and too much shade, and failed to realize the complex character of the subject. The new school of Irish writers for the stage had done well to try and bring about a divorce between the idea of what the Irishman thought he was and what he was in reality. They had tried in their plays to show the difference, and hence such plays as 'The Well of the Saints,' 'Thomas Muskerry' and 'The Playboy of the Western World' and others. Unfortunately, in their attempts to substitute the real for the unreal they had produced types of a character quite as objectionable as those that had gone before." She welcomed, however, the new school "because of its overturning of false ideals, because it had aroused them out of their smug self-complacency and purged out of their dramatic literature much that was unhealthy and sickly sentimental. The first effect of its eliminating influence was to make them see for themselves the peculiarity of their own views of Irish life. As a result, their souls cried out for a saner and healthier view of life."

Others agreed with her, and Miss Mary Hayden said she had heard "of the Irish peasantry condoning the murder of landlords, but she had never heard of a whole countryside condoning any other form of murder. In so far as that was put forward as typical of Irish peasant life she thought it was libellous and unworthy of an author who professed to understand Irish character."

Then uprose Mr. Padriac Colum, who thus freed his mind: "If any change," he said, "came in the Irish dramatists' views of their country people that change would not be for the better, because he believed the new writers would paint the Irish countryman blacker than he ever had been painted before. He said so for the reason that all artistic expression depended on a certain environment. The environment the artist had been brought up in was appreciation of Irish country persons because they had always been anxious to show that they possessed a good stock, and had the material amongst them for a good nation. The balance of Irish peasant opinion would be against the Irish progressive forces, and so he (Mr. Colum) would like to tell Miss O'Farrelly that, instead of, as in the present generation, the Irish dramatist scourging Irish country persons with whips, the next generation would scourge them with scorpions."

Fortunately no point of order was raised, as there was at the memorable meeting of scientists described by Truthful James, when one of the disputants smiled a sickly smile and curled up on the floor, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Notes and Gossip from England

The Herald spoke last Sunday of a volcanic eruption or earthquake scene in the new sporting drama "The Hope" at Drury Lane. Edward Fitzball wrote for the Adelphi a piece entitled "The Earthquake, or the Phantom of the Nile." In it the villians were destroyed by a mimic earthquake. The dramatist was therefore accused of profanity. He defended himself stoutly and the box office benefited by the attacks. Was there not an earthquake in "Claudian," the drama in which Wilson Barrett shone? "Jake" Fisher, who was connected with the New York Herald many years ago, wrote a drama which he hoped would be produced in San Francisco. He gave reasons why it was not performed.

"The manager said he could not put it on, for his stage was not large enough for the final scene, and I couldn't change this scene without spoiling the whole piece." "What was the scene, Jake?" a colleague asked: "Sir, it was a full and complete representation of the Day of Judgment."

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, managed by Mr. Van Noorden, will revive "Don Giovanni" and produce "Mefistofele" in English this season. Edna Hoff and Claude Albright of the United States have joined the company, as has Helene Stylianidas, "a Greek dramatic soprano of classic beauty."

Mr. Sutro's new comedy, produced at Wyndham's Theatre Sept. 12, is entitled "The Perplexed Husband." A pantomime-musical play of the same title was produced at Covent Garden over 150 years ago.

Young English women are warned by L'Artiste Lyric against accepting engagements in Paris unless they are thoroughly acquainted with the theatre or music hall and know what they are to do. "The abuses that are exposed in a series of personal experiences are nothing short of abominable, and touting for champagne among the male visitors at certain of the places alluded to is not the worst part of a very bad business." This subject was handled nearly a dozen years ago by Mr. Leonard Merrick in one of his many delightful novels, "When Love Flies O' the Window."

Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Dickens appear in "That Chauffeur Chap," a musical play by Edward Morris and Arthur Rigby (produced at Deptford, Aug. 14) and at the end there is a fancy dress ball of characters in Dickens's novels. The Referee says: "Perhaps because 'That Chauffeur Chap' has only one librettist, one composer and one lyrist—a paltry number of concocters for a modern musical play—it has neither too much story nor too many lyrics. Yet in justice I must confess that I have known big West End productions of this genre to have far less plot and considerably much less merriment."

A Mormon drama, "Through Death Valley," is playing in the English provinces. It was played in Boston last December.

John Galsworthy's mystical play, "The Little Dream," is published by Duckworth & Co. "It is full both of 'sweet and bitter fancies' and of the poetic fervor which characterizes this brilliant author's ballads."

The Drama Society of London, a new association, will produce this fall a new play by Stephen Phillips, a new farce by Paul Hyacinth Loyson and Leonard Henslowe, and plays by Ibsen and Oscar Wilde

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London Times, has been promoted from his position as one of the chief clerks at the postoffice to be one of the assistant secretaries.

C. E. Montague, in his "Dramatic Values," published by Methuen & Co., says that the question which English people address to themselves before a new, unconventional play is precisely the question they address to themselves before a new unconventional picture, and it is this: "'Can it be seen without giving me any disease?' as if plays were a species of drains, that exist to convey, or abstain from conveying, diphtheria and typhoid." He gives a list of the words and phrases used when Ibsen's plays were first acted in England, such as "an open drain," "putrid," "sewage," "fetid," "disgusting," "malodorous," and adds: "You see how strictly the vocabulary used is that of medical officers of health."

A New "Romeo and Juliet"

Just as Sir Herbert Tree talked fluently about his production of "Macbeth," so Mr. Fred Terry discoursed to a reporter of the Daily Telegraph "with quiet earnestness" about his revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the New Theatre. He wished to produce the play "for its own sake." "Because I have my own ideas how it should be done. They are based upon a close, minute study of Shakespeare's text."

The reporter asked: "And the dominant note?" Mr. Terry reflected—but only for a moment: "The dominant note I should describe as youth with rich simplicity." When Mr. Waldengarver asked Herbert and Pip how they liked his reading of Hamlet, Herbert said from behind "massive and concrete," and Pip repeated the phrase boldly, "as if I had originated it, and must beg to insist upon it."

Mr. Terry's aim has been to reproduce the spirit and the atmosphere of an age conspicuous for turbulence and passion. Romeo should kill Paris with all the savagery of a madman.

"You will find that Juliet's position on the balcony renders it impossible that she can even touch the finger-tips of Romeo. And this illustrates a theory of mine. I am persuaded that nothing could keep these two, through whom the current of love flows with such tumultuous force, apart, save the absolute impossibility of overcoming the natural obstacles separating them. I have already said that youth is the dominating note of the production, but perhaps it would be more appropriate to describe it as love—beautiful, passionate, overwhelming love. Further, I am inclined seriously to demur to a description of the piece as a tragedy. That it ends in the death of the lovers does not, to my mind, constitute it a tragedy. The sheer joy of life animates and illuminates every scene, the expectation of reunion in another state robs the fatal denouement of its sting. In the case of Romeo and Juliet the cup of life was filled to the brim and emptied to the very last drop before they died. Has not another great poet declared that 'One crowded hour of glorious life, is worth an age without a name'?"

From the European Continent

Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" will be produced at the Berlin Royal Opera. Dr. Muck will direct "in accordance with the wishes of the composer." The first performance at this opera house will be early in November. The first two parts of the "Ring" will have new scenery. "The direction will endeavor to follow exactly the composer's requirements in the matters of scenery, costumes and effects, and some new departures will therefore be made." There will be revivals of Verdi's "Othello," Weber's "Euryanthe" and Adam's "Postillion of Longjumeau." Marczel's "Traum" and Adam's ballet, "The Corsair," are also in preparation. Caruso is announced for Oct. 24, 27, 29 in "Elisir d'Amore," "Rigoletto" and "Pagliacci." Hermann Jadlowker is expected to take part, if he can arrange matters with the Metropolitan Opera House.

Apropos of the Kaiser's attitude toward certain modern operas and dramas, this extract from an address, delivered to the actors of the Royal Theatre, Berlin, in June, 1898, has been published: "Ten years ago when I came to the throne, I was of opinion that the Royal Theatre was intended to foster among our people that spirit of idealism in which, thank God, they are still so rich. I had firmly resolved that the Royal Theatre must be an instrument whose mission it is to develop and prepare the growing generation for the work of preserving the highest intellectual possessions of our splendid German Fatherland. In this way the drama ought to contribute to the development of the mind and character and to the ennoblement of moral views * * * It is the duty of a monarch to take an interest in the drama, because it can be an enormous power in his hands * * * I beg you to stand by me, and to pursue the combat against materialism and un-German ways into which many a German theatre has unfortunately already fallen."

Karl Goldmark's Memoirs will probably be published this fall and a new symphony by him will be produced at Berlin. He will be in Berlin some time this season to assist at the rehearsals of "The Queen of Sheba" at the new opera house.

The excessive heat this summer in Germany put some of the church organs out of condition, especially in Thuringia, and a few organs were destroyed by lightning.

The latest rumors about Richard Strauss are that he is at work on a "Tartuffe" and that he would go to South America next year. Both reports are denied.

Leoncavallo has promised to write a "Hymn to Dante" for the inauguration of a monument to the poet in New York.

Mme. Judith Gautier will publish in October a volume of her father's articles about music to show that "the good Theo" did not dislike music, although he once characterized it as the most expensive and most disagreeable of noises.

Orchestras in the United States

The Philadelphia orchestra will give this season, its 12th, 25 Friday afternoon concerts and 25 on Saturday evenings. The soloists will be these singers: Alma Gluck, Gertrude Rennyson, Mme. Gerville-Reache, Ellison Van Hoose, Clarence Whitehill, Alexander Heinemann, Horatio Connell; these violinists: Kathleen Parlow, Efrem Zimbalist, Thaddeus Rich; the pianists, Vladimir de Pachmann and Wilhelm Bachaus, and the 'cellist Herman Sandby.

The concerts of the St. Paul Symphony orchestra will begin on Nov. 1. The soloists will be Berta Morena, Johanna Gadski, Mme. Rothwell-Wolff, Frances Alda, Ricardo Martin, Ludwig Hess, Otto Goritz, singers; the pianists will be Harold Bauer and Rudolph Ganz; the violinists will be Christian Timner. The soloist of March 26 will be the New York Philarmonic orchestra. This announcement has been made: "In bringing to St. Paul a foreign orchestra the management has taken a new step, but it feels that there is no better way to educate the taste of the people for symphony music than by letting them hear an orchestra of this kind."

Sept 18. 1911

"J. W. W." writes to The Herald: "Ere the summer wanes too completely pray devote a word to that awful phrase 'New England Style,' which figures on many a hotel bill-of-fare. I have just run upon it in the very heart of New England (Concord, N. H.—not Concord philosophicorum); for a fish chowder thus designated was a base libel on New England cooking. And there are others! Something might be worked up from that strange phrase 'sea food,' also 'shore dinner' in the autumnal period between grass and ice. Have you ever paid much attention to the fork drill—in special the fork grip? I have recently devoted much study to this phenomenon as it manifests itself among the 'nooners' of a summer hotel, and I recommend the topic to your careful consideration. Some time ago you had comments (which I no longer recall in detail) that suggested to me a fuller elaboration of the question of 'Mr. and Mrs.' One reads nowadays that an event takes place at the house of 'Mr. and Mrs. Quis-&-quae-libet,' and that may pass; but when this is extended to calling a fair maiden the daughter of 'Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C.,' I begin to wonder what they expected."

This letter has been forwarded to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. "Sea food" is an old term. We are under the impression that it was employed by Philemon Holland in his translation of Plutarch's "Morals." "Shore dinners" have been eaten by those that "were to the beach." A greater enormity is "clam chowder a la Manhattan."

But there is a more vexing question. A Mattapan gardener, an Italian, brought to Boston last week a radish that was 21 inches long. The ancient Greeks dedicated in Apollo's temple at Delphi a radish of gold, a beet of silver and a turnip of lead, and thus gave their opinion concerning the respective value of these vegetables. Pliny, who mentions this fact, says the Greeks plumed themselves on the nourishment afforded by their radishes, but he adds, they have always been great liars. Radishes were not held in esteem in the England of the 16th century, for Bullein in his "Boke of Simples" (1562) says: "Of radish roots there be no small store growing about the famous city of London, though they be more plentiful than profitablo, and more noisome than nourishing to man's nature," and we are also told that a few years later onions, leeks, carrots and radishes were used chiefly to make pottage for the poor. From the time of Henry the Fourth till the beginning of the reign of Henry the Eighth, herbs, "fruits and roots that grow yearly out of the ground of seed," according to Holinshed, were little used, "but they remained either unknown or supposed as food more meet for hogs and savage beasts to feed upon them than mankind." Was the Grecian radish really so superior to beets and turnips of the same country? Dr. Halstead conducted a water cure on Round Hill, Northampton, 50 years ago. Carrots were served daily to his patients, to the amazement of the villagers, who thought the root unfit for Christian beings. There was then a family of vegetarians in the village, and they were pointed out to strangers as objects of interest, along with the old elm on the meadows, Mt. Holyoke with its cable railway and the State Insane Asylum.

Personal Notes.

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has announced that the season of 1911-12 will be Mr. Fiedler's last year of service as conductor. It is rumored that he will afterward conduct the orchestra at Manchester, Eng.—Sir Charles Halle's Orchestra, which was led by Hans Richter until his resignation, and that the position will be kept open for Mr. Fiedler by the engagement of "guest conductors" for this season. And who will succeed Mr. Fiedler in Boston? There is a general impression that this successor will sign his name Dr. Karl Muck.

The face of Mr. Henry Heindl, viola player, will be missed this season by the audiences at the Symphony concerts. He has for many years been associated with the musical life of this city and highly regarded as a musician and a man. May he long enjoy his well-earned rest!

The designs for the prizes offered by the Commonwealth Government for postage stamps suitable to the reign of George V. have been shown at Melbourne. One competitor put on the surface of the penny stamp the King's head, the Union Jack, Sydney Harbor, a primitive black man, and a map of Australia. In the western states of North America the ability to introduce the words "eagle" and "bugle" into one and the same sentence has long been considered the test of a true and inspired orator.

The First Aviator.

It is popularly supposed that Daedalus and his son Icarus were the first airmen, but there are some who deny that they ever lived. There are historic doubts about their existence, doubts not to be classed with those exuberant feats of logical reasoning, entitled the doubts concerning the existence of Richard III. and Napoleon Bonaparte. Let it be granted that Daedalus was a mythical personage, a personification of the earliest development of sculpture and architecture among the Athenians and Cretans. As long as the story is not characterized as a sun-myth, no fair-minded person should complain.

There is a record of experiments made by an Arab of Spain, Ibn-Firnas by name, physician to the Caliph (821-852). The motive power of his airship was supplied by clockwork. Sure of success and highly pleased with himself, he invited the people of Cordova to see him fly. They turned out, but he flew only for a little time. He fell; the crowd howled and jeered, and the aviator swore in Arabic—a language rich in picturesque and compelling oaths—that he would never fly again. This account is in an old Arabic book by El Makkari in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris. All up for Ibn-Firnas!

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Ale in a Saxon Rumkin then,
Such as will make Grim Malkin prate;
Rouseth up valor in all men
Quickens the Poet's wit and pen,
Despiseth fate.

So sang in sturdy days an unknown poet. We were reminded of this verse and its companions by a paragraph in the London Chronicle beginning "Even Royalty has not been insensible to the charms of beer." The Chronicle recalls the fact that when Mary, Queen of Scots, sorely vexed, was confined in Tutbury Castle, she longed for a good brew and commanded her secretary to ask "at what place near Tutbury beer may be provided for her majesty's use." Burton was only three miles away, and its ales had been famous since the monks began brewing in the 13th century.

A Wet Anthology.

Is there an anthology in praise of ale and beer? There is sufficient material for a substantial volume pleasingly illustrated with views of famous breweries and pictures of the mugs and the tankards of the nations. It is not necessary to go back as far as the song attributed to Bishop Still—an auspicious name!—the song, "Back and Side Go Bare, Go Bare," or to pillage the collections of German students' songs, or to quote stray illusions. The music halls should not be ignored. There is the old ditty: "Three Cheers for the Glorious Bitter Beer," and there is the later:

Come where the booze is cheaper,
Come where the pots hold more,
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss,
Come to the pub next door.

When the woman asking money to send missionaries to the southern states rebuked Artemus Ward's levity in a London inn, she said: "You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin.

There is a sparkling fount,
Come, O come, and drink."

Whereupon the landlord answered "This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sister!" and drew and drank a mug of beer. "Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf and relapst into silence."

Lamb's Pedometer.

The anthology should be without prejudice. If Maginn is quoted, with his "Curiously pulled in a pewter quart," the lines of A. E. Housman should not be passed by, although to some malt-worms and brave toss-pots the singer may seem ironical.

Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the Muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think:
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not.

Charles Lamb bade farewell to tobacco in an ode that revealed his love for the weed. Why did he not sing the praise of ale? For Thomas Hood tells us that Lamb in his daily walks abroad "calculated distances, not by Long Measure, but by Ale and Beer Measure. 'Now I have walked a Pint.' Many a time I have accompanied him in these matches against Meux, not without sharing in the stake." When I was a student in Munich over 25 years ago a carpenter, a locksmith or a dienstman would reckon his compensation in measures of beer. "Oh, that's worth about three 'mass.'"

A Good Advertisement.

A poet of New York, Francis S. Saltus, wrote 31 sonnets in honor of as many beverages. Here is his address to ale. Not fearing the reproach of writing for the purpose of advertisement, he headed the sonnet "Bass's Ale," nor did he hesitate to particularize the steamship line:

Whene'er thy foaming beads attract my lips,
A rapid vision passes o'er my mind
Of strong Cunarders, battling with the wind,
And cosey cabins, and the roll of ships.
I hear the tempest lash the sails like whips,
I see the rigid bow its pathway find
Deep in the night, leaving in sheen behind
A snaky trail of phosphorescent tips.
Or, when thy vigor to the lees I drain,
I, from the belfry of St. Paul's behold
Gigantic London in gray winter hours,
Waiting for drowsy dawn to come again,
While the great sun, veiled in a fog of gold,
Bursts in red glory on her haughty towers.

And all this from a pint—or a few quarts—of ale!

Around a Quart.

Another American poet, George Arnold, a poet of far finer fancy and of healthier mind, although he knew he was to die young, wrote a fantistical poem in praise of beer, not ale, but the beer that he drank in goodly company down in the once famous cellar of Pfaff. This poem, "Here, with My Beer, I Sit; While Idle Moments Flit, Unheeded by," is unfortunately too long for quotation today.

There might also be a volume of prose to accompany the anthology. It should contain first of all the remarks of George Borrow concerning various brews, the proper keeping and drawing and his own individual taste. There should be liberal quotation from the novels and essays of Mortimer Collins. Take his "Walk Through Berks," for example. "The country church and the country inn (I do not couple them irreverently) are the two first points for the traveller through England to notice. The former shows what the people of a town have been in centuries past. * * * The country inn tells the tale of the present with equal emphasis. The very quality of your first glass of ale is an almost infallible index of prosperity or adversity, of progress or stagnation." Wherever he walked in England, Collins tested the ale in village or town; and the title of Borrow's "Wild Wales" should be "Adventures of an Ale-drinker in Wales."

The choir will now sing:

Oh, Ale sb alendo, thou liquor of life!
That I had but a mouth as big as a whale,
For mine is too little to touch the least tittle
That belongs to the praise of a pot of good ale.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Aborn opera company in "The Bohemian Girl," three-act opera by Balfe.

Count Arnheim.....Herbert Waterous
Thaddeus.....Thornton D. Urquhart
Florestein.....Maurice Lavigne
Devilshoof.....Joseph Florian
Captain of the Guard }.....Ralph Nicholls
Officer of the Patrol }
A Gypsy Messenger.....H. Ben Ali
Queen of the Gypsies.....Jane Herbert
Arline.....Vera Allen
Buda.....Alma Le Brun

MAGICIAN AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

Thurston Amuses and Mystifies Large Audience.

NEW NATIONAL THEATRE OPENS

Enormous Crowd Struggles for Seats at the First Performance.

So great was the crowd that tried to secure seats at the opening performance of the new National Theatre last night that it became necessary to send for additional police despite the detail of five men on hand early. The crowd was on the most part orderly but its numbers were so great that the squad rushed over from the East Dedham street station under Capt. Driscoll and Sergt. Hurley was necessary to keep the admission seekers in line.

The principal difficulty occurred when the box office was opened. So many wished to get tickets for the evening's performance that there was no place for those having got their tickets in advance to get inside the doors. In the rush for places in the line the bottom of one of the doors was splintered, Manager E. A. Ryder getting the fragment as a souvenir of the storming of the doors. Probably 5000 were turned away ticketless, despite the house's advertised capacity of 3500.

Inside the house order reigned. With every seat filled in orchestra and balconies, the scene was impressive. The performance, of which a dress rehearsal had been given the evening before, was greatly enjoyed. The first part consisted of the National-Boston Consolidated Minstrels, an organization made up of the old timers, Lew Benedict, Hughy Dougherty, Eli Stone and Dan Haley, with a double quartet of promising local singers, who only need a little more stage experience to do very well indeed. Harry Pugh sang "The Song That Reached My Heart" as the opening number and was freely applauded, as were all the others, including Thomas E. Clifford, baritone solo; Thomas A. Quinn, tenor; Peter J. McLaughlin, bass and Frank L. Rice, tenor.

Of course Hughy Dougherty was a favorite. No wonder his rivals were jealous, as he said, when he sang "Eveleena" with fine phrasing, brio and andante. Dan Haley's laughing song was capital, the chorus especially. Eli Stone brought the house down with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and Lew Benedict sang "Hard Luck" in a way to excite the sympathy of the most flinty hearted.

A good display of motion pictures, not on the bill, followed, and then an olio, in which the Pendleton sisters and others took part.

The final piece was Dougherty and Benedict's touching drama of western life, "The Wound-up." Hughy Dougherty was Slim Hoover and there was a half-breed from Nahant; also Indians from suburban towns, cigar store Indians, policemen, baseball players, etc. It was a merry affair.

Harry Houdini who, like another well known personage, laughs at lockshifts, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Not content with breaking jails all over the world, he has, according to the program, just completed a "sensational triumphant three years' tour of the universe"—which is no small feat in itself. Now he has devised an "improved incredible invention," which assuredly is everything that he claims for it. The invention is an air-tight, galvanized iron can, which is filled first with water, then with Mr. Houdini. In this can Houdini is locked with a cover and six padlocks, the apparatus placed in a hermetically sealed iron-bound wooden chest, which is locked in turn.

Failure means a drowning death," says the program, and although Houdini is careful to announce that after a certain length of time his assistants will chop him out, and although his assistants stand watch and ax in hand, the audience breathes very gently till at last Houdini leaps forth from behind the curtains, soaked and smiling.

In a little speech before he is canned, Houdini says the performance is "only a trick." The program tells about his ability to remain under water for a long time. So, of course, it is all very simple.

Before the can trick Houdini is placed in a straitjacket. The attendants fasten the straps conscientiously. Houdini drops to the floor. A twist. A wriggle. He is free. "I wonder if it's as hard as that to get out of a hobbleskirt," he remarks. "I guess it's harder." Before his act there are motion pictures showing him escaping from handcuffs in the river Seine and flying his aeroplane without manacles. He announces that he will accept any rational challenge, provided 24 hours' notice is given, so that the test may be advertised.

The "Half-Way House" is back once more, that quiet little rural sketch with Silas Older, proprietor, and Belle Younger, actress, as its dramatis personae. Perkins Fisher is Silas, and Mrs. Florence Fisher is Belle. The Four Huntings in "The Fool House" kept things funny by tickling various crazy bones in a lunatic asylum. The three white Kuhns play and sing with much spirit. Meehan's dogs perform some clever tricks, the great hounds winning especial applause for their clean-cut high jumping.

Others on the bill are Sully and Hussey, two Quincy boys, who talk funnier at the end of their dialogue than at the beginning; Lancton-Lucier company in a mildly amusing act; Corinne Francis, the singing comedienne, and Wentworth, Vesta and Teddy, in human and dog acrobatics.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Joe Morgan ..... Willis Hall
Sample Swichel ..... Ralph Ravenscroft
Harvey Green ..... L. D. McMillan
Willie Hammond ..... Royden Utley
Simon Slade ..... John Preston
Frank Slade ..... George Uhlan
Mr. Romaine ..... W. S. Montgomery
Mehitable Cartwright ..... Bessie Sheldon
Mary Morgan ..... Ruby Love
Mrs. Morgan ..... Elma Cornell

The play which conveys a great moral lesson was produced at the Grand Opera House yesterday. In the version now given the pathetic element has been subordinated to the humorous, and a large audience appreciated the comedy, which was excellently done. There were five acts, each with several scenes.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig Stock Company in "Beverly of Graustark," a play in four acts by Robert M. Baker; dramatized from the novel of the same name by George Barr McCutcheon.

Prince Dantan ..... Morgan Wallace
Gen. Marlaux ..... George Russell
Lieut. Quinox ..... Robert M. Middlemiss
Princess Yetive ..... Gertrude Pinley
Princess Candace ..... Maude Richmond
Aunt Fanny ..... Mabel Colcord
Beverly Calhoun ..... Mary Young

Sept 20 1911

Mr. Robert Hichens, novelist and playwright, coming to the United States, is lost in wonder, love and praise. He has already been impressed by the "uniform courtesy" of Americans travelling abroad; he is prepared to proclaim the view of New York at night from the harbor as the most wonderful in the world; he finds the vitality and spirit of investigation characteristic of Americans wonderful, and to him the publishers of this country are as ministering angels. Amiable and thrice happy Mr. Hichens! May his play, "The Garden of Allah" prosper! May the critics in New York remember his kind words and maintain the reputation of Americans for courtesy! Mr. Hichens has surprising tact; and yet he was once a music critic! Some, now reciting the list of his books omit one of the best—"The Green Carnation," which is full of witty epigrams after the manner of Oscar Wilde, against whom and his disciples the satire was directed.

Regular Habits.

The 12th of September is behind us and yet jests about the man with the straw hat are still in order. There are men who live by the calendar. They change underclothing at certain dates, regardless of heat or cold. Petty tyrants at home they compel wife and children to shiver or sweat because a date is a fetish. We all know the man of regular habits. There is one in Boston who prides himself on going to bed exactly at 11 P. M. If he is sleepy at 9 P. M. it matters not. If he happens to be in nightshirt or pyjamas at 10:59 P. M. he sits on the bed till the stroke of 11 and not till then turns in. He should have been one of the followers of the scholar Taurus, for they at the table of their master passed happy hours in discussing when a man can he said to die, whether in the last moment of life or in the first moment of death, or when he can be said to get up, whether when he is still on his bed or when he has just left it. "They called these questions symposiacae, as being well fitted to stimulate minds already mellowed by wine."

There are men of regular habits who paradoxically are said to have irregular habits. Thus there are men who invariably at a certain hour take a bracer or a febrifuge. There are others who smoke a pipe at certain hours or on appointed nights allow nothing to interfere with a game of billiards or poker. Fitz Hugh Ludlow wrote an amusing story about a man of such irregular habits for Harper's Magazine many years ago.

Slaves of Convention.

And why, pray, should a man doff a straw hat and don a derby, slouch or plug on a certain date? And why should he be the object of ridicule, the song of drinkards in the streets, if he persist in wearing a straw hat even into October, provided the weather be friendly? There is nothing more grotesque than the summer costume of sojourners on the North Shore: a straw hat, an overcoat and an umbrella. Yet it is summer by the calendar, therefore the incongruity is permitted. Mr. E. Winslow Paige, an able counsellor-at-law, whose preparation of the case against the Canal thieves in New York state was masterly and won the admiration of even the thieves, was in the habit of wearing a straw hat and going without an overcoat in the streets of Albany in the dead of winter. Only strangers looked at him curiously. Mr. Paige was expected by the citizens to wear just that hat. They were accustomed to the sight. If he had sported a derby or a Tyrolese slouch with a foolish feather in it, or a glossy silker, then they would have been surprised. They might have suspected him of collusion with the thieves.

There are men who have a razor for each day of the week and boots for each day of a fortnight, but few have more than four or five hats in active use. The gibus, accordion, crush or opera hat has for some time been regarded as unfashionable, although it may occasionally be seen in the foyer of the Boston Opera House, worn by young lions radiant with house coat and a white cravat. As long as a man is wrong he might as well be completely, gloriously wrong.

The late King Edward kept in readiness upwards of 100 hats and caps. Did he wear them in rotation? And what has become of them all? They probably are of little use to George V., for Edward, who wore a 20 collar, had his hats made with high crowns to increase his height. His size was No. 7 and his silker was 7¼ inches crown with 2⅝ inches high roll brim. Miss Gaby Deslys brought with her to New York 60 hats. We are not told how many hats the ex-King of Portugal has at present.

Trajan and Firemen.

Mayor Gaynor informs his mind and shapes his course after pondering the wisdom of the ancients, especially the Discourses and Encheiridion of Epictetus. Mayor Fitzgerald should familiarize himself with the letters between the Emperor Trajan and Pliny the Younger concerning matters of government. For instance Pliny, administrator of Bithynia, wrote to Trajan that a destructive fire broke out in Nicomedia, that it spread by reason of the wind and the indolence of the people, but chiefly because the city was not furnished with engines, buckets, or any extinguisher. He asked whether it might not be advisable to form a company of firemen, a company of 150.

Mark Trajan's reply: "Societies of this sort have greatly disturbed the peace of the province in general and of those cities in particular" (for it seems several other cities had organized firemen). "Whatever name we give them, and for whatever purpose they may be instituted, they will not fail to form themselves into factious assemblies, however short their meetings may be. It will therefore be safer to provide such machines as are of service in extinguishing fires, enjoining the owners of horses to assist in preventing the mischief from spreading, and, if it should be necessary, to call in the aid of the populace."

Sept 21 1911

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished student of sociology, writes to The Herald:

"I have been for some years much interested in milkmen and I venture to think that my studies will make section IX. 'The Milkman' in volume 18 'Trades and Professions' of my colossal work, 'Man as a Political and Social Beast' (elephant folio; sold only by subscription), invaluable to politicians, economists, philanthropists and the man in the street, restaurant or flat. Here at Clamport, the milkman assumes unexpected phases, and I inquire into his state of mind and habits by day. In Boston, when I am obliged to sojourn there, a humble dweller in a simply furnished flat, for the purpose of research or correcting the proofs of my magnum opus, to which I have already alluded, I note that he is a nocturnal animal, frequenting rooofs, and his tread reminds me of the iron heel of despotism. I read eagerly all the news about the recent strike; I read it a few days ago, for news comes slowly down this way.

"Pondering the subject, I turned to my notes on 'The Milkman' and found one that bears on many cases. 'Amongst the Todas, a pastoral people of the Neligherry Hills of Southern India, the dairy is a sanctuary, and the milkman who attends to it has been described as a god. On being asked whether the Todas salute the Sun, one of these divine milkmen replied, "Those poor fellows do so, but I," tapping his chest, "I, a god! why should I salute the Sun?" Every one, even his own father, prostrates himself before the milkman, and no one would dare to refuse him anything. No human being, except another milkman, may touch him; and he gives oracles to all who consult him, speaking with the voice of a god.'"

Choice Skeletons.

Dr. Kessler, professor of anatomy at Ensworth Medical College, St. Joseph, Mo., announces that he has willed his bones to the college so that students may study them and profit thereby, and the learned professor says in a clear bell-like voice: "I would rather have my bones in a glass case at the college than to have them in the earth."

Some have thus bequeathed their bones; others a diseased liver, kidneys, stomach or brain, "for the benefit of science." It will be remembered that De Quincey, thinking that some animal gnawed as a dweller in his stomach, stated in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater" that he should dispose of the organ for scientific purposes; but after he died there was not even a post mortem, and it is now agreed that he suffered from the affection of the gastric nerves called gastrodynia, probably with ulceration of the mucous membrane of the stomach, and opium preserved and prolonged his life.

Any man who wishes to have his bones in a glass case must be proud of them. He is sure that they have a certain individuality. While the bones of Robinson may serve him well in life, they are not necessarily of interest to the outside world, even though Robinson be bow-legged or knock-kneed. Sir Thomas Browne argued that "some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes," and he quoted Lysenus as saying that old bones make the best skeletons, while Columbus (not Christopher) preferred the bones of young persons not fat or fat. Unfortunately nothing is reported concerning Dr. Kessler's qualifications for a glass case.

Mr. Bentham Sedet.

If a man wishes his poor body or its frame work to be preserved in the sight of the public, if he is imbued with this posthumous vanity, why does he not follow the example of Jeremy Bentham? This philosopher left his body for dissection and Dr. Smith delivered an oration over it at the School of Anatomy, Webb street, Maze Pond. But after the oration Mr. Bentham's body was ingeniously stuffed and then placed in a hall where he sat, clothed and apparently in his right mind, to welcome visitors. It is my impression that he was in a glass case, free from dust, moths and flies.

This example should appeal to deep thinkers in certain quarters of the West, for Mr. Bentham was of the opinion that although it is better that judges should not be appointed by popular election, the people of their district ought to have the power, after sufficient experience, of removing them from their trust. This opinion was ably combatted by John Stuart Mill in his "Representative Government," although Mill was trained in the school of Bentham.

Interior Decoration.

Persons who are too conscious of the fact that they had fathers and grandfathers should at an early age thus provide for ornamentation of their spacious halls or reception rooms. Grandfather Israel, stuffed, should have the seat of honor. Uncle Amos, Uncle Elihu, and others of the family should be grouped according to their wealth or reputation in the parish. It is not necessary to go back to the Egyptians and their mummies. The embalmed Incas were ranged in opposite files in the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, the men on the right and their queens on the left, clothed in royal attire. The Egyptian mummies smiled in tombs. The dead Incas lorded it in formal splendor. It is easy to think of a family group that would not chill a visitor but at once give him the feeling of being a welcome guest. The atmosphere of the hall would then be "gemuethlich," to borrow the German word that is not easily translated. The Roman "atrium" with busts of ancestors was cold, austere. Nor would family portraits give the effect of the stuffed originals.

Sept 22 1911

TWO NEW THEATRES.

Two new theatres have been opened in Boston with the beginning of the season of 1911-12. One, the National, the name recalls pleasant recollections to the oldest generation in the city—is very large. It will be devoted to the light and varied entertainment now known as vaudeville. This theatre has already been dedicated with pomp, ceremony and the official sanction and encouragement of the mayor. The other, the Plymouth, is agreeably small, well equipped and handsomely furnished, the fitting home of intimate drama and fireside comedy.

The dedication of the Plymouth should be memorable in local history for the company will be the famous Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre

Dublin, with plays by Synge, Lady Gregory and Mr. Murray, plays of a tragic and a comic nature that fairly represent the remarkable modern Irish school of dramatists. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who will deliver an address, has already visited this city and long been honored here as a subtle poet of haunting melody and an essayist of peculiar and Celtic charm.

These two theatres, widely differing in purpose, should contribute each in its way to the pleasure of the inhabitants. It is the purpose of the National to furnish amusement at a most moderate price, and no sociologist today would dispute the value of such entertainment to a city. The Plymouth should appeal to all those who are interested in the modern drama, whatever its nationality may be. Here is a theatre, conveniently situated, admirably planned, which should be the home of plays whose direct force, tragic or comic, would be frittered away in a larger playhouse; a home for household tragedies, plays of everyday life with a mixture of humorous, sad and moving episodes. There is ample room here for the new theatres, nor should the older ones, justly esteemed, suffer in consequence.

The poultry department of the State College of Agriculture, New York, purposes to improve the breeding of fowls so that poultrymen will be able to know the productive value of their hens, "pro- ure offspring from them" and increase the market value and the quality of eggs.

But will the department give rules by which the locality of the egg-farm can be determined? Will the consumer in Ithaca or Buffalo be able by inspection to tell an Ohio egg from one gathered in the Mohawk valley or imported from Vermont? In England not long ago a Lancashire firm was prosecuted and acquitted for selling Russian eggs as Irish. The experts of course varied. One said the eggs were Russian and nearly five weeks old; another said they were second-class Russian; a third said they came from the south of Russia. The experts for the defence insisted that the birthplace of an egg could not be told from external examination. A particularly wise expert declared that when eggs were bad the nationality was indeterminable.

The New York poultry department may yet work wonders. It may yet produce a breed of hens that will lay eggs stamped at birth with the place, date and poultryman's name. Should such eggs be sold by weight or by the dozen?

Strictly Personal.

Can a man who robs on the highway on or by the aid of an automobile be properly called a highwayman? In the good old days of the road, the word highwayman was applied to a robber on horseback, and a footpad was an unmounted robber. The highwayman was supposed by far the more gallant of the two; and he cut a dash in song, fiction, drama, and on the scaffold. He was the delight of the ladies, who often mourned sincerely his final dance in the air. The footpad was a coarse, rude person. What should be the term for a robber rejoicing in his motor-car? The traditional Roman father is a phleless creature with a mutton-tallow voice in comparison with Mr. Abraham Robinson, who organized a baseball club in Philadelphia and played for the sake of exploiting his 11-year-old son as a pitcher. In the third inning young Aaron pitched wildly and not well, for he hit father and broke three of his ribs. And Abraham said unto Aaron: "You have speed, my son, but you will have to get better control." Here is one of Plutarch's men.

The timid should not lie awake nights shuddering at the reported invasion of crinoline. In the fifties a genius obtained a patent for this contrivance: "Improved apparatus for raising and lowering the skirts of ladies' dresses. This consists in the use of a girdle, with cords united at one end in a knot, whilst their other extremities are attached to the garment. By drawing them up by hand at the knot, the dress will be raised to the distance required uniformly all round. The cords are passed over pulleys." Many of us remember the "tilting skirt" once in fashion, and the caricatures and jests occasioned by it, also the flaming protests made in the pulpit by newspaper clergymen.

Here is a sentence from the Pall Mall Gazette that shows the amusing and insular condescension of the Englishman in his more courteous mood. The writer is speaking of American women who have married English noblemen: "It will not be a matter of surprise if during the next 10 years the number of those who will annually return to celebrate Thanksgiving day in the good old New England fashion will include more high-sounding titles than America ever expected to claim for her children again after the great war of independence, the declaration of which they continue to celebrate, although so many of its most prominent offspring have elected to unite themselves again with the fate and fortunes of the old world."

Back to the City.

A few cold, raw, windy days, or a rain storm of a day, and summer cottagers, who had bravely said, "Oh, we shall not go back to the city until the middle of October; you know it is the best time of the year down here," close the cottage, leave the veranda chairs, the children's swing and the milk bottles for the caretaker to dispose of in his infinite carelessness, turn the cat loose—it was in June a borrowed and petted kitten—and rush toward the nearest railway station. They know that the disagreeable weather was only for a couple of days; that they would have been still more uncomfortable in the city. It is not the rain or the cold that drives them away.

When the days shorten, certain men and women find life in the country intolerable. The hour of artificial light is earlier, and what is there to do? They are unused to books. They have read the current magazines. They do not appreciate the wood fire on the hearth. They prefer steam radiators and the thought of escape from the flat, the possibility of seeing a vaudeville show, farce, musical comedy.

Nature is no longer friendly to them, for in their eyes nature is associated with automobile rides (45 to 50 miles an hour), excursions, golf, lawn tennis, bridge whist on the veranda. The quiet of nature, her well-earned rest after the screaming and the din are over, disconcerts them. They find a stoical contempt for their petty pains and pleasures in the look of the stars, that seem unpleasantly large, many and near. The crows insult them from the marsh or wooded knoll. The sea was never so sullen; the mountain never so forbidding.

What to these men and women are purgent odors of autumn, smell and crackle of fire, flickering lights, sough of wind, turning foliage, purifying vigor of the air, peace and comfort of reading by the lamp; or the pleasure of shutting up the house for the night, the last look at earth, sky, mountains or sea before arranging the windows and blowing out the candle? "Maria, I can't stand this any longer. Let's go up day after tomorrow. I want to be where there's something doin'."

Sept 23, 1911

Last Sunday night was made memorable in New York by the admission of women for the first time to Browne's Chop House since it was founded in 1856. This departure from tradition is limited. Women will be allowed only on Sunday nights, and will not be permitted to dine or sup down stairs.

What would the frequenters of Browne's when the chop house was on Fourteenth street have said to the sight of women taking their ease in the inn? The place was quiet, restful in those days, except when the elder Sothern played some noisy practical joke. The ale was served in a toby. The majority of the guests were actors. There was a wholesome old-fashioned air to the place. There was good talk; the food was simple and well cooked; the drinkables would have defied the analytical chemist; 'twas a place to ripen and grow mellow. Even a curious youngster felt the spell.

An All-Engrossing Topic.

In Paris they mourn the disappearance of the Vachette. In London they regret the passing of the Blue Posts in Cork street, nor are they wholly consoled by the reopening of the Star and Garter at Richmond next year. Does any one ask: "What is all this to us in Boston?" One good, old-fashioned hostelry makes the whole world kin. Is there any pleasanter subject of conversation than eating and drinking? In the dullest play let a table be spread and those half asleep in the audience prick up their ears and strain their eyes. Are there more delightful novels than those of the picaresque order? Think of the adventures at inns related in stories by Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Lesage, Scott, Dickens, the elder Dumas, Irving? Does not Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Great Babylon Hotel," a wildly extravagant tale, begin in the huge inn that gives its name to the story with the highly probable incident of an American Croesus buying the hotel so that his daughter may be served with what she had vainly ordered? A much more delightful story than "The Haunted Hotel," by Wilkie Collins, which is almost as creepy and more macabre than Bulwer's "Haunted and the Haunters."

The Vachette was in the Latin quarter, a club cafe rather than an inn, and learned professors could sit there without fear of reproach, as well as students and their girls, and wandering poets, night birds, who like Jean Moreas, the Parisianized Greek, lived in cafés, although it is said he had somewhere a room, possibly for sleeping, or at least for a valise. Villiers de l'Isle Adam was another of these night larks, not owl, but he favored the Clichy quarter.

For Men Only.

Mr. Frank Schloesser, who writes with gusto about inns and food and drink, describes with emotion the Blue Posts, now no more, "where plain, wholesome food was to be had, where 'the demon a la' had no foothold." The dishes were mainly rump steak with shallot, marrow bones, grilled soles, flounders souches (or water zouched, to use the old term), and Blue Posts Blankets, a sort of pancake. The wines were surprisingly good and comparatively cheap. The description of the Blue Posts in "London at Table" (1858) makes the mouth water: "A very snug place during the winter for a party of four in the small private parlor on the ground floor. For fish, a rump steak and boiled beef it cannot be surpassed; the wines are good and the gin punch perfection. The rooms are primitive and characteristic. You have the joints artistically carved in the room by the waiter and not jagged about, 'dog's meat fashion,' by the guests; the port wine is brought up in the 'black bottle,' by which means the due quantity, if not the quality, is supplied."

Literary men favored the Blue Posts and it was there that Blackwood, the publisher, interviewed his London contributors to "Maga." It was always a place for bachelors. "Even to the last ladies were not entertained—and yet (ungallant thought!) we did ourselves exceeding well there." No doubt the landlord and Mr. Schloesser might have said with Sir Thomas Browne after his famous and singularly ungallant remark. "I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex." As the painter said, "women disturb the landscape," so the man that wishes to give his whole mind to his dinner, however simple it may be, and is eager to free himself from responsibility and the care of being more than ordinarily agreeable, welcomes an inn where women are not admitted. What a restful place George Young's was in Boston when it was for men only, and the landlord walked from table to table and satisfied himself that his guest might be satisfied!

Departed Glory.

There were eating houses in Boston that are now sorely missed. More modern restaurants may make a braver display, but there is not the old comfort, the feeling of seclusion, the knowledge of personal attention. Gone is the old oyster house in Essex street, with its curtained boxes. The glory of certain French, Italian, German restaurants departed with the death of the landlords or their going out of business. The high reputation of one English eating house, closed long ago, was on the whole undeserved. Mr. Rutledge Rutherford of Chicago, who goes to and fro in the earth "sampling cookery," says that Boston's cooking has added more to the city's fame than all its literature. This should be consoling, now that Indianapolis is the literary centre. But they say and do wild things out West. Mrs. Helen Kay Collins of Chicago remarked a fortnight ago: "There are few married women here who will not admit that their husbands make spectacles of themselves in carving." Mr. William G. Swenson obtained a divorce in Kansas City because his wife complained of his cooking. "The oatmeal never suited her and the eggs were either too soft or too hard. When some of the other things about the house didn't go to suit her, she threw a lighted lamp at me, a glass fruit jar and a butcher knife." And he became tired of her giving him the choice of weapons, for he knows he is a good cook.

LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE

Narrating the Love Adventures of Nell Gwyn, Marie de Champmesie et Al.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE—A record of theatrical romance by Charles W. Collins. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mr. Collins relates in an agreeable manner the love adventures of Nell Gwyn, Marie de Champmesie, Elizabeth Barry, Anne Bracegirdle, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Peg Woffington, Mme. Favart, "Perdita" Robinson, Mlle. Georges, "Becky" Wells, Mrs. Jordan and Mme. Dorval. Telling these stories he shows a sense of proportion; he is discreet without being prudish; he does not insist on pointing a moral, nor is he unduly sentimental, his reading is shown by indirection; it is not pedantically displayed.

The preface betrays an inclination toward fine writing: thus we find that "the tinselled thrones of player-queens enjoy one prerogative, at least, of actual royalty: they, too, stand within the fierce white light of public attention." And we are told that these on dits, scandals "differ widely in mood"; that each may be "read in a key all its own. In the case of Nell Gwyn, it is glittering venality; in that of Anne Bracegirdle, platonic discretion; in that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, tragic disillusion; in that of Mlle. Georges, hero worship. * * * Each theme has been chosen for its human appeal or its psychological values." But the style of Mr. Collins is generally less strained. It might be said that the word "psychological" is here misplaced; that the word "physiological" might well be substituted.

Nearly all of the stories told by Mr. Collins are familiar to students of the drama and to the general reader, but they are retold pleasantly, and the anecdotes, in which the book abounds, are worth re-reading. Mr. Collins might have made more out of the story of Mlle. Georges, especially since French biographers have recently brought to light much that is new and interesting. Mr. Collins alludes in passing to the caprice of Napoleon for Mlle. Duchesnois, and leaves the reader to infer that there was an "affair" between the two.

The chapter on "Becky" Wells is one of the most entertaining, and Becky is less known to the majority than some of her sisters here commemorated. Her adventures were remarkable and she deserved the title of "The Amazing Miss Wells." Her wedded life with Joseph Sumbel, who had delightfully maniacal tastes and habits, reads like a chapter from "The Arabian Nights." It is a pity that Mr. Collins ended the amusing chapter with this burst of bathos: "Doubtless she passed into the presence of the Great Prompter after pitifully bungling the farce of life." Becky would have been the first to giggle at this bifalutin.

It is pleasant to be reminded again that Nell Gwyn was much more of a woman than the other frail beauties who excited Evelyn's wrath at the court of Charles II. Racine in his treatment of Marie seems to us a bit of a prig in life as in his classic tragedies. Peg Woffington stands higher than Garrick in the story of their relations. He was a thrifty soul; and, as Mr. Collins says, "He could be a very mean little man when he chose, this same great David Garrick." Nor has any one done for Garrick what Charles Reade did for Peg. Again there is sympathy for Dora Jordan, whose blood was of a more royal nature than that of the Duke of Clarence. Again Maurice de Saxe pursues Mme. Favart. Mr. Congreve, the most brilliant writer of comedy in the English language, as far as sparkle and glitter are concerned, seem as heartless as his heroes. And what is to be said of the idealistic Alfred de Vigny's passion for Mme. Dorval, an "earthly creature"?

It is often said that the comedian lives only on the stage, that the actor or actress quickly becomes a legendary character; but these women pictured by Mr. Collins are better known to us than our neighbors in the street. We still are enchanted by their beauty, and moved by their dramatic skill; we share their joys and sorrows, and this without thought of improving moral lessons.

The book contains eight attractive portraits.

Sept 24, 1911

BOSTON'S NEW THEATRE OPENS

Irish Players Give the Inaugural Performance at the Plymouth.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Plymouth Theatre was dedicated last night. The theatre itself, comfortable, decorated in a quiet and artistic manner, and by its size admirably suited to the production of intimate plays, comedies and tragedies of the hearth, has already been fully described in The Herald. The theatre was crowded in every part.

The occasion was memorable by reason of the first appearance in this country of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. The plays chosen from the repertoire of the modern Irish school were J. M. Synge's grim drama in one act, "The Shadow of the Glen"; T. C. Murray's "Birthright," in two acts, and Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey," a comedy in one act.

The casts were as follows:

"THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN."

Dan Burke	Arthur Sinclair
Nora Burke	Sara Allgood
Michael Dara	J. A. O'Rourke
A tramp	J. M. Kerrigan

"BIRTHRIGHT."

Dan Hegarty	J. A. O'Rourke
Maura Morrissey	Eileen O'Doherty
Bat Morrissey	Sydney J. Morgan
Shane Morrissey	J. M. Kerrigan
Hugh Morrissey	Fred O'Donovan

appearing in spotless

"HYACINTH HALVEY

Mrs. DeAne ..... Sara Allgood
James Quirke ..... Arthur Sinclair
Fardy Farrell ..... J. A. O'Rourke
Miss Joyce ..... Eileen O'Doherty
Sergt. Carden ..... Sydney J. Morgan
Hyacinth Halvey ..... Fred O'Donovan

The curtain rose and Mayor Fitzgerald and Mr. William Butler Yeats came upon the stage. Mayor Fitzgerald in a short speech said it was a pleasure for him to welcome Mr. Yeats and the company of players to the city. It had been his privilege to read some of the works of the modern school of Irish authors, and he knew from his reading and from general report the charm and distinction of these writings by men who have resurrected the ancient genius of Ireland and struck a new note in modern poetry. Nor did he think that appreciation of these plays and poems will be confined to Bostonians of Irish blood, for Boston is hospitable to every new manifestation of genius in the arts. He ended by saying that he hoped the theatre would be crowded at every performance.

Mr. Yeats described at some length the origin, growth and the artistic purposes of the Abbey Theatre. He said in substance: "When we started our movement in Ireland 10 years ago it was with the intention of creating a theatre of literature, a theatre of fine arts, and yet a theatre of the people. We were ready to wait for a long time, but we hoped from the very start to get some parts of our audience from every class—from the masses of the people. Our players were amateurs; they worked hard during the day, and came to rehearsal or to perform in the evening to work there harder still. They only became professionals because this double work began to tell upon their health. In order that their entire day should be free from their daily labors, we had to find the money to pay them. The expenses of the earliest performances of all were paid for by the actors themselves, each subscribing some small sum, and Lady Gregory and myself gave some money, and a friend of mine in New York also helped. Later on an English friend, Miss Horniman and some other good friends gave us a subsidy, and Miss Horniman rebuilt an old concert hall and turned it into a theatre and gave us the use of it.

"But now we are paying our way, and we own our own theatre. We have succeeded because we have based our art on the life of Ireland. When an actor comes to us we say to him: 'If you have a strong accent, found your expression upon it. You must study it, you must listen to it in other people. If you have local knowledge, if you have grown up in some little town, or village, where you have observed many marked characters, that knowledge is precisely what will make you valuable to us.' If this player were to go to another theatre where all the drama is the drama of the drawing room, he would have to forget this accent, all that local knowledge. In the same way we find our dramatists round about us in Ireland, and we tell them not to think of the plays they had seen upon the stage.

"We have even sent a circular to our dramatists asking them as far as possible to avoid the love interest, because the constant treatment of that subject on the modern stage will make their minds conventional, as they approach it; instead they must think of the life they have grown up amongst—of what they have observed and felt in childhood and youth—and no impression of later life would ever be so vivid. This new material will, we tell them, help to new form and new style, for fine form is more often than not the result of the shock of new material, which wakens all the faculties into the most intense life. We are getting great numbers of plays descriptive of the life and of the mind of Ireland in many forms and many classes—not indeed photographic descriptions, for the mind must play with everything and transform it.

"I thing we are going on to greater success; that is to say, I think our theatre is going to be a permanent part of the life of Ireland. We have produced no play that is not aimed at being literature in some sense, and yet I have known two bartenders resign their jobs because our bills had been taken out of the windows. This was after certain riots over a play which had made us many enemies. Yet we are not mere caterers for public amusement. We have never withdrawn a play permanently because it was disliked, if we, ourselves, thought it was good, and we have seen not a few unpopular plays become popular. Even "The Playboy of the Western World," over which Dublin rioted for a week, is now played constantly and to good houses.

"An old Tory uncle of mine used to say: 'Everything that comes to Ireland becomes reality. When gambling came to Ireland, in the 18th century, Ireland took to it with a passion unknown elsewhere, and when sanctity came to Ireland, in the seventh century, we had as many saints as we have justices of the peace today.' Perhaps now that the theatre has come to Ireland we shall bring that back again to the realities that it had in the great days of the theatre in Spain and France, and in the days of Elizabeth."

The program was varied. Synge's "Shadow of the Glen" might be characterized as a tragedy-comedy, with the comic element, grim, Macabre. The story of "Birthright" is simple and intense; a story of a fatal misunderstanding between father and elder son, men of two widely differing generations, with the pathetic figure of the mother siding with the first born, a lively fellow, a bit of a scholar, a hero in sports the country round. The younger son is about to emigrate to America, and what will the father do without the boy after his own heart, his mainstay on the farm, his pride because he sees himself in the lad. Wild with anger at the first born, the father insists that he shall be the one to embark. Then there are words between the brothers, bitter taunts, blows, and in hot blood the younger slays the first born.

Lady Gregory's delightful comedy of the lad who is o'erburdened by weight of certificates of good character and coming to a village wishes to rid himself of this load, boasting that he is not so harmless as report would make him out to be, is known to many readers. He steals a dead sheep, and the butcher thus escapes from the charge of selling tainted meat. He robs a church—to be sure it is only a Protestant one—and the people say he is a saint for confessing to the crime, does he not thus take the sin of the telegraph boy upon his soul? In spite of what he can do, Hyacinth remains a saint.

These plays were acted with a simplicity, a sincerity, a regard for the effect of the ensemble and a desire to serve the dramatist, that are rarely found on the stage today. These actors remind one of the best traditions of the French school.

The tragedies are remarkable in themselves. The shadow of the glen rests on Nora, and the opening of Synge's drama is peculiar in its fantastic horror. The supposed corpse covered with a sheet; the uneasiness of Nora, the wife; the entrance of the tramp and the talk by the bed; the strange mingling of familiar speech and poetic thought; the reticence and the suggestion; the trick of the husband to trap his wife; his bitterness, her revolt and his putting her out on the road; the dialogue in which with the utmost naturalness each character is revealed—these would give Synge a commanding position among dramatists were "The Shadow of the Glen" his only play. What could the husband or Michael, Nora's sheepish lover, make of a woman who speaks of "sitting looking out from a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain"? But the tramp understood her, for he too had seen unearthly sights in lonely places, and his soul was akin to hers. They left together. "The rain is falling, but the air is kind and maybe it'll be a grand morning by the grace of God." And the irony of the end, when Michael raises his glass and says: "God reward you, Daniel Burke, and may you have a long life, and a quiet life, and good health with it!"

The first act of Mr. Murray's tragedy would gain if the dialogue were shortened. It is natural, sincere, but there is too much of it and were it not for the art of the actors the interest would flag. The second act is contrived and expressed in a masterly manner. The drawing of character is sharp, and from the beginning there is the suspicion of an inevitably tragic ending

I have spoken of the uncommon excellence of the ensemble. It might therefore be deemed invidious as it would be difficult to point out the distinguishing qualities of this or that actor or actress. Nevertheless the quietly tragic performance of Miss Allgood as Nora will haunt the memory. Mr. Kerrigan played the part of the tramp with a fine sense of lawlessness, the poetic feeling found so often in vagabondage, and the superstitious fear that comes from the close knowledge of solitary places. Miss O'Doherty's old mother in "Birthright" is one of the most pathetic figures known to the stage. She played the part with a delicacy and a sensitiveness that are seldom seen. But each one of the company deserves thoughtful consideration and warm praise.

Mr. Yeats has spoken of the education of the audience in Dublin. He must have thought last night that there was a crying need of education here; for there were some who evidently anticipated roaring farces of the Irish school as impersonated by boisterous and clownish players. The guffaws of these persons disturbed some of the most tragic scenes and the most moving dialogue, nor did the hissing of many thus righteously vexed check the incongruous and foolish merriment.

A Writer with a Grievance

The Herald has received a letter from "C. D. I." inclosing a letter with reference to talking in the theatre which was published in the New York Tribune. The correspondent of the Tribune called on the editor to aid in a movement to compel by force of public sentiment, all persons in the audience at serious dramatic performances to remain silent while the curtain is up. "What man can enjoy even 'The Twelve-Pound Look' or the second act of 'The Concert' with inane chattering or whispering going on behind him? (And, by the way, did you personally ever hear any one who talked or whispered while the curtain was up say anything worthy of the attention of man, defined as a reasoning animal?)

"I do not think I am a 'grouch' or of an over-nervous temperament, or of the prim and severe habit of the extinct type of Puritan. But my very ego—myself, does revolt at being obliged to take my Shakespeare, or Ibsen, or Thomas, or Shaw, or Barrie diluted by drivel from before, behind and at the sides.

"And—I should not be writing this otherwise—it can be stopped.

"Individuals can—as I have proved—stop it in their vicinity by making the offenders against decency realize the measure of their offending. But this always involves a highly unpleasant task of rebuke and the exercise of a militant protection of one's rights distasteful to any man or woman. And no individual ought to be obliged to protect himself in this way. The management of the theatre ought to see that no patron is annoyed by the gabble of his neighbors. This could be done as easily and effectively by the ushers, as exactly the same thing is done in every state and federal courtroom by the court attendants.

"But, better yet, it can be done by the units of the audience—if they are properly instructed. And the press can instruct them. If all the leading papers will hammer away on the gross and inexcusable rudeness and discourtesy of talk or whispering while the curtain is up, the evil will soon be abated."

Chattering in Boston Theatres

"C. D. I." writes to The Herald: "I have been so annoyed by people talking at the theatre and concerts that I confess I have become a 'grouch' on the subject. If a person under the influence of liquor caused a disturbance in the theatre and prevented others from enjoying their rights to enjoy the play, such an individual would be ejected by the management without hesitation. Why should not people who are sober and still rob others of their rights, be ejected with all the more reason? I should like to see you start a campaign in this direction among the newspaper men here in Boston. There are many long-suffering people who would join in the crusade, if there were suitable leadership and concerted effort. The Boston theatres have effectually abated the big hat annoyance by printing in heavy type a suitable notice on their program. Why not take some similar steps toward the equally annoying chatterers?"

What Should Be Done with Them?

We have all suffered from this nuisance. There is the neighbor who has a formidable memory. As soon as an actor makes his entrance he bursts out: "Yes, yes; I remember him first in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' He played the part of Legree. Let's see—that must have been in 18-steenty-steent. Then he came to Boston the next season in ——" And so on with a fine sense of biographical detail that would do honor to the compiler of "Who's Who on the Stage."

There are other amiable but disturbing maniacs, enthusiasts in recollection or comparison. There are men and women who, bored by the play, divert themselves with conversation on topics of the day, or [illegible] concerning persons identified in the audience.

Theatre parties are often a great nuisance, especially when they are composed of our "best people." They come into the theatre late; they are a long time in seating themselves; they question and giggle until they pick up the thread of the story on the stage.

Many were disturbed the opening night of Pinero's "Mid-Channel" by a small theatre party. It is a pleasure to add that this party was made up of strangers. Their neighbors soon learned without straining of ears that the visitors were from New York. The talk ran something like this: "I don't see anything amusing in this play. I haven't laughed yet. Why in the world did Miss Barrymore choose such a play? My! hasn't she grown stout! Losing her lines, isn't she? Why doesn't she do something? She isn't a bit lively in the part. I'd never have known her. I wish we had gone to that musical comedy; they say it's a hummer." Undisguised yawns. "Well, this play's the [illegible] thing. No limit. When I go to the theatre I want to laugh." And so on, and so on, till the final curtain fell.

This party of well dressed and highly respectable men and women were wholly unappreciative of Pinero's bitter satire, nor were they able to recognize the fact that Miss Barrymore was acting with a finesse, a strength, a sincerity that she had never displayed before.

And is there a remedy against these chatterers, who are found in every theatre, whatever the play may be? No one wishes to have a war of words, to increase the disturbance. The chatterer is regardless of disapproving stares. Newspaper articles would have little influence. It would seem that the better way would be to call the attention of the manager to the offenders. Ushers might then be instructed to speak to the spectators enamored of their own voice.

Some Personal Notes

Leoncavallo has been in London looking after the condensed version of "Pagliacci" at the Hippodrome. He talked amiably with the reporters and said pleasant things about London. He admitted that he found the performances at Bayreuth dull. His gentle gibes reminded one of the reporters of "an amusing trait" of Gabriel d'Annunzio. "Some years ago d'Annunzio was on a visit to Munich, and for some reason or other took a violent dislike to the place. He never tired of descanting to the disgusted Bavarians on the drawbacks attached to living in their capital. This they endeavored to bear with equanimity. What cut them to the quick, however, was the fact that whenever he entered a beerhouse he called loudly for English pale ale. As Munich beer is held by most Germans to be the very nectar of drinks, this slighting of its charms was deeply resented."

Mr. E. C. Hedmondt, who sang here in opera some 20 years ago, is still with the Carl Rosa opera company. He took the part of Don Jose in London. "While his voice is not what it was, his art is so skilful that he makes the Flower Song remarkably convincing; the restrained fervor of his highly experienced method caused this moment in the action to ring unusually true." The Herald spoke last Sunday of Miss Helene Stylianides, a Greek singer, now with this company. She took the part of Carmen. "She has real dramatic ability, but, like many other Carmens, frequently forgets to sing smoothly and accurately. Bizet's music will not stand the forced treatment; it makes its effect largely through its finished outlines and subtle rhythms, and when these are broken the charm is lost."

Miss Anna Pavlowa was asked by a reporter of the Referee in London whether she wished to say anything about Mr. Mordkin. "No," she replied; "silence is best. Let him talk if he wishes. Silence for me. It is more dignified. Is it not silly, is it not wrong that two artists whose work it is to express the Joy of Life should quarrel—should let the public see that they quarrel? What must the public think at such break-up of joyeusete? No, I say no more." But she did find time to pat her new male dancer, Mr. Novikoff, on the head. "He is already a great success. He will yet be more so. He is so young yet—22 only. So young, yet so earnest, so interesting." Meanwhile New Yorkers are complaining because neither Miss Pavlowa nor Vaslav Nijinsky nor Thamara Karsavina will be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House "in spite of positive announcements to that effect covering a period of about two years."

The centenary of the birth of Theophile Gautier brings with it the remembrance of some of his epigrams. He said of Ponsard: "His was the jawbone of an ass which they used when they wanted to smite Hugo." Of Taglioni, the dancer: "Her art was chaste. She seemed to be praying with her legs."

The Daily Telegraph said of Miss Ruth Faith, who appeared at the Tivoli, London: "Although Miss Faith hails from across the Atlantic, it is pleasant to find she has none of the self-assertiveness which is so common an attribute of the variety artist over there. She does not claim, she says, to be the 'limit' in vaudeville." Does the Telegraph clearly understand the meaning of "limit" in the slang of this country?

The London Times said that Miss Nella Webb of the United States suffered at the Empire from poor material. "Not even Miss Marie Lloyd or Miss Ada Reeve could give much point to * * * 'would you mind if——' and 'Don't you mind it, Honey.' With 'The Conversation of a Chorus Girl' she came to something with a glimmering of meaning in it, and the improvement in her style was immediate." The Times was delighted with the Great Aerial Smiths, also from the United States and at the Empire. "They do their amazing feats on the trapeze so quickly that one has hardly time to enjoy what is perhaps the greatest attraction of trapeze artists, their grace. But there is no fumbling, no misdirected or wasted energy, and the performance is one of the best we have seen."

Miss Evelyn Parnell, formerly of the Boston Opera House, has been singing in "La Travlata" at Montreux. She is engaged for the winter in Italy.

George Bernard Shaw has had the honor of being one of the Men of the Day in Vanity Fair. The cartoon, by Aleck P. F. Ritchie, is noteworthy for its Supermanly wing and a complexion which implies a recent course of the nitrate of silver treatment. It is certainly most diabolically clever, as befits its subject. Apropos thereof Jehu Junior writes: "He is clever, no doubt of it; but perhaps not so clever as the world thinks he is, and certainly not so clever as he thinks he is."

He was a high-class "producer," and he had just been engaged to produce a new musical play. Enter to him an applicant for an important serious part. "And who is your comedian?" asked the applicant. "Comedian," responded the high-class producer. "We have no comedian. This is a musical comedy."—The Referee.

George Henschel conducted a promenade concert in London Sept. 5, as Sir Henry Wood was busied with a Norwich festival rehearsal. Mr. Henschel is now in his 62d year, but he still sings in public and is always willing to conduct an orchestra.

Chamber concerts will be given in London early next month by Messrs. Kreisler, Casals and Bauer, a trio worth hearing.

Franz von Vecsey, who fiddled in Boston as a boy prodigy, is in Buenos Ayres, where he was engaged for 17 concerts. He will play in London early next year.

Mme. Clara Butt and her husband, Mr. Rumford, have sailed for an extended tour in South Africa.

"The Great Name" a Success

"The Great Name," translated by Charles Hawtrey from "Der Grosse Name," a play by Victor Leon and Leo Feld, was eminently successful when it was produced Sept. 17 at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. The Pall Mall Gazette describes the drama as an extraordinarily fine mixture of satire, sincerity and farce, "rising in the second act to a dramatic effect as brilliant and at the same time as absolutely sincere as any we recall in modern comedy."

The story is of two musicians, Harcourt and Brand, who had been fellow-students 20 years before and in love with the same girl. Brand married her and remained true to his ideals, "poor, neglected, sensitive, industrious, proud, and a genius." Harcourt, a man of mediocre talent, has written musical comedies with eartickling waltzes and become rich and famous. A poor musician calling himself Brandenburg, with a wife and two children, gets an engagement as conductor of Harcourt's latest success, a masterpiece of vulgarity. Harcourt finds out that Brandenburg is his old friend Brand and decides to help him. Brand has written an "Orestes" symphony, but as he is unknown no publisher will look at it. Harcourt proposes to offer it to an impresario as written by himself, "just for the first performance; we'll announce the real composer's name immediately afterwards." "The proud, poverty-stricken genius is asked to sacrifice his own pride and sanction the deception. It is at this point that the play reaches the height to which we have referred, and it comes in the genius's reply to the appeal. Remembering the pleasure we received from it last night, we are not going to spoil the pleasure of a single playgoer by revealing it here. All we shall say is that Harcourt has the satisfaction in the end of seeing Brand already a famous man and on the road to becoming a rich one."

Among the minor parts, no less real, are a music critic, a blatant and ignorant music publisher "who treats Brand as though he were dirt until Harcourt secures the success of his symphony, and then proceeds to grovel to him"; and a charming young man of letters who persuades Harcourt to his benevolent course. Mr. Hawtrey took the part of Harcourt and Mr. James Hearn that of Brand. "A word of praise is due to the unmentioned composer of the Harcourtian waltz that plays so comic a part in the second act, and the excerpts thunder and moan their way across the footlights in the third."

Random Musical Notes

Balfour Gardiner's "Shepherd Fennel's Dance" was played at a promenade concert, London, for the first time Sept. 6. "So well was the work received that a repetition became necessary. This success was justified in several ways; brevity, conciseness, real effectiveness and a healthy vigor are one and all very valuable qualities. The dance possesses these, and they go far to outweigh the somewhat unsatisfactory impression created by the tameness of the principal rhythm, and in the middle section a rather cloying sentiment of expression. It should be explained that the dance illustrates an episode in Thomas Hardy's story, 'The Three Strangers,' and is, in fact, a good representation of the unrestrained enthusiasm of dancers and musicians at the christening party given by Shepherd Fennel and his wife. Mr. Gardiner scores well, but a special word of praise is due for the fact that the piece is exactly of the right length, and is, moreover, well balanced. It is owing to this probably that the intended expression of high spirits has been so well caught." Thus the Pall Mall Gazette.

Three small pieces for oboe and orchestra by Hamilton Harty were played for the first time (Henri de Busscher, oboist) at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 7. They are described as agreeable. The first piece has eastern coloring; the second, a song-like movement, lacks character; the finale, "A la Campagne," is bright and lively.

George Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody, which has been heard in Boston, pleased when it was performed for the first time in London at a promenade concert Aug. 29.

Some figures published in connection with the revenue of the Society of German Composers, which protects the rights of its members, are interesting. Last year, it appears, the society's total receipts were £16,545, as compared with £13,440 during 1909. Of the sum stated 82.74 per cent. went into the pockets of the composers, librettists, etc. Since 1904 £60,250 has been collected in this way, of which total £42,890 was paid over to the members of the society. All told, the works thus protected represent the industry and enterprise of 429 composers and text-writers and 84 publishers.—The Daily Telegraph, London.

The Herald recently spoke of an Italian pianist, Miss Tina di Roma, who played successfully at the Hippodrome, London. The Times said of her: "In one of his stories Theophile Gautier likens the music of two young sisters to an embroidery of pearls. The piano playing of Signorina Tina di Roma is like an embroidery of cut steel beads. It glitters; it is brilliant; it is sharp. Last night she did not play music by great composers, but she played something that was extraordinarily effective in its surroundings, and played it precisely in the style demanded. To brilliance of execution Signorina di Roma adds great personal beauty, and some movements of the arms which we feared had gone out with the harp."

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Some correspondents addressing friends in care of London bankers still write from force of habit, "Bishopsgate Within"; but Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without have for some time been incorporated as Bishopsgate, and houses were renumbered accordingly, in spite of objecting inhabitants. The sentimentalist regrets such changes. The London thoroughfare "Bells Buildings" is now "St. Bride's Passage," and the name has an obvious meaning, while the former one excited pleasurable curiosity. Readers of Thackeray remember that in his novels and sketches many checks were drawn on the old firm of Pump, Aldgate & Co. The proposition to give the name of Aldgate to the whole of the thoroughfare between Fenchurch street and Whitechapel was vetoed.

The old, cumbrous direction to bankers will be missed. It was a delight in years gone by to address a firm in "Founders Court, Lothbury, London, etc." Here again curiosity was aroused; there was the thought of old-fashioned respectability and conservatism. Were not these bankers, as we call them, once known in "the city" as "merchants"?

For Eight Hours.

While Mr. Edison says in his infinite wisdom that we all waste much valuable time in sleep, and eight hours of sleep are injurious to the body and the mind, a London physician tells Mr. George R. Sims—and Mr. Sims assures us that this physician is famous—that the present division of the day reduces "the hours of efficiency in the ordinary healthy man to five; and for this reason: The process of digestion keeps a man from being at his best for at least three hours out of the eight devoted to work. This famous physician—evidently a first cousin to the "well known gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned"—believes that in a thousand years the stomach of a human being will not be much larger than an egg cup and the amount of necessary sustenance will be condensed to the size of an ordinary pill. Will men and women then exult in the joy of living? Better Gargantuan feasts and the suppers of the Regency! Looking forward to such internal clockwork and dinners from a pill box, we may all sing with the utmost cheerfulness the old song that excited the admiration of Messrs. Swinburne and Henley and shout lustily of ourselves as the old roisterers shouted of the girl that was then the toast of the season, we'll be "damnably mouldy a hundred years hence."

A Shinbone Remedy.

We should listen more respectfully to the "famous physician" if he would give a sure remedy against sleeplessness; for thousands without regard to state of conscience know too well the sinister meaning of "night watches"; a remedy without the effects of dope. Mr. Herkimer Johnson sent the following note to a maiden aunt, who has been an insomniac for 30 years and urged her to test the value of the prescription.

"Ruthenian burglars remove the marrow from a human shinbone, pour tallow into it, and having kindled the tallow, march thrice round the house with this candle burning, which causes the inmates to sleep a deathlike sleep." He added: "I think Caleb, your hired man, would be willing to do this for you, provided it were not raining. Or Bridget might sit by your bed and point the Hand of Glory at you, the dried and pickled hand of a man who has been hanged."

How to Prolong Life.

A speaker at a sanitary congress, held recently, maintained that the health of the community would be bettered if every one were to stay 24 hours in bed once a week. A physician in Boston spends a day in bed once a month and swears that he gains thereby. Why should we not follow the example of the two sisters of Brillat-Savarin? They dwelt in a country house which he visited in September and October. While he was with them they lived a normal life. They remained in bed for 10 months of the year. Thus was life stretched out for them and each one was nearly 100 years old when she died. One died at 99 as she was eating dinner, and her last words were "Hurry up with the dessert!" A good ending and a brave farewell that should always be included in anthologies of death-bed sayings, speeches that great men made, might have made or should have made.

Physicians advise the man who passes the 50th milestone to lie down for at least 15 minutes after his luncheon or mid-day dinner in order to rest his heart. Employers should provide for the health of their men in factory, office, store. Cots, lounges or at least thick rugs should be provided. The Germans and southern Europeans are more sensible than we are. They take a much longer nooning.

Stubbes, His Wisdom.

This is the season when Philip Stubbes's "Anatomie of Abuses" should be used as a textbook in English literature at our universities and high schools. Stubbes had something to say about football: "A bloodie aud murthering practice; for doth not every one lye in waite for his adversaurie, seeking to overthrowe him and to picke him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones? In ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or what place souever it be, he careth not, so he have him down. * * * And hereof groweth euie, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, emitie and what not els; and sometimes brawling, contention, quarrel-picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood as experience teacheth."

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What has become of the league to prevent smoking tobacco in public places? The secretary in the first of his zealous tracts might recall the fact that in the early part of the 19th century a Prussian law prohibited the smoking of cigars in the streets. There were lively protests, and this concession was made: Cigars were allowed in the streets provided they were fitted with wire protectors, which were thought to be a precaution against fire. This restriction was afterward removed, but until 1848 if a smoker had a cigar in his mouth when he passed a sentry, he was liable to arrest. It should be remembered, however, that the ordinary German cigar has for years been celebrated for its vileness.

"J. B. C." writes to The Herald: "I am surprised that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, according to his own report, has been disturbed in his sociological researches by mosquitoes of a tiny size. Let me recommend to him the example of Cardinal Bellarmine, who used to permit vermin to bite him, if he did not encourage them, saying: 'We shall have heaven to reward us for our sufferings, but these poor creatures have nothing but the enjoyment of this present life.'"

Personal Notes.

The Neue Zeitschrift fuer Musik of Aug. 31 published this astonishing news: "Boston. Operas by Wagner will be performed in the coming season for the first time in the city."

The New York Sun, chronicling the movements of opera singers, contributed this note of interest to students of polyandry: "Adams Didur and William Hinshaw, who last spring married Miss Mabel Clyde, will be passengers on the Kronprinz Wilhelm."

Adrian H. Joline, in his "Edgehill Essays," alludes to his copy of George Bancroft's poems, "an indiscretion which the historian repented of and endeavored to suppress." Mr. Joline quotes these lines:

With my own hands 'twas sweet to climb the crag,
Upborne and nourished by the mountain air,
While the lean mules would far behind me lag,
The fainting sons of indolence that bear.

Mr. Joline thinks that this stanza can hardly be surpassed in the records of literature. He should see the sacred poems of William Allen, a man of indisputable parts and the father of a distinguished son. The elder Allen's volume of these poems was suppressed, but there are still dwellers in Northampton that remember the beginning of one of the hymns:

The Lord is like a kangaroo
And like the roaring buffalo.

Mushrooms for the Table.

The list of deaths from eating poisonous fungi this month is a long one, but lovers of mushrooms should not be alarmed and deterred. There is always the sustaining wisdom of the ancients. Discorides, a keen observer, warned his readers against deleterious mushrooms, "such as grow near rusty nails or putrid rags of cloth, or near the lodging place of reptiles or by trees which have bad fruits." If wild pears or their leaves be boiled and eaten with poisonous mushrooms the suffocating quality of the latter will be taken away. The naturally injurious varieties can be swallowed without fear provided the eater drink freely of a mixture into which copperas, vinegar, radish and mustard enter.

A Fascinating Woman.

"Inquirer" writes to The Herald: "Apropos of your mention of Adah Isaacs Menken, I should like to inquire as to what her maiden name was. Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography says that it was Dolores Adios Fuertes, but G. Lippard Barclay's 'Life and Remarkable Career of Adah Isaacs Menken' says that her father was James McCord, a merchant of eminent standing."

The stories about this fascinating woman were conflicting even before her death in Paris in 1868. Col. T. Allston Brown says in his history of the New York stage that her name was Adelaide McCord, and the majority of biographers are in agreement, although one or two say that her Christian name was Ada. Her father, a merchant, died poor, when she was a child. She was not a Jewess, but when she married Alexander Isaacs Menken in 1856 she publicly embraced Judaism. Some say that she was born in New Orleans; others name Memphis. The Jewish Encyclopedia, an admirable work distinguished for its accuracy, gives Milneburg, La., as her birthplace. To quote from the piece in the old reading-book: "It matters little what immediate spot was the birthplace of so great a man as Washington." The Jewish Encyclopedia also gives "Ada" and not "Adah," although as actress and poet she preferred the latter spelling. She married John C. Heenan in 1859; Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") in 1861 and James Barclay (sometimes spelled Barklay) in 1865. Fortunate are those who remember her beauty! Thrice fortunate are those who knew her!

That Leviathan.

"F. M. A." writes: "Your Washington correspondent in the course of a series of articles from Chicago incidentally refers to skyscrapers as 'leviathan' structures. Having been accustomed to interpret that term as referring to a monster of the deep, I referred to Webster's and found that Dr. Samuel Johnson was termed 'leviathan of literature.' Can a skyscraper be a leviathan?"

It is true that leviathan is commonly recognized as an aquatic monster. "There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein." And the Lord asked Job: "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?" As children, we were taught that leviathan was a whale, not a kraken, not the great sea squid. According to a midrash the leviathan was created on the fifth day. His home is the Mediterranean, and his body, especially his eye, possesses great illuminating power. From his hide the Lord will make tents for the pious of the first rank. Leviathan, the monster ox behemoth and the huge bird ziz will be served at the great banquet of the faithful to the dismay of confirmed vegetarians.

But leviathan has other meanings derived from the wonder of our childhood. It may mean a ship of great size; a man of vast and formidable power or enormous wealth—thus Burke called the Duke of Bedford "the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown," the commonwealth. See Hobbes's famous book. Satan has thus been characterized. Anything huge, monstrous may properly be described as a leviathan. The Herald's Washington correspondent used the word pertinently.

appearing in spotless

COHAN COMEDY AT THE PARK

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE — "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," a comedy in four acts by George M. Cohan from George Randolph Chester's stories. [illegible] Bristol Pro-[illegible] at [illegible]ford, Ct. Sept. [illegible] 1910.

[illegible] Russell P[illegible]
[illegible] Marlowe
[illegible] Ring
[illegible]
[illegible] Pratt
[illegible]
[illegible] Ernest Fern
[illegible] Mary Murphy
Mrs [illegible] Taylor
[illegible]
[illegible] B[illegible]
[illegible] William H. B[illegible]
[illegible] Joseph Lee
[illegible] Daniel Gold
J. Rufus Wallingford .... Hale Hamilton
[illegible] Lampton
[illegible] George K. Henery
[illegible] Battles .... Horace James
[illegible] Quig .... Dan [illegible] Sullivan
[illegible] Fletcher Harvey
Tim Donahue .... Spencer Charters

Mr. Cohan dignified his farce by entitling it a comedy, but a farce it is, and it is acted in the familiar prestissimo manner of his musical comedies. It is a farce with a sentimental streak and a [illegible] moral ending, a variation on the old theme 'It pays to be good.'

It is often said that when a play is based on a novel or short story that the original should be forgotten by an audience; that the situations and characters exist only for the purposes of the dramatist and live only on the stage. But Wallingford is so sharply characterized by Mr. Chester and his face and figure are so well known to thousands that comparison between the promoter created by the story-teller and the promoter conceived by the dramatist and personified by Mr. Hamilton is inevitable. The stage Wallingford is Mr. Chester's Wallingford only in name. He is a good-natured, turbulent fellow, amusing except when he is sentimentally inclined. After his conversion, which is as sudden as that of Saul of Tarsus, he ceases to be interesting.

Seeing Wallingford on the stage, we miss the plausibility, the oiliness, the impressive deportment, the oratorical manner of the original. Nevertheless, in each instance the sympathy of the audience is with the scoundrel, and in the stories Wallingford is never so heroic as in time of adversity. This sympathy is not merely that which comes from the admiration for a 'dreffel smart man" and often makes popular idols of unscrupulous politicians and other men of business; it comes from the complacency with which we view the credulity and greed of other men. The delight in Wallingford's success in his confidence games is a tribute to our own shrewdness and superiority.

Mr. Cohan's Wallingford, starting with the intention of buncoing the people of Battlesburg, builds up the prosperity of the town. Wishing to swindle the inhabitants, he gains wealth by legitimate means. His invention of a [illegible]-covered tack, which he had no idea of putting on the market, turns out to be a bonanza. The street railway which he had no thought of building brings him a half-million. No wonder that he believes at the last that honesty is the best policy. His cup of happiness is full. For the town grows rich, every workman has his own house; he controls the tack industry of the country; there is a millionaires' club with 40 members; he marries the stenographer, who at first rejected his advances and told him to his face that he was a crook, and at the end of the piece we are assured that he is the father of twins. In comparison with all this, what are the garish joys of Broadway or the pleasure in swindling a "boob" or a dozen of them?

The farce has many amusing moments. There are grotesque characters who are so extravagantly treated that they become caricatures. Nor as a rule do the members of the company attempt to give reality to the men and women they impersonate, the landlord and the servant in the hotel, the village magnates, the pompous president of the [illegible] Valley Line.

Mr. Hamilton played the part of Mr. Cohan's Wallingford in a breezy, good-natured, flamboyant manner and acted the sentimental episodes discreetly. Mr. [illegible] gave reality to the part of Daw. Mr. Charters was excellent in the part of Donahue, the Pinkerton "bull," and the scene between him and the ex-crooks is perhaps the best in comedy vein to be found in the play. Miss Ring was not unduly sentimental as the stenographer. She acted simply and gracefully and made the most of an inherently weak part. Furthermore she kept a straight face while delivering her lines about the blessings of virtuous conduct and thanking Wallingford for his kindness toward [illegible] m-m-mother

The other members of the company were frankly farcical, no doubt in pursuance of Mr. Cohan's instructions, although Mr. Mitchell played the part of Lamb with quiet effectiveness. The performance was pitched in the boisterous key that is so dear to Mr. Cohan. There was the rushing up and down the stage, there was the shouting; there was in a word the familiar Cohanesque action.

A large audience laughed heartily and continuously.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Louis Mann in "Elevating a Husband," a new dramatic comedy in four acts, by Clara Lipman and Samuel Shipman. First performance in Boston.

Herbert Duncan ....Douglas J. Wood
Frank Forsythe ....John E. Kelly
Prof. Topfer ....Charles Halton
Florence Elwood ....Jessie Carter
Letty.. ....Emily Ann Wellman
Mrs. Sample ......Mrs. Marion Holcombe
Mrs Kate Murray ... ...Marie Howe
Prof. Benson ... .Homer Hunt
Prof Cox .... Edward F. Horton
Henry ...... Sterling H. Cheseldine
Alice. .... Kitty Edwards
Bessie ....Katherine Kelly
Charles Sample ....Mr. Mann

"Elevating a Husband" is called a "dramatic comedy" but there are moments, as in the direful ending of the third act, when the play approaches very closely to tragedy. The piece is cleverly written, the characters are excellently drawn, the situations are not preposterous but vividly realistic, and throughout the performance the interest of the audience is undividedly maintained.

To those who have been enforced dwellers in boarding houses, who have shared that dismal privilege, usually included with meals, the "use of the parlor," and to those who have been the victims of the petty tyranny, endless bickerings and incessant selfishness of the inmates in such an establishment, the scene of the first act will bring back gloomy memories. Mrs. Murray's boarders are assembled in the common parlor, severally clamorous for the luxury to be derived from reclining upon the only existing lounge. The types represented are the familiar ones. The German professor, the would-be novelist, the professional loafer, the newspaper woman, the frail and struggling piano teacher with vague ideas of culture.

Charles Sample is also of the household. He is a self-made man of business, young and ambitious. He has started three flourishing "nickel stores" and he is bent upon success. He is primitive, his speech is slovenly, but he has ideals. He is a devoted son, and with his lovable disposition and fine qualities he wins the love of Letty, who will be no longer condemned to the drudgery of piano lessons. Herbert Duncan, the loafer, is hurdened with much superfluous culture, but few principles. He, too, loves Letty, but she will have none of him. Sample out of kindness makes him general manager of his store.

Act II. takes place in the Samples's home. Fortune has been kind. The walls and hung with reproductions of old masters, it is a sumptuous dwelling, and Letty's ideas of culture have been given free rein. She keeps open house for whiskered professors, long-haired musicians and discusses marriage, free love and Schopenhauer with easy freedom. But hers is the tragedy of the mismated. Sample's boisterous ways amuse the servants. He shames Letty before her guests, while Herbert's mentality awakens only a sympathetic response from her nature.

But besides being the amiable exponent for the "free-love" theory, Herbert is a swindler, a thief, a cad. He has used Sample's money for speculations, he has even used money loaned him by Letty for the same purpose. He ruins Sample's business and he is discovered. Sample, wild with rage, orders Letty from his house.

The boarders are again at Mrs. Murray's. Letty, left alone, has resumed teaching. Sample returns from months of retirement. He has studied. His pockets are no longer filled with account books, but with dictionaries and guide books. But he remains at heart unchanged. There are the usual explanations and ensuing reconciliation.

Mr. Mann's portrayal of Sample deserved the highest praise. He showed him as filled with the joy of living and of making other people happy.

There were many irresistibly human touches in scenes with his mother, while his display of forbearance and tenderness for Letty were equally touching and the expression of his emotions is always sincere, his sentiment is always real, never forced. He was as a child, not understanding and crestfallen when his efforts to master the violin in the hope of pleasing Letty and as a surprise, were met with cold rebuke and disapproval. But he was a child no longer when newly awakened to the treachery of his friend, the supposed perfidy of Letty, he faced the chaos which had been wrought about him, and as a madman hurled imprecations alike at Herbert, Letty and his frightened guests.

Miss Wellman was excellent as Letty. Her adorable coquetry at first, her gradual submission to what she conceived to be life's highest aims, her unswerving loyalty to Sample, in spite of his obnoxious ways, all these were admirably depicted. She was not unduly hysterical at unquestionably difficult moments when she might easily have become so, and she played with a nervous intensity which was yet never without the sense of a reserve behind it.

The supporting company was severally adequate, among the best work being Mr. Halton's performance of Professor Topfer and Mrs. Holcombe's playing of Mrs. Murray.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company in "Why Smith Left Home," a farce in three acts, by George Broadhurst.

John Smith ....John Craig
Gen Billetdoux..............Walter Walker
Mayor Duncombe....Robert M. Middlemass
Count Von Guggenheim .....George Hassell
Robert Walton............Morgan Wallace
Mrs. John Smith ....Gertrude Binley
Mrs. Billetdoux ....Mabel Colcord
Miss Smith ....Maude Richmond
Lavinia Daly. ....Kate Ryan

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Musical Revue of 1911," by the Winter Garden Company of New York.

George Ramsbotham.............Harry Fisher
Eczema Johnson. ....Stella Mayhew
"La Duchessee"...............Mildred Elaine
Fifi Montmarte................ ..Mlle. Dazie
Jack Ralston.................Billie Taylor
Isadore Cohen...... ..... Barney Bernard
Toot Horner and Susie Jenkins............
Tempest and Sunshine
A Violinist... .. ..Yvette
Bridgeeta McShane.. ....Arthur Cunningham
Erastus Sparkler.......................Al Jolson
Russian dancers.... .... .Hess sisters
Mme. Clarice.................Melissa Ten Eyck

HOUDINI AGAIN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Once more Houdini is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre. This is his second and last week, and his performance includes an escape from a straitjacket and from the water-filled, padlocked tank which he invented. This evening he is to be locked into the sea monster which the folk at T wharf have found for him, and which is an exceedingly evil-looking brute. Before Houdini came on the stage there were motion pictures showing him leaping, handcuffed, from the 87-foot high bridge in Pittsburgh and flying in his aeroplane at Melbourne, Australia.

Marion Littlefield and her Florentine singers sang a varied program very beautifully. The singers are Helena Morrill, Helen Alton, Florence Le Moyne, Marion Littlefield, Stefano Pettine, Angelo Liguvri, A. Luvintoa and Ernest Armour. The musical part of the bill was suggested by Ralph Smalley, violoncello virtuoso of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who played a trio of pieces.

"The Dear Departed," by Wilfred Clarke, was played by Mr. Clarke and his company. It proved to be an extraordinarily lively farce which kept the audience in a roar. The players were Gus Keegan as the burglar, Miss Louise Gayetty as "Ida Young," Edward B. McGuinness as "Loftus Brass," Wilfred Clarke as "Jay Arthur Young," and Miss Grace Meinken as "Fay Brass." Mr Keegan was stage manager.

Fred Jarvis and Frederica Harrison won much applause in their clever sketch, "It Happened in the Summertime." Not such a great deal happened—but what happened was intensely amusing. The three Keatons, "Joe," "Myra" and "Buster," make no mistake in dubbing themselves the "whole Fun Family." They had a musico-athletic-duologue act which contained not a dull moment.

"Direct from the Follies Bergere" come the Marquads. After some funny talk they begin to waltz, the he-Marquad being much intoxicated and [illegible] hauled round by the Lady-Marquad. When M. Marquad gets his sea legs, the two indulge in a mad waltz about the stage, knocking over furniture, breaking statuary, and finally ending by rolling themselves up in the rug. The Dennis brothers, in acrobatic and clown work, and Tim Cronin, the Irish entertainer, are also on the bill.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Man Between," by Rupert Hughes. Cast:

John Stoddard..........Herschel Mayall
Nathaniel Van Nest.....Harrison Stedman
Gerald Fitzgerald............Charles Carver
Sevick. ....Martin Woodworth
Edith Stoddard.............Ruth Davenport
Janet Van Nest..........Edna Ellsmere

Sept 29 1911

"The Well of the Saints" and "The Workhouse Ward" by Irish Players.

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—J. M. Synge's "The Well of the Saints," a play in three acts, and Lady Gregory's "The Workhouse Ward," a comedy in one act, performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

"THE WELL OF THE SAINTS."

Martin Doul, a blind man.. Arthur Sinclair
Mary Doul, his blind wife......Sara Allgood
Timmy, a smith ....Sydney J. Morgan
Molly Byrne............ .Cathleen Nesbitt
Bride.... ... .Eileen O'Doherty
Mat Simon......................J. A. O'Rourke
A wandering friar...... ....J. M. Kerrigan
Villagers—Eithne MaGee, U. Wright, Brinsley MacNamara.

"THE WORKHOUSE WARD."

Mike Macinerney.. ....Arthur Sinclair
Michael Miskell... .... Fred O'Donovan
Mrs. Donohoe, a countrywoman.... ..
Sara Allgood

"The Well of the Saints" will be a stumbling block to many. Some may find it symbolical, a satire on illusions cherished by those that have eyes and do not see. Some, desirous of taking offence, may suspect an attack on the miraculous. Others will think of Synge, remembering his sojourn on the Aran islands and the scenes he saw and the talk he heard, sitting down with only the purpose of writing a play. The chief theme has been used by others. The story of Philemon and Baucis in the libretto prepared for Gounod's music is similar in character: a story of unhappiness arising from disenchantment.

Georges Clemenceau wrote a play in which a Chinese mandarin, whose sight has been restored, loses all his illusions, finds that his friends, including his wife, are unfaithful, and in his misery, recalling former happiness, deliberately blinds himself. It is possible that Synge knew this satire when he was living in Paris. Mr. Yeats, reading the notebook of Synge's experiences on the islands, points out the story of the Aran couple that quarrel all day long "amid neighbors who gather as for a play."

This wild drama with its bitter comedy, its pathos, its apparent heartlessness, its cruel satire, is conspicuous for the splendor of poetic imagination which glorifies familiar speech, is in keeping with the expression of Celtic thought, and convinces by sincerity and strength. It was only a few days ago that I heard an Irish woman on Cape Cod inveighing against villagers given to drugs: "Let them find comfort in their rosy atmosphere, but give me those that drink whiskey and see things as they are."

When Martin Doul in his fancy hears Molly "laughing and making great talk in a high room with dry timber lining the roof" and begs her to go with him to lands "with warm sun in them, and fine light in the sky"; when returning to blindness he cries "The heavens is closing, I'm thinking, with darkness and great trouble passing in the sky"; when he utters his tremendous imprecation on Molly Byrne and Timmy, the smith, at the end of the second act, the extravagance has beauty and force, and is merely an elaboration of the men whom Synge had heard talking, "each man speaking in turn and for some little time, and taking pleasure in the vaguer meaning of the words and in their sound."

This play with all its superb extravagance, with its realism that is never baldly photographic, was acted with the sincerity, intensity and self-abnegation that characterize the performances of this remarkable company. Mr. Sinclair and Miss Allgood played with singular strength parts that might easily seem impossible or unendurable if impersonated by those of more conventional training, lesser imagination, alien blood. As before, there was the perfection of ensemble.

Lady Gregory's comedy is perhaps best characterized by her own remark: "I sometimes think that the two scolding paupers are a symbol of ourselves in Ireland. 'It is better to be quarrelling than to be lonesome.'" The piece was capitally acted.

On Thursday of next week Bernard Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet" will be performed for the first time in this country, and with it Boyle's comedy, "The Building Fund," and Lady Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon." The plays for next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday (matinee and evening) will be Boyle's comedy, "The Eloquent Dempsey," and Synge's "Riders to the Sea."

A post mortem was recently held on an emu that died at the Sydney Zoo. They found within four pennies, six half-pennies, nine nails, five marbles, an umbrella ferrule, a key, a medal, a clock wheel, two collar studs, three buttons, 24 pieces of glass and crockery and a pin two inches long. A gatherer of curious facts, useless information and interesting misinformation says that the name "emu" was in existence long before the bird that now bears it was known. The original form was the Portuguese "ema," a crane. In the 17th century it came to mean a cassowary, and in the 18th the American ostrich or rhea. When the Australian bird was discovered there was a cry: "Here at last is the true emu," and emu is the common spelling although the Oxford dictionary and the Encyclopaedia Britannica favor "emeu."

This "singular bird with a manner absurd" is best known to many through Bret Harte's poem of the tragedy at a zoo.

Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets
Like the world famous bark of Peru.

Sept. 30, 1911

The Color Line.

The color question has been introduced in England, apropos of the proposed mill between Mr. John Johnson and Bombardier Wells. "Never before has the color question been so discussed in England. It is not based upon conditions in England, but upon conditions in parts of the British empire where the question looms large."

Negroes and mulattos have in times past drank delight of battle with their peers on English soil, and dukes and earls and right honorable gentlemen have bet their sesterces upon their blood. Nor was Molineaux the only black pugilist that was glorified by all England, although his fame was international and his portrait in action may still be seen in taverns, bar-rooms and athletic clubs of this country. Mr. Henley mentions him honorably in his note on Bob Gregson, P. P. ("Poet of Pugilism"), published in the edition of Byron's letters that unfortunately never went beyond the first volume.

O, Golden Years!

And here is Henley's ringing sentence:

"For these were the golden years of the ring: When pugilism was to the people of England all, and more than all, that cricket and football are to the people of England now; so that a trial between two famous artists—as Cribb and Molineaux, or Spring and Langan, or Painter and Oliver—would be fought in the presence of 20,000 men, the most of whom had ridden, or driven, or padded the hoof, a many miles to see, at the risk of broken heads and ravished pockets; while £100,000 would change hands on the event." What a

lty that George Borrow did not live o read these words!

In the same footnote Henley speaks f Capt. Barclay training Cribb for the historic reprise" with Molineaux.

Unless I am mistaken, the professor f boxing at Harvard University about 0 years ago was a negro Molineaux, who, it was then said, was of kin to he famous basher of men.

In Praise of Ale.

T. B. T. writes: "Let me add to your le and beer anthology. Livingstone, he African missionary and explorer, ound something that would make even he natives of cannibalistic taste amibly disposed. A fellow of Trinity sent im three dozen of College Audit ale. It was invaluable,' wrote Livingstone. Any chief who had once tasted it would rant anything I wanted for a single himble-full.'

"Let me call your attention also to he tribute paid the English agricultural aborer by Richard Jefferies. 'Their is carcely any limit to their power of absorbing beer. I have known reapers nd mowers make it their boast that hey could lie on their backs and never ake the wooden bottle (in the shape of small barrel) from their lips till they ave drunk a gallon.'"

A Much Needed Society.

A correspondent of the London Chronicle is eager to found a society for the purpose of supplying barmaids with a new stock of pleasantries. "It seems that these pleasantries are only two in number. 'Can you give me a small Bass?' (or whatever it may be), says the customer. 'No, sir,' says the girl, doing her best, 'but I can sell you one.' The other is a reply to the order: 'Same again, please.' 'Can't give you the same again,' says the unfortunate girl, 'but I'll give you something similar.'" The correspondent swears that these jests have served time since 1881. Probably an older generation heard them. Perhaps they came from the lips of the "bitter barmaid, waning fast," whose memory has been preserved by Tennyson.

"Cabman's Mixture."

Before we leave this improving subject let us note the Chronicle's query, whether "cabman's mixture" is a recognized drink among Londoners today: "In the 60s of the last century it was named in the Times by a writer describing the beer trade, and its character is sufficiently indicated in the following extract referring to the progress of a public-house keeper under the control of the great brewers Spigot, Firkins & Co. 'At first he gets on very well if he is sober, industrious and knows how to modulate pure porter into "cabman's mixture" after the most approved fashion. Apparently it had some relation to the watery beverage known in some localities as husband's tea.'"

Sept 28. 1911

Some in the audiences at the Plymouth Theatre are seriously annoyed by the laughter that breaks out in upper gallery and even on the floor, when a scene or speech in a play by Synge or Murray is tragic or one of simple pathos. Some are tolerant, and say that these guffawers and snickerers, who go to the performances of the Dublin players in the expectation of seeing an entertainment of the Chauncey Olcott brand or something like a show with Mr. Andrew Mack in his more inspired moments, will in due time be educated and become appreciative of the wild passion in action and dialogue. There are others who inquire into the psychology of this laughter and consult the treatises of Bergson and Sully and the essay of Baudelaire. To them the foolish merriment gives an ironic touch and sharpens the poignancy of the dramatic effect.

Of a Personal Nature.

It is a pleasure to record the surprising courtesy of the Duke of Manchester toward his father-in-law, plain, untitled Mr. Zimmerman. When the latter came ashore in the tender from the Olympic, the duke not only took the steamship ticket and redeemed it; he handed him the exact change, for there was a difference in the price of staterooms.

Miss Sara Allgood, whose Mary Doul in Synge's "Well of the Saints" is a remarkable performance, took the part of Molly Byrne when the drama was first produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin.

Of the five live, genuine, warranted, triple X baronets in New Zealand, four are, respectively, civil servant, solicitor, dentist, and land agent. There is hope for the humblest in that far-off land.

Lord Rosebery has been congratulated for the phrase "problematically pious and indubitably drunk" used in his St. Andrews speech, for in the report the phrase was not given as a quotation. Some one whose sleep is disturbed by Lord Rosebery's laurels has dug up a poem, "King Clicquot," by W. J. Prowse, dated 1855, and ended by this couplet:

His courtiers found him out at last beneath
the table sunk,
Problematically pious, but indubitably drunk.

Mr. W. B. Yeats was questioned here concerning a literary man of international reputation. "He has not an enemy in London, and probably not in the world; but, good Lord, you should hear what his friends say about him."

Mr. Burgess, who swam the Channel, was not the first, if collections of "jests and amusing anecdotes" are trustworthy. A Scotsman had swum to the pierhead on the French coast when he heard people complaining that a landing fee was demanded. Said the Scotsman: "I'll save my siller," and he swam back to Dover. Mr. Burgess does not accept a "flattering" offer of a theatrical engagement because his relations are opposed to the stage and all its snares and temptations. Years ago, Grace Darling of watery fame refused an engagement at the Adelphi. She wrote: "The acceptance of such an offer would be against the wishes of the Duke of Northumberland and the ladies and gentlemen who subscribed to purchase me a comfortable annuity."

Genteel English.

"S. P. B." writes: "I was talking with a Gloucester native. He pointed out cottages of more or less distinguished sojourners from other cities. 'Mr. —— aestivates here this summer.' Where in the world did he find this genteel verb? And was he not tautological?"

"Aestivate" is a good word, for one of its meanings is to indulge in torpor or to suspend animation during the summer; and that estimable class of human beings known as veranda birds may properly be said to aestivate. If stress was laid on "this," the speech was not tautological.

There is the verb "to hiemate" popularly thought to be a synonym of "hibernate." It has been said that "hiemate" is applied to human beings and "hibernate" to animals. The distinction is unfounded. An old poet sang:

Whistling Eurus comes,
With all his world of insects in thy lands
To hiemate.

Long-Winded.

It is said that the published award in the Alsop dispute between the United States and Chili contains the longest sentence ever written in English, a sentence of about 15,000 words. Senator Evarts was famous for his long sentences in addressing court or jury, but these sentences were so constructed that they were clear and there was always the anticipation of a significant climax. There is a long and remarkable sentence in Hazlitt's essay on Coleridge, one that fills four and a half pages in the first edition of "The Spirit of the Age." Mr. Frederic Harrison declares that writers should avoid more than 20 or 30 words without a full stop, and not put more than two commas in each sentence. What would he say to a sentence written by Dumas the Elder in a description of Benvenuto Cellini ("Impressions de Voyage"), which fills three pages, a sentence that contains 195 verbs and 122 proper names and is broken by 68 commas and 60 semi-colons?

Sept 29 1911

It is often said by improving writers that everyone should read daily a beautiful poem or a page in prose that contains at least one golden thought. In our younger days there were little volumes of spiritual cheer, as "Crumbs of Comfort," "Daily Food," with a text for each morning in the year.

Let us this morning take up the burden of life with the remembrance of a passage from Plutarch on Anger. The moral to be drawn from the anecdote is now peculiarly appropriate when there is hot discussion concerning the dramas of the Abbey Theatre of Dublin and the art of the players now in Boston.

"Also Socrates taking Euthydemus from the Wrastling-house home with him, to Supper, his wife Xantippe came to him in a pelting chaff, reviling him, and in conclusion overthrew the Table. Whereupon Euthydemus arose up and went his way, being very much troubled at what had happened. But said Socrates to him, did not an Hen at your House the other day come flying and do the like, and yet I was not troubled at it."

At Random.

The first part of "Omar Khayyam" with music by Mr. Granville Bantock, "was performed" on Wednesday night at the Worcester Music Festival, and in spite of the preceding denunciation of the Tentmaker's views of life by the Rev. Dr. Ewing, the lightning did not strike Mechanics Hall, nor was there any significant perturbation of nature. Nor did Mr. Arthur Mees, the conductor, fall from his desk felled by apoplexy; nor was even the most violent choral shouter in praise of the wine-cup rebuked in the sight of the people by some divine affliction.

The Rev. Dr. Ewing should not take Omar Khayyam so seriously. He should make allowances for poetic enthusiasm. A man does not necessarily drink a dozen quarts of ale before or after sunset because he likes to discuss the lore, use, and abuse of malt liquors. The author of "Laus Veneris", "Dolores" and "In a Garden" was in his own life far from being an amorist. Dr. Ewing should read the Rev. W. R. Alger's introduction to his volume "Poems of the Orient" and Mr. Chesterton's essay on the Persian poet. And why does he not discuss the question with Mr. Thompson of his own city, a most accomplished Omar Khayyamer?

By the way, Omar Khayyamer rhymes with wind-jammer.

Nor is Mr. Bantock, the composer, in music or life a sensual and debased Orientalist. He lives in or near Birmingham, England, and there are some who say that his Orientalism is brummagem.

How Vain a Thing.

The Herald a few days ago quoted the remark of an earnest woman in Chicago who insists that men should be taught the art of carving at an early age. Her strictures on man, the poor wretch, as a carver are painful to the pride of our sex. There are sentimentalists who believe that the mistress of the house should carve, even when her husband happens to be a surgeon enriched by his fearless use of the knife and his skill in regulating or repairing the internal clock-work.

In the 18th century there were famous instructors in the art of carving. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, for example, took three lessons a week "that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when in order to perform her functions without interruptions she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand." It is to be hoped that she put on gloves, for, according to the old and unsavory anecdote, her hands were generally unclean.

A gentleman in the days of chivalry was expected to be skilled in the use of a table knife. Caxton wrote: "Every man that will come to knighthood, him behooveth to learn in his youth to carve at table." In the 16th century the professional carver at a side table or without the dining hall considered the rank of the guests. If a lord were seated, a pike was served whole; if the guests were humbler, the pike was sliced; and so it was with pig, for, according to the rank of the diners, the pig appeared in gold leaf or in its naked beauty, whole or sliced.

The Terms of Carving.

As soon as the school of carving is opened in Chicago with branches in other leading cities, the vocabulary published by Dr. Salmon in his "Receipts" (1696) should be committed to memory by the pupils. We are told that in old times any host using the wrong term was looked on with pity and contempt.

The terms are these: Leach that brawn. Lift that swan. Rear that goose. Spoil that hen. Fract that chicken. Sauce that capon. Unbrace that mallard. Unlace that coney. Dismember that heron. Disfigure that peacock. Display that crane. Untack that curlew. Unjoin that bittern. Allay that pheasant. Wing that quail. Mince that plover. Wing that partridge. Thigh that pigeon. Border that pastry. Thigh that woodcock. Break that hare.

There are, alas, even in Boston, spoilers and disfigurers, otherwise most estimable citizens, although they never heard of Dr. Salmon and his terms.

"I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humor of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot enjoy his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five and twenty gathers circumstances every time he tells it, till it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore."

Mr. Johnson's Triumph.

Mr. John Johnson, the untitled representative of the American people in London, was never more glorious in the ring than when he battled with words in court against men of stolid prejudices and vain theories. It has been said that the cross-examiner is born, not made. Perhaps Mr. Johnson committed a mistake in not choosing the law as a profession, although his life might not then have been so spectacular. Questioning witnesses, Mr. Johnson was not as one that beats the air. He respected the time of the magistrate; he refrained from asking idle questions. The questions that he put all told. The late Judge William Fullerton or the late George M. Starns, each a master in cross-examination, would have applauded Mr. Johnson.

A Study in Black and White.

The Herald recently spoke of Mr. Molineaux, the black pugilist, of his achievements and renown in England, apropos of the raising of the "color question" by those who were supporting Bombadier Wells with mouth and purse. Now, the week appointed for the Johnson-Wells fight was that in which exactly 100 years ago, Mr. Molineaux was unsuccessful in his friendly trial of athletic skill with the English champion, Tom Cribb. The two had fought a few months earlier, and it then took Cribb 33 rounds to wallop his man, but in the second fight he bashed him so effectively that in the 11th round he danced a hornpipe before he delivered the knockout blow. The reputation of Cribb is great even today, and some will regret to learn of his lack of dignity on this memorable occasion.

On the night before this mill at Thisleton Gap "not a bed was to be had for 20 miles round." There had been "much feeling at the thought of 'the Moor' beating the white man, and Cribb's return to London was a triumphal procession. He held a reception in a coal cellar off his house, near the Seven Dials, to which the Fashion flocked."

On the Stage.

It is said, apropos of Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Macbeth," that whenever the play is put on the stage nearly a fourth has to be omitted, for the play would take fully three hours to read with any attempt at distinctness. "Hamlet" thus read would consume nearly two hours more. There are deep thinkers who argue from this that many pages of the tragedies were written for the study and not the stage. These arguers forget the intense interest of the London populace in the days of Shakespeare's theatre. There were no newspapers, there were no cheap novels, and there was more leisure in those spacious times.

Letters complaining of the vaudeville quartets are now written to the newspapers of New York. There are some who maintain that no one should be allowed to sing on the stage unless he or she can show a diploma or a certificate of recommendation. It is true that quartets composed of males with their heads together in passages of close harmony are often the abomination of desolation, but there are mixed quartets, even in churches, that strike terror to the stoutest soul. There was a saying that went the rounds of choir lofts some years ago: A quartet is made up of three bad singers and one good one. The good one is the one with whom you happen to be talking.

King George in Peril.

King George is interested in the attempt to raise tobacco on English soil. This reminds the Pall Mall Gazette that a few years ago an Irish member suggested to Mr. John Burns that the king, then prince of Wales, should be asked to smoke a cigar of Irish tobacco. "No," said Mr. Burns, "it is the duty of his majesty's ministers to protect the heir to the throne from assassination." The king has asked for specimens of the tobacco grown on a Methwold estate in Norfolk. It was at Methwold that smoking in the streets was probably first penalized. For in the Court Book (Oct. 14, 1695) it is recorded: "We agree that any person that is taken

smoaking tobacoa in the street shall forfitt one shillinge for every time so taken, and it shall be lawfull for the petty constables to distraine for the same * * * we present Nicholas Barber for smoaking in the street, and doo amerce him one shillinge." And earlier than this, a party of horse marched out of Gloucester to destroy the tobacco, when the country "did rise against them in a great body to the number of 5 or 600, giving them very reviling and threatning speeches, even to kill them horse and man."

The Zeal of a Convert.

M. Octave Uzanne in his collection of delightful essays, "Sottisier des Moeurs," just published, protests against smoking in public, and declares that no one has yet solved the question, Why does anyone smoke? "I no longer smoke, but I once smoked passionately. Pipe, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco of Virginia, Algeria and the Orient—Havana cigars, moist as the Yankees like them or so dry that they crackled, to suit French taste—I have known all these and more. I was not a smoker, I was the smoker, curious about all of Nicot's plants growing in the four quarters of the globe, the gourmet of perfumed smoke, capable of a mad deed for a fine 'puros.' And, oh, what it cost me to rid myself of this tyrannical habit which dominated me and condemned me to a frightful state of servitude."

No wonder M. Uzanne now inveighs against the weed. It was Thoreau who said he did not lecture against tobacco because he had never chewed.

Mr. W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge

Mr. Yeats's "Synge and the Ireland of His Time," published by the Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum in the county of Dublin, in the spring of this year, is of peculiar interest, now that the Abbey Theatre Company is in town and Synge's plays are to be seen. The essay was written as an introduction to an edition of Synge's works. Mr. Yeats withdrew it after it had been advertised by the publishers.

This little volume is a golden book of beauty. We are told how one genius found another and with generous enthusiasm strove that the world might be worthy of him. Mr. Yeats's criticism of Synge's art is much more than a sonorous "appreciation" with kaleidoscopic effects. There is artistic restraint, subtlety that is significant and not poetically vague; there is the simplicity that is neither affected nor naïve. This passage, one of many, may serve to show the depth of the thought and the charm of the expression of it:

"Yet in Synge's plays also fantasy gives the form and not the thought, for the core is always, as in all great art, an overpowering vision of certain virtues, and our capacity for sharing in that vision is the measure of our delight. Great art chills us at first by its coldness or its strangeness, by what seems capricious, and we it is from these qualities it has authority, as though it had fed on locust and wild honey. The imaginative writer shows us the world as a painter does his picture, reversed in a looking-glass that we may see it, not as it seems to eyes habit has made dull, but as we were Adam and this the first morning; and when the new image becomes as little strange as the old we shall stay with him, because he has, besides the strangeness, not strange to him, that made us share his vision, sincerity that makes us share his feeling."

And again "To speak of one's emotions without fear or moral ambition, to come out from under the shadow of other men's minds, to forget their needs, to be utterly oneself, that is all the Muses care for."

The "Drifting, Silent Man."

From this essay one can form some idea of what Synge, the man, was like, for as dramatist and poet he was impersonal. Writing his experiences on the Aran islands, he was simply an observer and recorder.

Mr. Yeats tells us that Synge almost never spoke of politics or showed any interest in men in the mass "or in any subject that is studied through abstractions and statistics." He was wise in judging individuals; he was companionable with them; but he understood nothing of their political thought.

He disliked the modern drama for its sterility of speech. In Ireland he loved only what was wild in its people. He looked on most disputes with a "mischievous wisdom." "He told me once that when he lived in some peasant's house he tried to make those about him forget that he was there, and it is certain that he was silent in any crowded room." Probably his low vitality helped him to be observant and contemplative.

Synge had wandered over Europe listening to stories and making friends with servants and poor people before Mr. Yeats met him in Paris. He had no project for redressing the wrongs of the poor, and he had no notebook for statistics.

He loved "all that has edge, all that is salt in the mouth, all that is rough in the hand. He was kind and sympathetic on the Aran islands. Thought came to him slowly. His conversation was not experimental. He had no obvious ideals, 'as these are understood by young men, * * * and this lack makes his art have a strange wildness and coldness, as of a man born in some far-off spacious land and time." Synge had no life outside his imagination. He hardly seemed aware of the existence of other writers. He was "useless amidst sudden events,' "a drifting, silent man full of hidden passion."

Bold on the Open Road

Mr. Jack B. Yeats walked with Synge in Connemara and once he was with him for a month wandering through the west of Ireland. Synge, according to the few pages written by Mr. Yeats, was a good companion on the open road, a bold walker. He showed his fondness for little children and animals; he was "delighted with the narrow paths made of sods of grass alongside the newly-metalled roads, because he thought they had been put there to make soft going for the bare feet of little children." He delighted to hear and remember any good phrase. He undoubtedly had read a great deal, but a book was seldom in his hand; he would sooner talk or listen to talk. Ready to go anywhere, he was also ready to enjoy what came. He cared nothing for comfort except that of a turf fire. He loved mad scenes.

"All wild sights appealed to Synge, he did not care whether they were typical of anything else or had any symbolical meaning at all. If he had lived in the days of piracy he would have been the fiddler in a pirate schooner, him they called 'the music.' 'The music' looked on at everything with dancing eyes, but drew no sword, and when the schooner was taken and the pirates hung at Cape Corso Castle or the Island of Saint Christopher's 'the music' was spared because he was 'the music.'"

Notes About Music

Arrangements have been completed whereby The Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Frederick Stock, conductor, will be heard in a concert at Symphony Hall, Tuesday evening, Dec. 12. It is over a dozen years since the Thomas Orchestra has been heard in the east, and Mr. Stock will conduct here for the first time.

Leoncavallo received £200 for conducting his "Pagliacci" at the London Hippodrome twice daily for 12 days. The condensed version took 24 minutes.

Walford Davies's new work, "Five Sayings of Jesus, Together with a Reputed Saying of His and Certain Other Words Chiefly Derived from the Imitation of Christ by Thomas a Kempis," for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, was produced at the Worcester (Eng.) Musical Festival, Sept. 12. The Pall Mall Gazette reviewed it discreetly:

"The four opening bars of the prelude, with its curious rising series of whole tones, foreshadowed the theme on which that solemn prelude is based, and in which the influence of Elgar a very natural one—is felt. It is followed by a chaste and tender choral setting of the 'Reputed Saying' taken from a supposed Gospel of St. Peter. This and the other sayings are followed by personal reflections, as it were, of a devout worshipper. Although the work shows signs of sound musicianship, it is outwardly simple in effect, and with the exception of one dramatic passage strongly devotional. It seems, indeed, specially intended for use in church or cathedral."

Sir Edward Elgar is at work on a new orchestral piece. He thinks of making London his home.

Raymond Roze, composer, conductor and for a season connected with the Boston Opera House, has been appointed musical director at Hammerstein's new opera house in London.

Granville Bantock's new overture "Oedipus at Colonus" was produced at the Worcester (Eng.) musical festival Sept. 12. The critic of the London Times complained that the instrumentation was earsplitting in the little public hall. He was worried because he could not find any reference in the music to Sophocles's tragedy. If only some one had informed him whether the music was meant to be "illustrative or merely reflective." "Falling back upon the old 'absolute music' attitude of mind, there is a great deal to enjoy in this music, whatever it means." The critic employed the adjectives "broad" and "dignified," but did not find the melodies strikingly original. W. H. Reed's variations for strings, performed the same evening, were praised.

The London Times speaks of MacDowell's piano concerto in A as "by far the best contribution to the music of the piano which MacDowell ever made." It thinks little of Jules Mouquet's music for flute and orchestra. It calls it "most tedious." It is a pity that the accomplished Mr. Fransella "should have to waste his time and ours on music which has not a scrap of originality in it and is vapid and facile in the manner of so much French virtuoso music written in the last quarter of the 19th century. The quotations from the Greek anthology attached to each movement only make one wish that the composer had been able to imitate the point and terseness of the epigrammatists." As for poor Mr. Mouquet, he "has learnt some of his methods from Theodore Dubois."

Norman O'Neill's variations on an Irish air for two pianos were played in a version for orchestra at a promenade concert in London Sept. 11. The variations were scored some years ago.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 13 had this to say of Mr Caplet's orchestral version of Debussy's piano pieces, "Children's Corner". "A couple of years and more ago Mr. Harold Bauer introduced to London Debussy's suite for pianoforte, 'Children's Corner,' since when many pianists have given it a place in their programs. It is by no means fully characteristic of the composer, for although showing his individual medium, there is less of the true fancy generally to be met with in his work. M. Andre Caplet has orchestrated the suite. It may be doubted whether the value of the music has been enhanced by the new setting; the truth rather being that just exactly as the work as a whole lacked potency so by being transferred to the larger canvas it seemed less worthy than before. That is to say, the bigger means throw into a clearer light the poverty of the invention. The scoring was good if not always suggesting the way that the composer himself might have done it." The music was heard at a promenade concert. It will be remembered that Mr. Caplet brought out his version at a concert in the Boston Opera House last season.

The "Cheeriness" of "Macbeth"

The Herald recently quoted the remarks of Sir Herbert Tree about "Macbeth" and his opinion how the leading part should be played. The production, which he had promised for some time, was on Sept. 5, at His Majesty's Theatre. The queue began to form outside the pit door at 11 A. M. and a crowd, chiefly of women, it is said, waited till the doors opened.

The London correspondent of the New York Sun wrote this: Sir Herbert played Macbeth much as he played the cardinal in "Henry VIII.," much as he plays everything in these days. "Max Beerbohm's celebrated speech about his brother: 'I have a brother who once was an actor,' is very true, for certainly Sir Herbert is no longer an actor. He is just Tree in different clothes; Tree with or without beard and mustache; Tree wonderfully made up, but always Tree in voice, gesture and walk."

The London journals with the reviews of the performance are now at hand. The Pall Mall Gazette found that the distinguishing note of the revival was its "cheeriness." As this adjective might have seemed paradoxical to some, the writer hastened to explain. "At the Lyceum, not only was Irving's suggestion of the man haunted by Fate and in communion with the powers of evil a disturbing thing, but the Scottish interiors were so dreadful in their chilliness and the occasional glimpses of Scottish landscape so drearily bleak, that when in the fifth act, the curtain rose on a lovely English country lane, the picture was received with a round of cheers, and a man in the gallery roared forth, 'Good old England!'" But in Sir Herbert's production there is a pleasing prospect from Macbeth's castle; the banquet begins with a rollicking dance with lighted torches; the courtyard in which Macbeth sees the phantom dagger is warmed by a glowing fire on the stone floor, and there are lights in castle windows, "and the mocking laughter of the witches followed the doomed protagonist right through the play," which to the reviewer increased the desired "cheeriness" of the tragedy. At all events the reviewer wrote, "We found the gloom of 'Macbeth' a good deal less inspissated than usual."

And the reviewer was so cheerful over this enlivened version of "Macbeth" that he knifed the leading actress neatly with the next sentence: "And a further contributory to this effect was the fact that, owing to Miss Violet Vanbrugh's very mannered elocution, a considerable proportion of the dreadful things Lady Macbeth has to say were quite inaudible even in the stalls. Those in the audience who knew the play were, of course, aware that she was hissing or whispering some of the most frightful sentiments ever put into a woman's mouth, but as they could not hear them their withers were unwrung. The rest of the audience were able to admire the actress's grace and bearing undisturbed in any way."

Sir Herbert and Other Scenery

The Pall Mall's critic took a rather cheerful view of Sir Herbert in this production characterized by cheeriness:

"We are disposed to regard Sir Herbert Tree's Macbeth as the best thing he has so far done in tragedy. We are still of the opinion that he is not a tragic actor, and that single scenes from his Malvolio and his Falstaff are worth the whole of his Hamlet, Richard II. and Shylock rolled together. His speech is apt to be dreadfully monotonous, with very little between a declamatory shout and a capitally managed whisper, both effective enough in their place, but scarcely adequate for the expression of such a variety of emotions—awe, hate, rage, terror, self-pity, scorn, passionate affection, overpowering ambition—as is to be found embodied in the character of Macbeth. However, he has grasped and co-ordinated the part with a great deal of completeness."

The tragedy was produced in four acts, and confusion resulted from the jumbling together of scenes intended to be separate. The scenes were solidly built and are described as most effective. Mr Gordon Craig had submitted certain sketches to Sir Herbert for various scenes, and the latter at first thought highly of them, but afterward rejected them or Mr. Craig withdrew them. Mr. Craig's sketches evidently gave Sir Herbert ideas.

Imagination or Realism?

The Pall Mall Gazette of Sept. 8 spoke editorially as follows:

"The exhibition in a London picture gallery of a set of designs for a stage setting of 'Macbeth' by Mr. Gordon Craig, and the general applause which has been bestowed on the far more complex pictures now being displayed nightly at His Majesty's Theatre, will start once more the old arguments as to whether (1) Shakespeare's plays are better given without scenery, and (2), if scenery is to be used, should it aim at stirring the imagination or satisfying it? And it will be obvious that Mr. Craig's designs are calculated to stir the imagination, while those on Sir Herbert Tree's stage aim at satisfying it. Such pictures as those at His Majesty's of the battlements and the inner courtyard of Macbeth's castle, Lady Macduff's garden and the lane in England are like a witness's oath—they give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"There are many things to be said before such questions can be considered to be finally answered, but one rather important one is that whatever it may be, the scenery of a theatrical production must harmonize with the other aspects of the production, and, above all, with the acting. Mr. Craig tells of actors and actresses who have said that if his scenery were used there would be nothing left for them to do. If this means that his canvases would monopolize the attention of the audience, then Mr. Craig has labored to produce inartistic things. If, on the other hand, it means that no acting could rise to the imaginative appeal of the pictures, then there must be something wrong with the actors and actresses. To put it briefly, imaginative scenery will harmonize admirably with imaginative acting, but will only incommode the actor and irritate the spectator when it appears as a setting for the acting that is 'obvious.'"

The Gracious Lady Gruach

The audience in a cheerful mood at Sir Herbert's revival was charmed by Miss Vanbrugh's "grace and bearing." Long ago Richard Grant White invelghing against the traditional Lady Macbeth, a middle-aged virago, screaming and bullying, wrote an article to prove that in life Macbeth's wife was a sensuous, subtle, fair, soft-voiced creature in whose hands men were as wax. So when William Poel brought out his "Elizabethan Stage" production, he declared it ridiculous to look on Lady Macbeth as a sort of unsexed embodiment of ravenous and reasonless ambition. He quoted Mrs. Siddons's description of her as "fair, feminine, perhaps even fragile, captivating in feminine loveliness." Mr. Poel said Lady Macbeth was not unlike Mary Queen of Scots. "As a matter of fact I make her, like Mary, a good Catholic, and she is discovered in her first scene at a prie-dieu."

Mr. Poel, by the way, presented "Macbeth" as occurring in a typical Elizabethan nobleman's mansion, and the characters as "typical Renaissance folk, with delicate instincts and the subtle, educated consciences of the Catholic families of the time." "Thus," he added, "and only thus, can you get the characters into their right lights—the horror of the murder, the revolt against its brutality, the terror of remorse. Thus, too, the witchcraft of the day falls into its right place." For in Shakespeare's time the most intelligent believed in witchcraft and "an old woman needed no limelight about her to be thought a witch."

Dr. Wullner in Vaudeville

"Wynn" wrote this appreciation of Dr. Ludwig Wullner in vaudeville at the Majestic, Chicago: "It is safe to say that three-fourths of the Monday night Majestic audience never heard of Dr. Ludwig Wullner, claimed by the Majestic management to be the world's great-

lieder singer. The other fourth was rman. They took it upon themselves take care of the doctor, and greeted 'r landsman with vociferous apuse. The doctor is a trifle over 6 t tall, a decided blonde, with a vous disposition. He rendered four nbers, all in German. The manageit had thoughtfully supplied the auice with a translation of the doc's repertoire. It came easy after found the combination. However, se who didn't understand the doc's native tongue stalled nicely and lauded quite as enthusiastically as German element. It was just like nding an Italian opera. * * *

The doctor was accompanied on the no by Conrad V. Bos, who, in turn, accompanied by another individual turned the pages for Bos. The tor is a wonderful study. It takes 15 or 20 seconds to get into the acter he portrays. Then he stays it right to the finish. In short, llner is a master of German art nething exceptionally intricate—for Irishman to appreciate). While the or is a novelty for vaudeville (and ible a drawing card because of his rnational reputation), he could hardepeat. The doctor played last week Milwaukee. Report has it that he the town by the ears. Cincinnati St. Louis would probably welcome lieder singer, while in Hoboken he ld break records. It takes a Ger to appreciate Doctor Ludwig. There plenty of the Kaiser's subjects in ago. His local engagement should success. Monday night he did well."

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A woman at Buechel, Ky., laughed rself to death over a joke told by her sband. It was by no means the first ath from laughter. Chrysippus seeing s ass eating figs told his old serving man to give the ass some unmixed ne to drink afterward. He then ughed so violently that he died. But is philosopher laughed at his own eak joke, and his death was not burned by his neighbors; for it was habit to go about proposing questions this sort: That which is not in the y, is also not in the house; but a well not in the city, therefore there is not well in the house. Again: if you say ything, what you say comes out of ur mouth; but you say "a wagon"; erefore a wagon comes out of your outh. Some of his fellow-townsmen re thus led to think that the ass eatg figs was not the greater one of the o.

Then there was Pietro Aretino, who d laughing wildly as he overheard a nversation between his sisters that alled his own indecency. And in the h century a curious pamphlet conrning men that have died from laugh was published at Paris.

Far Above Rubies.

This woman in Kentucky probably died m wifely devotion. In the report of e tragedy published in the newspapers e joke itself is not told. Members of e family tried in vain to quiet her rriment. They undoubtedly had heard e joke before and, bound by no oath love, honor and obedience, ignored e jest, or were bored, or pitied conptuously the man that made it. It s, perhaps, of the "Grouse in the gun om" order, some jest that had been nded down. The wife saw a look of appointment on her husband's face; e was in poor health and needed enagement; or, a petty tyrant in his e, the wife played the sycophant. It tters not; the wife saw her duty "and e done it." The laugh was forced; e wife knew that it would kill her; t there was her husband, expectant. peal followed peal, his illuminated d grateful face was her reward. The me of this woman in a far-off town ould be at once enrolled in the list of artyrs.

"Monna" or "Mona."

A correspondent writes: "Why, in ly and in England, is 'Monna' spelled ith two 'n's, and in the United States ith only one 'n'?"

I don't know. Perhaps, Mr. Pater, ho wrote famously about da Vinci's ture could have informed us, but he dead. Mr. Porterfield a few days ago ote a letter to the New York Times out stolen pictures as dramatic emes. He quoted from Mr. Ludovici's Nietzsche and Art," and Mr. Ludovici d quoted in turn from "The Book of a," by Okakura-Kakuzo, who wrote; Many of our favorite dramas in Japan

re based on the loss and subsequent covery of a noted masterpiece." Mr. orterfield suggested that when the onna Lisa is found in Smolensk or erth Amboy, "some modern Oehlenhlaeger will be inspired to dramatize s recovery, just as Euripides, Seneca, arbach and Grillparzer were dramatally inspired by the mystically reoved Golden Fleece."

This famous picture has already inpired at least one play, "La Joconde," hich was produced at the Comedie ranealse in the middle fifties of the st century. The play was so named ecause the heroine was supposed to reemble Giocondo's wife, especially as to er smile. There are other plays and an pera—possibly more than one opera—entitled "Joconde," but they are without relation to the picture.

A Pen in Hand.

It is said that the German foreign office sent a hundred pages of suggestions concerning the Morocco affair to Paris, written in Gothic characters, and the London Chronicle states that this would necessitate a long delay; "there are tears for the clerks who have to decipher the Gothic script, which, even when well written, is not practised beyond Germany. In Germany they do it for fun—a puzzle game designed for the rest of us." The Chronicle then considers the question of illegible writing.

The old anecdotes are revived, the stories about Horace Greeley, a former president of the New York Central railroad and other writers of a notoriously blind hand. There is one about Prof. Blackie that is not so stale. A Highland compositor on the Scotsman knew all about the professor; he had summered and wintered with his manuscript and been through it with a dark lantern. One night a peculiarly illegible article was put before the expert, who was asked whether he could set it. "I could not do that, but if I'd ma pipes here I could play her."

There is also a story of Lord Curzon, how, a young man, he wrote a letter to his college chum and one to a relative of whom he had written in most uncomplimentary language to the chum. Lord Curzon enclosed the two in the wrong envelopes. An answer came from the uncle. "I have tried hard to decipher your epistle, but your writing is so atrocious that I cannot make head or tail of it. However, I guess the drift of it to be that you need some money, you rogue, so I enclose a check." This story is one of many variants, and they are all told of distinguished persons.

There are some who pride themselves on their illegible handwriting. Their apology is a boast. There are others who affect illegibility. They think it gives them a certain distinction. There was a musician in Boston, who, in his youth, wrote plainly enough; his was a good commercial hand; but when he learned that Beethoven's letters were not decipherable, his own handwriting became illegible and remained so until the day of his death.

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BY PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Riders to the Sea," a play in one act by J. M. Synge, and "The Eloquent Dempsy," a comedy in three acts by William Boyle, performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

"RIDERS TO THE SEA."

Maurya.....Sara Allgood
Bartley.....J. M. Kerrigan
Cathleen, daughter..Marie nic Shiubhlaigh
Nora, daughter.....Eileen O'Doherty
Men and Women..Sydney J. Morgan, M. J. Dolan, U. Wright, Eithne Magee, Cathleen Nesbitt.

"THE ELOQUENT DEMPSY."

Jeremiah Dempsy.....Arthur Sinclair
Mrs. Catherine Dempsey....Sara Allgood
Mary Kate.....Eileen O'Doherty
Dr. Bunbury, J. P.....J. M. Kerrigan
Captain McNamara, J. P..Sydney J. Morgan
Mike Flanigan.....J. A. O'Rourke
Brian O'Nell.....U. Wright

"Riders to the Sea" has been performed here by amateurs once or twice—as at the Colonial Theatre Jan. 25, 1906—and Mr. Henry Gilbert wrote a musical prelude for the performance. "The Eloquent Dempsy" was played here last night for the first time in the city.

Some in their enthusiasm for Mr. Synge have likened "Riders to the Sea" unto a tragedy by Aeschylus, but it is well to keep at least one foot on the ground in discussion, even when it is concerning Mr. Synge and his wild but indisputable genius.

His play makes a more tragic impression in the study than on the stage, in spite of the impressive performance by the Dublin company. When the play is read, there is a more intense feeling of bodement; the atmosphere is more murky; the old mother's speech is more eloquent in its directness and hopelessness, and her vision in second sight of the dead rider following his brother to the sea and thus foretelling the last and crushing calamity is more convincing and appalling. 'Tis a grim tragedy, unrelieved by the cruel irony that characterizes "The Well of the Saints," and while the women in this one act play are stoical in their grief, there is not that callousness of heart that makes the longer drama almost repugnant. Miss Allgood was a tragic Maurya, a Rachel who did not ask to be comforted and would have repulsed sympathy, but the speech of the mother when read is still more wonderful and the account of her vision more marvellous.

Mr. Boyd's comedy is simply the exploitation of the eloquent Dempsy, publican, grocer, county councillor, as a politician a lineal descendant of Mr. Faeing-Both-Ways, a blarneyer of the first water, who for a time deceives every one in the town by his plausible and flowery oratory, all except his wife. Dempsy is, of course, an Irishman, but as a politician he is a type known in all countries, in all cities, in all town meetings.

The play itself is flimsy. The characters serve only as a setting or as feeders to the golden-mouthed Dempsy. He is, fortunately, always on the stage and holds the centre of it. The dialogue is humorous, rather than satirical, yet the play might be called a mellow satire on temporary idols of the people and their acceptance of sacrificial offerings; on the discovery by the people that the feet of their idol are clay, and then the rage that leads to the throwing from the pedestal.

Mr. Sinclair, whose remarkable impersonation of the blind man in Synge's bitter play, still haunts the memory, a performance that has not been equalled in fine feeling and dramatic force for many years in this city, played the part of Dempsy with gusto. Dempsy was revealed as conscious of the fact that he was a humbug, but his delight was in humbugging others through his incredible eloquence—the eloquence of the sort known as the gift of gab.

There were times last night when Dempsy really believed in himself, for a moment at least, and until he looked into his wife's face. It would be hard to say in which scene Mr. Sinclair was happiest; whether when, feigning sickness, he talked with the doctor; when he signed both the call and the protest; or in his hour of defeat when he was seated on St. Helena, yet rose to make one more address and denounced officials of every rank. Mr. Sinclair was most amusing throughout; eloquent also in his flashes of silence—which were rare.

He was well supported, for the ensemble of this company always compels admiration. Miss Allgood refrained from the exaggeration into which an inferior actress, too conscious of the audience, might easily have been tempted, and Mr. Kerrigan was conspicuous as Bunbury.

On Thursday night George Bernard Shaw's "Shewing up of Blanco Posnet," Boyle's "The Building Fund" and Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon" will be performed.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Gamblers," by Charles Klein.

Wilbur Emerson.....Orme Caldara
John Emerson.....George Backus
James Darwin.....Charles Stevenson
George Cowper.....Geoffrey C. Stein
Giles Raymond.....DeWitt C. Jennings
Frederick Tooker.....Fred W. Strong
Catherine Darwin.....Jane Cowl
Isabel Emerson.....Ethel Jennings
Jane.....Mary Barry
Mrs. Pickering.....Lillian Cathcart
Mrs. Roberts.....Frances Anderson

GLOBE THEATRE

GLOBE THEATRE—Billy B. Van and the Beaumont sisters in "A Lucky Hoodoo," a musical comedy in two acts. Numbers by J. Rosamond Johnson and J. Leubrie Hill.

CASTLE SQUARE—"Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," a musical comedy in three acts by George Cohan.

Tom Bennett.....George Hassell
Kid Burns.....Morgan Wallace
Daniel Crouin.....Walter Walker
James Blake.....Robert M. Middlemass
Andy Gray.....Al Roberts
Station master.....A. L. Hickey
Flora Dora Dean.....Beverly West
Mrs. David Dean.....Maude Richmond
Mrs. Purdy.....Mabel Colcord
Mary Jane Jenkins.....Miss Mary Young

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Angel and the Ox," by John A. Preston. Leading members of the cast:

Col. Caverly.....Wallace Clinton
Hank Beeson.....Lew H. Gorton
Sally Caverly.....Mabel Starr
Algernon Chesterleigh.....Eddie Walkup
Tom Carey, the "Ox".....True Boardman
Mrs. Beeson.....Imogene Maxwell
Dora Caverly.....Virginia Eames
Bad Bill.....Jack O'Donnell

Gus Edwards and his "personally developed youthful proteges," as the program designates the score of pretty girls that do their full share in making his act a big success, is at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, presenting his "Song Revue of 1911" as the headline feature of an excellent bill. The "Song Revue" has been revised up to the minute since last seen in Boston and contains many new and distinctly popular features, all of which are presented with that elaborateness of stage setting always characterizing Edwards's efforts in that direction.

Edwards is, of course, himself the star and the centre of attraction almost from the time the curtain goes up on the singing newsboys in Times square to its fall 40 minutes later. And during that time the company has presented, in one form or another, nearly all of the song hits of which Edwards is the composer. One member of his company of especial interest to the two large audiences was Miss Irene Martin, the 18-year-old Boston girl, whose all around work, and particularly her dancing, in the "Revue" has earned a national reputation, and all within a year or two. When she first came upon the stage as Jennie the newsgirl the outbreak of applause indicated that she had friends—many of them—in the audience. Several of the songs and dances have been built about Miss Martin, and Gus Edwards could hardly have made a happier selection.

One of the very best jugglers ever seen in Boston is Salerno, who comes direct from his triumphs abroad. Salerno introduces many new things in the way of juggling, yet rarely presents exactly the same combination of juggling feats at any successive performances. His act concludes with the juggling of three lighted torches that change constantly in color as they vibrate back and forth, high up in the air. His work with three billiard cues is one of the best of the things he does.

Grant Gardner and Marie Stoddard in "Vaudeville Frivolities" repeated, in their catchy sketch, former successes. Mr. Gardner's grotesque playing of the piano being but one of its many hits. Then there is Hilda Hawthorne, a female ventriloquist, with her "Johnny" and Kate Watson, eccentric character comedienne in "The Gal from the West." Others on the bill are Harlan E. Knight and Miss Lillian Volkman in "The Chalk Line," a rural comedy centering about the village postoffice. The Thunderbolts, novelty musical experts, and Bert Melrose, a reckless chap.

It is said of Bishop Andrews by the bishop of Ely in his funeral sermon, "He was always a diligent and careful preacher. Most of his solemn sermons he was most careful of and exact. I dare say few of them but they passed his hand and were thrice revised before they were preached; and he ever disliked often and loose preaching, without study of antiquity, and he would be bold with himself and say, when he preached twice a day at St. Giles's, he prated once."

Length, Breadth and Thickness.

We have not yet been informed whether King George V. likes a long sermon or insists on a short one. His father, who was a stanch Church of England man, did not encourage the long-winded. He thought that a preacher should say his allotted say—to quote the formula from Sir Richard F. Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night"—in 15 minutes, and a sermon of 12 minues was more to his mind. There are some clergymen who share these views. Dr. Parker remarked on an occasion: "After 20 minutes of sermon hearing deep sleep falleth upon man." King George is in the direct line of patient and enduring hearers—for a time. When Savoy Chapel was restored in the sixties, Queen Victoria presented a pulpit glass, and this glass was timed for 18 minutes.

Without Checkrein.

The extemporaneous speakers are in these days the chief offenders. They seldom know when to stop. They are apparently enamored of their own voice.

A man writing with a pen is not so diffuse, long-winded as he that dictates or plays on a typewriter. Herbert Spencer bears testimony to this in his "Facts and Comments," and at his own expense. He fell victim to the deteriorating effect of dictation. George Eliot and her Mr. Lewes told him that the style of "Social Statics" was better than the style of his later works, and he was inclined to believe them. "When finally revising 'First Principles,' which was dictated, the cutting out of superfluous words, clauses, sentences and sometimes paragraphs had the effect of abridging the work by 50 pages—about one-tenth." It will be observed that Spencer spoke of his style, as though his writing at any time had style in any of its forms from that of William Cobbett to that of Walter Pater.

It might be argued that a man using an old-fashioned quill pen would write with greater care than with one of gold or steel; that a fountain pen leads to hurried thinking and loose, careless expression; but to others this reasoning seem fantastical.

Pleasures of Anticipation.

Newspaper men are fully aware of the fact that public speakers often send to the newspapers copies of speeches before they are delivered, that they may be set and the proof revised at comparative leisure. The speeches of an ex-Governor of this commonwealth, carefully typewritten, contained the good old words "applause," "great applause," "enthusiastic applause," inserted in parenthesis after presumably effective paragraphs. He was not the only one to anticipate this public reward of patriotism and oratory. But Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells in his diary of a clergyman named Baker whose manuscript sermons were furnished with marginal notes directing himself how the sermons were to be delivered. "Opposite pages in which emotion would have been out of place he wrote, 'Steady, Baker,' but opposite his peroration, 'Go it, Baker.'" A clergyman speaking without manuscript has no reminder to chasten hifalutin; nor can he see the hands of a clock, even when it is directly in front of him.

Another's Churning.

Is it true that a syndicate in this country is prepared to supply clergymen of all denominations with sermons of from [illegible] to [illegible] words, sermons described as being "strictly up to date and containing allusions to current affairs and matters of national interest"? It is said that for $8 a year clergymen receive a sermon weekly of fair quality. A sensational sermon, one that will be talked about in the newspapers the next morning, of course comes higher.

Dr Jessop, an English rector, whose preaching days are over, knows how hard put some of his brethren are, and has made an offer to them through the columns of the Guardian: "I am prepared to offer my younger clerical brethren little bundles of my old sermons which have done duty during the last 40 years, if they will give a promise never to preach a sermon of mine till they have read it twice aloud before they make use of it in the pulpit." In other words, he wishes his sermons to be delivered effectively and with some show of understanding, even though another may bear away the honors and be congratulated by the squire and the visitor from London.

"Wherefore when we go to the House of Drunkards, we may hear the Minstrels playing betimes in the Morning, and behold there (as one said) the very dirt of wine, and certain scattered fragments of Garlands, Servants drunk at the Door, and the marks and effects of angry and surley Men may be read in the Faces, brands and fetters of the Servants; but Lamentation is the only Musician, that always, like a Screech-Owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry Man, while within the Stewards are beaten, and the Maid-Servants tormented; so that the Spectators in the midst of their mirth and delights, cannot but pity those sad Effects of Anger."

Club Bullies.

There are few clubs that are not infested by at least one bully. This includes the "exclusive" clubs which are mentioned with reverential awe in the newspapers. The bully reveals his disagreeable qualities by his treatment of the men behind the desk and the waiters. He may be a blusterer; he may be calmly insolent; he may swear violently or indulge in sarcasm; whatever his method, he is always the bully. He rages if, coming into the dining room late he is not served immediately, before his predecessors. Eggs are never boiled to suit him. He ordered chops and they are not trimmed to his sensitive taste. He sniffs at the soup. And so on through the list of eatables and potables. "How dare you bring me ale in a glass! Don't you know I always drink ale in its native pewter!" Does the waiter show confusion? The bully adds to it by commenting facetiously on the inexcusable awkwardness and stupidity and looks about him for the smiles of approval that do not follow. For the bully, after one or two exhibitions, is left alone; his only playmates are two or three of the same kidney.

Capt. Shindy's Mates.

It is a pity that Mr. Thackeray's essay's on clubs and club life are not bound up with his articles on eating and drinking in one handy volume and given to every new member of a club as soon as he has paid his fee. Some may wonder how a bully ever gains admittance to a decent club. Election committees are not omniscient and infallible. Men are singularly cowardly in writing letters against a candidate; they take refuge in the formula: "From what I know of him I should judge him to be a clubable man." The bully is on his good behavior at first. He listens in a complimentary way, says little and then is an echo, he rings the bell and insists that all should join him. More familiar with the club, he throws off the mask.

Thackeray knew him by the name of Capt. Shindy. The gallant captain, dissatisfied with his chop shouted to the steward: "Look at it, sir. Is it cooked, sir? Smell it, sir. Is it meat for a gentleman?" This waiter was cursed for not hurrying with the pickles; that one for not having the Harvey sauce in readiness. "Poor Mrs. Shindy and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity girl in pattens."

A Few Men and Women.

Whenever Miss Geraldine Farrar arrives from Europe she hastens to inform the public that she is neither betrothed nor married to Mr. Antonio Scotti, who, like Signor Bimbinger in Louis Harrison's ditty, is a baritone singer with "such a magnificent voice." These denials have been made for several years. Is it surprising, then, that the public refuses to palpitate? What if Miss Farrar is betrothed, wedded or merely a good friend to Mr. Scotti? What is it to the Infinite?

The indefatigable Mme. Nordica at Lincoln, Neb., waved the flag on the rear platform of a car and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," which, by the way, is not easily sung. In the home of Mr Bryan "Gold Is Naught But a Chimera," from "Robert the Devil," would have been more appropriate. Written for a tenor, it suits a soprano voice.

Mr. Preston Gibson says that Bernard Shaw, "next to Dr. Cook, is the greatest living charlatan." Inasmuch as Mr. Gibson is a nephew of Chief Justice White and president of "a most exclusive club," his opinion of course carries great weight. It is to be regretted that he said of Mr Shaw: "He sits smiling at a credulous public behind a whitened sepulchre of an absolute hypocrite," for this rhetorical burst may strike those outside the exclusive club as rather turgid, not to say turbid.

We are told by the N. Y. Times that Mr. Kubelik, the fiddler, "has accumulated a wife and a pair of twins." "Accumulate" is a good word, as Bardolph said of "accommodate."

It was the late Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, who continually interrupted in the Sydney Parliament by Mr. Willis at last remarked: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase, 'Barkis is willing.' I am now strongly tempted to reverse it and say 'Willis is barking.'"

The Herald recently alluded to Mr. Thomas Cribb, who did not disdain to cross the color line and lambasted Mr. Molineaux, the black. He smashed the negro's jaw in the ninth round, fought him to a standstill within 20 minutes, but from all this he gained only $400. In spite of Mr. Henley's eulogy of the palmy days of the ring, those were paltry days. And there were then no motion pictures.

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"Men that are wise as the Bees draw Honey from the Thyme, which is a most unsavory and dry Herb, so they extract something that is convenient and useful even from the most bitter Afflictions. This therefore let us learn and have inculcated upon us, that just as he, who throwing a Stone at a Dog, struck his Step-mother, and then declared that he was not out of his Cast, for even his mistake hit right: So for those things which Fortune obtrudes upon us, contrary to our Desires, let us alter their Nature, by putting a different Construction upon them."

Tutelary Deities.

A citizen of New York, anxious to save the Diana that looked down on the city from the top of the Madison Square Garden tower, writes to Mayor Gaynor asking that the city buy her as "a landmark" and put her on the municipal building now constructing. A more fitting landmark in the region over which Diana long queened it would be a statue of Venus Pandemos high up on the roof of a lobster palace. The erection of a statue to Mercury, the god of thieves, might be ragarded by some of the prominent citizens as too personal.

Highboy and Lowboy.

"W. E. F." writes: "Will The Herald give me information in regard to the words 'highboy' and 'lowboy' as applied to articles of old furniture?"

These words are apparently unknown in England as applied to chests of drawers, high or low. The great Oxford dictionary does not recognize "high boy" with this meaning, but admits "low boy" and puts "U. S." after it. "High boy" in England meant one who lived high, a gallant, one that was "addicted to drink among others or to drink down others." It also meant in the 17th century a partisan who made high claims for his party. "Low boy" was one who supported the low party in matters of church polity.

American dictionaries admit the two words as peculiar to New England, but have little or nothing to say about their derivation. There have been fantastical explanations. Some have gravely argued that the words are corrupted forms of Dutch terms.

These words have not been common throughout New England for many years. In Orange county, Vermont, and along the Connecticut river the words were generally unknown in the sixties and seventies of the last century, nor were they heard in certain towns of western Massachusetts. There are Bostonians whose families have long dwelt here that do not know the words. The articles of furniture in the places just referred to were described as bureaus, sometimes as chests of drawers.

There are several factories of antique furniture in the neighborhood, well equipped, and driving a roaring trade. Perhaps one of the proprietors, or a dealer to whom he sells, can answer your question.

Progress in Wilkesbarre.

It is a pleasure to read the news from Wilkesbarre, Pa. Mr. Clements and Mr. Gordon were at the same table in an eating house. Gordon gave too earnest attention to corned beef and oatbage, and Mr. Clements, nervous, or unduly sensitive, asked him to "cut in his muffler." During the pie course Mr. Clements, who, like Mr. Brown in Bret Harte's ballad is a most sarcastic man, said to Mr. Gordon: "Kill it, so it won't suffer so much," and when the latter proceeded to put down his coffee, Mr. Clements jumped up and shouted: "Flee for your lives! The dam has broken! Women first, then men!" There was a row, and Mr. Gordon was haled into the presence of a magistrate who improved the occasion by dilating on table manners. He chided visitors—Mr. Gordon's home is Duryea—who made a noise with their food "like a concrete mixer at an asphalt plant," and advised Mr. Gordon when he again came to Wilkesbarre to "bring a handout, put it in a horse's nosebag and eat it on the river bank."

Foreign students of sociology should not fail to visit Wilkesbarre. They will thus gain a more favorable impression of American manners. It is said that there has been a noticeable improvement in Chicago in this respect. Galleries at public dinners are no longer crowded with strangers curious to hear leading citizens eat.

The De Nevers Family.

We regret to hear of the arrest of the Duc de Nevers, who has been seized on the charge of passing a bogus check. Rude New Yorkers even accuse him of being "a noble crook."

Here is another tragedy in the de Nevers family. We all remember de Nevers in "The Huguenots," conspicuous for his huge earrings, noble sentiments and baritone voice. He often sings out of tune, and his false intonation is in direct ratio with his horror at the conspiracy against the Protestants. He comes to an untimely end, slain, so that Raoul can wed the widow in a fifth act that is seldom given in this country.

Then there was "M. de Nevers," who came to Boston as the secretary and Man Friday of Edouard de Reszke. "M. de Nevers" was a Polish Jew, who, obliged to leave his country for his country's good, went to Paris and there and in London wrote entertainingly for the newspapers. He had a readable style and a great fund of anecdotes. Undoubtedly a soldier of fortune, he was a pleasing conversationalist. In Boston he wrote an article in which he said that the opera company then in town was without great tenors. This vexed M. Saleza, who insisted that he was a tenor of the first rank. M. Saleza challenged M. de Nevers to mortal combat, but the duel did not take place, although the Common was named as an excellent field of honor. "M. de Nevers" has been dead for several years, and a card received yesterday from M. Saleza informs us that he is giving singing lessons in Paris.

"The Showing up of Blanco Posnet" Is Done in Masterly Manner.

Oct 1911

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet," a play in one act, by George Bernard Shaw; "The Building Fund," a comedy in three acts, by William Boyle; "The Rising of the Moon," a play in one act by Lady Gregory. Performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

"THE SHOWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET."

Babsy.....Eileen O'Doherty
Lottie.....Kathleen Drago
Hannah.....Cathleen Nesbitt
Jessie.....Una O'Connor
Emma.....Maire nic Shiubhlaigh
Elder Daniels.....Arthur Sinclair
Blanco Posnet.....Fred O'Donovan
Strapper Kemp.....J. M. Kerrigan
Feemy Evans.....Sara Allgood
Sheriff Kemp.....Sydney J. Morgan
Foreman of jury.....J. A. O'Rourke
Nestor, a juryman.....Brinsley Macnamara
Waggoner Joe.....M. J. Dolan
The woman.....Eithne Magee

"THE BUILDING FUND."

Mrs. Grogan.....Sara Allgood
Shan Grogan, her son.....Arthur Sinclair
Sheila O'Dwyer.....Eithne MaGee
Michael O'Callaghan.....J. A. O'Rourke
Dan Macsweeney.....Fred O'Donovan

"THE RISING OF THE MOON."

Sergeant.....Arthur Sinclair
Policeman X.....J. A. O'Rourke
Policeman B.....U. Wright
Ballad singer.....J. M. Kerrigan

Many have read Mr. Shaw's preface to "Blanco Posnet," in which he discusses the censorship with especial reference to the Censor's objections to his play. The reader of this remarkable drama might well have wondered before he saw it on the stage why a license for performance was refused. It is true that a woman of shamelessly vicious life is introduced and her profession and her characteristics are alluded to in terms of more than biblican frankness, but when the play is seen she is at once accepted by the audience as an indispensable and welcome factor in this strange exposure of hypocrisy. There is not a lubricious line or situation in the piece. Surely, the Censor was not shocked by a daring treatment of a sexual problem, for this problem is nonexistent.

It was undoubtedly the wildness of the chief character, his conception of the Deity, who, as he thought, was setting traps for him, and took advantage of him, yet played a game that was superior to Blanco's, a higher, nobler game, which finally led the ruffian to think seriously on life and death that shocked the sensitive Censor. No doubt he regarded Blanco as a blasphemer and was horrified by his expressions of fear, his uncouth familiarity with the Almighty. But how would this man of lynchings, horse stealing and barrooms have expressed himself? Not in the language of a bishop or even a dean.

Then there was the irony of Mr. Shaw, an irony that has the brilliance and thes plendor of the lightning, and irony is disconcerting to dull and unimaginative minds.

It is not easy to write in adequate terms of this extraordinary play, which is a mixture of realism and the highest imagination, of wit, humor, irony and lofty eloquence. I say eloquence, for Posnet's description of the vision in which he saw the Lord triumphing in the message written on the rainbow is of the highest poetic eloquence. The very strangeness of the wording of this message intensifies the poetic thought.

Nor is this the only thrilling moment. The silencing of Feemy's perjuries when the Woman looked at her is a masterstroke. And the final cry of Posnet: "There's a great game, and there's a rotten game! I'm for the great game now, all the time," is an effective climax, the conclusion of the whole matter.

Mr. Shaw's play, which may be read with delight and admiration, has something more than uncommon literary merit. This play is intensely dramatic. The characters are incisively drawn; the canting Elder, the Sheriff eager to learn what had become of his horse, the raging jurymen, the had woman of the "rotten town" who was more than tolerated by the leading citizens—yet they would not allow her to kiss the Bible when she was ready to swear falsely against Blanco, accused of horse-stealing—the mother for whose sick child Blanco turned into a "softy"—these and all the other men and women are singularly alive.

The satire and the irony, the curious reflections on the conduct of life, seem natural, inevitable in the mouths of these western people, and although Mr. Shaw chose a western town for his play as Shakespeare chose Illyria and turned some of the inhabitants into Englishmen, although these rough westerners all speak with a mellow Dublin accent, there is never a thought of incongruity.

And what is to be said of Blanco? He is more than Mr. Shaw with a mask, sparkling or savage in epigram, fantastical, with both eyes on the audience, eager for immediate applause. He is more than a half-mad buffoon. Rough, coarse, cynical, he has visions, and to him the Deity, though in his infinite power he tricks his creatures, is very real, and at the last he admits that the "trickery" was for his own good. He loathes hypocrisy, but his savage arraignment of those that would hang him is not merely melodramatic, nor is he only, as I have said, a mouthpiece for Mr. Shaw. There is something gigantic, Aeschylaen in this creation.

These are necessarily only impressions of the most powerful, thoughtful, wholly original play, both in conception and in expression, that has been produced here in many years.

It was acted with rare sincerity and force. Mr. O'Donovan's performance of Blanco was masterly in every way. Miss Allgood played Feemy with a realism that had the necessary touch of imagination. Mr. Sinclair was effective by the absence of exaggeration as the pious elder, nor can Mr. O'Rourke as the foreman of the jury, and Miss MaGee as the Woman be easily forgotten.

The audience was quick to appreciate the unusual character of this piece. Even the chronic gigglers in the gallery who disturb so many performances of the company because they think an Irish comedian must necessarily be a low comedian with a song and a dance seemed to realize the superb qualities of both the drama and the acting.

Mr. Boyle's comedy was played in this country in the spring of 1908 by secceers from this Dublin theatre. "Blanco Posnet" last night was performed for the first time in this country. The story of "The Building Fund" is one of a miserly old woman and her son. It is a simple story, but interesting and true to life. The stern old woman outwits her avaricious son by leaving her property in trust. The scenes are often extremely comical, yet there are moments, as when the old woman shows her loneliness and her dread of death, that are emotional.

Miss Allgood, who had been a seductive Feemy, disguised her charming personality to such a degree that even her haunting voice was no longer to be recognized; she gave full expression to the old woman's granitic nature. Mr. Sinclair's performance was one of exceeding subtlety. Greed, hypocrisy, deliberate blarney, furious rage were presented with the finest art. Miss MaGee was a pretty Sheila and Mr. O'Rourke gave a carefully composed and natural impersonation of O'Callaghan.

The program was long enough without Lady Gregory's little comedy. If it had been omitted we should have missed the songs by Mr. Kerrigan, but after the preceding pieces this comedy seemed a graceful, but superfluous, trifle.

The Palaces of Noble Men and Princes appear guarded with splendid Retinues of diligent, obsequious Servants, and every Room is crowded with a Throng of Visiters, who caress the Great Man with all the endearing Gestures and Expressions that Wit and Breeding can invent; and it may be thought, I confess, at first sight, that such are very fortunate, in having so many cordial, real Friends at their command; whereas 'tis all bare Pageantry and Shew: Change the Scene, and you may observe a far greater number of Flies as industriously busie in their Kitchens; and as these would vanish were the Dishes empty and clean, so neither would that other sort of Insects pay any farther Respect, were nothing to be got by it."

To Ears Polite.

The proceedings in court at Albany, N. Y., with the arguments to compel Secretary Lazansky to file a certificate of incorporation establishing a new restaurant in New York city to be called "Hell" reminds one of certain applications of the word that may be mentioned to ears polite.

The term has long been generic for a place of confinement, as in some games, or a cell in a prison, and was applied specifically to a place under the Exchequer Chamber, where debtors of the King were confined. And so in public libraries a room in which books classed loosely under the head "Erotica" are shelved is known as the Inferno or the "Hell." Florio in 1598 wrote in his "World of Words": "also the name of a place in Venice where all their secret records and ancient evidence be kept, as Hell is in Westminster Hall."

The word is also applied to a workman's receptacle for stolen or refuse pieces, as cloth, type, etc. Greene (1598) defined a hell as a place "that the tailors have under their shopboard where all their stolen shreds is thrust." Dean Swift likened a critic's commonplace book to a tailor's hell. And so printers have their hell-box.

Early in the 19th century a gambling house became known as a hell. A silver-hell was a house where only silver was played for. A dancing hell was an unchartered hall. Ben Jonson in "The Alchemist" makes one of the characters say: "He must not break his fast in Heaven or Hell," for at that time Heaven, Hell and Purgatory were the names of three alehouses near Westminster Hall.

There are other uses of the word which cannot be discussed here.

Traps for Strangers.

To name a restaurant "Hell" is not an original idea. The title was imported from Paris. When I was a student in that city about 25 years ago there was a restaurant in or near the Clichy quarter known as the Convict Tavern. It was kept by an ex-convict, who had served time because he had fought as a Communist. The waiters were all supposed to be ex-convicts and they hobbled about with ball and chain; but the majority of them, a rather dirty and spiritless lot, had never seen the inside of a jail, although they probably had deserved the enforced retirement. It occurred to the landlord that it would draw custom if he should engage Louise Michel to sit at the cashier's desk, but she, a fine woman in her way, was affronted by the suggestion. Strangers went to this tavern hoping to snatch a fearful joy, but it was a dull place.

Long afterward, two restaurants in Paris were known as Heaven and Hell, and there were attempts at realism in the fitting-up and the equipment. These restaurants were contrived as traps to catch curious visitors.

The Very Image.

Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner is not necessarily insane because he thinks he now looks like Napoleon Bonaparte. He has 30 pictures of himself to show that his features have been changing and growing to resemble those of the Corsican, and he insists that his ears have always resembled those of Napoleon. This is no occasion for flippant jesting. If Mr. Chaloner is suffering from a delusion, it is an amiable one, nor would it necessarily incapacitate him for the administration of $1,500,000.

There are many who flatter themselves that they look like some distinguished man, though they secretly think and are positive that they have some superior physical attraction; a better modelled nose, a more sensitive mouth; or ears that are not so wildly flapping. Mr. Hall Caine is a case in point. He knows he looks as Shakespeare would have liked to look. We all are acquainted with the man who is proud of his resemblance to Napoleon. He was at Harvard; he was at Yale; he has never "enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education." In his youth he studied the portraits of the Emperor, and in the class room, in a street car, or in church, he would tink his head on his breast and arrange his forelock. He wore a cloak instead of an overcoat. Only fear of rude street boys prevented him from sporting a Napoleonic cocked hat. He was and is a harmless person.

It is to be regretted, however, that Mr. Chaloner prefers "proven" to "proved." As a matter of fact, there is no such word as "proven" except in the Scottish use of it: "Not proven." But the genteel find "proven" more "elegant."

Quick and Dead.

Women who have compared Mr. Mordkin to a Grecian god and wished that heaven had made them such a man will shudder at the news that he has been operated upon for appendicitis, that the surgeon's knife has out into that noble, sculptural form. Did the glorious Apollo, the far-darter, did the youthful Bacchus crowned with a garland, have an appendix? Perish the thought!

Tipping is an old English tradition. Lord William Russell, sentenced to death, wished to behave like a high-born gentleman. He asked Bishop Burnet what he should give the executioner. "I told him 10 guineas. He said with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his head cut off."

The statement is made that Dr. Joseph Bell, who died last Wednesday, was the original of Sir Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. This, no doubt, will be indignantly denied by several who cherish the belief that Sir Conan Doyle studied them and appreciated their gifts of observation and deduction. No one, however, has yet boasted that he sat for the portrait of Dr. Watson. "Marvellous, marvel—lous!"

It appears from the recently published memoirs of John Churton Collins that he was "miserably disappointed" in Browning at first. "There was marked vulgarity about him, particularly in his accent and in the tone of his voice, and a certain indescribable savour of sycophancy, of a man eager to be of a grade to which he did not belong; but the poet was there—the poet's keen eye—the poet's heart— obvious in his remarks and descriptions."

Oct. 7. 1911

NEW OVERTURE BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, 31st season, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler was loudly applauded when he took his place on the conductor's stand. The program was as follows:

Jubilee overture.....Weber
Symphony, B flat major, No. 1.....Schumann
Blonda's first air from "Il Seraglio"....Mozart
Four movements from "Goldonian Intermezzi".....Bossi
"Depuis le jour," from "Louise"...Charpentier
A Comedy Overture, op. 120.....Reger

Mr. Fiedler brought with him from Europe the score of Reger's new overture which has just been published, and the performances yesterday was the very first. The overture is scored lightly as far as the number of instruments is concerned. The trombones are not employed, and there are two of each wood wind instrument, two trumpets and four horns; nor does Reger find it necessary to call in the aid of a large battery, for kettledrums and a triangle are the only pulsatile instruments. Notwithstanding this modesty in resources, the instrumentation is for the most part heavy, clumsy, and at times it is raw. The themes are without marked significance, nor do they gain in the elaborate contrapuntal treatment that characterizes Reger's music. There are animated pages; liveliness of tempo, and the frequent hurly-burly may persuade a hearer who is thus easily affected that the composer has really something to say and is fortunate in expression.

It would be folly to deny Reger's technical skill, but in this overture, as in the great majority of the pages of his orchestral works he shows a lack of fine taste, hardly any appreciation of color or nuances, an inability to provide contrasts, and above all an absence of poetic spirit. This man is now nearly 40 years old, and it is high time for him to disclose an imaginative gift if he wishes to be accepted by a generation to come. Meanwhile the Regerites compare their idol to Bach and Beethoven and Reger Festivals are held solemnly to the deep and abiding joy of the initiated.

Mme. Alma Gluck has been heard here in opera and in Verdi's "Requiem." Yesterday she sang here at a Symphony concert for the first time. She was happy in her selections. The aria from "Il Sevaglio" is the first one sung by Blonda in the opera, and the long established Italian text begins "Con vezzie, con Lusinghe," but Mme. Gluck used another version. The music is truly Mozartian in its flowing grace, its tenderness, its fresh beauty tinged with the melancholy that is peculiar to Mozart; as there is a melancholy that distinguishes Schubert, and another, that of Tschaikowsky, often akin to the darkness of pessimism.

Mme. Gluck's other selection was the sensuous song of Louise in Charpentier's romance of Montmartre; of Louise recalling the memorable moment when she first gave herself to Julien. The two airs would test the art and soul of any singer.

Mme. Gluck has a singularly beautiful voice, clear, warm, expressive. She sang as one admirably trained, who, not hampered by the thought of technical requirements, is free to give full expression to emotion. She sang Mozart's music —and this music is quick to reveal any vocal deficiency—in a charming manner, with the appropriate simplicity that is so hard to acquire, and without the too pronounced expressiveness that is ill suited to the song of Mozart's period. It was a pleasure also to hear Mme. Gluck in Charpentier's air, music that might have been written by Massenet, if he were now young, unsophisticated, not nervously trimming sails to catch the breeze of popularity. Yet there is a voluptuousness in this air of Louise that is far removed from the eroticism of the older composer.

The audience, large and brilliant, was unusually warm in approval. In its good nature it forgot the inherent vulgarity, the evident perfunctoriness of Weber's overture, and applauded the performance of the Symphony. It appreciated Mr. Ferir's exquisite viola playing in Bossi's pretty Serenatina. And Mme. Gluck may well be pleased at her reception.

Mr. Henry Russell says that Mr. Maeterlinck will come to this country with his wife, Georgette Leblanc. The Belgian, it seems, is a shy person. He will travel "not only incognito, but so well disguised that he wagers no newspaper man will find him out. He and his wife will have a house 10 miles out of Boston, and he is confident that he will not be discovered." And how will Mr. Maeterlinck disguise himself? With false whiskers, Galway sluggers, Piccadilly weepers, zymos? Or as a cave man, an Apache, a Brazilian of the boulevards? "Ten miles out of Boston." So there is no use in exploring darkest Cambridge, or searching in the hills and dales of Chestnut Hill. But does Mr. Maeterlinck really need this sort of advertisement?

Fr. Bernard Vaughan, denouncing in New York divorce and the "new woman," said: "When woman tries to meet man in the great struggle of life, when her youth is gone and her beauty fled, the high-cheeked, flat-footed, angular woman will go to the wall." But flat-foot is easily relieved, and there are plates that are even ornamental. Angular women are now in high favor and admirably suited to the prevailing costumes.

Utilized Snoring.

"F. E. C." on a steamship bound for Liverpool writes to The Herald: "I have a project to combine by some telephonic contrivance or other all the snores of the entire ship's company into a single composite stertor to be delivered through a single opening at the bow of the ship and there to serve as a foghorn. The united snore of 2000 people should produce a resounding note audible for many miles. Diverted backwards it might even have propulsive force in the manner of an aeolopile. The only disadvantage of the plan is the possibility—suggested by the Captain—that the passengers might demand a compensating rebate for the service thus rendered.

The Sadness of Farewell.

"I also hope to perfect a mechanical figure in the likeness of a human being to which can be entrusted the interminable process of waving farewells after the ship has left the dock. Personal attention to this matter is not necessary; it may even be that the waves have left the pier, leaving the wavers in a humiliating position. My machine will obviate all this.

"I urge the Earnest Student of Sociology to make investigation as to the precise point at which a tearful farewell becomes imperative. People leaving for a journey of 2000 miles by water are invariably wept over. Are persons making a commensurate traverse to San Francisco overland, similarly lamented? If so, can a journey to Denver be accomplished with dry eyes? If not, then Chicago? Where is the critical point of destination when a jocund smile replaces the tearful visage of farewell?

"By the way, the day I left home I learned that a former pupil of a local school of oratory, an institution advertising to fit its graduates for platform, pulpit or stage, is now barking for a rubber-neck wagon. This useful and honorable outlet for elocutionary talent is not usually considered in such a prospectus, but should it not be?"

Sing High, Sing Low.

"C. W. E." writes apropos of a paragraph recently published in this column:

"'Lowboy' and 'highboy,' as names of furniture, are surely American, as The Herald suggests. 'The House Beautiful,' published in Chicago (1899), uses both terms and gives pictures of the furniture. At Grand Rapids they make antique lowboys, highboys and double highboys. No trace of an English origin has been found; nor of Dutch or 'colonial.' Could one connect the words with French? Americans like French, and love to bestow French or quasi-French names. In adopting French they usually adapt it and modify it to suit American needs. Could an American buyer of 'artistic' furniture in Paris have met the 'bahut,' of which the French make so much? The French 'bahut' sounds a little like boy, and an American buyer of artistic furniture might associate ba-hut with 'bas,' meaning low. There is your lowboy, and by inference the highboy. Such is a guess. Trade names are proverbially difficult to explain. Vaseline (1874) is an example.

"Take this guess for what it is worth. You know the craze for French, to which we owe Vermont, the many hundred place names ending ville, the 'grand army' (of our dear friend Napoleon), 'primary' elections and 'primary' schools, and among aesthetes the 'nom de plume,' etc., etc. I have no trace of lowboy and highboy beyond Chicago and Grand Rapids; the East rather scorns the terms, always excepting the dealer in artistic antique furniture made in Grand Rapids.

"The most majestic spectacle possible in this world is about 4 A. M. In the south the Pleiades flanked by Mars and Saturn, Orion the glorious, and mighty Sirius. In the east Venus, not like a star, but a wondrous flame. Greater things are not known to mortal eye."

Oct. 8. 1911

Johanna Redmond's Tragedy The repertory of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, now at the Plymouth Theatre, is varied and interesting this week, as it was for the past fortnight. The dates of the performance of each play will be found in the column of theatrical announcements.

"Falsely True" is by Miss Johanna Redmond, Mr. John Redmond's daughter. It is a story of the Emmet rising in 1803 —a story of a young Wicklow man who found himself in prison, and to save a younger brother turns informer. "It sets forth his emotions, and those of his father and mother, in a situation which, to an Irishman, is among the most tragical; and it ends with the lad leaving his home, for no man knows where, until 'the red stain on his hands' has been wiped away. There are only three characters and it is over in 20 minutes; but after the opening scene, which is principally expository, it is written and played with a passion that carries all before it." The Pall Mall Gazette added that Miss Sara Allgood's "beautiful voice and emotional power created all the effect of perfect sincerity which Dublin audiences—and London, also, by this time—have learned to know so well." This was apropos of the performance at the Palace Theatre, London, March 6, 1911. The theatre was crowded and John Redmond and several Irish members were in the audience.

Lady Gregory's Comedy, "The Jackdaw" Lady Gregory's "Jackdaw," a comedy in one act, was produced for the first time at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Feb. 23, 1907. The comedians were F. J. Fay, W. G. Fay, J. M. Kerrigan, Miss Sara Allgood, Mrs. Arthur Sinclair, Miss Brigit O'Dempsey.

The scene is the interior of a small shop at Cloon. The owner, Mrs. Broderick, the possessor of a jackdaw, expects a writ for £10. Her neighbors console her and advise her to see the magistrate or creditor. She leaves the shop in charge of one Nestor. A stranger comes in. He turns out to be Mrs. Broderick's brother, long absent in South Africa. He wishes to pay her debt, but is unwilling she should know of it, lest she come to him too often. He agrees to buy the jackdaw for £10, but is unwilling to trust Nestor. Another plan for getting the money to her fails. Finally Nestor conceives this idea: Mrs. Broderick has a jackdaw which a friend of his in South Africa would buy, as he wants a bird to remind him of home, and he will give her £10 for it. She accepts. The neighbors, hearing of her luck, search for the man who pays cash for birds.

Mr. Yeats's Morality, "The Hour Glass" The press agent informs us that Mr. Yeats's "Hour Glass" is a morality play founded on an old Irish tale and staged "with a rigorous simplicity

[illegible] as so long [illegible] The stage is hung with a [illegible] which the char- [illegible] various shades of pur- [illegible] At first [illegible] Hour Glass" seems a moral [illegible] the very simplest kind, but a [illegible] philosophic meaning [illegible] as the fable un- [illegible]

[illegible] the play [illegible] any time [illegible] the same period in which [illegible] and women in Ireland im- [illegible] heroes of their tales as hav- [illegible] Mr. Yeats says that when the [illegible] produced in Dublin one of [illegible] resigned because he thought [illegible] problem play. After he left [illegible] he was compelled to take [illegible] one of Ibsen's dramas."

"The Hour Glass" was pro- [illegible] the Newman Art Gallery in [illegible] Feb. [illegible], 1910, the Times des- [illegible] accessories. "A sufficiently [illegible] room, a low rush-strewn dais, [illegible] and harmonious stage furniture [illegible] the whole illuminated by [illegible] in a great iron candlestick [illegible] hit off the mean of crudity [illegible]

A Wise Man sits in his study like [illegible] An angel announces his death [illegible] an hour, and as he is an unbe- [illegible] the pains of hell will follow him [illegible] The Wise Man begs for mercy [illegible] granted the chance of escape if [illegible] and during his hour of grace one [illegible] who believes in God. But he [illegible] so well that his own family [illegible] man in the street are deaf to his appeal. And then the Wise Man [illegible] of the Fool whose talk of angels [illegible] scorned. The Fool will not an- [illegible] directly. When the profession of faith is drawn from him, it comes too [illegible] and students rushing in find the Wise Man dead in his chair.

"The Hour Glass" was played in New York at the Garrick Theatre in [illegible] when the bill included a Gari- [illegible] drama and "My Milliner's [illegible] John Malone took the part of the Wise Man and William Owen that of the Fool. Josephine Arthur played the Wise Man's wife.

Lenox Robinson's Attack on Education

"Harvest" is by Mr. S. Lenox Robinson, man- ager of the Ab- bey Theatre and one of the school of Munster realists. He is the son of a clergyman of the Church of Ireland and has lived all his life in a county Cork country rectory. He had scarce- ly been out of Ireland when he was engaged by the Abbey Theatre Com- pany as manager and sent to London to study stage management under Granville Barker, but most of his knowledge of stagecraft has been ac- quired at the Abbey Theatre.

"Harvest" is an attack upon the ex- [illegible] literary education given to the children of the farming classes in the public schools of Ireland. "Mr. Robinson shows a farmer's household, where the father and the son, who has [illegible] a farmer, are brought to bankruptcy by spending their money to start in life a priest, a chemist, a lawyer, a politician who disowns his family and country, and a woman [illegible] writer. The moral seems to be [illegible] this literary education does noth- [illegible] for the training of the farmer and [illegible] would-be gentlemen who are [illegible] of failure and incapacity in [illegible] walk of life. They drain [illegible] the farmer's money and give [illegible] in return, and the farmer [illegible] out of his old-fashioned [illegible] Many of the scenes are taken from life."

Two More Plays by Lady Gregory

"Spreading the News" is in the volume of seven plays by Lady [illegible] Allgood made her repu- [illegible] in it. The scene is a [illegible] A phrase misunderstood [illegible] women brings an accusation [illegible] against a melancholy man. [illegible] rooted conviction is that if there is any misfortune in the world it is sure to be piled upon him. He [illegible] seems about to [illegible] It ends with a mixup in [illegible] supposed murdered man [illegible] impersonating himself.

[illegible] "Image" in three [illegible] of her plays. The [illegible] are seven old men and wo- [illegible] "A whale has been washed up on a headland near a Con- naught village and the priest has left [illegible]

[illegible] is [illegible] done [illegible] realized from its oil and bone. They [illegible] many projects and decide upon a statue, without meaning to decide upon any- thing. They quarrel over which great Irishman the monument is to commemo- rate. A cracked old man and a cracked old woman talk strange dreamy poetry, and just when they have come to an agreement as to how to spend the sal- vage money, lo' the stranded whale is driven out to sea again."

Played in London June 1, 1910, this comedy was eminently successful. The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote:

"It is impossible without quotation to give any idea of the wealth of wit, elo- quence and imagination with which Lady Gregory has [illegible] deli- cious satire at the expense of the taste for [illegible] of her countrymen. One phrase [illegible] in our memory [illegible] visionary, describing [illegible] early morning flight from the work house, said: 'I slipped out in the half dark, at the battling of day and night.' The dialogue is full of poetical touches of that kind. And there is a beautifully written scene in the second act, in which the very old widow woman, Peggy Mahon, having been told by a neighbor that she may not meet her long-dead husband in Heaven, and that if she did, he would not recognize in the bun- dle of skin and bone and rags she has become his once blooming comrade, re- plies with a trembling outburst of faith which goes straight to the heart of the audience. It is, however, the wit of the thing and its felicity of invention that constitute its chief charm."

The amusing comedy, "The Work- house Ward," is already familiar, nor is it necessary to speak again of the capital performances of it by this com- pany.

Mr. Terry's Trifling Mistakes

When Mr. Fred Ter- ry was asked by a re- porter of the Referee why he purposed to do "Romeo and Juliet" he answered: "For the pure delight of the thing; because I love it." And he frankly admitted that he "liked" Shakespeare.

His revival (the New Theatre, Lon- don, Sept. 2) is said to be character- ized by the "painful unimaginative- ness which has of late years marred so many Shakespearean revivals in this city." Juliet appears in the "bal- cony scene," in which she should sit at a window and not in the balcony, "between a couple of modern glazed French windows, carrying a lighted lamp." Romeo cries "But, soft! what light," etc., as though he regarded the lamp as the light. However—I quote again from the Pall Mall Gazette—Juliet soon put the lamp away and stepped upon the balcony, "only to encounter there another and a fiercer light in a kindly flood from that 'sweet little cherub that sits up aloft' and is known as the limelight man. Never have we seen a Juliet basking in such a blaze * * * with the result that when later in the scene she cried to the adoring youth below, 'Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,' the line became positively comic, and once more poor Shakespeare was rather badly 'let down.'"

When Tybalt was slain, the stage was suddenly crowded with horrified men and women, the latter shrieking at the sight of a corpse. "We venture to say that not even in London today would a street crowd of women start shrieking at the sight of a man who had been killed in a fight. Much less would they have done anything of the kind in the Verona of the 15th century."

In Juliet's chamber, "the curtain rose on a dark room. With Juliet still curled up on the bed and Romeo presently mov- ing across to the windows and drawing the curtains. It was natural enough, but in such a scene is not reticence an added beauty? And the new way of do- ing it led, a little later, to a ridiculous moment in which Romeo, sitting beside his recumbent wife and with his back to the window, pointed to the opposite wall and said: 'I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.' All the while the 'yon grey' was behind him. Such are too often the consequences of these new readings of the dramatist's directions. After all, Shakespeare was an actor and a 'producer' of plays, as well as a poet; and we may be pretty certain that if he explicitly directed the two characters in a certain scene to be 'at a window,' and wrote the scene accordingly, something rather awkward is bound to happen if one of them is placed on a bed and the other on a cushion on the floor beside her."

Miss Neilson-Terry as Juliet was courteously treated, though the general opinion was that she is overtrained and lacks individuality. "Her rapture seemed mechanical, and of the girl's trembling ecstasy of passion we could find but little evidence." Mr. Vernon Steel's impersonation of Romeo was de- scribed as "intellectually well meant, but expressionally inadequate."

Costumes for "Romeo and Juliet"

Percy Macquoid de- signed the costumes for this revival, and he thus unfolded him- self:

"The story of the ill-starred lovers is, as everybody knows, of uncertain date, but was doubtless a popular ro- mance in the last quarter of the 15th century. That period embodies a great transition of art at its height at a mo- ment when the worship of beauty had for some time replaced the asceticism of the Middle Ages. We have, conse- quently, set the action of the piece about 1480, in an environment largely suggested by contemporaneous pictures painted by artists like Carpaccio, Man- tegna and Pinturiccio. The type of dress lies between that of 1480 and Maxi- milian, which culminated in the style of Francois I. and Henry VIII. The hair was worn long, reaching almost to the shoulder, and was crowned by a small, red round cap, much resembling the tarboosh of the East. It must be remembered that in this, as in other respects, eastern art and design had a considerable influence upon Venetian art, and this even as late as the middle of the 16th century. The metal work and textile work of Venice were strong- ly imbued with an Oriental flavor. Al- though the hair was long, the skirts of the men's tunics were abnormally short. The period, in short, was characterized by a marked element of elegance and eccentricity, combined with a slightly lascivious appreciation of the beautiful. In all this was reflected something of the horrors originated by the brilliant but abandoned intellects of the Borgias.

"Trunk hose were, of course, un- known, and in many instances the hose is shown reaching up to the waist, and revealing slashings of fine linen. The sleeves were fantastic, and the outer coat or robe was fast diminishing in length. Clothes still defined the shape of their wearers without much artificial addition, and the surcoat, a graceful garment borrowed from the east, was the fashionable gown of the better classes. The greatest possible atten- tion was given to the hair, which became a series of plaits, curls and pearls surmounted by the folds of a gauze veil. It was probably the most beautiful period of any where costumes were concerned.

"The color motive adopted in the re- vival is red for the house of Capulet, blue for that of Montague. To a large extent the scenes are modelled from pic- tures of the period."

In Foreign Play Houses

"The Sorrles," a com- pany in London, produced on Sept. 20 burlesques of "The Dollar Princess" ("The Girl with the Cash"; or, How He Collared It," and "Sherlock Holmes" ("Sherbet Jones"). "The innocent happi- ness of the amateur seemed [illegible] large over the whole business."

"The Miniature," a curtain-raiser by Walter Frith (St. James's, London, Sept. 22), is a serious little problem play. An old lover, a friend of the dead husband, calls on the beautiful and rich widow. He is wretchedly poor. Waiting in the drawing room, he steals a priceless min- iature. Should the widow forgive him? In the play she asks him to lunch, brings down an old suit of the dear departed, calls him "Harry," and lets him think that she is by no means unprepared to wed a second time. "As may be guessed, it is all a little artificial. Mr. Frith is more intent upon arranging his problem than upon making his couple do what they naturally would."

Cyril Maude staged "Rip Van Winkle" at the Playhouse, London, with great elaboration and picturesqueness (Sept. 21). In this adaptation by Austin Strong of Irving's story, Rip has no shrewish wife and noisy children, but he has a pathetic sweetheart. "We are offered compensation for these losses in a scene depicting the old man being welcomed on his return by his sweetheart, now an old woman, and the two indulging in a sort of embrace as the curtain falls. This may appeal to some as touching. It did not so appeal to us. On the con- trary, it seemed about as feeble a 'hap- py ending' as could have been devised. Neither, alas! can we be honestly enthu- siastic over Mr. Maude's Rip. It lacked power and magnetism. It did not com- mand. It was full of detail. * * * And yet it never seemed anything but a fig- ure of the stage."

The salary list at the Hippodrome, London, the last week of September was £2500. Leoncavallo took £600 and Mme. Rejane £800.

Mme. Edmond Rostand and her elder son Maurice, having penned maternal and filial odes to each other, colla- borated in a comedy which is said to be pretty, and is to be brought out shortly —"Un Bon Petit Diable," taken from "La Couleur de Rose," a children's story by Mme. de Segur. But this was a mere trifle which exhausted but a particle of young Maurice's energy. He can ex- claim, "Paulo maiora canemus," and he can say so in a double sense. After the pretty comedy he has started on an heroic drama in verse. The subject is almost equal to his energy—Napoleon. The father, Edmond Rostand, wrote "L'Aiglon"; the son, Maurice Rostand, is content with nothing less than the Little Corporal himself.—Paris cor- respondent of the Daily Telegraph, Lon- don.

Notes About Music

An orchestral suite made out of some "Songs Without Words" by Men- delssohn was produced at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 19, and the Pall Mall Gazette said that Cecil Forsyth, the transcriber, was wise in not attempting any elabora- tion of orchestration. "Whether the music itself is strong or interesting enough to deserve the more impor- tant setting is another matter, but there can be no doubt that the proper note to be struck was one of simplic- ity, or the pieces would easily have lost their quiet, mild attraction. This Mr. Forsyth secured with plenty of variety in the color as well; a spe- cially happy touch was the introduc- tion of the harp and wind at the be- ginning and end of the second num- ber, scored otherwise for strings alone. It is possible that the selec- tion and order of the pieces was not quite happy, two slow movements at the beginning might have been avoid- ed, and a more brilliant number for the close would have made the suite as a whole more successful."

I am indebted to Mr. Nathan Has- kell Dole for this extract from an un- edited letter of Turgenieff published in the Russian Vyedomosti. The nov- elist wrote to friends from Baden Baden in August, 1869: "I have just been to Munich to witness the first performance of Wagner's 'Rheingold' and incidentally something else also. Munich is an interesting city; the King of Bavaria, as you perhaps may know, is an intimate, not to say ec- centric, friend of Wagner, whose music is a royal concern in Bavaria; but in consequence of various absurd and complicated intrigues, out of which Aristophanes might have made a curious moral-satirical-political com- edy, the opera was not performed and only the dress rehearsal was given. I was present at it. Music and text are alike intolerable, but you know among the Germans there are people for whom Wagner is almost Christ. I was much diverted by all this snarl."

Raymond Roze's symphonic poem, "Antony and Cleopatra" was performed at a promenade concert, London, Sept. 21. "It is constructed on themes orig- inally written for the incidental music to the Shakespearian revival at his majesty's some years ago. Whatever may have been the effect of the music then with the defining attributes of action and scenery, it is to be feared that as a piece of absolute music Mr. Roze's poem does not show that his inspiration was strong enough to rightly conjure up the situation of the great tragedy or the emotions of the par- ticipants therein. There is considerable skill in the treatment, especially as re- gards orchestration, but the themes are lacking in character; nor are they very 'original—indeed, the opening was so patently reminiscent of 'Tristan' that it seemed strange the composer had not noticed the influence himself—and here- in lay a reason why the work as a whole failed to make any very decided impression. Mr. Roze had achieved a certain amount of picturesque oriental coloring, but somehow the atmosphere did not convince, and the alternation with other styles gave rather a patchy impression."

A short time ago Mme. Ella Russell of- fered a prize for the best musical set- ting of a libretto on the subject of "Cleopatra," in which she herself pro- poses to appear on the variety stage. The judges have now given their deci- sion, their choice falling upon the work of a young Scotsman, Mr. Riddell Hunt- er, a native of Glasgow. Mr. Hunter studied composition under Mr. Corder at the Royal Academy. He is also well known as a pianist and a baritone singer —Daily Telegraph, London, Sept. 23.

On Monday, Oct. 16, there will begin at Covent Garden a season of German opera and Russian ballet. It will last for eight weeks. There will be the two cycles of "Der Ring," which will be given under the direction of Franz Schalk of the Imperial Opera House, Vienna. The operas will be per- formed in their entirety. The re- pertory, in addition to the "Ring," will be selected from the fol- lowing: "Tristan und Isolde," "Tann- haeuser," "Lohengrin," "Der Fliegende Hollander" and Humperdinck's "Koen- igskinder." The last named will receive its first performance — in the revised form—in London. The work was origin- ally given in English in 1897. The ballet will appear alternately with the opera performances, and three novelties are promised, one of which, "Le Dieu Bleu," by Reynaldo Hahn, will be produced for the first time on any stage.

Notes of Personal Interest

Mr. John Semar wrote an article for The Mask, in which he said that Sir Herbert Tree should be "destroyed" at the earliest possible op- portunity. He characterized him as the "worst enemy of the English theatre to- day," and maintained that he has "low- ered the theatre from what it rose to be in the time of Sir Henry Irving." "H. M. W.," commenting on this article, quotes Mr. Semar's declaration that "no man, not even a super, should be al- lowed into a theatre until he has passed some examination," and adds: "But what sort of examination? Literary, artistic, theatrical or just general—'the low cun- ning of algebra' and all that sort of thing? Mr. Semar does not tell us, which is really a little too bad of him. But, then, these angry gentlemen are often like that—not only very wrathful, but also very vague. * * * Now I could draw up an examination paper which I am sure every actor and actress would be the better for being able to get good marks in; but then I happen to know that Edmund Kean would have cut a very poor figure in trying to answer its questions, and that Phelps, Henry Irving, and even Macready, who was, perhaps, the most cultured in his sympathies of all great English actors, would not have done much better. And, therefore, I am quite willing to leave the subject of such an examination paper to—well, say, Mr. Semar."

Mme. Albani's "Forty Years of Song" has been published. The Daily Chronicle says the autobiography is interesting a-

story of her professional career, but regrets "the lack of any intimate revelations which would enable us to get close to the heart of a woman whose voice has given gladness to the world."

Max Schillings has written a melodrama after the manner of "Das Hexenlied," which was recited here by Dr. Wuellner at a Pension Fund Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The poem is again by Wildenbruch, "Jung Olaf."

Miss Lucy Gates, a grand-daughter of Brigham Young, has been singing in Cassel as Constanze in Mozart's "Entfuehrung." Miss Gates as a beginner was heard in Boston at concerts given by the boy violinist, "Florizel" Reuter. She has been a member of the Berlin Royal Opera Company, but seldom took an important part.

"Souvenir," an elegy for orchestra by Frank Van der Stucken, has been played in Antwerp.

Oct 9. '911

"It was on a tramcar that the peculiar abstainer occurred. The companion was chaffing him because he was continually smoking cigarettes. 'Smoke a pipe,' was the advice. And the abstemious man replied, 'There are three things I have never done in my life, and never intend to. I've never smoked a pipe, and I've never eaten a banana, nor yet a bloater.' He was quite proud of it. But it will be a pretty poor plea at the judgment day when the abstemious man announces that he had abstained from bananas. Something a little more positive will probably be required."

Barrel-Head and Axe.

"G. A. G." writes to The Herald: "Business, i. e., trapping bears and hunting, detain me in camp a few miles from a Maine village. Last night, going to my guide's home, we found a barrel-head with an axe leaning against the front door and on the barrel-head was written the announcement of the death of a neighbor with the request that the guide serve as pall-bearer. In these villages a pall-bearer is literally a bearer, not an 'honorary' person, correct in the matter of frock coat and silker. The bearers bear the coffin from the house to the grave.

"Now, can you inform me concerning the significance, or symbolism if you please, of barrel-head and axe? Is this queer form of message peculiar to this region in the District of Maine? The guide did not say much about it, but as soon as he saw the things against the door he said to me: 'Somebody is dead.'"

A Soft Answer.

"F. B." writes to The Herald: "Your remarks about clubmen who bully waiters should cause some, who may err through thoughtlessness, to mend their ways. Of course there is no hope for the chronic bully. I remember a member of a club who was always snarling and growling about his food. He is sad and probably still discontented, so I shall not hurt his feelings by relating a pleasant anecdote. One morning after breakfast he marched to the desk and roared out: 'How many eggs do you serve with fried ham?' 'Why, always two, sir,' answered the trembling clerk. 'Didn't the boy bring you two?' 'No,' answered the sour-belly; 'no sir; he brought me three. I knew there was a lack of proportion. Why can't you get an order properly? Don't let this occur again.' Nor was the complaining man appeased when he was told that he had been charged for only two eggs with his ham."

A soft answer sometimes disarms these nuisances. A story is told of a landlord in the North Shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said: "Mr. Smith"—that was not the landlord's name—"Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten this morning, simply rotten." The landlord shook him by the hand: "Thank you, sir, thank you. I haven't had my breakfast yet, and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged."

Random Notes.

The late Sir Robert Hart contracted at an early age the habit of deliberation. When he was asked "What is your secret power of settling a difficult matter?" he answered: "Whenever I deal with other people, and especially with Chinese, I always ask myself two questions: What idea that I do not want them to have may my remark suggest to them, and what answers will my remark allow them to make to me?" This deliberation, however, sometimes played him sad tricks. At a reception a handsome woman held up a rose to him and asked: "May I offer you a boutonniere?" Sir Robert at once donned his uncommunicative mask and said: "I should prefer to consider the matter before answering."

The death of Edward Whymper, the famous Alpine climber, reminds the Daily Chronicle that Murray's first "Handbook of Switzerland," published in 1838, remarked concerning Mont Blanc, "It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made this ascent have been persons of unsound mind."

The London Times of Nov. 2, 1797, stated that "at some of our first boarding schools the fair pupils are now taught to play whist and cassino (for casino was at first spelled with two "s's" and this spelling is still preferred by some authorities). "Amongst their winnings ways this may be not the least agreeable to papa and mamma. It is calculated that a clever child, by its cards, may pay for its own education."

This paragraph, cheering now that Nature herself seems moribund, was published in a contemporary: "'Sunnyside,' the New York undertaking journal, will celebrate its 40th anniversary on Oct. 15 by issuing a souvenir number nearly as large as three ordinary numbers. There will be a long array of special articles, reviewing the history of 40 years of undertaking and casket making, and telling the story of the demise of man and his mourning and sepulture."

"Casket" is a vile word, yet the genteel are sure that the grief of the mourner is assuaged when "casket" is substituted for "coffin." The wonder is that there are not revised editions of famous lines from the time of Shakespeare down to that of Walt Whitman. Thus the line of the gentleman to Gloucester should read: "My lord, stand back, and let the casket pass." Charles Wolfe's line, known to every schoolboy, should be corrected to "No useless casket"; and Whitman's apostrophe in the Burial Hymn of Lincoln should be changed to "Here, casket, that slowly passest."

Oct 10 '911

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale.
Flapped in the bay the pirate sheet,
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men,
Pirate and wreckers kept their revels there.

Where Is Mr. Johnson?

The Herald has received a letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. It is not dated, and the postmark leads us to infer that the letter was handed to some railway man. The postmaster at Clamport assures us that Mr. Johnson has closed his house in that village and will not return until next May; that he left a request with her that no letters—she wrote to us "bills," but she undoubtedly made a mistake—should be forwarded to him; that he gave her no address. Where is this singular, mysterious being? His printer tells us that the first volume of "Man as a Political and Social Beast" will not be published until Mr. Johnson makes another payment in advance. Is it not possible that Mr. Johnson is even now in Boston? That he may march in the grand procession on Thursday as a Knight of Columbus? But to the letter.

On the Map.

Editor of The Herald:

As a boy I was always interested in Tripoli because it was situated in a purple patch on the map in my geography. There were far off lands I longed to visit simply on account of their attractive color. Other countries were drab, pale, and thus without interest. The world "Tripoli" attracted me; and so did Barbary.

When I learned through the columns of The Herald that the Italians were to war against Tripoli, I naturally turned to my encyclopedia that I might so inform myself as to impress my fellow-villagers at the store. Now my encyclopedia is no latest edition of some hastily prepared work, printed on India paper, flamboyantly advertised as "up-to-date," sold in connection with a magazine or delivered as a premium. It is Jeremy Collier's "Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary, being a Curious Miscellany of Sacred and Prophane History." I possess the second edition, corrected and enlarged to the year 1688, and surely what happened before 1688 is more important than what has ocourred since that date.

A Retreat of Pirates.

I turned to "Tripoli." "The name of two towns in Africa: the first called Tripoli Vecchia, is the ancient Sabrata upon the Mediterranean Sea, but the Air is so unhealthful that there are hardly any Inhabitants. The other is Tripoli or Barbary, a great Town, Capital of a Kingdom of that Name, and the Retreat of pyrates."

The "Retreat of Pyrates"! That was enough. And note the spelling. Pyrates, like pyjamas, should always be spelled with a "y". I turned at once to the "Pirates Own Book" (Portland, 1859). I found entertaining pages about Danish and Norman pirates, the Lynn (Mass.) pirates, the Joassamee pirates, the Malay and the Ladrone pirates, the West India pirates, and long sketches of Capt. Avery La Fitte, the pirate of the Gulf, Roberts, Gibbs, Benito de Soto, Capt. Kidd, Black Beard, Capt. Lewis who made a league with the Devil, Capt. Gow, and other heroes who were slain or danced on air, but not a word about the pirates of Tripoli. There is the history of the Algerine pirates, with "facts of the most heart-rending description" and there is a picture of Algerines "in the act of firing off the French consul from a mortar at the French fleet," a most distressing and execrable wood-cut.

Pirates and Tobacco.

Jeremy for once failed me as far as Tripoli is concerned; but under "Barbary" I found a mine of curious information. By the way, Mr. James Howell, writing to Henry Hopkins, Esq., Jan. 1, 1646, had something to say of this land: "In Barbary and other parts of Afric, 't is wonderful what a small Pill of Tobacco will do; for those who use to ride Post through the sandy Desarts, where they meet not with anything that's Potable or Edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small Balls, or Pills of Tobacco, which being put under the Tongue, it affords them a perpetual moysture, and takes of the Edge off the Appetite for some days."

The finest pirate I ever knew outside of conventional business, was Capt. Hook in "Peter Pan." You remember he smoked three cigars at once in a holder. Thus he out-did Mr. Gallaspy, whose memory is preserved by John Amory. "When he smoked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils." It was Mr. Gallaspy who drank seven in hand, that is, "seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand, that in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once. * * * He did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher." I am afraid I am wandering, which, as the old song says, is the miller's joy.

In Barbary.

Yes, there are many curious customs in Barbary and life is never dull. This was true in 1688 and it is probably so today. I learn from Jeremy that the people are of a good, mild humor, but they that live in cities are proud, covetous, revengeful "and though they traffic much, they understand it but very little, and neither keep banks nor have bills of exchange." "The women never go into their mosques, for fear the sight of them should disturb the devotion of the men. They have long beads of 100 coral stones, all of a bigness, and at each stone they cry * * * God preserve me." When the women visit a friend, "they leave their attires and their shooes at the door to give the man of the house notice that they are there and that their husbands would take it ill if he came in whilst they paid his wife a visit." And Jeremy tells other tales that will amuse the people at the store, but I do not think you would print them.

I am not a member of any Peace Society nor do I belong to the Twentieth Century Club, but why can't the Italians let Tripoli alone? Reading history, I am convinced that the world goes very well with barbarians until they are compelled to enjoy the advantages of civilization, and pirates under the Jolly Roger were less formidable than those that now issue prospectuses. Only yesterday a man tried to persuade me to invest in a gold mine in Honduras.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

4 SHORT PLAYS AT PLYMOUTH

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Falsely True," in one act, by Johanna Redmond; "The Jackdaw," a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory; "The Hour Glass," a morality by W. B. Yeats; "The Workhouse Ward," a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory. Performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin:

"FALSELY TRUE."

Moran, a laborer.....Sydney J. Morgan
Mary, his wife.....Sara Allgood
Shaun, their son.....Fred O'Donovan

"THE JACKDAW."

Sibby Fahy.....Eileen O'Doherty
Timothy Ward.....J. M. Kerrigan
Mrs. Broderick.....Sara Allgood
Tommy Nally.....J. A. O'Rourke
Joseph Nestor.....Fred O'Donovan
Michael Cooney.....Arthur Sinclair

"THE HOUR GLASS."

A Wise Man.....Arthur Sinclair
A Fool.....J. A. O'Rourke
The Wise Man's Wife.....Eileen O'Doherty
The Wise Man's Child.....Kathleen Drago
An Angel.....Sara Allgood

The Wise Man's Pupils—J. M. Kerrigan, Sydney J. Morgan, U. Wright.

"THE WORKHOUSE WARD."

Mike Macluerney.....Arthur Sinclair
Michael Miskell.....Fred O'Donovan
Mrs. Donohue.....Eileen O'Doherty

The bill was the least interesting of those presented here by these admirable players.

Miss Redmond's play is an incident in the Emmet rising. It was produced at the Palace Theatre, London, March 6, 1911. The fact that the playwright is the daughter of Mr. John Redmond and the passion of the performance undoubtedly accounted for the success of the little drama in London. A Wicklow lad in prison turns informer to save his younger brother. He returns home to bid farewell to his parents for his disgrace compels him to leave for parts unknown. Simple as this story is, it is not clearly told, and even the sympathetically inclined in the audience were not wholly certain about what had happened. After the wholly unsatisfactory exposition, there is an emotional scene, emotional solely by reason of the acting of Miss Allgood and Mr. O'Donovan. The play itself is weak and colorless.

Lady Gregory says in her volume of seven plays that "The Jackdaw" was originally known as "Twenty-Five"; that it was too sentimental and crudely fashioned; that it was translated into Irish; that it was performed some time ago in the United States. As "The Jackdaw" the play has been even more successful. The chief idea is humorous, and the brother's expedients to rescue his sister from debt without her knowledge, for he dreams her coming to him for further aid,, are amusing. Unfortunately the comedy is spun out and the humor is beaten very thin. After the jackdaw is sold the interest is slight and only the excellent acting last night kept the audience from yawning. Even Mr. Sinclair could not prevent the comedy at the end from dragging.

Mr. Yeats's "Hour Glass" has a quaint and poetic idea and there are lines that are charged with noble thoughts and poetic expression. The ending of the piece is not for Mr. Gradgrind who insists on facts. He may well turn to Mrs. Gradgrind, his admiring spouse, and ask her whether the Fool announced his belief in God, heaven, hell and purgatory in time; whether the Wise Man was saved; for the symbolism of the final scene easily escaped the spectator wishing to stand on firm ground and have a definite answer. "The Hour Glass" is for the study, rather than the stage.

That the attention of the audience was held, that the Angel and the Fool did not excite incongruous laughter, was a tribute to the sincerity of the actress and the actor. But would not the Angel have been more impressive if she had spoken her lines without the sing-song intonation? Here for once in a performance by this company was a touch that suggested affectation.

Lady Gregory's amusing "Workhouse Ward" again excited hearty laughter.

The plays tonight will be Lennox Robinson's "Harvest" in three acts and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." In answer to many requests, George Bernard Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," an extraordinarily original and effective drama, powerfully acted, will be performed on Friday and Saturday nights and at the Saturday matinee. Synge's much discussed "Playboy of the Western World" will be performed during the whole of next week.

A rousing good bill at Keith's Theatre last evening kept the audience roaring, wondering, and applauding from the moment the curtain rose on the comic orchestral prelude till it fell on the mirthful motion pictures. Charles Kellogg, the man who sings bird songs, Jimmy Lucas, "the boy with the dialects" and Gus Edwards himself, were the chief favorites in a program so good that it was rather hard to choose a favorite anyway.

For Mr. Kellogg's act the stage was set to represent a woodland with a shelter tent pitched near the centre. It was dark at first and from here and there among the trees came the flute-like whistles and trills of night-birds. As the stage grew lighter more birds joined in the symphony till at last every twig seemed to hold its individual songster. And into the midst of the melody walked the author of it, dressed in camp costume and sauntering on through the woods and whistling as if he were alone on his California mountains. As he turned toward the footlights and stopped his combination of whistling, singing, trilling and chirping, the audience burst into applause. They realized at once that here was something perfectly new in vaudeville entertainment, and something which could scarcely be surpassed.

Mr. Kellogg's manner was as refreshing as his entertainment. He talked intimately to his hearers, with a courtesy and modesty that instantly won him friends. His performance was nothing less than marvellous. The program announced that his ability to imitate bird songs was "a gift of nature, not an accomplishment," and that whereas the ordinary human voice has a range of 2½ octaves and Tetrazzini's only 3½, Mr. Kellogg's bird voice is 12½ octaves, and his lowest note higher than Tetrazzini's highest. The nature singer, after singing bird songs with and without piano accompaniment, explained that he produced the sounds as a bird does—singing from the throat and emitting the sound through the nostrils. He can hold his lower lip still and vibrate the upper lip—"it seems to be a gift," he said almost apologetically—thus gaining wonderful notes.

He can even produce several tones at once, and after hearing him do this it is easy to believe that he is able to charm rattlesnakes and bears as well as the bird folk themselves. Ordinary sound from an orchestra, he said, has about 4000 vibrations per second. His bird calls have 30,000 vibrations per second. He demonstrated this by showing the effect upon a flame of sounds from various tuning forks and of bird notes.

appearing in spotless

At the conclusion of the program he showed the audience how to make fire from wood with a Digger Indian bow and arrow and a handful of rags. This is Mr Kellogg's first appearance on any stage.

Gus Edwards has a big "Song Revue of 1911." In the production of it he is assisted by Miss Lillian Boardman and a company of 30 young men and women, proteges of Mr. Edwards. The Revue is called the "Fountain of Youth in Five Spouts." Spout 1 is in Times square, and consists of songs by Mr. Edwards and various "newsies" with one newsgirl. Spout 2 is in Florence, and includes a bevy of Romeos and Juliets. Spout 3 is a travesty on "Alias Jimmy Valentine," done by Gus Edwards as "Jimmy," and many girls and boys as burglars, detectives and highwaymen. There were two very clever features of this "spout." One was the "kiddies" grouped on and around the piano listening to the catchy song, "Beware of Jimmy Valentine." The other was the band of burglars that crept stealthily down the darkened aisles and scared the audience out of its wits by flashing pocket lights. Spout 4 was a series of living pictures illustrating some of the Edwards song successes. Spout 5 was "Prospect Lake Park" and the song, "I Want to Spoon to the Tune of the Silvery Moon,"—with appropriate spooners.

Jimmy Lucas, dear to the heart of who-knows-how-many by being author of the song "I Love My Wife, But, Oh! You Kid!" gave a number of impersonations and songs which were encored again and again. Dale and Boyle did a foppish man and stunning girl act, which sent the house wild when the girl changed her sweet soprano to a husky bass, tore off her wig and proved to be a man. The three Escardos were nimble acrobats, whose act was judiciously brief and remarkably good. De Michelle brothers made wonderful music with harp and violin; Thomas P. Hoier and company presented a screaming playlet called "The Iceman," and LeRoy and Harvey presented a no less screaming playlet about a summer guest who tried to cook in a mountain camp.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Another Man's Wife," a melodrama in four acts.

Edgar Morse	J. Augus Gustam
Albert Fairchild	Edwin Varney
Nathan Haller	John O. Hewitt
Leo Mullen	Harry Hughes
Tom	Ed. Davis
"Hele" White	Jennie Hughes
Jenks	Joe Reed
Irene Fetter	Cora Quinton
A... W...	Martha Conway
Sally Friend	Hazel Carleton
Miss Salint	Adene H. Alva

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Valeska Suratt in "The Red Rose." Book and lyrics by H. B. and R. B. Smith. Music by R. H. Bowers.

Lon	Valeska Suratt
Dick Lorimer	Wilfred Young
Alonzo Lorimer	Alexander Clark
Silas Plant	John Daly Murphy
Hon. Lionel Talboys	Jack Tullar
Daisy Plant	Leah Jahries
Ludwig Spiegel	Maxwell Reynolds
Mme. Joyant	Flavia Arcaro
M. Duprez	Nicholas Judels
Andre	Craig Campbell
Gyp	Beatrice Deane
Baron Leblanc	Louis Casavant
Maxime Dupont	Nicholas Judels

Oct 11, 1911

BY PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Harvest," a play in three acts, by S. Lennox Robinson, and "Spreading the News," a comedy in one act, by Lady Gregory. Performed by the Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

"HARVEST."

Jack Hurley	Fred O'Donovan
Mildred	Cathleen Nesbitt
Bridget Twomey	Eileen O'Doherty
Maggie Hannigan	Kathleen Drago
Timothy Hurley	J. A. O'Rourke
Maurice Hurley	J. M. Kerrigan
William Lordan	Arthur Sinclair
Mary Hurley	Sara Allgood

"SPREADING THE NEWS."

Mrs. Tarpey	Eileen O'Doherty
A removable magistrate	Fred O'Donovan
A policeman	Brinsley MacNamara
James Ryan	J. M. Kerrigan
Mrs. Fallon	Sara Allgood
Bartley Fallon	Arthur Sinclair
Jack Smith	Sydney J. Morgan
Tim Casey	U. Wright
Mrs. Tully	Eithne MaGee
Shawn Early	J. A. O'Rourke

"Harvest" was produced in Dublin on May 19, 1910, and in London on June 7 of the same year. At these performances Miss Maire O'Neill took the part of Mary, and Miss Allgood that of Mildred. The performance last night was the first in the United States.

Mr. Robinson had an excellent idea, which elaborated by a more experienced dramatist, would make a powerful play. "Harvest," as it is written, is bitter enough, and the picture of Irish life is sordid. Mr. Robinson shows us a farmer's family ruined through education. One son becomes secretary to a high official, and, ashamed of his origin, denies his family and turns Protestant. Another son, a priest, is in America collecting money for the church. A third, living beyond his means and sporting a motor car, is deaf to appeals for help. Still another is a young apothecary, and his education crippled the father. Mary, the daughter, goes into service. She is too much of a lady to be content. In London she is a "typist," and finding the life a hard one becomes the mistress of a stock broker. The son that stays at home is a toiling, rough, foul-mouthed fellow.

The young "chemist" brings his wife of a station above his own to the farm. She has had rosy dreams of a country life. Mary also returns, after a mysterious silence for three years. It appears that the farm is mortgaged; there is lack of money. The father sets fire to buildings for the sake of compensation, and he and the farmer-son chuckle over his deed. Jack, the chemist, is horrified, and threatens to tell of the fraud. He and his wife had resolved to live on the farm, but rough work is not for him, and his wife cannot stand the loneliness and the routine.

Mary, who worships her father, thinking him as guileless as he is generous, hands over £50, which she pretends is sent by her rich brother. Jack's suspicions are aroused. She tells her story and announces her return to London. He begs her to stay at home or live with him and his wife in Dublin. She insists on going back to the man that is already tired of her, but there are other stock brokers; she is handsome; and she glories in the splendor and splurge of her life. Again Jack is horrified. He and his wife quarrel when he suggests that she invite Mary to share their home. Then he tells Mary of her father's deed. The irony of it all overcomes her.

There is a schoolmaster Lordan, a tiresome person, who exults in the thought that all these pupils of his have turned out so well. Mary, before she goes, enlightens him about the sons and hints at her own means of livelihood. But he cannot understand her, and the curtain goes down on his smug self-complacency and his wish to send a pretty girl of the neighborhood to London to do as well as Mary had done.

Unfortunately, the drama is flimsily constructed, and the first two acts drag painfully. There is little or no action. The dialogue is one of explanation or of feeble interest, and there is much idle chatter that has not the saving quality of defining character. The third act is more firmly knit; there are truly dramatic situations, and there is one passionate scene.

Mr. Robinson might say that his purpose is to show the folly of overeducating peasants. This subject is one for academic discussion. He has succeeded in giving an exceedingly disagreeable and no doubt truthful view of a certain phase of life that is not peculiar to Ireland, but might be observed in a French village or on a New England hillside. He has not told his story well, but there is good stuff in the play. In the desire to escape conventionalities, he is too often bald and uninteresting, and his artlessness is too often childish.

The ensemble playing on the whole was inferior to that seen in other performances. Mr. Sinclair's performance for once was marred by artificiality. Messrs. O'Rourke and Kerrigan were excellent, and Mr. O'Donovan shone only in the last act. Miss Allgood gave a fine impersonation of Mary, and Miss Nesbitt was an attractive Mildred. At times unfamiliarity with the lines was noticeable in the reading by minor characters.

Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News," capitally acted by all, put the large audience in rare good humor. The play is preposterous in the working out of the premise, yet there is truth, there is human nature in the readiness of Fallon's neighbors to believe the worst of him on account of gossip founded on a ludicrous misunderstanding of a harmless speech.

The head of man is the seat of the mind, which insinuates itself into all places and times; reaches the heights, searches the depths, and pries into all the recluse cabinets of nature, wherein she hath stored up the most choice and abstruse pieces of her workmanship; and these it contemplates and admires. No wonder then if Nature hath been solicitous to lodge so noble a guest "in sanctiore hominis parte," as the philosophers called the head, the most honourable part of man: appointing its residence where it may repose with the greatest safety and advantage, and be defended from casualties by a wall of bone of that thickness and hardness in some men as is wonderful.

Illustrious Boneheads.

Four bullets shot at a range of less than five feet, after penetrating the flesh of Mr. Henry Lewis's head, flattened and dropped to the floor. This happened in Philadelphia on Oct. 7. On the same day and in the same city a mule kicked Mr. William Piffen in the head. The mule thus broke its leg. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Piffen, who suffered little injury, are negroes.

The books record remarkable instances of hard skulls among the ancients. We like to think of Nicolaus Ricardius, who would break nuts or a peach stone on his head with one blow. Bartholinus tells us about a truly religious person 70 years old. The hinder part of his skull was "so firm and compact that he could endure a coach-wheel to pass over it without sensible damage." Then there were the men of Darien who needed no helmet or headpiece, for their skulls laughed at the swords, which, striving to cleave, were broken.

More Modern Instances.

It is not necessary to consult the wisdom of the ancients, or to go outside of this commonwealth. Mr. Abraham Parsons died at the Williamstown town farm on May 9, 1900. He was known throughout the country as "Abe the Bunter." The Lord had provided him with so thick a skull that he could break grindstones, planks, boards with it. One day, in the presence of students at Williams College, he attempted unsuccessfully to break a full-sized cheese in two, butting with his head. He was about to try a second blow, when a student, a mad wag, put a grindstone into the bag. Mr. Parsons cracked it in the middle.

Nor should we forget Mr. William Everhardt of Norfolk, Va. Eight or nine years ago a 32-calibre pistol ball was fired at a distance of 20 feet into the middle of his forehead. The ball, having broken the skin, flattened itself against the bone. Mr. Everhardt went to police headquarters and asked that the ball be extracted. The man that fired this shot was Mr. William Johnson, better known in the more exclusive crap joints and dives as "Swelly"—and a good shot too.

By the Way.

The Sieclo of Paris announces that two Frenchmen at Saigon, Cochin China, have at last succeeded in making pure whiskey from bananas. The excuse "I slipped on a banana peel" will now seem more plausible and be more readily accepted.

Billy Sunday has computed and published the average cost of saving a sinner in certain cities where he has lifted up his voice. In Indianapolis it costs $620; in Boston, $450, in Atlanta, $75. A Boston clergyman, the Rev. Herbert Johnson, declares the average cost of saving a soul in his church last year was only $70, while the Rev. Leopold A. Niles says that the average cost at the Codman Square meetings of the Alexander-Chapman movement was $1.12. This is a good deal of a mark down. Not long ago prominent Hebrews near London organized a golf club. At the first meeting there was great enthusiasm, but after the first day of games on the links it was unanimously voted that instead of "Fore!" the warning cry of "Three ninety-eight" should be adopted by the club.

And what is to be said about this commercialism in soul-saving, this ciphering on the part of this and that clergyman? It was Malvolio confined in a dark room as a mad man that exclaimed: "I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion."

In Sunday School.

Who knows whether Gov. Wilson's disparagement of the hymn, "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," will not be used against him in political campaigns? Already that eminent and devout hymnologist, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, says that this hymn is good enough for him and his family.

Gov. Wilson characterized the hymn as "silly and meaningless." This characterization might well have been applied to nine-tenths of the verses sung in Sunday schools of the sixties.

> Far out upon the prairie
> How many children dwell
> Who never read the Bible
> Or hear the Sabbath bell,

was by no means the flabbiest. Some were sentimental beyond description; others were sugary to the provocation of nausea. Yet there were a few Sunday schools in which more robust songs were sung with gusto by young and old, as

> My old companions, fare you well;
> I will not go with you to hell.
> I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell.
> Fare you well; fare you well.

The tune to which these words were sung was a wild, defiant, inspiring melody, said to be of camp-meeting origin.

We are informed that the hymns in Sunday schools today are of a healthier tone, that the sickly and mawkish verses have disappeared with books once popular in Sunday school libraries, as "Irish Amy" and "Tim the Scissors Grinder."

MISS DE SWIRSKY APPEARS IN DANCES

Assisted at Jordan Hall by Players from Symphony.

Countess Thamara de Swirsky, interpretative dancer and pianist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall, assisted by an orchestra of Symphony players. Mr. Krafft conducted.

The program was as follows: Overture, Chopin, Polonaise, A Major, Miss de Swirsky played these pieces, Rachmaninoff, Prelude; Sinding, "Frühlingsrauschen." Dances: Dvorak, Danse Nuptiale; Winansky, Mazurka Russe; Dvorak, Danse Nationale Itusse; Brahms, Pantomime and Tzigane Dance; Grieg, "Peer Gynt" Suite; "Tanagra" Suite, music by Delibes, Massenet, Strauss, Gounod. The orchestra played these pieces: Jocelyn, Berceuse, Delibes, "Czardas"; Luigini, Egyptian Ballet; Gounod, Faust Ballet Music.

Miss de Swirsky appeared for the first time in April, 1910, at a matinee given by Loie Fuller and her muses at the Boston Opera House. She was then a young woman of remarkably prepossessing appearance whoso disporting in the dance, although in no way remarkable for its excellence, was a continuous delight to the eyes. Last evening she appeared with an added accomplishment, that of pianist, and there was apparently no reason for this display.

There is much that is attractive in her dancing, and there are many imaginative touches in her pantomime, but she is given to a disturbing superfluity of gestures which are often meaningless, vague, misleading. A beautifully fashioned woman, her exquisite posturings, as in "Thais," were a rare pleasure to look upon, but as an interprotative dancer her conceptions were for the most part indefinite and lacking in variety of emotional expression, while there was at all time noticeable in her dancing a madding uncertainty of rhythm.

Gorgeously dressed in yellow brocaded satin, with ropes of pearls hanging from her jewelled head-dress, Miss de Swirsky was a picturesque and charming apparition as she glided through the conventional paces of the Russian dances, but she gave no startling exhibition of surpassing technical proficiency and occasionally in these dances her gestures were awkward.

Of the four numbers in the "Peer Gynt" suite her interpretation of "Aase's Death" was the most interesting, while she was wholly entrancing in the wild measures of the Tzigane dance.

The whole of the "Tanagra" suite was charmingly rendered, more especially the "Thais." "The Bat" and the "Bacchanal."

There was, however, continued and disturbing disaccord between dancer and the orchestra. A small audience was generous in the expression of enjoyment.

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Socrates hearing one of his Friends crying out in a Rapture as it were, What a glorious City is this! The Wine of Chios is sold for a Pound, the Purple Fish for three, and a Pint of Honey for five Drachms. He brought him to the Meal Shop, and shewed him that a large quantity of the finest Flower was sold for an Half-penny: 'tis a great Frugality. Then he brought him to the Oilman's, and told him, he might have a chaenix full of Olives for two Farthings. At last he went to the Sales-man's and convinced him that the Purchase of a sleeveless Jerkin was only ten Drachms: So that from thence he might infer that all things were vilely cheap in that City. So when we hear others declare that our Condition is afflicted, because we are not Consuls, and in eminent Command; let us then look upon ourselves to live, not only in a bare Happiness, but Splendor, in that we do not beg our Bread, are not forced to Subsist by carrying of Burthens, or what is altogether as Servile, Flattery.

Women and Men.

"Instead of the gently undulating embonpoint familiar to operagoers, Tetrazzini will stand upon the stage, a willowy, sylph-like creature with the dramatic expression of a Bernhardt and the face and form of a Venus"—bland, passionate and deeply religious, like the Irish lady whose death was deeply lamented.

And Miss Geraldine Farrar comforts those of her sisters who, like the other seven kine seen by Pharaoh in his dream, are ill favored and lean fleshed, by saying: "A woman who uses her brain is seldom fat." This possibly explains why so many prima donnas are never weary of talking to reporters—and thus combine mental and physical exercise.

It is a pleasure to note the reappearance of Mr. Walter Scott, "Death Valley Scotty." He has not lost the ingratiating and spectacular characteristics that gave him a distinction vainly sought by certain politicians, advertising philanthropists and many social climbers. He still peels a bill of enormous value from a huge roll of "yellow backs" and hands it nonchalantly to a bell boy. (This time the "wad" was "as big as a tomato can.") He still invites the hystanders to "have another on him." He still pursues amusement in swiftest vehicles. It is a pity that Mr. Scott's activity at present is confined within the walls of Los Angeles. Will not the East again be full of his glory?

An aged woman in Jamaica Plain, who is worth $40,000, has not taken a bath for four years. Testimony to this effect was made in court by some who shudder at the thought that she may not leave her money to them. But abstinence from a bath, or, as the Arabians say, the greater ablution, is not necessarily a proof of senility or of a prematurely weak mind. Mr. Walker, a London magistrate and the author of that eminently sane collection of essays, "The Original," recommended a brisk rubbing with a rough towel in the place of soap and hot water, and not long ago a physician of high reputation in England thundered against frequent bathing.

Poets and the Ring.

A noteworthy statue that won praise in Paris, as in cities of this country, was modelled on the form of the Hon. John

L. Sullivan, before he had his paunch and in the ringing days when Boston honored him as its foremost citizen, honored him in the sight of the public by presenting him through the mayor with a costly belt. Was there ever a poem of indisputable merit addressed to him, or to Mr. Corbett, Mr. Fitzsimmons, or Mr. John Arthur Johnson?

John Broughton was probably the only pugilist celebrated in song by an English poet-laureate. Paul Whitehead extolled him in "The Gymnasia" (1744). John Hamilton Reynolds wrote a sonnet in praise of Mr. Jack Randall, another famous pugilist, and Mr. Gosse has pronounced this sonnet worthy of a place in any English anthology. Randall is portrayed

With marble-colored shoulders, and keen eyes
Protected by a forehead broad and white,
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm, and of punishing size,
Steadily held, or motioned wary-wise
To hit or stop—and kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind that all too often flies—
The Nonpareil stands!

Fitz James O'Brien wrote a poem, "The Prizefight" (about 1860). It is anything but complimentary toward contestants or public. Then there is a delightful poem by Dr. Maginn written after the manner of Southey's "Vision of Judgment" and enriched with footnotes. Walt Whitman has only a few lines about the joy of the prizefighter in action. We fail to find any eulogy of the ring or any one of its heroes in the complete works of Whittier, Longfellow or Mrs. Sigourney. The prose writers have been quicker to seize and improve the opportunity; witness pages of Hazlett, Victor Hugo, Borow, Bulwer, Henley, Meredith, Bernard Shaw, Conan Doyle and one of Thackeray's Roundabout Papers.

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The Herald alluded yesterday to Mr. Thomas Walker, barrister-at-law, and one of the police magistrates of London, also the ingenious author of "The Original," which was first published in numbers every Wednesday at noon from May 20, 1835, to Dec. 2 of the same year. The Herald alluded to him and this curious and sensible book apropos of the question of the bath. Mr. Walker in the articles, "The Art of Attaining High Health," advanced a theory, the child of his own experience, that is now entertained seriously by prominent physicians in Great Britain: A brisk rubbing is more cleansing than scrubbing with soap and water.

In High Health.

As a boy and as a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Walker was frequently and seriously ill. He suffered continuously from bilious and inflammatory attacks, and for several years was grievously troubled with an affliction of the trachea, so that after any excess in diet or exertion, or in particular states of the weather, or where there was new hay or decayed timber, the difficulty of breathing was so great that life was a burden to him. He tells how he cured himself, and soon enjoyed "an absolutely flowing existence." First of all, his care was neither to anticipate his appetite nor to overload it, nor to disappoint it. "I cannot help mentioning two or three instances in proof of my state, though I dare say they will appear almost ridiculous, but they are nevertheless true. It seems that from the surface of an animal in perfect health there is an active exhalation going on which repels impurity, for when I walked on the dustiest roads, not only my feet, but even my stockings remained free from dust. By way of experiment I did not wash my face for a week, nor did any one see, nor I feel any difference." He might have gone farther and insisted that the natural savor of his body was delectable, that his sweat was as the spices of Malabar. Thus would he have classed himself with Alexander the Great and Sir Edward Herbert of Cherbury.

Affected Bathing.

Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh before Mr. Walker had said of a person in high health, "the exhalation from the skin is free and constant, but without amounting to perspiration," and he argued that the repulsion of impurity is a necessary consequence. Mark Mr. Walker's comment: "In fact, it is perspiration so active as to fly from the skin, instead of remaining upon it or suffering anything else to remain; just as we see an animal in high health rolling in the mire, and directly after appear as clean as if it had been washed." When a white dog hunting for muskrats in a Cape Cod marsh is soon indescribably dirty, is it therefore to be argued that he is not in "high health"?

The Herald is not maintaining that the bathtub should be used only as a receptacle for coal and kindling wood or filled with potted plants; but there is an expectation of bathing. When a man is always talking about his daily bath or unhappy at an inn because a bathroom is not connected with his bed chamber it is fair to infer that bathing is with him a recent accomplishment.

On Every Saturday Night.

Let us listen again to Mr. Walker. People who are laboriously clean, are never very clean; that is, they are not pure. Purity is a sort of self-acting cleanliness; it arises from attention to system, and cleanliness is a mere outward operation. There are many people who think themselves very clean, who are only whitened sepulchres; and, however they labor, will never succeed, unless by attention to something more than soap and water."

We look back on the life in New England 40 or 50 years ago and wonder how our grandparents and parents managed to live without sanitary plumbing, porcelain bath tubs, etc. The children of little towns and farm houses were put to soak and scrubbed and dried on Saturday night in the kitchen. The tubs were those used for soiled clothes on Monday. There was much splashing, but the floor did not suffer. I remember one of the first set bath tubs in Northampton, then famous for its elms. This tub was used for its specific purpose on Saturday night, and as far as the family was concerned only on that night. Yet the world went very well then. Once a week was thought enough for the greater ablution, and the deacons and members of the church in good and regular standing would have considered a daily bath as a sinful waste of time. The Saturday night bath was one of the preparations for churchgoing. On Sunday morning there were clean clothes for everybody, and the head of the household slushed his hair and whiskerage with precious and highly scented ointments and the more frivolous put Eau de Cologne or Florida water on handkerchiefs.

Around a Tent.

One of the pleasantest sights connected with Columbus day was that of little boys watching the pitching of a small tent on the Common by the walk that starts from Boylston street near Charles. There was no promising sign, no flaring advertisement of a strange animal, wild man, fat lady or living skeleton. There was no roar from within, terrifying yet alluring. There was no stall nearby, no sight or smell of food. There was only the pitching of a tent, but the boys stood for a long time, open-eyed and silent. Maeterlinck in one of his plays remarks on the significance of a key, especially when one does not know what is beyond the door. There may be nothing beyond; there may be the horse that whipped out the eye of the prince who broke his promise to the 40 high-bosomed radiant damsels; there may be the missing wives of Bluebeard; there may be only a dustpan and brush, or a medicine shelf. These boys on the Common were not thinking of nomads or Omar, the tent-maker. They were just a-wondering or wishing that they could sleep and eat in a tent, more imposing to them than a sky-scraper out-towering Babel, more glorious than the costly and mirific monument raised by the mourning Hindu.

DE SWIRSKY APPEARS IN CLEVER DANCES

Countess Gives Many "Interpretations" at Jordan Hall.

The Countess Thamara de Swirsky, assisted by a small orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony orchestra, gave a second program of dances yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. Her "interpretations" included these numbers: Brahms, Tzardas; Schubert, Moment Musical; Dvorak, Humoreske; Delibes, "Coppelia" waltz; a pantomime and Tziganes dance in three parts; an Egyptian ballet in three parts, with music by Luigini, and the "Tanagra" suite, with music by Massenet, Strauss, Delibes, Gounod. Countess De Swirsky also played two piano solos, and the orchestra played Schubert's "Marche Militaire," the Morning Mood and Anitra's dance from one of the "Peer Gynt" suites and other pieces.

Soloists, vocal, instrumental and terpsichorean, have long been addicted to the habit of padding their programs with piano solos, performed usually by minor artists whose lustre will not eclipse their own. Countess De Swirsky performs this service for herself, but the same condition is fulfilled—the pianist does not eclipse the dancer. The program was sufficiently long without the piano numbers, especially as Countess De Swirsky substituted the "Tanagra" suite for the two dances from "Faust." As on Tuesday evening, she gave much pleasure by her grace and the beauty of her figure and costumes. In such pieces as Schubert's Moment Musical and the waltz from "Die Fiedermaus" she really interpreted the music; in others, as the Humoreske, she danced or postured gracefully, but without much significance After the long train of interpretative dancers that have visited Boston in the last few years, it would be unreasonable to expect anything really new, but Countess De Swirsky gave a performance that was often delightful, and not less delightful when it was reminiscent.

There was a small but deeply interested and friendly audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, "Eroica".....Beethoven
Symphony in B minor, "Unfinished"..Schubert
Academic Festival overture.....Brahms

This program was in commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 21, 1881.

It was in April, 1881, that Maj. Henry L. Higginson made a public announcement "in the interest of good music." Acknowledging the work done in the past by the Harvard Musical Association and the Handel and Haydn Society, gratefully admitting that he was about to build on the foundations they had laid, he modestly stated his purpose of establishing a full and permanent orchestra, which should offer "the best music at low prices." Referring to such orchestras in European cities, he said that their essential condition was their stability, "whereas ours are necessarily shifting and uncertain, because we are dependent upon musicians whose work and time are largely pledged elsewhere."

This permanent orchestra in Boston was to number 60 selected musicians. The concerts were to be 20 in number. "Besides the concerts there will be a public rehearsal on one afternoon of every week, with single tickets at 25 cents, and no reserved seats."

The orchestra of 1911-12 numbers 98 men, not including the organist and the librarian. At the end of last season the orchestra had given 2914 concerts. Its reputation is not confined to the United States, for it is ranked as among the few great orchestras of the world, an orchestra surpassed by none.

Desiring to benefit his fellow-townsmen by giving them the opportunity of hearing the best music at a reasonable price, cheerfully maintaining the orchestra as well as founding it, Maj. Higginson built for himself an abiding monument without thought of his own glory. Kings, princes, dukes have supported orchestras for their own idle pleasure. The city of Boston boasts of the orchestra which it owes to the more than princely generosity of a citizen.

Mr. Henschel was the first conductor and his three years of service stirred up strife. An admirable program maker, he had not then the experience and the authority to shape the orchestra into a perfect organization. The newspapers of 1881-84 published articles, critical and controversial, that now seem unnecessarily severe, when they were not flippant, childishly ungrateful and futile. Maj. Higginson was neither discouraged nor disgusted. He engaged Mr. Gericke, a strict disciplinarian, a musician of the highest ideals, who had an unusually fine sense of proportion and euphony. Mr. Gericke, bringing players from Europe, created the virtuoso orchestra, that ever since he left Boston in 1889 has excited the admiration of the general public and the most fastidious judges. His first term was for five years.

Mr. Nikisch followed. His experience had been almost wholly in the opera house and at times in the concert hall his operatic training and his flaming temperament led him into extravagant readings of the classics. When he first heard the orchestra he wondered at its technical proficiency and exclaimed: "All I have to do now is to poetize." Nor was this said arrogantly; for Mr. Nikisch was born, not only a leader of men, but with a highly poetic, warmly imaginative nature. He returned to Europe in the spring of 1893.

Emil Paur was his successor, an earnest conductor, enthusiastic, desirous of broad and o'erpowering effects, too often impatient in matters of detail. He was especially successful as an interpreter of work by Strauss and Tschaikowsky. After Mr. Paur's term of five years Mr. Gericke came back. While he was still a rigid disciplinarian, his taste had broadened during his absence; welcomed compositions of the modern romantic school, nor did he shrink from acquainting the audiences with music of the latter day Frenchmen. While the orchestra under him reached the highest standard of technical proficiency, it was allowed a greater elasticity of expression, a warmer eloquence than when he ruled here for the first time.

Dr. Muck succeeded Mr. Gericke, who, serving eight years, had conducted in all for 13 seasons. Mr. Fiedler came to Boston in the fall of 1908. What the two have accomplished is fresh in the minds of all.

These conductors all contributed in one way or another to the reputation of the orchestra and sided Maj. Higginson in the maintenance of his purpose. The musicians who played under them should not be forgotten. Not only the concert masters, but many virtuosos, now dead or no longer connected with the organization, influenced their associates, capable and emulous. There have been very few orchestras in the world that contained so many virtuoso musicians, not craving individual display, but united in the desire for a perfect ensemble. And this is true of the Boston Symphony orchestra as it stands today.

The history of this organization, when it comes to be written in full, will be largely a history of the development of music in this country since 1881. The catalogue of the works produced; the list of illustrious singers, pianists, violinists, who have assisted at these concerts; the record of judicious encouragement given to local composers, native born or adopted; these, too, are a part of the glorious work.

It was meet and proper to celebrate this anniversary with quiet dignity, without thought of ceremony or parade. This anniversary should lead us all to reflection and a lively sense of gratitude. May the day never come when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be taken as a matter of course by the people of this city!

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of Lady Gregory's "The Image," a comedy in three acts. Performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. Repetition of George Bernard Shaw's "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet."

"THE IMAGE."

Thomas Coppinger, a stonecutter.....Arthur Sinclair
Mary Coppinger, his wife.....Sara Allgood
Malachi Naughton, a monitor, man.....Fred O'Donovan
Brian Hosty, a small farmer, old.....J. Morgan
Darby Costello, a seaweed gatherer.....J. M. Kerrigan
Peggy Mahon, an old midwife.....Cathleen Nesbitt
Peter Mannion, a carrier.....J. A. O'Rourke

Lady Gregory's comedy was greatly enjoyed by an audience of good size. The story is a slight one. Villagers on the coast of Ireland expect to make money by the sale of oil from a whale or two washed ashore by the tide. The priest and an official decide that the proceeds are to be devoted to the good of the community, and three of the oldest and wisest villagers are to decide concerning the disposition of the money. After much wrangling the three agree upon a statue, but to whom is it to be erected? Who was the greatest man of Ireland? Daniel O'Connell or Parnell? Malachi, an innocent, insists on a man unknown to them all except to old Peggy, and she for a time will not tell what she knows about him. He turns out to be the hero of a folk-tale.

And how is Coppinger, the stonecutter, to chisel the face and figure of the unknown? For this unknown is chosen by the three wiseacres in a most amusing scene? The two imaginary portraits sketched by an artist are of no use, for Malachi, who swears he has seen the unknown Hugh, laughs the fancied portraiture to scorn.

As they are thus perplexed, and the officials are coming with banners and a band, the news is spread that the whales have disappeared.

This bald sketch gives no idea of the character of this comedy. The dialogue from beginning to end sparkles with wit and humor, and lines of rare poetic expression are put into the mouths of Malachi and old Peggy. The scene between Coppinger's wife and Peggy, in which the former throws doubt on the possible recognition of Peggy by her dead husband in heaven, is one of true and moving pathos. In its simplicity and pathetic quality it is not unlike the meeting between the long separated and aged lovers in Daudet's "L'Arlesienne."

Then there is the skilful delineation of character. Coppinger, Hosty, Costello and Peter are each sharply individualized, and it would be hard to say which is the most mirth provoking.

Furthermore, this comedy might be taken as a satire on the practice of raising statues to distinguished citizens.

The comedy was admirably acted by all, acted with the sincerity, the art that conceals art, the refreshing freedom from conventionalities that characterize the performances of these players.

Again there was a striking performance of Mr. Shaw's extraordinarily brilliant play. The cast was as before.

The bill will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

The following letter addressed to Mr. Herkimer Johnson has been received by The Herald:

Boston, Oct. 10, 1911.

Dear Mr. Herkimer Johnson:

With all due respect and admiration for your opinions in general, I beg to dissent a little from your letter published in The Herald of this morning.

In consequence of "reading history," you believe in Tripoli being "let alone." But if you will read Dr. Gardner Allen's volume on "Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs," a most scholarly and painstaking as well as an absorbingly interesting work, I think you will decide that your historical reading had previously been incomplete, and that Tripoli has at times been in need of a very sharp warning.

If the Italians in Tripoli have suffered a tithe of the miseries which

... formerly afflicted on our brave Americans, it is high time that some one interfered. J. H. D.

An Evasive Answer.

Mr. Johnson forwarded this note to The Herald and merely added: "I regret that my correspondent does not trust me with her name and contents herself with initials; for I should be happy to call on her at the hour of afternoon tea to discuss the question. I should prefer tea which I take without 'condiments,' the word used by the hostess who wished to impress Tom Corwin—to an informal or formal dinner at the family mansion, for my dress suit is now in the hands of a naphtha cleasing company, which insists on payment before any stored goods are delivered.

"By the way, I observe that the London Chronicle is interested in the worst line in poetry and recalls the contest in which Tennyson and FitzGerald engaged as to who could invent the weakest Wordsworthian line imaginable. This was the result: 'A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.' The Chronicle is in favor of an unrhymed couplet discovered some years ago in a weekly magazine:

I counsel therefore Disestablishment,
First giving compensation to the clergy.

"Two of the most sonorous lines I know are the following:

Eternal silence laughs along the shore,
And swarthy negroes blench upon the floor.

"Can any one of your readers name the poem in which they occur?"

A Sociologist's Peculiarity.

We advise "J. H. D.," whose note is to the point, not to take Mr. Johnson too seriously when he discusses questions of strictly political importance. He is a strange being, whimsical, not wholly without prejudice, who studies man as though he were a visitor from another planet. Pirates have always fascinated him, though he himself is mild-mannered, slow to crush the humblest, the most insignificant of the Lord's creatures. His interest in piracy is so keen that he prefers "The Corsair" overture to Berlioz's greater works, and Byron's poem of the same name to "Beppo" or "Don Juan." Reading Italian history he delights in the tortures inflicted by dukes and princes on their foes and troublesome friends, and has made a special study of their cultivation of poisoning as the noblest of professions; just as he reads with gusto of the once universal belief in witchcraft, of the persecution of one religious sect by another. It is true, he would say, that the Barbary Corsairs were cruel, but we were informed not long ago that a man was burned alive by leading citizens in a Pennsylvania town and as yet no one has been punished therefor. Nor is roasting a negro wholly a lost art in the South and Southwest.

Millionaire and Pianist.

Mr. Eugene Zimmerman lifted up his voice in Cincinnati on Oct. 12 and said: "Nobody loves a millionaire any more." This seems like an unkind thrust at Mr. Zimmerman's son-in-law, the Duke of Manchester. Nor is love for millionaires confined to Englishmen of nobility. There are young men even in Boston who would be willing to kiss a millionaire father-in-law on the brow or give him the aisle seat in a theatre.

The news that Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, the distinguished pianist, has inherited about \$300,000 from a brother, long-estranged, comes just as Mr. de Pachmann is about to start on a concert tour. It is to be hoped that Mr. de Pachmann will not cancel his engagements. His manager and press agent may persuade him to remain here for the season. There are thousands who possess \$300,000; there is only one de Pachmann, the interpreter of Chopin. He now will be able to add to his collection of gems, set and unset, and sport a chalcedony, a sardius, a beryl, not to mention a chrysoprasus. For this pianist has a passion for precious stones. A little box of rare ones is in a pocket when he plays, for he believes in their beneficence and thinks they add color and brilliance to his performance. Let us hope that he does not now wear his hair as long as it is represented in window advertisements. Unlike other romantic musicians, his musical strength is not in his hair, nor would his touch be more magical if fowls of the air could build their nests in his ambrosial locks.

Oct. 15 1911

The Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, will perform J. M. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" at the Plymouth Theatre for the first time in this city. "Kathleen ni Houlihan," by William Butler Yeats, will be played with it.

Mr. Yeats and Mr. Flynn tell the story of Synge's remarkable play as follows, but the play itself might well be read carefully and more than once by any-one who wishes to judge of the performance with thorough understanding:

The Origin of "The Playboy"

J. M. Synge himself gives the origin of his much discussed play in his book, "The Aran Island."

"Another old man," he writes, "the oldest on the island, is fond of telling me anecdotes—not folk tales—of things that have happened here in his lifetime.

"He often tells me about a Connaught man who killed his father with the blow of a spade when he was in passion, and then fled to this island and threw himself on the mercy of the natives, with whom he was said to be related. They hid him in a hole—which the old man has shown me—and kept him safe for weeks, though the police came and searched for him, and he could hear their boots grinding on the stones over his head. In spite of a reward which was offered, the island was incorruptible, and after much trouble the man was safely shipped to America.

"This impulse to protect the criminal is universal in the west. It seems partly due to the association between justice and the hated English jurisdiction, but more directly to the primitive feeling of these people, who are never criminals yet always capable of crime, that a man will do no wrong unless he is under the influence of a passion which is as irrepressible as a storm on the sea."

This attitude toward the law—I now quote from the announcement by the managers—is of course common to primitive people, and Synge loved primitive people everywhere. Wherever such people still exist, with their simplicity, with their high sense of personal loyalty, with all their proverbial virtues, they would ask in the words Synge puts in the mouth of the Aran Islanders: "Would any man kill his father if he could help it?" Synge has turned this wild anecdote into a satiric fable.

The Drama from the Anecdote

"The Playboy arrives at some shebeen in the west of Ireland, with the story of an imaginary murder; he had quarrelled with a tyrannical father, and in a moment of passion struck him with a spade. In the process of telling this tale it grows in his imagination into a most gallant deed, and in very truth it was the one moment of self-assertion in his whole life. It has grown to quite a fine story, and he tells it once more at the shebeen, with new exaggerations. As the play goes on, it becomes a finer and finer story, until at last he had 'split his father to the breeches belt.' All admire him. The girls bring him presents of eggs and a chicken, etc. He is the one exciting person who has ever come into that dull country place. He is contrasted with the very sheepish young man to whom the moment of self-assertion has never come. Sunned by the general approbation he really does become spirited, gallant, and even lucky. Then the father appears. He had not been killed at all, and when The Playboy, excited by the general scorn of a proven liar, rushes at his father to kill him in real earnest, all turn upon him, having learned in the words of the heroine the difference between 'a gallows story' and 'a dirty deed,' and bind him with ropes and hand him over to the police. He escapes from them, conscious that he has been made a man 'by the power of a lie.' The whole play is a fantastic praise of courage and bitter descriptions of humdrum life. It is for no love of wickedness that the young women gather about The Playboy, but because, to their excited imaginations contemptuous of the boredom of every day, he seems the one thing approaching to a hero that has ever come into their countryside. One finds the same idea in practically all of Synge's plays—a dream transfiguring common things, much as a man on a dark night will mistake an old tree stump for a friend, or a ghost, or a robber; only this time the tree stump seems a hero. Synge is not satirizing the western peasants, whom he loved, but himself, the general life of men of the world, the people sitting in the stalls of the theatre. The odd title, 'The Playboy,' is one in common use in Ireland to describe any fantastic person, any one who makes of life a sort of game."

(It may here be said that in Ben Jonson's time "playboy" meant a school-boy actor. In Dr. Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary" the word is defined as meaning the Devil, and also a playful woman; and there is this quotation from MacManus's "Bend of Road" (1898): "The divil sittin cheek be jowls with him in his own chimbley corner! an' himself an' the playboy shoughed out o' the same pipe.")

How Dublin Misunderstood "The Playboy"

"Every work of art, above all a great work of art, needs the good will of the hearer and the reader; only 'Goody-Twoshoes' is incapable of being misunderstood, at least before the commentators have explained it to the schoolrooms. It was the very essence of a genius like that of Synge's, as it was of Swift's genius to startle with a strange fable, that he might fill the imagination with some unequalled verity.

"When the play was first produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, in 1907, a great part of the audience saw nothing but the strange fable and their bewilderment was increased by meeting—some of them for the first time—with the powerful, rich language of the islands. Everything is alive, and if we misunderstand the play, it may be because the words are so very much alive. They saw nothing in it but a peasantry whom they had imagined as patrons of the commonplace virtues, plotting a paricide. They mistook a gallant story for a dirty deed. A little Irish newspaper, which was in general opposition, and had intermixed with its attacks on the Irish party continual attacks on Synge's art—for several years his name had never been mentioned, except with some contemptuous association—led the attack. A cloud of suspicion had been raised, and on the second night of the performance some 30 or 40 young men turned out, some of them with tin horns, and sitting together in one part of the pit drowned, with their noise, every word of the play. The police were called in, and after a fight, lasting a week and much rioting, a packed house, which had gathered to reaffirm the freedom of the theatre, received the play with what the Dublin Independent called, 'thunders of applause.' There was still, however, very bitter opposition, and although the management decided to bring the play at once to London, in order that what they believed to be a great work of art might be impartially judged, they would not tour it outside of Ireland until Ireland had accepted it. After its success in London, after a few productions, the management of the great Queen Street Theatre offered very good terms, if they would put it on for a run, but they replied that they would not make money for their cause out of an Irish scandal. What was meant to be a short postponement became a long one, owing to Synge's last illness. A man of very delicate constitution he was made ill by the excitement even of a successful performance, and the management would not submit him to the ordeal of an unsuccessful one. After his death the play was staged again, and was well received by a large audience, drawn from all classes of the Dublin population. Since then it has been played many times in Dublin, as well as in Cork, Belfast, London, Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester; and has everywhere drawn large audiences, and has been greatly admired. It is about to be produced in Germany, and has been translated into most of the European languages.

Better Luck in London

When "The Playboy" was performed in London for the first time at the Great Queen Street Theatre, on June 10, 1907, an audience that was nearly entirely Irish received it with great applause and called its author at the end and cheered him to the echo. A paper had been circulated in the theatre stating that the play "is a foreshadowing of what will happen if emigration goes on carrying off, year by year, the strongest, the most healthy, the most energetic." But there is not the slightest hint as such a purpose in the play itself. The Pall Mall Gazette, in its review, praised the literary quality of the play as "remarkably high." "It fairly sparkles with native wit and poetry. Whatever else emigration may be carrying out of Ireland, it is apparently leaving its people as eloquent as ever. After all, Mr. Synge's picture is not dead black. However ugly their deeds, his people make wonderful talk."

The same reviewer, after a second hearing, declared that, "apart from its elusive purpose, the comedy remains a masterpiece of picturesque writing, of the art of cleverly telling a grim story, and of a cynically subtle characterization. The character of the Playboy, the lout who has been 'made a mighty man of by the power of a lie,' is wonderfully composed. A piece of moral flotsam who can yet make love with the charm and assurance this young ruffian displays is surely a creation so far as the theatre is concerned, 'squeezing kisses on your puckered lips till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God all ages sitting lonesome in his golden chair,' or 'gaming in a gap of sunshine, with yourself stretched back unto your necklace, in the flowers of the earth'; or, again, 'Isn't there the light of seven heavens in your heart alone, the way you'll be an angel's lamp to me from this out, and I abroad in the darkness, spearing salmons in the Owen or the Carrowmore. * * * And the girl's share in the antiphon is just as delicious: 'And I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing near, like the stars of God.' The whole play is sprinkled with this imaginative talk. * * * We can pardon all the cynicism or incoherently expressed patriotism, or whatever may be the purpose of the play, for the sake of the music of it."

The Saturday Review neatly disposed of objections that have been brought against "The Playboy": "With a civilized audience Synge is at the double disadvantage of seeming fantastic in imagination and crude in the color of his emotion; and, though most cultivated people have by this time agreed to forgive him and his characters the possession of an imagination far in excess of their own, there are many in Dublin, as well as in Britain, who, because he is never sentimental, charge him with being cruel. Such is the danger of sincerity."

"Kathleen ni Houlihan"

Mr. Yeats describes the origin of this little play in the following words:

"One night I had a dream almost as distinct as a vision of a cottage where there was well-being, and firelight, and talk of marriage, and into the midst of that cottage there came an old woman in a long cloak. She was Ireland herself, that Kathleen ni Houlihan, for whom so many songs have been sung, and for whose sake so many have gone to their death. I thought if I could write this out as a little play I could make others see my dream as I had seen it."

"Kathleen ni Houlihan" was for a long time the most popular piece in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre. It was the first peasant play in English produced by the Movement.

The first performance was at St Teresa's Hall, Dublin, on April 3, 1902. Miss Maude Gonne took the part of Kathleen.

The spelling of her name by which Ireland is allegorically known varies even in the editions of Mr. Yeats's works. In the volume "The Unicorn from the Stars," the title is "Cathleen ni Houlihan." In the volume "The Hour Glass and Other Plays," the title is Cathleen Ni Hoolihan. James Clarence Mangan in his poem, beginning "Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land," prefers the spelling "Kathaleen Ny Houlahan." Still other spellings are found as Caitlin Ny Uallachain.

It was the custom of Irish poets of the 18th century to address their country as a beloved woman, to disguise the object of their affections. "Sometimes," says Edward Hayes in the introduction to his collected "Ballads of Ireland," "it was Sabia from Brian Born's daughter of that name; sometimes it was Sheela Ni Guiara, or Cecilia O'Gara; Mawreen Ni Collenon, Kathleen Ny Houlahan, Roseen Dhuv; more frequently Grana Weal, or Grace O'Malley, from a princess of Connaught who rendered herself famous by her exploits and adventures."

New Plays in Foreign Parts

A drama "Napoleon" has been produced at the Modern Theatre, Pekin. It begins with the divorce of Josephine and the marriage with Marie Louise. The King of Rome is born, the Emperor departs for the war, Josephine saves the imperial child at the time of the Malet conspiracy, etc., etc. There is a bloody scene at Waterloo and the drama ends with a view of St. Helena and Napoleon dying and in a vision seeing Josephine stretching her arms toward him. The drama is a great popular success.

A little piece suggested by the theft of the Monna Lisa has been produced at Vienna. R. J. Lehner is the author.

Some time ago The Herald spoke of a play by Messrs. Duval and Charvay, founded on "The Pickwick Papers," to be produced in Paris this season. The play was produced at the Athenee, Sept. 22. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote: "We saw a French Mr. Pickwick and heard him talk—in French—and yet he was Mr. Pickwick still; not all of Mr. Pickwick, and not always altogether Mr. Pickwick, but omissions and wrong details are of no importance. He was the real Mr. Pickwick." The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette said that although the dramatists had taken great liberties with their author, "a spirit of piety (in the Latin sense) breathes in this amusing and captivating comedy." Mrs. Bardell becomes the leading lady. She turned up at the Bull Inn and was chief guest at Mr. Wardle's Christmas party. Old Weller, Bob Sawyer, Benjamin Allen, Mrs. Leo Hunter and Pott do not appear. The least successful scene is the breach of promise case, although nearly all of it has been taken bodily out of the book. Victor Gorby's Pickwick is "an extremely clever study with every nuance of variety, chagrin and bonhomie."

"Marionettes," by Pierre Wolff, translated into English by Miss Gladys Unger, was produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, Sept. 23. Sir John Hare took the part of a dear old uncle. The Pall Mall Gazette was highly amused. "The worst of so many of the new French plays is that they are so frightfully old. Take 'The Marionettes,' for example. * * * Judged by its plot, we should have said that it was probably an early work of one of the Tiglath-Pilesers of Assyria and within about 300 years ago. It is all about a haughty, immoral and unloving marquis, who marries a homely and moral and very loving bourgeoise, and after a short while tells her that, instead of attracting, she repels him. Whereupon the marquis first weeps bitterly, then attires herself in a daring dress and goes off to a party, where she looks so pretty and merry and renders herself generally so conspicuous that the marquis * * * falls in love with her in a highly unpleasant way and gets properly snubbed for his pains. In the last act the marquis is more in love than ever, and proceeds to demonstrate his passion by flying at his wife's throat with intent to strangle her, whereupon

she gives a blissful cry, tells her old uncle, who trots into the room a few moments after that. At last all's well—'Roger has told me he loves me!' Here is one of the choicest lines: "It may seem odd, my darling, but jealousy is sometimes the greatest incentive to love!" "We doubt if even Tiglath-Pileser would have cared to emit so dreadful a platitude."

Alfred Sutro's new little play, "The Man in the Stalls" (Palace Theatre, London, Oct. 2), is "one of those always interesting pieces in which the players have to act very well indeed if the full effect is to be made." There are only three characters, husband, wife, lover. "Within 20 minutes, all three have to touch profound depths of emotion." The Times did not like the play, "at once the most 'barbaric' and the most adroitly modern of plays that exist." The "only genuine thing" in it is "a commonplace, rather absurd little man in a rage."

Notes on Music and Musicians

"Bonita," a new comic opera, produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Sept. 23, "is distinctly an ordinary piece, and betrays inexperienced hands. A decidedly tame book and slender music are not saved by the picturesqueness of the mounting."

"Mignon," with new scenery and costumes, was performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, Oct. 12, for the centenary of Ambroise Thomas.

The Daily Chronicle (London) is moved to say: "Neither has America any national air to speak of. Those trivial little tunes, 'Hail Columbia,' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner' are sung, it is true, on great national occasions, on national occasions so great that those songs have been accompanied not only by an enormous number of trombones, but by cannon marking the time. And never was smaller butterfly broken on a more hugely inappropriate wheel. 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' is used at smaller meetings, and, lo, it is 'God Save the King' again. Certain weight of melody is necessary for a national anthem, properly so called. That is why Garibaldi's hymn can never hold such a place in Italy; it is a silly tune, easily turned into a polka in days when people danced polkas. The modern tunes are, in fact, miserable. 'The Wacht am Rhein' is commonplace and vulgar as any form of notes can be; and the spirited words of the confederate war song written by Ryder Randall at the time of the American civil war—'Maryland, My Maryland'—are sung to an air worthy of musical comedy. And Germany and Italy, the musical nations, are thus destitute!"

Carl Burrian, the tenor, has been sentenced by the court at Prague to pay a fine of 15,000 marks to the King of Saxony for breach of contract.

Dr. Krienitz of Munich purposes to write the life of Felix Mottl.

A revival of "La Belle Helene" has met with great success in Munich, so that a parody has been produced in Vienna. The music is taken from operettas by Offenbach.

"Die Frau Versenkte," a new opera by D'Albert, will be produced this season at Hamburg, and Busoni's opera "Die Brautwahl" is also promised.

Granville Bantock's symphonic poem, "Dante and Beatrice," which Mr. Fiedler will soon produce at a Symphony concert, was performed for the first time in Germany at Bromberg and Berlin Oct. 2.

Brindis de Salas, a black violinist, who once gave concerts in Europe with great success, has died in Buenos Ayres in poverty. He was a Cuban, about 60 years old. They found among his effects many decorations, including tokens of appreciation from the German Emperor and the King of Italy.

Johannes Messchaert, the singer, is now an instructor at the Royal Academic high school of music in Berlin.

Leon Sinigaglia has composed a new orchestral work, "Suite Piemonte." Weingartner will produce it in Vienna Jan. 1. The first performance was announced for Italy, led by Toscanini before he sailed for New York.

Marziano Perosi, the younger brother of Lorenzo and an organist in Vienna, has composed an opera founded on Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." The text, in four acts, is by Karl Schreder and Robert M. Prost, who follow closely the romance. The proposed scenery is said to be of a gorgeous nature.

Dvorak's symphony in D minor, a posthumous work, was performed from manuscript for the first time in Berlin Oct. 2.

The Society of Music Friends, Berlin, gave its first concert this season, Sept. 25, in memory of Gustav Mahler. The program included his second symphony and Kinder-totenlieder. Some complained because a transcription of the funeral march in Beethoven's sonata in A flat was introduced. Oskar Fried conducted. Mahler's posthumous "Das Lied von der Erde" will be performed at Munich Nov. 20 at the memorial services for the composer.

Oct. 16. 1911

There is a sweet philosophy which, in the moment of misfortune, always gives thanks that matters are no worse. A dear friend of mine never sees a one-legged fellow but he says, "After all, the man might have lost both." Once, in an Eastern city, I thought I had caught his pet philosophy at a loss. We rode past a beggar who, lacking both arms and legs, was propped up, a hideous human parenthesis, on a barrow, and there reciting the attributes of Allah in the whining voice characteristic of mendicants throughout the East. At any rate, I thought to myself, my friend cannot be thankful that the poor devil has lost no more than four limbs. Yet, after inquiry into the beggar's circumstances, he said: "Heaven has been merciful to him, for he has two wives, one who carries him to his pitch in the morning and the other to take him back at sunset!"

In the Abbey.

Apropos of the opposition of the churches to the Johnson-Wells fight, the Pall Mall Gazette recalls the fact that a memorial in Westminster Abbey was accorded to John Broughton. It was in 1742 that he established a boxing theatre; it was in 1750 that he was conquered by John Slack "in the first fight for the world's championship"; but for some years before his death (1789) he was verger of the abbey; hence his monument in the west cloister. A blank line was left after the name for the words, "Champion Prizefighter of England," but the dean and chapter objected to the insertion. They forgot that the Apostle Paul pointed his discourses with allusions to gladiatorial shows, and summing up his life work began "I fought a good fight."

Black and White Again.

The London journals recently received contain improving editorial articles excited by the judicial refusal to allow Mr. Johnson and Bombardier Wells to meet in the ring. The Times is especially impressive. It pays a high tribute to Mr. Johnson's gift as a cross-examiner: it lauds the "fine and manly English sport of boxing"; it disclaims any personal feelings toward either pugilist; but it opposed the fight "in the belief that it was contrary to the best interests of the empire for this country to allow it to be held." "We have assumed," thunders the Times, as in the day of Sterling, "through the empire great and unparalleled responsibilities, and it is impossible to ignore the widespread effect which this contest must undoubtedly have had in those countries where 'color feeling' unhappily exists." In other words, if Mr. Johnson had conquered, the British empire would have tottered.

In the same issue of the Times an account of the Crib-Molineaux mill is reprinted from the Times of Sept. 30, 1811. The account is still good reading, though decidedly pro-Crib. "Crib having been known to be the best bit of man-flesh nature ever cast in her mould, whose gluttony beggars description, who possesses science inferior to none and courage superior to anyone on the boxing list." In the fourth round Crib "bled from every organ, but he smiled, renewed the rally with heroism never excelled." In the ninth round Crib broke the jaw of Molineaux, who at the close of the 11th was unable to stand.

In the Glorious Days.

A more picturesque account was published in a Lincolnshire newspaper quoted by the Times. "Molineaux is not so tall a man as his opponent—but is of Ajax made—broad and brawny, capacious of chest—and with arms formed for hammering. He eyed Crib with a vengeful, sulky look and seemed bent on doing desperate things." The last sentence would have pleased Hazlitt.

In these days a pugilist, whether conqueror or conquered, has "only a few scratches," or a slightly disfigured eye. He talks volubly to the reporters. In the good old days the defeated one was not so gay. Jem Mace some time before he died commented cynically on the difference. The Lincolnshire newspaper described Molineaux in his first hour of woe. "The Black, after the fight, lay extended on the stage in a most pitiable manner, as if dead. The surgeon he brought with him from London bled him, and after some time had elapsed he was enabled to crawl to his chaise, supported by two friends, with his body bent like an S."

"The cries of exultation, which preceded from the champion's numerous friends when the advantage seemed on his side, must have had the effect of cowing the Baltimore man. We think in decency and generosity, they ought to have been omitted." Molineaux "came to the fight unsupported by friends of note; while the champion had all the flashmen in his train." The Times said "Molineaux had not to boast of patrician patronage."

"Entitlement."

"J. C. W." writes to The Herald: "I have been lately criticized for using the word 'entitlement' in some manuscript that I had submitted to a clubmate for remark, as a good deal of a purist. While I have been unable to find any authorization for its use in the Century, Worcester or Webster, or in Roget or Marsh, I 'am of the same opinion still' that the word has an existence somewhere, possibly in legal forms."

The word "entitlement" is to be found in the New English Dictionary edited by Dr. Murray. It is given as a synonym of the verbal substantive "entitling," and thus defined: "a means of entitling; a designation, name." And this quotation from Tait's Magazine (1835) is added: "Objections were raised against so lucky an entitlement."

Oct. 17. 1911

Scattered Hissing at "Playboy of Western World" Resented by the Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Kathleen Ni Houlihan," a play in one act by W. B. Yeats; "The Playboy of the Western World," a comedy in three acts by J. M. Synge. Performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

"KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN."

Peter Gillane.....J. A. O'Rourke
Patrick Gillane.....U. Wright
Bridget Gillane.....Eileen O'Doherty
Michael Gillane.....J. M. Kerrigan
Kathleen ni Houlihan.....Sara Allgood
Delia Cahel.....Maire ni Shiubhlaigh

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD."

Margaret Flaherty, "Pegeen Mike"..
.....Eithne MaGee
Shawn Keogh.....J. M. Kerrigan
Michael James Flaherty...Arthur Sinclair
Philly Cullen.....J. A. O'Rourke
Jimmy Farrell.....U. Wright
Christopher Mahon.....Fred O'Donovan
Widow Quin.....Sara Allgood
Sara Tansey.....Eileen O'Doherty
Susan Brady.....Maire ni Shiubhlaigh
Honor Brady.....Cathleen Nesbitt
Old Mahon.....Sydney J. Morgan

There was a large and brilliant audience that was quick to resent the attempt of some misguided persons in the gallery to make a disturbance during the performance of Synge's extraordinary comedy. That there was a deliberate attempt on the part of a few to "Boo" the play was shown by the fact that there were scattered hisses almost immediately after the curtain went up, when there was nothing said or done on the stage that could possibly have hurt the feelings of the most sensitive. The "demonstration of disapproval," while at times it was annoying to the great majority that wished to enjoy the dialogue and the acting, was on the whole ludicrously weak.

Mr. Yeats's "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," already known to many readers and to some theatregoers, made a profound impression by reason of its noble simplicity, deep pathos and tragic note. Here is a call to patriotism that is not hysterical or parochial. The appeal is universal. The players were all admirable in their sincerity and if Miss Allgood as Ireland personified by the stranger woman and Mr. Kerrigan as Michael were especially conspicuous it was because the tragic interest was centred in the parts they played.

The rich and haunting voice of Miss Allgood had solemn beauty in the intoning of the wild songs, and Mr. Kerrigan played with a quiet intensity that actors of England and the United States might well envy. Miss O'Doherty and Mr. O'Rourke were also excellent.

Perhaps too much importance has been laid on the fact that once upon a time Synge's "Playboy" was the cause of a riot in excitable Dublin. The fact that this comedy is now often played in Dublin to the delight of the audiences is not so fully brought out. The argument of the discontened was this: Inasmuch as England has seized every opportunity to misrepresent and vilify the Irish, it is the duty of an Irish dramatist to introduce in his plays only Irishmen that are brave, honest and generous, and Irish women that are fair as Helen of Troy and of a saint-like character.

Mr. Synge's people in "The Playboy" are a queer lot, but no queerer than those to be found in Thomas Hardy's country, in provinces of France, in German villages, or even in hamlets of New England. Furthermore, Synge, who had lived among the peasants of the west and on the Aran islands, lived as a peasant and not as a tourist with a camera and a trip ticket, drew from the life. He knew these men and women; he had heard their familiar speech in which the gorgeousness of expression is now strangely eloquent, now wildly fantastical.

The play itself's the thing; not a disturbance that was raised in Dublin by persons who did not sympathize with Synge, or with any truly literary or dramatic purpose.

This comedy is, indeed, a singular one, and its presentation of life and manners is tinged with an irony that must be disturbing to those without any sense of humor, without any appreciation of the inevitable and sometimes bitter irony of daily life. Synge's purpose no doubt was first of all to write a comedy. The extractors of Sunbeams from cucumbers will detect symbolism in this scene or in that speech; but in "The Playboy" the dramatist is far from being a symbolist.

Christopher is a mooning fellow, weak, vain, a coward, with a singular gift of tongue, with talk that is wonderfully eloquent at times, as is often the talk of those who live lonely lives in the country, and his speech is at times as bombastic as any line of Marlowe at his worst. He is a magnificent liar. The women in the village are taken by his chatter, which they hardly understand—although "Pegeen" can also talk in high-sounding speech on occasion. They take him at his own word; he is a hero.

If this play were a melodrama of the old school the exultation over the murder of a father might be repulsive; but the note of comedy is sounded at the very beginning. It is not possible to take Christopher seriously. We suspect him to be a hero of false pretenses after he has answered the questions put to him on his arrival as a stranger. The comedy is a fantasy on the posibilities of life peculiar to a small region, not to a whole country; but there is so much human nature in the scenes and above all in the dialogue, there is such unusual strength and beauty and high imagination in the dialogue, that the audience of another land may well see and hear with breathless interest.

Only once does this interest flag, and then for a moment—toward the end of the third act. And the action would be more dramatic and the play stronger without the attempt of Christopher to retrieve himself by assaulting his father a second time without sufficient provocation and with cool blood.

As a work of literary force and splendid diction this comedy stands alone and incomparable among the later plays. The perfervid Syngites declare that "The Playboy" is the greatest comedy ever written. This hot assertion is not good for the reputation of the dead dramatist, nor does it at once inspire confidence in the critical judgment of the shouters. It should surely be enough to say that "The Playboy" is an extraordinary work; a work of rare literary merit that is unusually effective on the stage.

There is nothing but unstinted praise for the performance. It might be said that the Widow Quin was played so well by Miss Allgood that she became a more important character than "Pegeen," and thus there was a lack of proportion; but Miss MaGee gave a fine and carefully composed impersonation of the girl who longed for a hero, and, if the Widow Quin was at times in the foreground, "Pegeen" was never overshadowed, never forgotten. Mr. O'Donovan acted Christopher, a complex part, with infinite [illegible] and [illegible]. Mr. [illegible] made a memorable Flaherty—

and so on through the list of actors and actresses.

"The Playboy" was performed here for the first time. It was performed in Chicago on April 13, 1909, by Hart Conway and his students.

The bill for the professional matinee this afternoon will be made up of three one-act plays, Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen," Shaw's "Blanco Posnet" and Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon." A large number of the members of the various theatrical companies, for whom the matinee was especially arranged, will attend, while the public is also invited.

MAYOR'S CENSOR PRESENT

William A. Leahy of the mayor's office filled the role of censor last night at the production of "The Play Boy of the Western World" in the Plymouth Theatre. The executive committee of the Federated Irish societies of Greater Boston yesterday registered at the mayors' office a protest against the play's production and Mr. Leahy was sent to make a report.

Police Commissioner O'Meara was also requested to have a censor view the play. Mr. Leahy would not say last night what his report would be.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Arsene Lupin," a drama in four acts by Francis de Croisset and Maurice Leblanc. Cast:

Duke of Chamerace.....John Craig
Guerchard.....Morgan Wallace
M. Gournay-Martin.....George Walker
The Examining Magistrate..George Hassell
Charollas.....Robert M. Middlemass
Bernard.....Carney Christie
Hippolyte.....Arthur Fox
Anatase.....Charles Bickford
Commissary of police.....Leslie Palmer
Agent of Police.....Frank Bertrand
Firmin.....A. J. Roberts
Germaine.....Miss Maude Richmond
Victoire.....Miss Mabel Colcord
Irma, a maid.....Miss Margaret Fay
Sonia.....Miss Mary Young

BOSTON THEATRE—First American production and first time in English of "Miss Dudelsack," a Scotch-Viennese opera in three acts, music by Rudolph Nelson, English adaptation by Grant Stewart from the German of Fritz Gruenbaum and Heinz Reichert. Principal members of the cast:

Capt. Jack MacHumber.....Thomas Richards
Hon. Peter MacHumber.....Joseph Herbert
Sir Francis MacHumber.....David Torrence
Herr Bergman.....Matthew Hanley
Harry Parker.....Arthur Clough
Lady Kitty Somerset.....Miss Anna Lichter
Olympia MacHumber.....Miss Bertha Holly
Sandy.....Jock McKay
Mr. Bucket.....John Heath
"Miss Dudelsack".....Miss Lulu Glaser

Music by Nelson; authors, Gruenbaum and Reichert; adapter, a Stewart; a Viennese opera entitled "Miss Bagpipe," with its action mainly in Scotland—isn't all that enough to make a pessimist see visions of haggis mit sauerkraut, or frankfurters und whuskey? It is; but the pessimist

appearing in spotless

[illegible] his such dreams or who feels he [illegible] tries trying to play [illegible] wanders is sure to be happily disappointed [illegible] the reality of "Miss [illegible]"

[illegible] simple but [illegible] in a setting of [illegible] scenery, with enough [illegible] to give a dash of spice to [illegible] lot of [illegible] Highland [illegible] life to the whole affair [illegible] songs and some other lyrics [illegible] catchy and haunting [illegible] enough of the bag[illegible] songs and flings to [illegible] with the atmosphere of the [illegible] of kilts and cakes.

Miss Dudelsack is the daughter of [illegible] MacHumber, who before [illegible] goes away from Scotland [illegible] a wife who has made [illegible], leaving a faithful German friend, Bergman, to care for his interests. The wife dies when the baby [illegible] born and Bergman brings her up as his own child.

After 18 years the estate is to be disposed of according to a paper left by Sir Francis, if that worthy fails to come back by that time. Hordes of MacHumbers gather to press their claims. One is Capt. Jack. He falls in love with Miss Dudelsack, who had been his playmate in childhood. The paper is read. Jack is the heir, but he must marry Lady Kitty Somerset or some other aristocrat. Lady Kitty loves Harry Parker.

There is wailing among the disappointed MacHumbers, led by the Hon. Peter and Olympia, and great sorrow for little Dudelsack, Lady Kitty and their swains. But when all seems lost, Sir Francis comes back, Bergman reveals Miss Dudelsack's identity. Jack can marry her and everyone is happy except the bumptious MacHumbers, who had looked down in comical disdain upon Bergman's supposed plebian daughter.

The company is an excellent one. Miss Glaser is quite herself and her part gives her plentiful chances to skip from hoydenish ways to coyness and tender sentiment in the manner that so pleases [illegible].

Miss Lichter sings finely as Lady Kitty, while both she and Mr. Clough make pleasing sweethearts amid the troubles that beset them.

Mr. Herbert is a host in himself as the comic leader of the top lofty MacHumbers, and is ably seconded by Miss Holly as the pretentious Olympia.

Mr. Richards sings and acts as Capt. Jack with a zest that adds much [illegible] to the piece, while Jock McKay plays the bagpipes and delivers himself of Highland antics and dialect that arouse roars of laughter.

The opera was received last night with favor by a big audience. The excellent scenery, the unusually good orchestra and the spirited choruses were warmly appreciated.

SHUBERT THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "The Warning," by Arthur J. Eddy. Cast:

[illegible]	Conway Tearle
[illegible]	Edmund Elton
Tess [illegible]	Doris Keane
[illegible]	George C. Staley
[illegible]	Joseph [illegible]
[illegible]	Robert E. Keggerreis
[illegible]	Henry Hallam

There is no over-indulgence in forgiving [illegible] mishaps of technique and [illegible] the logic of a play [illegible] firmly, so to speak, in the [illegible] of its theme and the [illegible] of its story. At [illegible] individual who seeks the theatre for the sake of diversion [illegible] and for that reason, there [illegible] at the Shubert last [illegible] when a new play by the author of "[illegible] John Ganton" was presented [illegible] Miss Doris Keane and a company [illegible] excellent players.

[illegible] Mr. Eddy entitled his play "[illegible] Warning" [illegible] ever remain a [illegible] to those who are [illegible] the [illegible] clash of the [illegible] he has constructed out of [illegible] a most [illegible] and flavored it with a [illegible] that convinces.

[illegible] certain unevenness [illegible] merits of the [illegible] convention, even [illegible] a part at times. [illegible] invention in methods, [illegible] in the sense in which [illegible] term. For "The [illegible] is a straightaway story of life in [illegible] unequivocal [illegible] there is nothing offensive. [illegible] at one point ap[illegible] with startling rapid[illegible] the last impression is [illegible] satisfaction.

[illegible] for a [illegible] of asset an [illegible] alert and keen dialogue. All [illegible] the cast have reason to be [illegible]. The play is well calculated to [illegible] not seeking after [illegible].

The [illegible] laid in Seattle. King [illegible] by preference, [illegible] Tess from the proceeds of his trade. He was an [illegible] paid back an [illegible] to Lord Bicester with money taken [illegible] that occasion. Bicester at first [illegible] seems to be something of a [illegible] renegade, cool, collected and [illegible]. He seems attached to Tess, [illegible] to the dissatisfaction of King, who wants him to keep hands off. [illegible] is [illegible] Bicester [illegible] his apartments at night. [illegible] King enters [illegible] to obtain possession of the [illegible] which he had given to Bicester. The police are on the track and he must destroy all clews to his guilt. He discovers his sister in the apartments of Bicester and the big scene of the play results. The detectives enter and Bicester, revealing his real identity of Lord Bicester, buys off the police and through the instrumentality of a letter proves to Tess that he is really in love, that his means of winning her were but an attempt to sound the real depths of a real woman.

The theme is old and so, occasionally, is the manner of its development. But, withal, it holds the attention from the start.

Miss Keane may be seen to better advantage than in most of her earlier attempts. There is opportunity for the expression of most diversified emotions, and she makes zealous use of her versatility with good result. One is spared the usual superabundance of unwarranted emotionalism, and exaggeration is discarded in all her method.

Mr. Tearle has found a part in which he revels. His phlegm was delicious in situations that might very easily have been spoiled by over-emphasis. In his more serious attitude, he was equally commendable.

Mr. Elton as King Conway was probably a little too zealous at times. He is not a [illegible] and one does not expect a man like King to be such. Mr. Keggerreis easily demonstrated that versatility is not necessary for presenting a compelling characterization.

The play was adequately mounted and betrayed competent direction.

B. F. KEITH'S HAS JAPANESE SOPRANO

Japanese Conducts Orchestra and Tea Is Served in Lobby.

Mme. Sumiko, all the way from the Imperial Opera House of Tokio, where she is the prima donna soprano, so the program informs us, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's this week, succeeding in that capacity Charles Kellogg, the nature singer, who is hitting a bit higher up in the batting order. Mme. Sumiko has several Japanese attendants, a jinrikisha, in which she makes her debut, and B. S. Takaori, who bows graciously to the musicians as he takes the director's seat to conduct the orchestra. He is musical director of the Imperial Opera House when he is at home. The stage settings are most attractive and, of course, distinctly Japanese. Nor is the Oriental idea confined exclusively to the stage. The beautiful lobby, in its special decorations, is in a Japanese scheme, while in the reception room, just off the lobby, tea is served. Mme. Sumiko sang both in her native tongue and in English, although her enunciation made it rather difficult to understand the words. The last of the five songs is "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which she sang before Admiral Togo upon the occasion of the Nippon Club's reception in New York to the admiral.

Charles Kellogg repeated his triumphs of last week. He frankly admits that his ability to interpret bird songs so closely in tone and volume is a "gift of nature, not an accomplishment." But it is marvellous, nevertheless. His experiments dealing with sound waves and their velocity, while savoring somewhat of the physics laboratory, are none the less interesting and, to many at least, instructive as well.

Next to Mr. Kellogg the hit of the bill is Bud and Nellie Helm, juvenile comedians. They have one of those rough and ready sketches that make [illegible] and lasting hit. The titian-haired "Bud" is a born comedian, and cleverly throws out across the footlights a lot of original matter. And he does it all very effectively.

A pair of old-fashioned German dialect comedians is Carlin and Penn, who present "Getting Divorced" as a medium for some clever dialect, the court procedure being prefaced and followed by topical songs. Paul Dickey and a company of four present Mr. Dickey's own creation, entitled "The Come-Back," a story of the college freshman who has just made the 'varsity football team, and, of course, the college widow.

The others on the roster include the Montfords, novelty European acrobats; the R. A. C. trio; Joe Morris and Charles Allen, humorists of the Yiddish persuasion, and Hickey's comedy circus, which includes the "unrideable" mule.

GLOBE THEATRE: "The White Sister," by F. Marion Crawford. The cast:

Portress	Miss Anna Berger Price
Mme. Bernard	Miss Alice Adams
Lieut. Basil	William Belfort
Dr. Pieri	George C. Gunther
Countess Chiaramonte	Miss Isabell E. Sherman
Mgr. Saracinesca	John Maurice Sullivan
Sister Giovanna	Miss Cathrine Countiss
Lieut. Ugo Severi	J. A. Smythe
Capt. Giovanni Severi	David Proctor
Bresca	Frederick Roberts

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — "Silver Threads," a four-act drama by Martin V. Merle. Cast:

Ben Laurie	Richard J. Jose
John Laurie	L. Blanden
Ruth Laurie	Anne Hollinger
Kathleen Laurie	Ruth [illegible]
Eliza [illegible]	Mai Wells
James Updyke	Mort Weinstein

More than 50 years ago the warden of Milbank prison stated that he always had hopes of the final reformation of a prisoner, no matter how violent or apparently depraved he might be, so long as he retained an appetite for apple pie.

"Tobogganing on Parnassus," by Mr. Franklin P. Adams, is a pleasant book for bed-and-candle reading. Here is Mr. Adams's "appreciation" of Miss Olga Nethersole, the play actress:

> I like little Olga,
> Her plays are so warm;
> And if I don't see 'em
> They'll do me no harm.

This recalls a statement made recently in Boston by an Englishman: "I well remember Miss Nethersole complaining to me in London that the managers would not allow her to take the part of any woman who was not represented by the dramatist as immoral. Let's see—that was 28 years ago." Miss Olga's statement was indeed surprising, for she did not go on the stage until 1887—that is, 24 years ago.

Noting the fact that the Encyclopaedia Britannica now spells "Pittsburg" without a final "h," the London Chronicle quotes Arthur Lee's account of the town in 1784: "Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log houses. There are in the town four attorneys, two doctors, and not a priest of any persuasion, nor church or chapel, so that they are likely to be damned without the benefit of clergy. The place, I believe, will never be very considerable."

Lese-Majesty and the Theatre.

It does not seem possible that Mayor Fitzgerald has set his bland but official face against all plays in which men in authority are represented as unworthy of the high station or absurd, grotesque beings unfit to vote or to be voted for. The report that he objects to the caricature of an imaginary mayor in Mr. Cohan's comedy now playing in Boston is disturbing even to the tireless "uplifters of the drama." It might as well be said that Mayor Fitzgerald will prohibit performances of "Othello" because Iago insults Brabantio by saying: "You are — a senator," or of "Much Ado About Nothing" because Dogberry is a gross misrepresentation of the shrewdness and wisdom that characterize in every land the actions of the police. But Massachusetts is not Germany, nor is Boston Berlin. The law of lese-majesty does not prevail in this country and divinity doth not hedge a President, a Governor, or even a mayor.

About the Tower.

"You have no Tower in America," said an Englishman to Artemus Ward in London. "Alas! no," answered Artemus, "We boste of our enterprise and improvements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! Thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

And now the British Archaeological Association declares that the Tower of London is the Tower of Stepney; that it is a castle rather than a tower; that the horrors of imprisonment and torture in the dungeons have been grossly exaggerated; so that this tower is, after all, not a sweet boon. But many of us will continue to believe in the Tower as it stands in tradition and romance and on the stage. We prefer the Tower as described in Ainsworth's novel with Cruikshank's pictures to any carefully prepared report of an archaeological association. These pictures still cause goose flesh: the executioner sharpening his axe, the wretch falling from a tower while his enemy grins as he watches the fall; the burning of Edward Underhill; nor are these the only ones that cannot be forgotten, though seen only once.

Eagles and Hookers.

F. B. writes: "I was suddenly faint at the stomach with a sort of sinking feeling, and I therefore went into a bar-room for relief. After I had obtained relief at least three times, I was about to leave the bar when I heard a hoarse-voiced man ask for an 'Eagle of brandy.' What did he mean by that? I thought it better not to stare, for he had not an encouraging and communicative visage. I did not like to ask the barkeeper, for the room was new to me. I had not been introduced to the mixer, blender and drawer, and I know how rigidly the formalities of bar-room etiquette should be observed. I did notice, however, that the brandy was served in a large glass, which had no resemblance to an eagle or any other bird.

"When I reached home I consulted the dictionaries. I learned that in certain English provinces an eagle means an icicle and in other provinces a small bag or reticule; but this information, though interesting, is not helpful in this instance."

Can any reader answer "F. B."? Why is whiskey or a dram in Scotland called a "hooker"? Is it because a hooker in certain places is a term of magnitude? A hooker on the Irish coast is a one-masted fishing smack; or it is a two-masted Dutch coasting or fishing vessel. There are schooners of beer, there are hookers of whiskey. Explanations are now in order. Are there frigates of rum?

Oct 17 '11

There was an American once who stayed so long in England that he imagined he had not only got quit of the "American manner," but had shed the Transatlantic accent. He deceived many, and was happy until the day of his return. "First-class to Liverpool, how much?" said he to the booking clerk at Euston. "Five dollars and a half, colonel," promptly replied the clerk, and the illusion was shattered for ever.

On His Feet.

Mr. Stephen O'Meara is reported as saying that there is no reason why any man of average ability cannot deliver a good after-dinner speech or any speech in public. Mr. O'Meara is a fluent, graceful, sensible speaker. When he talks at a dinner his speech is neither too conversational nor too oratorical. His wit is not strained, nor does he lug in anecdotes until he resembles an anthology in trousers. It has been said that when he was a younger man Mr. O'Meara did not speak easily; that he was embarrassed, but he set himself diligently at work to overcome his shyness. He soon learned the rule of rules: When you are through with what you have to say, sit down.

It is also reported that Mr. O'Meara has compiled a list of rules for public speakers. He recently gave them to the Charitable Irish Society. They should be printed in clear type for general distribution. He now finds it a pleasure to make a little speech or an "address" and in the generosity of his heart thinks others are equally capable of pleasing or persuading audiences; but, with or without a study of rules, eight after-dinner speakers out of ten are bores of the first magnitude.

Try Chyaban Pras.

"Colds lead to coughs; coughs to catarrh; catarrh to consumption, and consumption to the GRAVE." Thus were we cheered in our youth by advertisements of certain preventatives and correctors. "Chyaban Pras," however, was then not known in the West, whereas a piece of fat pork tied round the neck with red flannel or an old stocking was a sovereign remedy. The Daily Chronicle of London copied this advertisement from an Indian contemporary:

"The Tradition is that is was with 'Chyaban pras' that the Aswins, the two heavenly Physicians, restored the decrepit Rishi, Chyaban to his normal health and infused youthful vigour in to his dilapidated and worn out system. Hence the name Chyabvn pras" which is the best substitute for

and those who cannot digest and assimilate, nay even regale God Liver Oil will easaly digst

which is a capital ramedy for Chugh and cold, and a marvellous Specific for Chest, Lung and other Wasting Diseases.

Price per phil Re. 1. Packing and Postage extra."

Dearer Food.

Now that there is complaint against the price of food in the United States, and especially in Boston, some may find comfort in the fact that there is similar complaint in other countries.

Representatives of the municipalities of Berlin and the adjoining boroughs have met together to discuss measures for combating the excessive cost of living. They recommend the purchase of sea fish to be sold in lieu of meat.

In Switzerland milk has risen in price everywhere, as have flour, sugar, potatoes, vegetables. Hay, straw and all fodder for cattle are more and more dear. In Geneva a committee has organized several public meetings for discussing the causes, the consequences and the possible remedies.

Provision merchants in London say that if the average family in England consists of five persons, its expenditure for groceries and dairy produce during the coming winter will be increased from two to three shillings a week. Siberia now exports little butter and cheese to London, and that little is poor. Australasia is not so generous in providing. Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Brittany are no longer lavish contributors. "Altogether it is a dreary outlook. And the only consolation is that other countries are as badly off as we are, with the added difficulty that prices are made dearer by tariffs."

On Moslem Ships.

Tripoli once had a fleet and its admiral was a Scot, one Peter Lysle. As mate of an English ship arriving at Tripoli in 1794, he plundered part of the cargo, was suspected, turned Mohammedan, married a relative of the pasha.

...e la high admiral and later shone ...ntly as a pirate. He was a real ...ilor unlike the Turkish admiral whom ...rd Carlisle met in 1854. This admiral, ...asick in his cabin, heard a noise that ...isped his nerves. He asked the cause. "It comes from the rudder." "Then ...ave the rudder removed immediately," ...roaned the admiral.

Oct 19 '11

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

"K." writes to The Herald apropos of ...tories about "ladies of the smart set" attending mills, otherwise known as "friendly trials of athletic skill" or "boxing matches." "There is an old song describing the Donnelly and Cooper fight in which a Mrs. Kelly is at the ringside, the Curragh of Kildare. Cooper was on the point of winning, when Mrs. Kelly appealed to Donnelly, telling him she had bet all her wealth on his success. Thus inspired, he came back and knocked Cooper out. I should like to have your comment on this."

A Certain Mrs. Kelly.

Who was this Mrs. Kelly? She is not to be named with the glorious ...sopel Berners, the daughter of the ...ods, who stood by Lavengro in his fierce fight with the Flaming Tinman, and asked him why he did not use his right, his "Long Melford"; nor is she to be named with women famous for unselfish wifely devotion, as Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who gave the Honorable "Bob," when he sorely needed advice, the memorable tip: "Hit him in the slats, Bob; knock him in the slats."

Donnelly was a married man. As the orator said in the funeral eulogy delivered before the Cork Philosophical and Literary Society: "Early in life he formed a connection with an amiable and enlightened female of the Society of Friends, who was the balm of every wound in life, the soft and pleasing pillow upon which he reclined his head in the awful hour of death. During all the conquests which diffused such lustre round his manly brow she was ever the object of his thoughts, and though the leveller of a Cooper and the facer of an Oliver might for a moment have interrupted the train of his reflections, the remembrance of his beloved Rebecca recalled his fainting powers, stimulated him to fresh exertions, and finally enabled him to prostrate in the dust his haughty foe." Tumultuous applause, and two female friends whose philosophy was completely subdued by feeling were removed from the hall.)

No, Donnelly for his battle with Cooper had been trained by the celebrated Captain Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly was probably the trainer's wife.

The Pugilist Analyzed.

Who, besides our correspondent "K," remembers Donnelly today? Daniel was a carpenter by trade. His skill in throwing was great; his straightforward blow would almost fell an ox; but he was deficient in science." He fought two great battles: the one with Cooper, and the one with Oliver for which he went to London. London Town was his Capua. He wasted the battle money; he injured his health in riotous living; but a report spread in Ireland that the Prince Regent had knighted him, and when Daniel returned to Ireland 20,000 persons welcomed him and escorted him, mounted on a white horse, to his house, where he addressed them and drank to their health. He sparred in a tent or booth at Donnybrook Fair, and then became the landlord of the Shining Daisy in Pill street. His death was as heroic as his life. The sad story is told in a few words by Dr. Shelton MacKenzie.

"In February, 1820, having drank ...n almost incredible number of tumb...rs of punch at one sitting (out of ...ere bravado) and swallowed half a ...ucket of cold water, while in a state ... profuse perspiration, after the ...foresaid tumblers, he burst a blood ...essel and departed this life in the ...ith year of his age."

One hundred carriages, 400 horsemen, and over 50,000 on foot were in the funeral procession to Bully's Acre, where he still rests.

A Superb Tribute.

Blackwood recognized the sterling ...orth of the departed. Witness this ...uperb tribute:

"We have heard it said, and are inclined to think the theory true, that Sir Daniel's style of boxing showed, perhaps too strikingly, that he had excelled ...t the miscellaneous fighting of Donnybrook Fair. He was not a straight nor ...et a quick hitter. His education certainly had not been neglected, but it ...ad been irregular. There were not only ...icisms in his style, but even provincialisms which were corrected in the London ring, not without danger to the success of his first prize essay. But the native vigor of the man prevailed over the imperfect institutions of his country, and, with all the disadvantages of an irregular, imperfect and unfinished education, Sir Daniel Donnelly not only triumphed over all his compatriots, but sustained the honor of Ireland in a country perhaps too much disposed to disparage her; and in his last battle, with the renowned Oliver, the shamrock sprang up beneath his feet, rejoicing in the blood that dyed its threefold beauty more proudly than it ever rejoiced when, sprinkled with the dews of morning, it waved its verdant locks to the breeze that swept the level expanse of the Bog of Allen or the rugged magnificence of Macgillicuddy's Reeks."

To Be Investigated.

Singular to relate, in the long "Luctus" on the death of Sir Daniel Donnelly written by Dr. Maginn there is no allusion whatever to the tale told of Mrs. Kelly. There are poems in honor of the hero purporting to have been written by Byron, Dr. James Scott, Wordsworth and others. There are also dirges in Greek, Latin and Hebrew. A Mrs. Kelly, or Miss Kelly, is mentioned in the first verse of a song written, with Dr. William Maginn's hand, by Richard Dowden:

"What is it ails you, ye beauteous people,
Why are ye dropping the salt, salt tear,
Why does your tipple stand like a steeple,
None of ye stirring about the beer?"
'Twas thus I spoke to some honest fellows,
Sitting in grief in Cork's own town,
At Judy Kelly's, sign of the bellows,
Over the best of Beamish's brown.
Hulla, hulla, hulla, hulla, hulla,
mulla-gone.

Was this Judy the heroine of the fight?

Will "K." kindly send us the old song? He will find the "Luctus" in the second volume of Maginn's "Odoherty Papers," and it is good reading aloud by the glowing radiator on a cheerless October evening just before the little ones say their sweet "Good night."

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But the whole business and Design of a Flatterer is continually to entertain the Company with some Pastime or other, a little Jest, a Story well told, or a comical Action; and in a word, he thinks he can never overact the diverting part of Conversation. Whereas the true Friend, proposing no other End to himself than the bare discharge of his Duty, is sometimes pleasant, and as often, it may be, disagreeable, neither sollicitously coveting the one, nor industriously avoiding the other, if he judge it the more seasonable and expedient. For as a Physician, if need require, will throw in a little Saffron or Spikenard to qualifie his Patients Dose, and will now and then bathe him and feed him up curiously and yet again another time will prescribe him Castor * * or perhaps will oblige him to drink an Infusion of Hellebore * * * in like manner the real Friend some times leads his Man gently on to Vertue by Kindness * * * and again, when he sees Correction requisite, will check him severely.

A Word with Many Meanings.

"B. R. H.," reviewing a book about Mr. Bernard Shaw for the International, says: "Shaw is also the greatest cleverist in the world—taking this word to signify a man who takes his sense of humor seriously." Is "cleverist" a term invented by "B. R. H."? It is a vile word. "Cleverality" for cleverness is bad enough, although Charlotte Brontë used it.

The English still smile indulgently on the use of "clever" in the United States: "clever" meaning good-natured, amiable; but the word was employed with this meaning by Goldsmith in "She Stoops to Conquer," and as an epithet of satisfaction or liking by Swift and Pope. Austin writing from New England in 1804 said that "clever" meant honest, conscientious, and a few years later a landlord told one Flint, "where a family seem to be poor and clever he does not charge anything for their sleeping on the floor (by clever, he meant honest, or of a good disposition)."

Is "clever" meaning "in health, well," heard in New England today? Or as meaning "handsome, well made"? These meanings were common in English provinces.

"Clever" in certain English provinces today means good, healthy, strong, handsome, kind, honest, industrious, truthful, satisfactory or well made (of inanimate objects, as land, a knife), or chief, principal. And as an adverb it means excellently, altogether, straight, quite. There is a verb "to clever" meaning to boast, show off; also to hurry or look sharp. "Clever breeches" is a synonym of "smart Aleck."

John Pickering in his entertaining "Vocabulary or Collection of Words Which Have Been Supposed to Be Peculiar to the United States of America" (Boston 1816), remarks: "In speaking of anything but man we use the word much as the English do. We say a clever horse, etc., and it is not uncommon to see in the London newspapers advertisements in this form: 'To be sold a clever gray gelding.' Dr. Johnson observes that it 'is a low word, scarcely ever used but in burlesque or conversation, and applied to anything a man likes, without a settled meaning.'"

Walt the "Clever" Son.

As a boy I was eager to see Walt Whitman. Extracts from "Leaves of Grass" published in the old Putnam's Magazine fired my curiosity concerning the man himself. In the summer of 1872 he was sojourning with his mother in Brooklyn. I called on him, but he was in New York for the day and I saw his mother, of whom he wrote and sang so tenderly, so nobly. She showed me the portrait of her son that had been painted in New Orleans, and she did not tire of praising him. "I don't know much about his poetry," she said, "that is I don't understand some of it. I suppose you have seen his last book, The Dartmouth Poem"—she referred to "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free." the Commencement Poem delivered at Dartmouth College June 26, 1872. "Now I don't understand it, but I do know this: Walt is the cleverest son a mother ever had." This mother was not a New Englander, for Louise Van Velsor—that was her maiden name—was of mingled Dutch and Welch blood.

Poor Puss!

Dr. Charles G. Pease is at it again. He addressed the Gotham Club in New York last Tuesday. The audience were chiefly women and Dr. Pease assured them that "most children are damned through tobacco before their birth." And again the old, old story was told: "If a man will hold a piece of white paper above his mouth while he is smoking and afterward remove the stain and apply only a small part of it to the tongue of a cat the cat will die within three minutes." After this improving lecture Miss Marie Louise Woelber sang sweetly about a girl described by Kipling as "A-smokin' of a whackin' big cheroot." The last verse of Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco" would have been more appropriate:

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco-juice;
Still why deny its use
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco-jar!
Here's to thee, Bacon!

Nor did Dr. Pease allude to the fact that the late Justice Harlan had used tobacco in its most pernicious and hideous forms from his youth up without prejudice to his body, brain or spiritual condition.

Oct 21 1911

LISZT HONORED BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra at its third public rehearsal yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, celebrated the centenary of Liszt (born Oct. 22, 1811). The orchestra was assisted by Rudolph Ganz, pianist, and the Musical Art Club (women's voices) of Boston. Mrs. Sundelius sang the short solo in the "Magnificat" at the end of the symphony. The program included these works of Liszt: "The Preludes," symphonic poem No. 3; symphony after Dante's "Divine Comedy"; pianoforte concerto in E flat major, No. 1; "Tasso: Lament and Triumph," symphonic poem No. 2.

This festival ceremony in honor of Liszt, like nearly all mortuary or memorial services, was too long, and many in the audience grew restless and thought of trains and tea and left the hall before the apotheosis of Tasso. And yet the program was an interesting one. While the "Dante" symphony is inferior to the "Faust," and "The Preludes" contains some of Liszt's most vulgar music, the "Dante" symphony is not too familiar, and there are pages of "The Preludes" that show the influence of the composer over the contemporaries and followers of the last half-century. The "Mephisto" waltz, the scene in the tavern from Lenau's "Faust," is in many respects a finer work of art and more imaginative than either of the symphonic poems performed yesterday, but on the whole the program was well designed to display the genius of Liszt and to give pleasure to the audience.

Mr. Ganz's interpretation of the concerto was not so brilliant as the one he gave five years ago. Yesterday he and Mr. Fiedler seemed possessed by the demon of unrest. There was the effect of hurry rather than fleetness. Mr. Ganz, as was to be expected, showed technical proficiency, but his reading of the Adagio section was not poetic; it had neither vaporous charm, nor emotional appeal; and in pages of sheer bravura and those of plumed and clanking heroism there was a lack of the aristocratic elegance that should characterize a performance of this concerto. When this elegance and a certain well-bred arrogance in the delivery of the high-flown rhetoric and not displeasing rhodomontade are missing the concerto may well seem trivial and bombastic. Nor was the orchestral accompaniment fully worthy of the occasion. The brass was over blown in announcements of the defiant theme, and the chief impression made by the whole performance was one of haste, hustle and bluster. Mr. Ganz was loudly applauded, but it is to be hoped that his interpretation tonight will be less perfunctory, less restless, one marked by the finer qualities that as a rule are displayed by him in solo work and in ensemble.

The chorus of women's voices sang with full rich tone, although in the first few measures the intonation was not perfect. The deviation, however, was slight and only for a moment, and the effect of the chorus was pronounced after the preceding instrumental waste that follows the highly poetic opening of the "Purgatory" movement. The beautiful quality of Mrs. Sundelius's voice and her pure delivery caused the audience to regret that the solo allotted to her by the composer was so short.

The orchestral pieces were on the whole performed brilliantly, and, as usual, there were frequent displays of entrancing solo work. But it is now more pertinent to say a few words about Liszt. His bust, representing him as the smiler sure of his rank, looking benignantly on the world, including the adoring women, who brightened and at times vexed his life, rather than as the all-conquering virtuoso or the composer trampling disdainfully on traditions, was on high, surrounded by plants and flowers, emblems of immortality.

Liszt suffered as a composer from foolish adulation and still more absurd denunciation. It was not so many years ago that otherwise fair-minded musicians, professors in conservatories, composers of smug, respectable music, pianists and violinists of nimble fingers and lukewarm blood, would leave the concert hall with an air whenever one of Liszt's works was about to be performed. Liszt also suffered from admiring friends who helped themselves to his musical thoughts, to his new forms of musical expression, and using them for their own advantage, were applauded by the crowd, while Liszt himself was ignored or flouted. How much of Liszt there is in Richard Wagner's best!

Program music has existed from the early days of the art. No doubt David's performance before Saul had some definite program; but the symphonic poem, as it is now known, was invented and shaped by Liszt, and he has influenced in this respect composers of every nation. The modern Russians all hark back to Berlioz and Liszt. The modern Germans and even the ultra-modern French were made possible by this Hungarian, who, in Paris, Weimar or Rome, was first of all a citizen of the world.

In the mass of his compositions there is mysticism that is vague and insignificant; there is affected simplicity that is as childish prattle; there is pathos that is bathos; eloquence sometimes degenerates into bombast; there is frequently the odor of tanbark, the vision of the ringmaster cracking his whip and the man in tights and spangles leaping through paper hoops or kissing his hand from the trapeze. Liszt was first famous as a virtuoso, and, as Edward MacDowell once said, in every virtuoso there is the possibility of the rope-dancer; it is in his blood.

The faults of Liszt as a composer are open to every one. When they lie in the music for the piano, they have been too often exaggerated by the "Liszt pupil." Some of his pupils, including those who studied with him and those who spent an afternoon in Weimar, have been able to recognize and bring out only formulas of past days, effective in their period, now frayed and outworn. They have made salient that which should have been concealed. Nor have orchestral conductors always been fortunate in the interpretation of the greater works; they have been intoxicated by the pomp or fury and were unable to draw the line between sonority and vulgarity.

We are all inclined to judge a master of years gone by as though he were a contemporary, and, forgetting that he, in his day, was a daring innovator, a revolutionary, we cry out against his music as trite and moribund. Certain forms of Liszt's expression, forms that recall the reign of Rossini or Meyerbeer, are now distasteful to us, as are certain formulas of Wagner. Excessive modernity contains the seeds of early death. But the architecture that Liszt devised is still strong and beautiful, and is today a model for others who delight in strange ornamentation. The world of music owes Liszt a debt that it will be long in paying, and as other debtors, it often forgets what it owes and abuses the creditor.

The years go by and the generosity, the loving kindness, the nobility of Liszt, the man, are more and more clearly revealed. His purse, advice, assistance were ever ready. He would not cringe or flatter. His art was a religion. He was one of the very few composers that stood at ease in the presence of the mighty and were not snobbish toward the unfortunate, the misunderstood, the unappreciated. As a man in the world of his art he is therefore to be ranked with Handel and Hector Berlioz.

HARRY LAUDER AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Popular Singer Well Received by Fashionable Audience.

It was principally a downstairs and a carriage audience that welcomed Harry Lauder back to his own in the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. The balconies yawned with empty seats, but the floor was nearly two-thirds filled. The Balaklava veterans did not materialize, but after the inimitable Harry had announced "I Have a Lassie" as his closing number and had sung it, the stage was taken by three bagpipers and an equal number of drummers, who filled the audience with deafening noise for about five minutes and th...

[illegible] went away. Before that, however, Mr. Lauder had relieved his mind of a brief address, in which he thanked his friends and expressed pleasure in his return to Boston.

The audience would undoubtedly have been better pleased with more of Lauder and less of the variety bill which filled at least two thirds of the two hours' program. The vaudeville bill was good in its way, including a trio of grotesque dancers, an eccentric violinist called Trovato, who pleased with much of the comedy of the violin, a clever ventriloquist and juggler, and Merkel, a German artist who made quick changes of costume and make-up on the stage in impersonation of celebrities, American and European. One or two of these features were rather unpleasantly prolonged. And after Mr. Lauder had come on, given five selections and retired, there was a prevailing impression that he had not been a spendthrift of time.

His welcome was extremely cordial, but it was given in a dignified manner. The exuberance and noisy demonstrations that have heretofore marked his performances before lower priced seats was notably lacking. He first gave "Every Laddie Loves a Lassie," then "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "The Scotch Errand Boy," "A Wee Deach and Doris," concluding with the prime favorite, "I Love a Lassie." The bonny and diminutive, though stocky, singer is absolutely unchanged in voice, appearance or manner, and shows no sign of yielding up to any rival the place that he has for a number of years held in popular regard. The two performances today will close the engagement.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not, the aperient spring.

One of the Haymakers.

There are many who remember Marshall Ney King. He died at his home in Troy last Thursday. There were giants in those days, when the Haymakers of Troy and the Forest Citys of Rockford were baseball nines to be reckoned with. Mr. King, the left fielder of the Haymakers, was a batsman who struck terror into the soul of the swiftest pitcher, as did King's colleague, Pike. The Haymakers and the Forest Citys of Rockford travelled and even condescended to beat crack country clubs. The Eagle club of Florence in this commonwealth was for a time the admiration of Hampshire county and the counties adjacent. Bond, the pitcher, was a lawyer, a brother of the late Judge Bond; but the majority of the nine worked for the Florence Sewing Machine Company. The Eagles defeated the Holyokes and the Pioneers, and the clubs of all the country round, but when this nine went to Boston and New York, it soon appeared that these idols of the Connecticut valley were only clay. The Forest Citys, visiting Florence, chastened the local pride. It was a memorable occasion, for then, for the first time, the mighty Adrian C. Anson showed what he could do and say in western Massachusetts. They were good old days. There was free batting; there were many runs; there were no masks and gloves; there was no spiking. Bentley of Yale was one of the first if not the first, to defend the face when catching close behind the bat. He had handsome teeth. Wishing to save them, he held in his mouth a projecting hunk of hard rubber.

A Pupil of Delsarte.

The death of Alfred Giraudet in New York will be mourned by those who knew this sincere artist and courteous man in Boston. He came to this city from Paris in the fall of 1903. Having sung in the French provinces he joined the Theatre-Lyrique, Paris, in 1867, and afterward sang in Bordeaux for two years (1871-72). He visited Italy, but in 1875 became a member of the Opera-Comique, Paris, and in 1880 went to the Opera, which he left after three years to teach. As a teacher he was best known as the professor of lyric declamation at the Paris Conservatory. His last years were spent in New York.

Mr. Giraudet was 58 years old when he came to Boston, and his voice was, of course, worn, but he showed at a Cecilia concert that he was still master of diction, that he had "the grand style." He was indeed a singer of the old school well versed in the best traditions, fully conscious of the dignity of his profession. He gave lessons in singing, but his influence was greater and more beneficent as a teacher of action, expression, diction. He had sung in many operas. He had created parts in Gounod's "Cinq Mars" and "Tribut de Zamora" and Thomas's "Françoise de Rimini," but he will be remembered in Paris rather as the trainer of Mmes. Breval, Berthet, Grandjean, Ackte, Guiraudon, Wyns and Messrs. Affre, Vaguet and Beyle for the operatic stage. It has often been said that the lamented Charles Gilibert was Giraudet's pupil; but Gilibert himself said that he owed what success he had achieved to the great bass, Louis Henri Obin.

Random Notes.

Those who are distressed by the high prices of milk should remember that Mme. de Sevigne spoke of Mme. de la Sabliere as an eccentric person because she drank milk in her tea. It was Mme. de Sevigne who wrote in 1687 that a fashionable physician had invented cafe au lait. "We are well off for milk, and this he has taught us to mix with sugar and coffee. They make a most delightful compound, which will help to support me through the rigors of Lent."

Miss Mary Garden longs to meet a murderer, "a real cold-blooded criminal." Has she not yet met two or three of the New York music critics who have attacked her with both rapier and bludgeon, respecting not her "indisputable personality"?

Miss Braddon, the novelist, recently celebrated her 74th birthday. She has said: "Every young writer starts with an ideal author and mine was Lord Lytton. I dedicated 'Lady Audley's Secret' to him. He was the first author of any note to give me any real encouragement." And she told how he wrote to her letters of criticism, pointing out that which was good and bad in her work. It has long been whispered in London that Miss Braddon was the natural daughter of Bulwer-Lytton; but as the paternity of George Meredith, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Dion Boucicault, and James Thomson has also been ascribed to the illustrious novelist whom Thackeray satirized as "Sawedwadgeorgeearllittnbulwig." The rumor may be regarded as the idle wind. Nevertheless a prominent London publisher repeated the tale when he was visiting Boston this year.

Siegfried Wagner bitterly attacks Richard Strauss, whose works are "the product of a malaria-febrile imagination and written to make money," and Siegfried says that his father would turn in his grave if he could know "the deterioration of musical art as evinced in Strauss's operas." But bitterer things were said about Richard Wagner's music dramas while he was alive, and he was censured severely for the "immorality" of "Tristan" and of scenes in "The Valkyrie" and "Parsifal." It has also been said that Richard does turn in his grave every time his son conducts one of his father's works. There are godless persons in Germany who mourn the decay of Bayreuth and speak of Mme. Cosima and son Siegfried as mere money grabbers. Music fosters the finer feelings.

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DE PACHMANN'S

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. de Pachmann gave his first piano recital this season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was not the one announced some days ago. It was expected that Mr. de Pachmann would play pieces by Weber and Liszt. The expectation was based on a mistaken announcement made by the New York manager, for which Mr. Mudgett was not responsible.

The program of yesterday was as follows: Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Corelli-Godowsky, Pastorale, G major; Henselt, Concert Etude No. 7; Scarlatti-Godowsky, Concert Allegro, A major; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 15, No. 1; Prelude No. 24, Mazurka in A minor (dedicated to Gaillard), Etudes op. 10, Nos. 1, 12, Ballade in A flat; Raff-Henselt, "La Fileuse"; Weber-Pachmann, Perpetuum Mobile; Verdi-Liszt, Paraphrase on the quartet from "Rigoletto."

The audience crowded the hall and over 150 hearers sat upon the stage. This audience gave the pianist a hearty welcome, and in the course of the concert and at the end applauded enthusiastically.

Mr. de Pachmann now wears his hair à la Liszt and is perhaps a little more portly. The pianist's peculiar and exquisite art remains unchanged. He is still the weaver of a magic spell. He is still the master of infinite gradations of tone; his touch is now velvety, now crystalline, now glowing with color; his sense of rhythm, pronounced or elusive is still his own and incomparable. He has not lost the secret of strange twilight effects, of evoking apparitions of haunting beauty. This secret will probably die with him. There are "formidable" pianists, there are "heroic" pianists, there are "intellectual" and "analytical" pianists—all fine fellows, each in his way each entitled to respect and even to the laurel. There is only one Vladimir de Pachmann in whom the piano, so often cold, unresponsive, or rebellious, confides; to whom it discloses all its possibilities of beauty.

This may justly be said after the performance of yesterday, although the pianist has prepared for us more interesting programs. It is time that Mendelssohn's Rondo should be put on the shelf or reserved for the graduation exercises of a school for genteel young ladies. Henselt's Etude is in the old-fashioned manner that has not the antique charm and old-world grace and beauty of the still older music of Rameau and Couperin. The Allegro of Scarlatti has not been improved by Mr. Godowsky, but Mr. Godowsky's arrangement of Corelli's pastorale has a serene beauty; music that might have been heard on that night of nights in Judea. The Nocturne chosen by Mr. de Pachmann is not among the most poetic, and the mazurka dedicated to Gaillard does not stand high among the compositions of the class in which Chopin excels. Nevertheless the art of the pianist gave to the pieces that were too familiar, hopelessly old-fashioned, or inherently insignificant, a fictitious value for the moment.

The old question inevitably arises, should the music of Chopin be played as Mr. de Pachmann plays it? This question has been hotly discussed, at times in a bitter spirit. Those who heard Chopin all agree in this: that as a pianist he was first of all a poet; that he played with "marvellous originality, perfect freedom and absolute lucidity"; that the effect was that of a poetical improvisation, that he never could bear the restraint of time, and Berlioz went so far as to say that he could not play in time, that he was "the delicate, refined virtuoso of small gatherings, for groups of intimate friends." Or, as another has put it: "There was something imponderable, fluid, vaporous, evanescent in his music." We know that he played the octaves in the A flat polonaise pianissimo. We also know that pupils of Chopin would not accept Rubinstein as an interpreter of their master and Chopin himself did not relish Liszt's interpretation. It would seem as though the spirit of Chopin dwells in Vladimir de Pachmann.

It is better to hear this pianist than to read or write about him. It was in the spring of 1890 that he first visited Boston. Today, at the age of 63, he plays with even greater skill and gusto and displays in fulness the rare aesthetic qualities that have long set him apart from others. There are singers and pianists who are only a memory even though they still come on the stage.

This interpreter of Chopin is not of them. He fascinates the hearer and does with him what he will as in the earlier years.

Mr. de Pachmann will give a recital in Jordan Hall the afternoon of Nov. 13.

[illegible] Abbey Theatre, Dublin, have met with such marked success at the Plymouth Theatre that their engagement has been extended for the week ending next Saturday night.

The bills for this week include three plays, two of which, "The Crossroads," by Lennox Robinson of Cork, and "The Mineral Workers," by William Boyle of London, are unknown to the playgoers. Lady Gregory's "The Gaol Gate" is in her volume of "Seven Plays."

Mr. Robinson's Play, "The Crossroads"

"The Crossroads" is based on the idea that "you are followed by bad luck if you deliberately reject your affinity." "Mr. Robinson's play is, perhaps, an expression of the instinct for individualism that has come to Ireland with the dawning of better things for everybody. The desire for the old sacrifice is probably becoming less. A few years ago the feeling, the sympathy in Ireland would have been with the heroine in her sacrifice. No young man growing up under Irish influences would have chosen such a theme."

The heroine of Mr. Robinson's play in two acts twice stands at the cross-roads of life. Ellen is an intelligent young woman who returns to her home in Cork after a long sojourn in Dublin, where she worked in a shop. She has ideas concerning agriculture. She also believes she should place her country before everything else. At Dublin she met Connor, who fell in love with her. He follows her to Cork and asks her to be his wife, but she thinks it her duty to marry a farmer and weds Dempsey, a rough fellow but well-to-do. She makes Connor promise not to visit her or write to her for seven years. Connor goes to her at the end of the time. The new methods of farming have prospered everywhere except with Ellen, whose cows and sheep and poultry have perished. Her two children have died. Dempsey attributes the misfortunes to a black curse which Ellen brought with her. Connor stands up for her and shows such warmth that Dempsey declares that the tie in Dublin was one of more than friendship. Connor, indignant, is about to strangle him, when Ellen separates the men. Connor begs her to leave her home for him. She at first consents, but again she is at the cross-roads and decides to follow duty. In the performance at London on June 2, 1910, Miss Allgood played the part of Ellen; Mr. Sinclair that of Dempsey, and Mr. O'Donovan that of Connor.

Boyle's Comedy of Industrial Revival

William Boyle's "The Mineral Workers," a play in three acts, was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in October, 1906. "It is concerned with the old struggle between the farming and the industrial spirit. Stephen O'Reilly returns from America with some money, not so much probably as he would have every one think, and wants to start iron works on Ned Mulray's farm. The mineral is to be smelted by electricity supplied by water power, which one would suppose it would be difficult to get in the neighborhood. The chief opponent of his plans is Daniel Fogarty, who is the general member of the whole countryside and 'an ugly [illegible],' as he describes himself. Finally, Ned assents, principally moved, characteristically enough, by old Bartle's appeal to give a certain prophecy, attributed to Columkill, 'a chance for the sake of Ireland.' After a year the proper brand of iron is found, but, like other people in Ireland and elsewhere, the promoters find that their water power has given out, and the only possible substitute must be brought through Fogarty's land, a position which he thoroughly enjoys. In order to put 'the screw' upon him, the bank is induced to call in an equitable mortgage, by deposit, by the agency of a trustee widow, Mrs. Walton, who also has a 'red poll' [illegible]. he incautiously borrows the money from the company."

This play, which an American dramatist would have entitled "The Mineral Workers," is a product of the recent industrial revival in Ireland, "of the preoccupation of Irish minds with questions of manufacturing and industry which have come with increasing prosperity—the prosperity that one finds all over Ireland nowadays and leads one to think that the day is not distant when Ireland will come into her own."

"The Gaol Gate," a Ritual of Sorrow

Lady Gregory's little play, "The Gaol Gate," was first produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Oct. 20, 1906, when Miss Allgood took the part of Mary Cashel; Marie O'Neill played Mary Cushin, and F. J. Fay was the Gate Keeper. The author tells of three incidents that came to her knowledge and wove themselves into her play. "Within three days it had written itself, or been written. I like it better than any in the volume, and I have never changed a word of it."

When the play was brought to London in 1907 the Times gave this description of it:

"The two veiled figures of the women waiting at the gate have scarcely form or lineament in the darkness just before the dawn; and the gaoler, when he appears, is no more than a voice and a flickering lamp. The whole scene is removed from the obvious—not, perhaps, into the region of the heroic, but at all events, on to a remote place where the sordid details are invisible, but the tragedy remains intense. The women are waiting outside for the son of one and the husband of the other, whom they believe to have turned King's evidence and purchased his life at a shameful price. They discuss what to do with one who can never return home. The gaoler tells them that he is dead and they lament him, turn about discussing their sorrows. And all the while they have with them, unread because they cannot read, a letter saying that he was hanged the day before because he would not say who fired the shot. When once they learn the truth the elder woman raises a paean of triumph, the younger curses the law, and so the play ends—one of the few tragedies of what for convenience we may call low life which have any dignity or grandeur."

Mr. Yeats has characterized this little drama as "almost more a ritual of sorrow than a play." It is said that it is never played in Dublin without evoking tears from the more emotional men and women in the audience.

How Ordway's Aeolians Started

The Herald publishes with pleasure another chapter of Mr. Ryan's reminiscences of theatre life in Boston:

Sitting in one of our new theatres the other day and listening to the performers in an old-fashioned negro minstrel part, I could not help contrasting the roominess of the house with the narrow limits of "Jack Pudding Ordinary's Parlor."

To explain: Sixty years ago or thereabouts John P. Ordway, who kept a music shop on Washington street in the little avenue which now bears his surname, conceived the idea of having a permanent place of entertainment devoted principally to Ethiopian eccentricities, and carried it out by fitting up a hall at the top of a building on the southerly corner of Washington and Summer streets. It was a snug [illegible] and did not deserve the contempt bestowed upon it by one of the [illegible] papers. In the company selected by Ordway were Dan and Jerry Bryant (really the O'Brien brothers from the vicinity of Essex street), who made a hit by their comicalities, and John [illegible]tor, a Boston boy, who used to sing effectively "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

The little troupe was called Ordway's Aeolians, and it prospered. This induced its manager to turn the old Province House, immortalized by Nathaniel Hawthorne, into Ordway Hall, and ti[illegible] from the "Sky Parlor" his song[illegible]

flew. The Bryants went to New York, where they were popular in their own place of entertainment for many years, and there were other changes in the company, which included at one time Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, who was employed shortly after his arrival in this country in Mr. Ordway's shop. He did not then dream of "Peace Jubilees." Among the vocalists in a minor capacity was Ned Coburn, a locksmith, who lived for years on Sewall place and rang the Old South bell after the old fashion at stated periods of the day and night. Coburn was an eccentric, good-hearted, harmless fellow, who used to sing when he got mellow:

Some love port wine,
Some sherry fine
And some good Sangaree;
But a little gin
With sugar in
Is good enough for me.

The Rise of the Morris Brothers

"Lon" and Billy Morris and Johnny Pell succeeded the Bryants as popular mirth-provokers, and Trowbridge, the most impressive of middlemen, followed Hector, I believe, as a bass singer. But this quartet eventually fell out with Mr. Ordway and at the old, old Horticultural Hall in School street, opposite City Hall, started for themselves. They were there only a little while when they fitted up a little show place of their own on the other side of School street nearer Washington street. Ordway could not stand the opposition and he capitulated and sold out to Morris Brothers. Pell and Trowbridge, and they were welcomed back to the scene of their earlier triumphs, where Billy Morris whistled and warbled "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and Dan Maguinnis sang "Pat Malloy" as a graduate from the choir of old St. Patrick's Church in Northampton street. Maguinnis afterward developed into a good legitimate comedian, first at the Continental Theatre, near the corner of Harvard and Washington streets, and afterward at the Boston Theatre.

"Morris Bros.," as the former Ordway Hall was called for short, had a long and successful career and its only permanent rivalry came when Buckley Brothers established themselves in a building at the corner of Summer and Chauncy streets, to which for a brief period in 1860 Postmaster Capen transferred the general postoffice from State street against the protest of many business men who believed the location too far up. The Buckleys showed there during a part of the civil war and after in connection with an aquarial garden, and burnt cork and water seemed to have mingled quite harmoniously for some time. Here G. Swayne Buckley sang and danced "Sally Come Up," the melancholy Fred Buckley, like Black Eyed Susan's William, played "the fiddle like hangel," and Bishop Buckley gave his silly effusions.

Famous Players in Humble Parts

In the meanwhile Lon Morris, always enterprizing, longed to be a legitimate theatre proprietor, and had the Apollo Garden where the young men about town used to drink their lager to an orchestral and sometimes to a vocal accompaniment, transformed into a playhouse called the Continental Theatre. But he did not continue to direct its destinies long. It speedily passed into the hands of B. F. Whitman, who produced "Cinderella" there with Louise Myers in the title part, Kitty Blanchard as the Prince, Fanny Davenport as Dandini, James Lewis as the Baron. Dan Maguinnis as Alidoro and a ballet which was led by Maricta Ravel. "There's richness for you! Napier Lothian," who had come up with Maguinnis from Morris brothers, was the efficient leader of the orchestra. This was 44 years ago. The Continental Theatre passed out of existence about six years later, not, however, until it brought out for the first time in this city "The Black Crook," with Kitty Blanchard and others in "The Demon Dance," considered naughty in those days. Well, other times, other manners.

A Note on "Jim Crow" Rice

"Jim Crow" Rice I remember as playing at the old National Theatre when I was a boy and I possessed for a time a small portrait of him in crater colors which he presented my father and I gave to James W. Collier, a kinsman of mine, before he became one of the managers of the Union Square Theatre in New York. Thomas D. Rice, I suppose, may be considered the father of negro minstrelsy. Like F. S. Chanfrau as Mose, the New York fireman, and E. A. Sothern, as Dundreary, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. He made money as a star, both in this country and in England, but it vanished like Hans Breitmann's party.

A closing word in regard to John S. Ordway, with whose name this communication began. Like J. S. Jones, the prolific local dramatist, who was once the manager of the old Tremont Theatre, he became an M. D. and will be recalled by some of our older citizens as a valued member of the Boston school committee.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Foreign Plays, New and Old

The first new play at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, is adapted by Serge Basset of Figaro from a play by the Hungarian, Melchior Lengyel, "The Typhoon." A Japanese, Tokeramo, is in love with a French woman, Helene Laroche. For some reason or other he has a mission to strangle her. He does this and another Japanese gives himself up as the murderer, so that Tokeramo may go on with his missionary work. After the latter has accomplished his work in full, he dies in peace.

Israel Zangwill, talking in London about his new drama, "The God of War," said: "It seems to me—in England, anyhow—that directly a man writes a play and wishes to get it produced he has to become a sort of mendicant or, say, a peller. I have often thought of approaching the London stage through the continent, where I am known through the translations of my books into most languages. My next comedy is likely to be done in Budapest before it is seen in London." As "The Melting Pot" is a play showing the future of America, it might not suit any other country. "The God of War" is in blank verse, but the idea is modern. "I want to show that Bourchier can in drinking a cup of coffee be just as heroic a figure as though he were draining a goblet or beaker of wine or mead!" Mr. Bourchier will indeed show himself a hero if the coffee he drinks is prepared in London.

The latest pageant play is "Thomas the Rhymer," written by W. Macneile Dixon, professor of English literature at Glasgow University. He did not aim at an elaborate story or invent dramatic situations. "Almost the entire play is made up of conversations between Thomas and the Fairy Queen, and these treat of the things of poetry and romance from the popular point of view. The many classic references in the text may be a trial to some, but the lines fall sweetly and pleasantly on the ear and lack neither vividness nor color." This pageant was performed at the Glasgow exhibition Oct. 3. The music, overture, preludes, songs, choruses, dances was composed by Arthur Somervell.

An interestind addition has been made this week to Mr. Charles Urban's kinemacolor program at the Scala. It takes the form of a 12-minute picture play, entitled "The By-ways of Byron," by Mr. J. W. Gilbart Smith, M. A., who has provided a series of realistic illustrations depicting scenes and events of the life of the great poet. Many of the leading incidents in his romantic life, his dwelling places and the surroundings which served as an inspiring influence for his work, are shown with a vividness which leaves nothing to be desired. During the course of the display, the effect of which is appreciably enhanced by accompanying music of an appropriate character, Mr. Gilbart Smith delivers explanatory remarks, with occasional quotations from Bryon's poems.—London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 5.

Arnold Bennett's new play, "The Honeymoon" (Royalty Theatre, London, Oct. 6), did not please. It "bears but the faintest resemblance to real life; it is permeated with a sense of artificiality; save for an occasional passage prettily conceived or wittingly written, or an incident truly observed, it rings false. It is unfortunate that this should have to be said of the work of Mr. Arnold Bennett, a novelist of genuinely high attainments. But it is one thing to address the public from the pages of a book, another to appeal to it across the footlights." Thus did the review of the Daily Telegraph begins: Miss Marie Tempest as the heroine has "rarely revealed greater brightness, more vivacity or a keener sense of humor."

The Berlin correspondent of the Era (London) wrote Sept. 21: "Dr. Eulenberg's new play, the five-act drama, 'Alles um Geld,' which was anticipated with interest at the Lessing last week, was not a success. In the first place it is too long, long to wearisomeness, neither do the characters appeal in any way to the ordinary theatre-goer. For the modest measure of applause Dr. Braun thanked the audience on behalf of the absent author, and one of our critics remarks caustically that the manager's thanks were actually due to those who did not join the opposition. Others there were who hissed, and some even who whistled—a sign of marked disapproval here. A detailed account of the play is superfluous, as it will never become popular in any sense. A decided frost was the result of a 'modern drama' in three acts, by Adolf Fedorow, which was produced at the Friedrich Wilhelm Staedtisches recently. The title is 'Lebenshunger.' The unfortunate hero, who was hungry for life, is a man who gives up a good situation to write a play. He has not sufficient leisure to write plays otherwise, and he considers himself called upon to join the ranks of dramatic authors. Having no means of subsistence, however, he and his family starve, and when the play is finished nobody will take it, whereupon the author commits suicide. The fate of 'Lebenshunger' was sealed from the beginning; it was not taken seriously by the audience, and laughter arose where there should have been tears."

Arthur Landsberger's farce, "Der Grossfuerst" (Sept. 20), met with favor.

Max Reinhardt's production of Sophocles's "Oedipus Rex" will be presented at Covent Garden Jan. 15.

The Pall Mall Gazette thought little of the new musical play, "The Love Mills," produced at the Globe Theatre, Oct. 3. It found in the libretto "a good deal of incomprehensibility, incoherence, and much that is dull and tedious. The idea of the old windmills merrily turning when true lovers only plighted their troth beneath the sails was a possible one, but it lost its point when the hero (as he should have been) declared his love to a girl who was really some one else." The scenery is pretty and the music has "a good deal of simple, direct melodiousness."

A Few Personal Notes

The London Times said apropos of the revival of Shaw's "Man and Superman": "Ann is an abstruction, a figment of Mr. Shaw's brain, a mathematical symbol—anything rather than a live woman. Of course Miss Pauline Chase can make nothing of it. She wears smart gowns and looks demure and pronounces English as though it were a foreign language, with strange vowels and clipped syllables, and misplaced emphasis. This has a certain charm, just as the imperfect utterance of a child has its charm. But as an impersonation of the 'life force' it can only provoke a kindly smile."

The critic of the Manchester Guardian wrote words of universal application when he described the Gaiety actors of that city attempting to play in Ibsen's "Vikings": "The chief bent of the finest art of all kinds in our time is towards getting and giving the fullest sense of life as the mixed and many-conditioned experience of unsure spirits taking fallible aim at dim objects. That is the work for the Gaiety actors, and if they are not given it they—no doubt quite guilelessly—take it. They inspired Shakespeare's Beatrice with modern doubts and cares, and tried how a pale cast of thought would go on the sanguine countenance of Goldsmith's Marlow. And last night they made a sad mess of the Vikings. No shame to them either. A company, like a single artist, may and should have its own temperament, and its failures are as much a condition of its successes as death is of life."

Miss Horniman has been telling the Sheffield Playgoers' Club that some time ago she produced a revival of "The School for Scandal," and at the close they had repeated cries of "Author!" There is an American theatrical manager who would have risen to this occasion. A correspondent of the New York Sun was visiting Georgestown, a town of some 20,000 inhabitants in Nebraska, and saw a poster advertising a performance on "An Enemy of the People" with the announcement: "The author, Mr. Henry Ibsen, will appear in person." This drew him to the theatre. At the close of the play calls for the author were answered by an imposing individual, bald and clean shaven, who bowed his acknowledgments in silence. On being interviewed the "author" stated that for some years he had been gratifying the innocent curiosity of American audiences, and had answered calls for playwrights ranging from Sardou to Schiller.—Daily Chronicle (London).

Mme. Ada Crossley, contralto, shot a crocodile in the course of her recently completed tour in South Africa.

Thomas Beecham will produce "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier" at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris. He will take his own orchestra. His operatic adventures thus far in England have cost him about $400,000 and there are rumors that he is "sick of the great British public."

Evidently Mr. Thomas Quinlan intends to do things in style in connection with his forthcoming provincial tour. Like Mr. Vincent Crummeles, this enterprising manager believes in realism, but in realism that has got far beyond the "real pump and two washing-tubs" stage. Even the forest trees, we learn, in the last act of "The Girl of the Golden West," are to be as near as possible, the "real thing." "The nature of these gigantic and peculiar trees has been studied—from the texture of the bark to the color of the dark foliage." Furthermore, "the mountains in the background of the picture are the Rockies, and not the Alps or Himalayas, or any kind of mountain you please." But it is far from being Mr. Quinlan's intention to glorify one opera at the expense of another. Thus, when the curtain rises on "Alda," the audience, we are assured, will "need no program to inform them that this is a Temple of Thebes—they can see it." (We confess to some slight doubt as to whether every member of the audience will recognize it at once; still, this does not detract from the producer's enterprise and artistic spirit.) With reference to Verdi's Egyptian opera, it is stated further that "the usual representation of Amonasro as a kind of Zulu chief has been discarded. Instead, he appears in the costume of a noble Ethiopian warrior, steel and scarlet in color, and wearing proudly his regal lion skin." No less meticulous is the accuracy to be observed in the singing of "Carmen." Thus, in the first act, the bridge across the end of the street is to be a real bridge, while beyond it will be seen "the Giralda Tower, that rises sublime in form and color above the town, so that Spaniards and others familiar with the crowning masterpiece of the Spanish Renaissance can recognize with pardonable pride and emotion this inspiring monument." Then the fourth act, we are informed, is to show a departure from the usual exterior of the bull-ring. The audience will behold the arena itself with the populace entering to climb to their seats, and a picturesque procession of toreadors, picadors, and the rest.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Concert Notes from London and Paris

An orchestral rhapsody by Cyril B. Rootham was performed for the first time Oct. 3 at a promenade concert, London. The Daily Telegraph said of it: "The title is 'A Passer-by,' based upon the poem by Robert Bridges. The poem itself is characteristic of the society style of Mr. Bridges, a little mannered and a little stilted. What sentiment there is in the verses is devoid of mawkishness, and the whole is distinguished by an extraordinary sense of atmosphere. Mr. Rootham, to do him justice, has avoided sentimentality, but he has likewise avoided atmosphere, unless, indeed, he intended to reproduce the atmosphere of the classroom. There seems to be little in the music suggestive of the ship battling her way, fearless, through the waves, the scudding clouds and leaping foam, but there are phrases here and there that are pleasant enough to listen to, even if they convey no definite emotion. It is possible that if the composer had not given us the literary motif of his composition his work would have been received more favorably, and it would have been judged purely upon its merits as a musical essay. There are few, with the printed poem before them, who could possibly regard the music as successfully illustrating it. Mr. Rootham's orchestration, by the way, is modern, but hardly modern enough."

S. Coleridge Taylor's new cantata, "A Tale of Old Japan," poem by Alfred Noyes, will be produced by the London Choral Society Oct. 25. The subject is an unhappy love affair with the heroine dying when she learns that her long absent lover, a painter, has wedded another. Before he breaks the news to her she sings

Long have I waited, Sawara,
Here in our Smith isle,
Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
Look on me once and smile.
Face I have watched so long for,
Hands I have longed to hold,
Sawara, Sawara, Sawara,
Why is your kea t so cold?

It will thus be seen that Mr. Noyes writing a libretto can be as simply sentimental as the mob of inferior poets.

Albert Carre, signing his contract for the 15th year of his office as director of the Opera-Comique, Paris, is obliged to perform each year "12 new acts by French composers" to include "two works of one act each." Two hundred and sixty performances are to be devoted to modern French operas, "works of the established repertoire and classic masterpieces." French works that have been produced outside France may be put on the stage but are not to count as new works, "without the authority of the minister," but new works that have first been heard in a French provincial town are to be reckoned as new.

The London Times said of Mme. Carreno's performance of MacDowell's "Celtic" sonata in London Oct. 4: "The third, MacDowell's 'Celtic' sonata, is so unequal that it is hardly tolerable when it follows two big works ostensibly in the same form. The declamatory style of the first movement even when it is played with such power as Mme. Carreno can command, becomes tedious, and one realizes how little contrast the second movement (allegretto) affords. It must be said, however, that she made the most of such opportunities for contrast as the composer gives by playing the beautiful quasi-folksong tune with a delightfully delicate and dream-like quality of tone. The last movement atones for a good deal of the dreariness of the earlier movements by its persistent vigor and brilliancy, leading up to the final return of the principal theme of the sonata associated with the hero, Cuchullin. Technically it was one of the finest pieces of playing which Mme. Carreno gave."

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"A. E. J." writes to the editor of The Boston Herald asking where there is any authority for the use of the word "preventative," which was found in this column Oct. 18.

"Preventative" is a highly respectable word and has been in English literature for at least 250 years. Among the better known writers who have employed it are De Foe, "to send a preventative medicine to the father of his child"; Adam Smith, "the most effectual preventative of a famine"; Sydney Smith, "the most

effectual preventative against the perils of the optimist"; Bulwer Lytton, "the only preventative to rebellion is repression"; G. H. Lewes, "A preventative of ill fortune"; Southey, "A preventative for cattle madness"; J. H. Newman, "Dr. Ballie's preventative of the Pathology which tea produces."

And the great and good Gen. George Washington wrote in 1793: "Wearing flannel next the skin is the best cure for, and preventative of, the rheumatism I ever tried."

An Ignored Centenary.

The centenary of Liszt has been celebrated with pomp by the Boston Symphony orchestra, and honor has been paid to the Hungarian in other parts of the world, but Oct. 11 passed without due recognition of the centenary of Bendigo. The name of this illustrious pugilist was William Thompson and he was born in Nottingham. He was one of triplets, and a pious friend of the family named the helpless and unfortunate children Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Mr. Bendigo won the championship of England from "Deaf" Burke at Ashby-de-la Zouch in 1839, but his fight of fights was with Bent Caunt at Sutfield Green in Oxfordshire. Ten thousand cheered the heroes and Mr. Bendigo was crowned only after 93 rounds. In the later years of reflection, introspection and humility of spirit Mr. Bendigo became "converted" and devoted himself to religious work. His fame endures, and not only in the annals of the ring. The name lives in the chief Australian mining centre; it was borne by a famous race horse; a special drink dear to the English fancy is called after him; there is a rough fur cap known as the Bendigo.

The Power of Twins.

Did the fact that Mr. Bendigo was one of triplets give him supernatural power? We all know that twins are supposed to possess magical powers, especially over the weather and rain. The Tsimshian Indians of British Columbia think that the wishes of twins are always fulfilled, and among these Indians twins are feared because they can harm the man they hate. Tho Thompson and the Shuswap Indians think that twins are under the protection of the grizzly bear. The Peruvian Indians believed that one of each pair of twins was a son of the lightning. In Africa they used to kill one of a pair, but in Uganda the father is inviolable "and may go into anybody's garden and take the produce at will." Folklorists are not so communicative about the powers of triplets.

Bendigo in Australia, by the way, was first called Sandhurst. Why should not Reno be henceforth known as Johnson?

A Blow to Latin.

The vice-chancellor of Oxford University has determined to make his speeches hereafter in English instead of in Latin as "being to the advantage of himself and his hearers." The Herald commented not long ago on the fact that Latin quotations, even from Horace, are no longer frequent in the House of Commons. Orators are not given to quotations from the classics, not even when they read their perfervid speeches from typewritten sheets. An elderly statesman with a tendency to rap out a Latin line would be voted a bore, especially by all graduates who were insecure in their quantities, yet we knew a Bostonian—alas, he is no longer with us—who, dining with one or two guests, would modestly make a point by quoting from Virgil or Horace and giving the name; but, a man of leisure, he had read a little Latin daily since he left his college, a small one where Latin had been taught to him as a living, not a dead language.

The Pall Mall Gazette commenting on the vice-chancellor's decision and his allusion to his hearers recalls a story of James Payn, who was at a dinner party where a learned clergyman insisted on quoting Greek. A woman seated next to Payn asked him for a translation. Payn had forgotten what Greek he ever had known. "Accordingly he assumed a blush, and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear. 'Good heavens!' She exclaimed, 'you don't mean to say ——' 'Please don't ask any more,' murmured Payn. 'I really could not tell you.'" Was this before or after the appearance of Mr. Silas Wegg, who was so cautious concerning the modesty of Mrs. Boffin?

Novelist and Poet.

Mr. Arnold Bennett says that his work has been influenced by that of Mr. George Moore "probably to a greater extent than by any other." He adds that Mr. Moore's "A Mummer's Wife" is "a monumental creation, and has influenced me more than any book I have ever read." But Mr. Moore himself now looks down on "A Mummer's Wife" and does not like to hear it praised. It was written when he was under the spell of Zola. Mr Bennett justly wonders why Moore's novels are not read and appreciated by a larger public. "Esther Waters," "The Lake," "Celibates" and "Sister Teresa" are surely among the great English novels, and there is a fine brutality in "Mike Fletcher." Nor should the collection of stories, "The Untilled Field," be passed over.

The death of Richard Kendall Munkittrick recalls the years when Puck was a power in the land, when the elder Keppler's cartoon was eagerly anticipated, feared by the shams and pretenders in politics or out; when Mr. Bunner's editorial articles gave the weekly a reputation of high character. There were poets then that contributed graceful verse to Puck, as Bunner, A. E. Watrous, R. K. Munkittrick. The three are now dead. Munkittrick was obliged to keep the pot a-boiling, but his little poems were often fanciful and generally marked by true individuality. Music has been set to some of them, which were musical without the notes of the composers.

MARY GARDEN GIVES CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Mary Garden, assisted by Paul Morenzo, tenor; Herbert Sachs-Hirsch, pianist, and Andre Benoist, accompanist, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience and many stood.

Miss Garden sang the air from "Louise," the song of Tosca in the second act of Puccini's opera; an aria from "Thaïs," the "Hawk Song" from Herbert's "Natoma," two songs by Debussy, Hüe's "Chanson Printanière" and in response to applause she sang three or four songs, among them "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Annie Laurie," for Miss Garden was born at Aberdeen. After the air from "Thaïs" she sang the Habanera from "Carmen."

She has seldom, if ever, displayed here in opera as full a voice as she displayed last night, when she sang for the first time in concert in this city. She was certainly "in voice," and also in good spirits.

This singer is always interesting, even when she is vocally indisposed, for she has individuality in her conception and composition of a part, and at times where her singing, as singing pure and simple, cannot be enjoyed or commended, the force and art of the actress easily persuade the hearers to forget violations of elemental vocal principles and to ignore any disagreeable quality of tone.

The Herald has often commented on the fact that opera singers are generally ineffective in the concert hall; that their vocal art is too severely tested in the absence of scenery, costume, and the supporting orchestra, and without the stimulus of the situation which is the excuse for the aria. Miss Garden did not suffer in this respect so severely as some of her colleagues.

Her performance of the air of Louise, "Depuis le jour," was disappointing. The air is purely lyrical. The girl, as in a reverie, sings her happiness. The melody is a flowing one, not spasmodically dramatic. Miss Garden often interrupted the melodic continuity; her pauses checked the rhythm. Nor was the interpretation a sensuous one, and the music is sensuous to the verge of sensuality. Even the last musical sentence which should move the hearer and haunt his memory was for once ineffective. The air was sung as in too strong a light, at high noon, as though it were intended for the people in the street below, and not only for Julien's ear. The soliloquy became an address with rhetorical flourishes. In like manner the aria from "Tosca," the "Prayer," as it is sometimes called, lacked the deep melancholy, the quiet despair that makes an interpretation of it poignant. Miss Garden sang the aria as though she already had the knife in her hand and was thinking of the candles and the crucifix.

She was more successful aesthetically in the song from "Natoma," and here she made a marked impression, but the feature of the concert was her remarkably poetic interpretation of the songs by Debussy. Only a great artist could deliver the opening line of "C'est l'Extase" as she breathed it forth. These "Ariettes oubliées" were composed as far back as 1888, and in them the true Debussy was revealed. His songs before that date might have been signed by any Frenchman of the Gounod-Massenet school. Miss Garden is of an adventurous nature, and it was a bold thing for her to choose such music for a Sunday night concert. As sung by her, the melodic contour did not seem strange and inexplicable to the audience, nor the harmonies too subtle and elusive. In these songs the voice of Miss Garden, except in the extreme upper part, was of wondrous beauty. In them she was poetic, not too evidently dramatic.

She sang the Scottish songs simply and frankly, without undue sentimentalism, and so this reached the heart of the audience.

Mr. Morenzo sang "Cielo e Mar" from "La Gioconda," and songs by Strauss, Stojowski and Leoncavallo, and as an encore "I'll Sing the Songs of Araby." Mr. Sachs-Hirsch, a young pianist, played three pieces by Chopin and one of Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies. The performance of these gentlemen does not call for extended comment. Mr. Morenzo's voice has pleasing qualities, but his art is not yet mature.

Mona.

MONA, an opera in three acts; poem by Brian Hooker. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mr. Hooker publishes his libretto before the prize opera for which Mr. Horatio Parker wrote the music is performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. The librettist was reported as saying after the decision of the judges was made known: "I wrote 'Mona' to express the idea that woman derives her strength from her womanliness and not from usurping the functions that belong to man." His heroine spent her life in dreaming that she had a mission. Thus she defeats her own cause and kills her lover, while if she had been of lesser clay she might have saved the Britons and the son of the Roman governor. "I felt," said Mr. Hooker, "that I must get into the past for the best expression of my idea. My story may possess anachronisms. I have brought in the Druidical religion as it existed 400 years before. I have tried to tell a story that very probably might have happened at the time, yet a story that is applicable to all times."

This poem in "Tennysonian blank verse" no doubt has literary merit. Here is an example of the higher flight:

I walked upon a windy beach between
Dark forest and dim sea. Low swollen clouds,
Heavy with storm, gloomed overhead and hung
Bellying against the tree tops. Close ashore
Towered one huge wave, curving over me
As a serpent curves to strike, created with cloud
And foam, the hollow gulf beneath alive
With tremulous lights and angry flints of green.
High overhead looming; so that I seemed
To walk in a long cavern roofed with cloud
And walled with foam and forest. And I bare
Upon my breast a naked sword, close held
As a mother holds her child. So when the surge
Poised to plunge down upon me, I thrust forth
The sword, shaking it seaward, and the sea
Bent backward and forebore. Meseemed one stood
Beside me veiled in a white shroud, whose face
I could not see, that strove to snatch away
My sword. Therefore, I smote and slew him. Then
The surge plunged, and the clouds burst, and the trees
Fell, thunder rent, and whelmed me. And I woke
Trembling and seeming still to see the sword
And the grim cloud and the green surge. And now
Three nights together have I dreamed this dream.

This poem, however, is written for the stage, not for the library. Niceties of poetic diction are lost on the stage when music enwraps them, nor is a lofty inspired line effective unless the music supports it. There are poems by Poe, Shelley, Keats and Swinburne that defy the effort of a composer to enhance their beauty, and we already know that the quatrains of Omar are more effective as poetry than when music set to them distracts the attention of the hearer or belittles the significance of the verses. The librettos of operas by Mozart and the majority of the librettos to which Verdi set music are poor things as far as literature is concerned, yet the beauty, the strength and the dramatic quality of the music is by no means impaired thereby.

The two chief questions concerning "Mona" are these: "Did the text hamper the composer? Will the text hamper the singers? It may also be courteously asked whether there is sufficient action in the opera; whether there are truly dramatic situations. These and other questions can be answered only after the performance of "Mona." There are plays by Mr. Yeats that are exquisitely fanciful and of a rare poetic nature; but the poet said recently that he had learned from his experience with the Abbey Theatre in Dublin this fact; a play may have many fine qualities and yet he worthless for stage purposes; and Mr. Yeats therefore is rewriting his dramas that they may be more effective before an audience.

There are few poets who have the instinct for the theatre. Tennyson and Swinburne failed in the playhouse, and Mr. Stephen Phillips is more of a poet than a dramatist. The libretto should never be more important than the music. Mr. Hooker has given to Mr. Parker a formidable task. May the performance prove that they have triumphed gloriously.

T. F. F. writes to The Herald: "Your paragraph about the centenary of Bendigo, the pugilist, who 'found religion,' reminded me of a story I have heard about his zeal as a missionary. Once in London a knot of men was pointed out to him and he was told all of them were atheists. 'What's atheists?' asked Mr. Bendigo. He was enlightened. 'Eh! Don't believe in no God, don't they? 'Ere, hold my coat!' I have always regarded this as a fine example of the muscular Christianity that Charles Kingsley was always praising."

Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal was recently arrested at Bombay on the charge of publishing "The Etiology of the Bomb" in Bengal.

F. W. C. writes to The Herald: "Your remarks on set bath tubs and Saturday night scrubbings in the kitchen 50 years ago in New England recall an incident of home life in Greenfield years ago. Sojourning on business there, I was invited to go over a new dwelling house, the pride of the owner and possibly of the neighborhood. There was a bath tub in this house, a real bath tub, but I noticed it was provided with only one faucet. The lord of the mansion pointed to it exultingly: 'Running water!' 'Yes,' I answered; 'capital; but what do you do for hot water?' The man straightened himself up: 'Hot water? Why, in summer we don't need it, and in winter we don't wash.'"

Passing Away.

Again we hear that Bullier's in Paris has been sold and will be pulled down to make way for blocks of flats. Again there is mourning over the vanishing of the old Latin Quarter.

The old guidebooks informed the stranger that at the Bal Bullier or Closerie des Lilas "the dancing of the students and artisans with their 'etudiantes' and 'ouvrières' is generally of a wild and Bacchanalian character. Here the famous 'cancan' may be seen. Balls on Sat., 'soirees dansantes' on Sun., 'grande fete' on Thurs." And many strangers, especially those who did not dance, were disappointed, for at the Bal Bullier dancing was not a paid show for the entertainment of gaping Englishmen and Americans hoping to be shocked.

This dancing was on the other side of the wall which saw Marshal Ney die, slain by the bullets of his fellow-countrymen.

"I Knew Him Once."

M. Bullier succeeded M. Carnaud, and La Chartreuse was changed into La Closerie des Lilas in 1847. Alfred Delvau wrote delightfully about this ballroom and other dancing places in his "Cytheres Parisiennes." He sang the praise of the grisette, as she was known to Besanger, Murger, Hugo, Thackeray and Oliver Wendell Holmes. "It is so agreeable when one has become religious as Sophie Ponton, or literary as Celeste Mogador, to be able to say: 'This ferocious prosecuting attorney was my little Auguste. I led him about by the nose, and he was only too happy to be led'; or 'this famous physician so harsh toward everybody was my Amadee! He was gentle and timid then, he blushed easily; he never said a word when I boxed his ears for looking at another girl.'"

A Group of Noble Dames.

The catalogue of beauties and famous women at these dancing resorts is more entertaining than Homer's catalogue of ships, or Walt Whitman's catalogue of trades and employments. At the Prado once conducted by the indefatigable Bullier were Celeste Mogador, who was a trifle pock-marked, "just enough to bear a slight resemblance to the Venus of Milo," but she surpassed this Venus by reason of two beautiful arms which she gladly "decolletait"; Leontine, who apparently had descended from one of Rubens's paintings; Pauline, the beautiful caryatid of Michael Angelo; Clary Fauvette, who ended by marrying a seller of drinks on Montmartre; Olympe, who died of an apoplectic stroke; Heloise Pavillion, who died mad; worse than mad, a downright idiot, at Salpetriere; Davina, the blonde, who by cunning wearing of her cloak concealed the absence of an arm; Victorine Gobelotte, who said: "To polk at the Chaumiere, I put on white gloves; to leap at the Chartreuse, I put on black gloves; to dance at the Prado, I do not wear gloves—for I know the hands; not to mention Desiree Patchouli, Angelina l'Anglaise, Edeline l'Enragee and Blanche this, Clotilde that and Maria with the Blue Eyes. A group of noble dames! They danced their life out long ago, and M. Bullier has been conducting halls in a better world, and now the Closerie is to be turned into a conventional apartment house! On Montmartre the dancers are hired and they are fearsome things.

Songs of Hearth and Heart.

Some in the audience at Symphony Hall last Sunday night smiled a superior, significant smile when Miss Mary Garden "obliged" with "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Annie Laurie." It was as though they said aloud: "Here is Miss Garden following in the footsteps of Adelina Patti and other singers with a past who, when they appear before the public, endeavor to disarm criticism by singing the dear old songs." Well it depends on how those old songs are sung. If an elderly woman attempts to be coquettish in "Comin' Thro' the Rye," it is, indeed, a ghastly spectacle or if she scoops and slobbers through "Annie Laurie," the moments are painful. But Miss Garden is young, and, to use the epithet of Ezekiel, desirable. She sang the songs, as they should be sung, simply and with warmth, so that it was a pleasure to hear them, as it woul

ave been to hear "Old Folks at Home" rom her, which is a melody that the reatest would not be ashamed to sing. Compared with these Italian trills are ame.

Oct 29 1911

ennox Robinson's "The Cross Roads" Seen First Time

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Cross oads," a play in two acts by Lennox obinson. Repetition of George Bernard Shaw's "The Shewing up of lanco Posnet." Performed by the rish Players from the Abbey Theatre, ublin.

"THE CROSS ROADS"

rs. Desmond.....Maire ni Shiubhlaigh
rs. McCarthy.....Eileen O'Doherty
rian Connor.....Fred O'Donovan
llen McCarthy.....Sara Allgood
ike Dempsey.....J. M. Kerrigan
om Dempsey, his son.....Arthur Sinclair

Mr. Robinson's "Cross Roads" is a rim and sombre play. His "Harvest" as an ironical portrayal of the disivantages of education. A schoolaster blindly rejoiced in his training a family to the ruin of the father's rm and the demoralization of the ildren. In "The Cross Roads" a oung woman, thinking her duty toard Ireland to be above all personal nsiderations, weds a churlish farmer the expectation of improving agriltural methods, for in Dublin she ad been a member of a club. She hae any new-fangled notions and tries to it them into operation. Her neighrs prosper; her husband's sheep and ultry die. Her own little sons die. er husband taunts her with her inpacity and attributes the bad luck the black curse she brought upon m when she became his wife.

For the sake of this brute, who to her the moment was the personification the country she dearly loved, ehe d rejected a Dublin youth of a finer ture, but with no money. He had omised not to see her and not to ite for her for seven years. He comes the farm house on a bitter winter ght and finds her despondent. She ls her story. The husband enters and er their tea he and the Dublin man on enter into a dispute. The woman outside at work.

The husband, angry at the stranger's rds in defence of the wife, taunts with having been too friendly with girl when she was in the city. The anger nearly chokes the husband to ath and begs the woman who, com- In, has interfered, to leave the se with him. She hesitates. Again is at the cross roads. It is her duty stay with her husband and she disses the other man forever.

he husband goes out to drink at the ern; he leaves with a terrible threat, l the curtain falls with the wife aiting the inevitable.

his play was acted with marked force Miss Allgood, and Messrs. O'Dono and Sinclair, who took the chief ts, while the minor characters were ersonated admirably. The dramatist ld not ask for a more effective permance, and the performance was re convincing than the play itself. the first act the dramatist does not y reveal the character of Ellen, nor s she unmask herself. What we w of her comee chiefly from the lips others. She is not presented clearly a fervid patriot; there is no sugtion of any great sacrifice on her t; if she then stands at the crossds it is only for a second. It is imsible to sympathize with her. The ression left at the end of this act hat, without much thought of the blin man, she marries the farmer for money, nor is the spectator sure that really knows anything about agriure.

he second act is better contrived, its success depends chiefly on the ng. The dialogue is naturalistic, naturalistic that it is almost boree, as conversation that is of vital ortance to the two talking in real is often not of the slightest conience to a third who happens to in the room. The actors gave the logue distinction. It will not be to forget the sullen brutality wn by Mr. Sinclair or the pathetic gnation expressed by Miss Alled. The final scene was played with ommon intensity. The quietness of ll, with the suggestion of lifelong se on the part of the husband and ong suffering on the part of the with a conscience, was appalling.

Shaw's play again delighted the ence. It was played with great t by this excellent company. Miss od and Messrs. O'Donovan, Sinand Morgan were again conspicunor should the girls who chatter he opening of the play and Mr. urke as the foreman of the jury be otten

Wednesday and Thursday nights ill will be Synge's play, "The Well he Saints," and Lady Gregory's eading the News."

ts go on sale at the box office this ing for "Pompander Walk," Louis arker's comedy of happiness, which begin its first engagement next day evening. The company will in- the noted English comedians, Len- Pawle and George Giddens, and Dorothy Parker, daughter of the or of the play.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Nobody's Widow," a farcical romance in three acts, by Avery Hopwood. Cast:

Roxana Clayton.....Blanche Bates
Betty Jackson.....Adelaide Prince
Countess Manuela Valencia.....Edith Campbell
Fanny Owens.....Alice Claire Elliott
Duke of Moreland.....Bruce McRae
Ned Stephens.....Rex McDougall
Baron Reuter.....Minor S. Watson
Peter.....Westropp Saunders

TREMONT THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "Madame Sherry." Book by Otto Hauerbach. Music by Hugo Felix. Founded on the French book of Ordonneau. Present version by Karl Hoschna.

Lulu.....Florence Mackey
Catharine.....Elizabeth Murray
Phillippe.....Ignacio Martinetti
Edouard Sherry.....Jack Gardner
Leonard Gomez.....John Reinhard
Pepita.....Frances Cameron
Yvonne Sherry.....Lina Abarbanell
Theophilus Sherry.....Charles J. Ross
Hectar.....A. G. Pyke
Sailor.....Louis Silvey
A guest.....Billy

GLOBE THEATRE—"The Newlyweds and Their Baby," a comedy in two acts, with music. Book by Aaron Hoffman and Paul West. Music and lyrics by Seymour Brown. Nat D. Ayer and John W. Bratton. First performance in Boston.

Ferdinand Newlywed.....Charles A. Morgan
Napoleon Newlywed, the baby.....
Maj. Knott Much.....Earl Knapp
Tom Travers.....Phil. W. Smith
Prof. August Nichol.....Milton Dawson
Adolph Nichol.....Daniel L. Murphy
Dr. I. Curem.....George Averill
Mrs. Newlywed.....Olga Von Hatzfeldt
Gwendolin.....Louise Auber
Dolly Jolly.....Billie Townley
A bear.....John J. Delson
Dora.....Dollie Volmer
Cora.....Catherine Corwell
Violet.....May Abbott
Rose.....Marjorie Kingston

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig stock company present "As You Like It." The cast:

Orlando.....John Craig
The Duke.....Walter Walker
Frederick.....Frank Bertrand
Jaques.....George Hassell
Amiens.....Henri Darillat
Le Beau.....A. B. Clark
Oliver.....Leslie Palmer
Jaques.....A. B. Clark
Charles.....Robert M. Middlemass
Adams.....Frederick Murray
Dennis.....Charles Bickford
Touchstone.....Morgan Wallace
A Lord.....Robert M. Middlemass
Corin.....Carney Christie
Silvius.....A. L. Hickey
William.....Al. Roberts
Celia.....Miss Mabel Montgomery
Phoebe.....Miss Maude Richmond
Audrey.....Miss Mabel Colcord
Rosalind.....Miss Mary Young

Lillian Russell shone resplendent at B. F. Keith's yesterday. A large audience greeted her in a way that showed her popularity was as great as ever. Miss Russell has a charm about her which it is not easy to describe. It is not her beauty, which is matchless, nor her ways, which are winning. It is perhaps a combination of both. Whatever it is, she is, and seems destined always to be, a favorite with American audiences. For her appearance in vaudeville yesterday her natural charms were enhanced by a wonderful Paris creation of pale blue silk, shot with silver. She wore ospreys in her hair, and strings of diamonds hung around her neck. She sang a number of songs, one about an Irish gossoon and an Irish colleen, another called "Girls and Boys," a reminiscence of childhood, and five or six others. It would be late in the day to criticise Miss Russell's art. She has won her place, and it is enough to say that her performance yesterday was in the style with which her admirers are familiar. Her voice has lost none of its sweetness. One might perhaps wish that she used better judgment in choosing her songs. None of those she sang yesterday is likely to linger in the memory. After singing in response to recalls yesterday, she came out to a third and made a little speech which was well received.

The rest of the bill was up to B. F. Keith's regular standard. Paul Seldoms's Venus wae back again. A number of beautiful groups of statuary were shown by Miss Erna Claren and her company of posers. "The Winning Post" was a striking piece, as also was what was called "The Abduction of the Sabines." "The Fountain" was also very beautiful.

Van Hoven, "the dippy magician," was well described on the bill as "the man who makes you laugh." He must be seen to be appreciated. Froelich, cartoonist and shadowgraphist, did a marine picture in rapid style, besides some clever chalk wrok.

Other features were Braggar Brothers, comic acrobats; Harry Fentelle and Viola Vallerie in a board walk sketch; Barry, Halvers and company in a bit of nonsense in a drug store; John Corcoran and Harlan Dixon, and George W. Jones and Ben N. Deely in comedy acts, and the Six Abdallahs, Arabian tumblers. There was a good motion picture show, and Mr. Grady's orchestra was as usual appreciated.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—The Dodson Amusement Company presented for this week "Beyond the Divide," a military frontier play in four acts. Leading members of the cast:

Roland the Ranger.....Edwin Gallagher
Max Levi.....George J. Woppman
Philip Morgan.....J. E. Lane
Silas Ranger.....Stewart E. Wilson
Joe Matthews.....William W. Gavin
Eagle Joe.....William E. Lemuels
Col. Kinsley.....William Turner
Capt. Lewis.....Arthur Dunn
Lenora Primrose.....Katherine Arnold
Jennie Lewis.....Lucille Armstrong
Mrs. Primrose.....Laura Dixson

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Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" Produced at Shubert, First Time in Boston.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Blue Bird," a fairy play in three acts and 11 scenes, by Maurice Maeterlinck. The piece was played for the first time at the Theatre Artistique, Moscow, Sept. 30, 1908.

Mummy Tyl.....Ethel Brandon
Daddy Tyl.....Charles Hampden
Tyltyl.....Burford Hampden
Mytyl.....Janet Parker
Fairy Berylune.....Alice Butler
Pread.....John Sutherland
Fire.....Maurice Husik
Tylo, the dog.....W. H. Denny
Tylette, the cat.....Cecil Yapp
Water.....Margaret Fairleigh
Milk.....Merle Maddern
Sugar.....George Sylvester
Light.....Helen Lackaye
Granny Tyl.....Ethel Brandon
Gaffer Tyl.....Dore Davidson
Time.....Dore Davidson
Night.....Harriet Sterling
Neighbor Berlingot.....Alice Butler
Neighbor Berlingot's Little Daughter.....Winifred Burton

The story of "The Blue Bird" has often been told in The Herald, and is probably familiar to all. The search of mankind after happiness is symbolized by the adventures of two children who, in dreams attended by Light, Bread, Fire, Sugar, Water, Milk, the faithful dog and the treacherous cat, wander in their innocence to find the blue bird.

They see strange sights. They learn that the dead are happiest when they are most vividly remembered by the living. They find out that in the graveyard there are no dead. They enter into the realm of the unborn, who, on their appointed departure for this world, bring with them great deeds to be accomplished, crimes, diseases.

When the two awaken, their parents seem dearer to them; the room itself is finer; the fairy who sent them forth is only a neighbor. The long sought for bird is in a cage against the wall. Given to the neighbor's child to make her happy, the bluebird escapes. And anyone that finds it should return it to these children, for they may need it later to insure their happiness.

It is to be regretted that the striking scene in the forest where the cat moves the trees to conspire against the children is here omitted, as it was in London. The scene that Maeterlinck wrote for late performances in London is not a compensation. As it was played last night it was by far the least interesting portion of the drama. Even this scene is not given here as Maeterlinck wrote it, for the rowdy company in the "Palace of Happiness," Vanity, Overeating, Overdrinking and the rest of them, are not seen gorging and guzzling and convulsed with foolish laughter, nor do they appear later stripped of their sumptuous dress, poor scarecrows with their companions the Miseries. The boy and girl are introduced at once to the Happinesses of Children, as Good Health, Spring and others, then to the Great Joys, as Being Just, Understanding and the rest, poetic abstractions, not easily understood by children in the audience, and—it must be confessed—platitudinous and boresome persone to the older spectators.

The prose of Maeterlinck, like that of Anatole France, is a stumbling block to the translator. Its marvellous simplicity is in itself a pitfall. A little sentence in the original must be paraphrased in the translation if the meaning is to be fully brought out. It is not easy to preserve the poetic charm.

And so it is with any performance. The beauty of the play is for the most part better appreciated by the reader than by the spectator. No matter how capable the actors, how gorgeous or impressive the spectacle, the exquisite fancy and the philosophy of the dramatist are necessarily coarsened when the dream is represented in action.

Yet two scenes are profoundly moving on the stage: The one in which the children see their dead grandparents and talk with them, and the one in the graveyard. Maeterlinck, as though he were an Elizabethan, delights in the contemplation of death, but, unlike Webster or Ford, he sees no terror in what the living call death; his attitude is more like that of Walt Whitman, or of Henley when he sang that the waye of death are cooling and serene.

The dialogue between the old couple, happy and alive because they are remembered, and the children, who accept the fact that these dead still talk and eat and know joy and sorrow when they are remembered as in the flesh, is eloquently emotional—one of the great pages in literature, effective on the stage as in the printed book. The scene in the churchyard, with the artless questions of the little girl and the cock-sure answers of her brother concerning the habits of those beneath the sod, with the final sublime revelation, is still more dramatic and of a loftier eloquence.

It is seldom that a play is produced here which furnishes in the theatre so great entertainment, chargee the memory with such pleasing thoughts and leads the mind to ponder the true values of earthly things for which we mortals strive, to inquire into the secret of happiness, to think nobly of the soul.

The production was an elaborate one, and on the whole extremely effective. The spectacle did not attempt to belittle, or apologize for, the drama. The dancing was incidental and not an incongruous feature. The scenic effects were often beautiful, and the management of light at times remarkable. There was much for the eye as well as for the ear.

Master Burford Hampden, who took the part of Tyltyl, gave an excellent performance. He was a boy, yet not unpleasantly conscious of the fact. Natural in every way, he was not realistically awkward. He was buoyant but not fresh. He spoke his lines, not as a parrot, not as one painfully rehearsed for a school exhibition, but with understanding, with force, and always as a boy would have spoken.

Mr. Yapp was a striking Tylette, the faithless one, the mischief maker, the sly, deceitful, selfish, vicious cat. His make-up, his diction, his action, were all feline, startlingly so. Mr. Denny was not so successful in his interpretation of the dog worshipping his master. Miss Lackaye spoke the lines of Light with dignity and was appropriately resplendent. Time, the grandparents and the parents were adequately portrayed; Miss Farleigh as Water was graceful; Miss Maddern was attractive as Milk, and Miss Sterling was not too melodramatic as Night. Miss Parker acted the part of Mytyl in a girlish manner. The features of the performance, however, were the impersonations by Master Hampden and Mr. Yapp.

The enlarged orchestra was led by Mr. Sirsky and the music often enhanced the effect, as at the end of the graveyard scene; but the tempi in the selections from "L'Arlesienne" were often so fast that the music suffered sadly.

The theatre was filled in every part by a deeply interested and highly appreciative audience.

The English language befriends the grand American expression; it is brawny enough and limber and full enough. On the tough stock of a race who through all change of circumstance was never without the idea of political liberty, which is the animus of all liberty, it has attracted the terms of daintier and gayer and subtler and more elegant tongues. It is the powerful language of resistance; it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire. It is the chosen tongue to express growth, faith, self-esteem, freedom, justice, equality, friendliness, amplitude, prudence, decision and courage. It is the medium that shall well nigh express the inexpressible.

Deplorable Omissions.

A section of the ninth volume of the Oxford English Dictionary has just been published. It includes words from "Simple" to "Sleep." This section contains 3277 words, 2709 words illustrated by quotations, while the number of quotations is 17,316. The similar section of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary contains 259 words, and that of the "Standard" 1265.

Yet in this section of the Oxford we miss the familiar use of the noun "skate," as "He had an elegant skate"; that is, the person referred to was unfortunately influenced by wine, strong drink, ale or beer. A man with a skate cannot justly be said to have a numb, or a still; he is not muzzy. He is neither noisy nor sullen. He may be talkative, chatty, in an exalted mood. In the street he has, like Charles Lamb's Hester, a springy motion in his gait. Can any one inform The Herald when and where this use of "skate" originated?

Under "slats," the definition of "ribs" is missing, with the quotation of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons's advice to her gallant spouse in the memorable mill.

Nor is there any mention of "sinker" as the word is understood in restaurants, all-night eating houses and "electric lunch rooms." The dictionary admits "sinkers" meaning a dollar, as an Americanism.

From an Old Satire.

"Slantindicular" is in its place, but there is no quotation of the once famous sentence in "The New Gospel of Peace" with reference to Fernando Wood. It is generally understood that Richard Grant White wrote this biting satire. Was he the first to employ "slantindicular" with the meaning of obliquity, political or moral? "And his walk was slantindicular." John Bright, in one of his speeches delivered in the early sixties, quoted from a "United States newspaper": "He walked uprightly before the world, but when he was not before the world his walk was slantindicular." Bright, no doubt, quoted without paying much attention to the source.

They Skedaddled.

What is the origin of the word "Skedaddle"? The Oxford Dictionary thinks the word is probably a fanciful formation. "Said to be of Swedish and Danish ... said to have been in common use for several years throughout the Northwest in the vicinity of immigrants from those nations' (Webster, '64). But there are no forms in Sw. or Da. sufficiently near to be seriously taken into account. There is some slight evidence of the currency of the word in English and Scottish dialect use before it became prominent in America, but it is doubtful how far this is of importance for its origin."

This last reference is probably to the "skedaddle," meaning in Scotland, Northumberland and Lancashire to spill, scatter, as "you will skedaddle that milk." In the United States the verb became familiar as military slang in 1862, but it had been commonly used in Scotland and Great Britain long before that date.

The Oxford Dictionary makes no reference to the derivation from the Irish "sgedad-ol," meaning "scattered all." The Louisville Courier-Journal traced the verb to the Greek "skedannumi," to be scattered, to disperse, and quoted the Homeric aorist, "eskedasa, skedasa." This reminds one of Eugene Field's explanation of "corker" in the phrase "she's a corker." "The word corker," said Mr. Field, "comes from the Greek 'Korka,' meaning the adorable one."

Random Notes.

And see how the authorities differ concerning the monarch who is said to have knighted a joint of beef, which is still named the Sirloin! Fuller in his "Church History" said the King was Henry VIII. Dean Swift in his "Polite Conversations" named James I. The "Cook's Oracle" said the King was Charles II. But the word comes from the old French "Surloigne," meaning over, or above, the loin.

The phrase "to size up a man" is common in this country; but in England "to size down," to size up, or to comprehend, is also common.

"Singster" for singer is found from 1388 to 1606, and Charles G. Leland was guilty of writing: "When they call a singstress a Ghawazi, it is as if you were to call Nilsson a corps de ballet."

Would any one have the courage to write today of "sine-qua-non-ical measures" (Thomas Moore), or of "sinequanonniness of pockets" (Robert Southey)?

It is a pleasure to meet again our old friend the simurgh (also simurg, simorg), the Persian bird, monstrous in shape, rational, speaking aloud when it sees fit, and very old. It is a finer bird than the roc or the phoenix.

In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling place
The all-knowing Bird of Ages

and De Morgan, the father of the long-winded novelist, boasted: "I am an old bird, a Simorg, an 'all knowing Bird of Ages,' in matters of cyclometry."

Is not a "skreigh" a more appalling sound than a shriek?

Some years ago the New York Sun, taken to task by some earnest student of rhetoric written for high schools and colleges, because it used the phrase, "I had rather," instead of "I would rather," answered. "The English language is what it is, not what it ought to be." This answer might be made to persons objecting with a feeling of almost personal resentment to the appearance of "preventative" in print

PIANO RECITAL BY CHARLES ANTHONY

Large Audience Enjoys Performance in Steinert Hall.

Charles Anthony gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 90, first movement; Courtlandt Palmer, Prelude (new); Brahms, Intermezzo, Rhapsody op. 119; Schumann, "Vogel als Prophet," Symphonic Studies; Chopin, Prelude No. 2; Debussy, from the "Children's Corner," "The Little Shepherd" "Golliwoggs Cakewalk", Chabrier Bourree Fantasque.

Mr. Anthony's playing is well known in Boston. His technique is creditable, he phrases intelligently, his touch is for the most part agreeable, and he is often an imaginative interpreter. Yesterday afternoon he displayed a warmth of emotional expression which has been lacking upon former occasions, and this at times led to a mistaken outlay of merely physical exertion. Mr. Anthony relies mainly upon the pedal for the singing of melodies. His chief defect yesterday was in an irritating misuse of the damper pedal which not released with sufficient rapidity, marred otherwise interesting effects.

The Prelude by Courtlandt Palmer has little to commend it save a conventional prettiness which is characteristic of the composer's work, but Mr. Anthony rendered it with grace and brilliance. He played the symphonic studies, as one exulting in his pianistic strength and with detailed attention to the varied technical demands. The pianist played the lighter pieces charmingly and was at his best in those by Debussy, when his touch, playing and the imaginative quality of his interpretations were wholly delightful

A friendly audience, fair in size was warmly demonstrative in its appreciation, and at the close of the recital Mr. Anthony repeated Palmer's Prelude.

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RUSSIAN MUSIC AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

A Russian entertainment was given last night at the Boston Opera House by Andreeff's Imperial Court Balalaika orchestra, led by its founder; a Russian operatic quartet of singers—Mmes. Orlova, Scriabina, and Messrs. Vasiliev and Tomashevitch, and the Imperial Russian Dancers. The audience was warmly appreciative, but the performance deserved a much larger one.

The Balalaika orchestra was heard last December at the Hollis Street Theatre in connection with Miss Ruth St. Denis and her Egyptian dances. It then excited lively admiration. The program last night included music by N. P. Fomin (Introduction to a Russian Suite, Danse d'Auvergne, and transcriptions of folk songs), a transcription of Rodolfo's Air from "La Boheme," Andreeff's waltz, Souvenir de Vienne, and the famous song of bargemen on the Volga, "El Ukhnem."

As before, the transcriptions of the Russian airs were the most effective, and again the melancholy chant of the bargemen that has appealed to more than one composer made a profound impression. The Russian singers were interesting chiefly by reason of their costumes and the folk song that they sang, "Beyond the river grows intoxicating Hop; there lives my Darling."

Mr. Andreeff may well be proud of his orchestra. The men may in turn be proud of him. He took a national instrument that had fallen into disrepute and little by little awakened a regard for it until the Czar himself gave encouragement. Seldom is any orchestra heard here that approaches this body of visitors in precision of attack, in delicate shades of color, in complete control of dynamic gradations, and in elasticity of interpretations. These men have been admirably drilled, but not in the military manner; individualities have been combined, and the performance is never perfunctory, always expressive. A pleasant feature of this part of the program was the solo playing of the balalaika by Mr. Pogoreloff.

The dances were as follows: Polish dance with music by Glinka, Miss Stephania Plaskowietzkaia and Sergei Morosoff leading dancers; a waltz, Czibulka, danced by Miss Lydia Lopoukowa and Alexander Volinine; classic variations, Miss Julia Sedowa; a waltz from Glazunoff's "Raymond"; a mazurka of Chopin danced by Mr. Volinino; "Liesgenka," with music by Rubinstein, Miss Bronislawa Pajitzkaia, and Mr. Morosoff, solo dancers; Chopin's nocturne in E flat major with groupings by quartet of women; a Russian dance by Miss Julia Sedowa, and a Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt for solos and ensemble.

Miss Lopoukowa at once made an agreeable impression by reason of her youth, freshness, grace and unaffected manner. She danced with the ease of one carefully taught in a school where the ballet is regarded as the first of arts. There was no suggestion of labor or of a task. There was apparent spontaneity in every movement. A charming apparition!

Mr. Volinine has a robust but well-shaped figure. He danced nimbly. He had little opportunity to show his ability in ballet action or his mobility of facial expression. The variations were rather heavily executed by Miss Sedowa.

"Lizsgenka" introduced curious play with a dagger that evidently had a practical point and edge. One of the features of the divertissement was the Polish dance, which was performed with great spirit. The ensemble, groupings and figures in Glazounoff's waltz were agreeably diversified. All the dancers were warmly applauded.

This evening Delibes's "Coppelia" will be performed and the Balalaika orchestra will play various pieces. The performance on Friday evening will be the last.

GLOOM AND SPIRIT SEEN AT PLYMOUTH

Irish Players Give Excellent Performance of Two Noted Plays.

Plymouth Theatre: Repetition of J. M. Synge's play in three acts, "The Well of the Saints," followed by Lady Gregory's "Tho Workhouse Ward." Performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

Martin Doul	Arthur Sinclair
Mary Doul	Sara Allgood
Timmy	Sydney J. Morgan
Molly Bryne	Cathleen Nesbitt
Bride	Eileen O'Doherty
Mat Simon	J. A. O'Rourke
A Wandering Friar	J. M. Kerrigan
Villagers	Eithne MaGee, U. Wright, Brinsley MacNamara

Eithne MaGee, U. Wright, Brinsley McNamara

The performance of the Irish Players last evening was equal in excellence with those that have hitherto been given. The masterly characterizations, quiet intensity, sobriety of gesture, authoritative eloquence in their speaking of lines and the passionate sincerity of their acting entitle this extraordinary company of players to a place apart.

Mr. Sinclair as Martin Doul was again impressive, and his imprecation laid upon Timmy the smith and Molly Byrne was a fearsome thing. Miss Allgood was again seen in her interesting impersonation of Mary Doul, while Miss Nesbitt was an effective and alluring Molly, and the others of the cast gave admirable support.

Synge's gloomy play, with its cruel villagers, grim irony and picturesque lines, was followed by Lady Gregory's "Workhouse Ward" and not by "Spreading the News," as had originally been the program. The change of bill was announced from the stage. Mr. Sinclair was again seen as Mike Macinerny, Mr. O'Donovan as Michael Miskell and Miss O'Doherty this time took the part of Mrs. Donohoe. The piece was played with spirit.

There was a small audience, which again found amusement in Synge's play and was warm in its applause of the company.

Tonight "The Well of the Saints" and "Spreading the News" are on the bill. On Friday and Saturday matinee and Saturday night, when the Boston engagement will end, William Boyle's "Mineral Workers" and Lady Gregory's "Jail Gate" will be performed.

There are days in October when even the biterest prohibitionist is so exhilarated by the air that he bursts into praise of "brown October ale." The boarding housekeeper in our school years at Exeter used to say cheerily after a particularly meagre dinner: "Young gentlemen, the air is so bracing, it is so like champagne, that one really does not feel the need of food." And there are other joys of fall and winter, which were sung years ago by a comparatively unknown poet, whose verses were published in the New Haven Register. His address was to December, but the lines are appropriate to any day after the landlord and janitor have been persuaded to turn on the heat.

FOR THE SEASON.

No more the incisive bight,
Mixed with the infernal midnight monotone,
The emphatic scratching of the match to light
The gas, and find the attenuate horror flown.

No more the odorous breath
Of summer nights that, every time it blows,
Suggests not Araby, but shapes of death,
As every member of our health board knows.

No more the industrious fly,
The mosquito's morning supplement, to map
The upturned face with exquisite agony,
Of him who loves his early morning nap.

But days of quiet peace;
The stovepipe cometh to the front again,
Its anxious joints slip into place like grease,
And blasphemy sleeps on the lips of men.

The patient plumber sees
The full fruition of his summer's dream;
Again the clothier flingeth to the breeze
His garments false of woof and frail of seam.

Whereat the coal man smiles,
And rubs his hands and sayeth "Even so,
My harvest cometh." And his hours beguiles
With chants and pious psalms in praise of snow.

And we, in joy profound,
Just hibernate, unmindful of our cares;
Oblivious that the coal man doth abound,
Forgetful of the plumber man down stairs.

A Voice From Vermont.

The Herald has received the following letter:

Editor of The Herald: Noting in The Boston Herald of the 23rd inst. that George Washington is recognized as one of its standard authorities in the use of words, one is led to wonder whether the Father of his Country may not come to be accepted also as The Herald's authority in questions of orthography. In such an event "honour" would lose none of its weight, nor would "labour" miss its full value. No more would "musick" be cut short. Then would be opened an enticing field for the development of personal taste in the matter of spelling. We would be bound neither by the cold formalities of the dictionary (or would it be Dixonary?) on the one hand or by the crude devices of the deformed spelling cult on the other. "The sun do move!"

SHAUSSHIN.

No. Hyde Park, Vt., Oct. 23.

As our correspondent knows, labor and honor are still spelled with a "u" by the great majority of Englishmen. Color with a "u" suggests more color than when it is without it. "Musick" would not offend us, and we prefer "mirifick" to "mirific." There has never been any authority for "dixonary." The word in 1526 was spelled as it is today. The only variant we have been able to find is "dictionarie," used by such lovers of words as Roger Ascham and John Florio. Bulldog should always be spelled "dogge." Then you can indeed see his teeth and hear his ominous growl.

A Word of Many Meanings.

Recently in a London court the words "swank" and "toff," which occurred in the evidence, were explained. "Swank," said the learned counsel, "is a modern word, meaning to show off. "Toff" was defined as a characterization of an extremely well dressed person. "There are distinctions," he added: "a toff is well dressed; a 'real toff' means a gentleman."

Now the verb "swank" in English schoolboy slang means to work hard, and a "swanker" is a dig, a grind. But the verb "to swank," as defined by the learned counsel, is neither modern nor slang; it is a dialect word that has long been known in many English provinces, and it means either to strut consequentially as in "He come swanking up the lane as if he'd a very good opinion of hisself," or to work in a slow, lazy fashion, to idle; while in Yorkshire to swank means to support, to supply with food, also to eat heartily. "Swanked out" is applied to a person distended with food. Then there is the dialect verb "to swank," meaning to drink to excess, and a swank is the remainder of liquor at the bottom of a tankard; "Just sufficient for one draught, which is not accounted good manners to divide with the left hand man, and according to the quantity is called either a large or little swank." It is not necessary now to discuss the adjective "swank," supple, active, stately, jolly, or "swanker," a strapping young man, or "swanking," with several curious meanings.

In the Dandiacal Line.

"Toff" is slang. It came into fashion about 1868 when Arthur Lloyd sang in London music halls his ditty entitled "The Shoreditch Toff." He described himself in this song as Immensikoff, and as he wore an overcoat heavily trimmed with fur, the word "Immensikoff" was applied to fur-lined overcoats. "Toff" at first meant a gentleman, a fop, a swell; later a superior person, a man of grit. Sala wrote in 1883: "Fops flourished before my day, but I can remember the dandy, who was superseded by the count, the toff, and other varieties of the swell." And in 1902 a man arrested for murder was reported as saying when he held out his wrists for the handcuffs: "Now I'll die like a toff."

Two Personal Notes.

Dr. Franz Bergman, a deep thinking German, visiting the United States, says that American women will have only four toes on each foot 1000 years from now, because they wear shoes too small for them. On Cape Cod the domestic cat has six toes and is singularly fertile. There is always the divine average.

The fox hunters who visit Belchertown should be cautious. Not long ago in England Mr. Richard Bower, the master of the South and West Wilts Foxhounds, died of hydrophobia from the bite of a fox. It is only fair that the fox should occasionally have pleasure in the game.

By the way, Thomas Boothby of Tooley Park kept the finest pack of foxhounds in England. Some have identified his wife as the original of Fielding's charming Sophia Western. It was his grandson, "Prince" Boothby, who blew out his brains because he was bored by dressing and undressing.

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The Herald spoke yesterday of fox hunters shouting "Yoicks" and wearing scarlet coats in staid Massachusetts. It also spoke of Thomas Boothby as probably the man that first kept a pack of hounds in England. Who was the first woman that hunted the poor beast with her own pack? Some name Lady Salisbury, who hunted until she was so old that she had to be tied on to her saddle. Her ending was violent. She was burnt with a portion of Hatfield House in 1835. The present marquis is her great-grandson.

The master of the hounds that died recently from the effects of a fox bite—the word hydrophobia was used—was bitten through a thick glove and not inconvenienced until a day or two before his death. The Duke of Richmond—the one that was host at the Waterloo ball—died in Canada of hydrophobia, due, it is said, to the bite of a fox which happened to be a tame one. Another noble hunter, Viscount Doneraile, died from hydrophobia, but he was chasing the fox that bit him. In his case, as in the recent one in England, death came about eight months after the bite.

Let us hope that the intrepid sportsmen to the west of us will be more fortunate; that the younger may have the luck of Don Juan:

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen,
But on the whole, to general admiration,
He acquitted both himself and horse.

A Statue to Bryant.

A statue of William Cullen Bryant has ·een unveiled in New York. Mayor ;aynor then praised Bryant as a model ditor and regretted that his poem 'Thanatopsis" was so melancholy—"the nost melancholy poem that ever was vritten."

Are Bryant's poems read in 1911? Do choolboys spout any of his verses on 'speaking day"? As far back as 1846 'oe wrote that "for some time past here has been a growing tendency to nderestimate him. * * * There has ,een latterly, since the days of Mr. Longellow and Mr. Lowell, a growing dis·osition to deny him genius in any re·pect." Poe asserted that Bryant had ,enius of a marked character, and then ·roceeded to identify this poetic genius n an article that is admirable today, or Poe, with all his prejudices, is the rst, the greatest of American critics. Ie praised the construction and thoughtulness of "Thanatopsis," "by no means is best poem. It owes the extent of its elebrity to its nearly absolute freedom rom defect, in the ordinary undertanding of the term." Poe preferred Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids!" as ichly ideal, "the truest poem written y Bryant." Poe quoted from other oems in which the thoughts belong to the highest class of poetry, the imaginative-natural." These lines are among hose that pleased him:

ill twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
n a forgotten language, and old tunes
rom instruments of unremembered form
ave the soft winds a voice.

Walt Whitman was fond of Bryant as oet and man. They took long walks toether and talked about all things of inrest to themselves and to many others. Vhitman wavered between Bryant and merson when he was asked to name the ading American poet. "Bryant is more gnificant for his patriotism, Americanm, love of external nature, the woods, ie sea, the skies, the rivers, and this at mes, the objective features of it espeally, seems to outweigh Emerson's urnt intelligence and psychic depth. But fter every heresy I go back to Emern." Later in his life Whitman was inined to rank Bryant first.

A Commercial Hand

To go back to Poe. In his curious Chapter on Autobiography," he pubshed autographs of American authors rominent in the thirties and forties, ith the statement that a strong anlogy generally and naturally exists beveen every man's chirography and haracter. His comments on Bryant's andwriting are as follows: "Mr. Brynt's manuscript puts us entirely at ult. It is one of the most commonlace clerk's hands which we ever enountered, and has no character about beyond that of the daybook and dger. He writes, in short, what merantile men and professional penmen ll a fair hand, but what artists would rm an abominable one. Among its egular up-and-down strokes, waving nes and hair lines, systematic taperigs and flourishes, we look in vain for ie force, polish and decision of the oet. The picturesque, to be sure, is qually deficient in his chirography and his poetical productions."

Apple-Pie Order.

Why should a room, garden, vessel, esk or anything else be said to be

"apple-pie order"? It has been sugsted that the phrase is a corrupon of "cap-a-pie order," but as a ctionary maker wisely remarks, no stance of the latter phrase appears. ome say "apple-pie order" is a corption of "Alpha-bota"; some that ere is reference to the nursery gag, was an apple pie; B bit it; C cut ; D divided it." Others point to the l-fashioned apple pie which had an der or row of regularly cut turrets, a crust arranged in mathematicalaccurate divisions. The most prunt answer is a quotation from one Barham's poems:

m just in the order which some folks—though why
am sure I can't tell you—would call apple-pie.

The Delectable Land.

. V. L. writes to The Herald. "When xt you have occasion to speak about nous boxers, handy men with their s, you might profitably say someng about the old arena in the little ngle of Noman's Land, once lying ween the northern circle of Delaware l a bit of Maryland's eastern bound. This triangle of a few hundred es was long claimed by both Pennvania and Delaware, and as three tes met there it was a convenient t for lawless deeds. Within my uthful memory two or three prizets occurred there. To one of these re than half the students of a small cge went in defiance of discipline l were suspended for a week or two consequence. My impression is that fighters on that occasion were Mc and Kelly, minor heroes of the pretty well known in the seventies the last century. It was rumored t James Gordon Bennett's duel would e place in the disputed triangle, but came off, if at all, elsewhere. No, duel that we looked for never came.

Here and There.

Ir. Lang contributed a preface to a edition of R. L. Stevenson's works.

In it he says: "He (Stevenson) was not a poseur; he was merely sensitively conscious of himself and of life as an art." Stevenson would have enjoyed this differentiation.

The Daily Chronicle (London) remarks: "The remarkable thing in the present strike of the makers of petticoats is that the word petticoat is never breathed by either side—nay, it is not heard wholesale in the factory or retail in the shop. The only person who says 'petticoat' is she who buys or orders; the maker and the seller correct her, edit, and explain her, saying, 'under-skirt.' And to this law there is no exception. The reason is not obvious; 'for short' cannot be pleaded, the number of syllables being equal, and 'petticoat' an easier three." Petticoat was originally a small coat worn beneath armor or the doublet. In certain English provinces it was the name given to a boy's waistcoat.

Oct 28 1911

Efrem Zimbalist Plays for First Time in America at Fourth Rehearsal.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, played for the first time in this country. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Lodoiska"	Cherubini
Symphony No. 4, E-minor	Brahms
Concerto for violin and orchestra	Glazounoff
"Dante and Beatrice," poem for orchestra	Bantock

Bantock's poem was performed for the first time in this country and Glazounoff's concerto was played for the first time in this city. Cherubini's overture was played for the first time at these concerts. It was performed by the Harvard Musical Association in the 70s; but neither Theodore Thomas, visiting Boston, nor any one of Mr. Fiedler's predecessors thought it worthy of a place on a program. While it is not so noble a composition as the overture to "Anacreon," or so interesting as other familiar overtures by Cherubini, it has the clearness of thought, the clean-cut expression, the classic profile peculiar to this composer, and the second theme has characteristic suavity and Attic simplicity. When "Lodoiska" was first performed, the instrumentation excited comment. They that are forgetful or ignorant of the orchestral treatment in French opera before Cherubini arrived in Paris may now shake the head at the contemporaneous wonder and praise. Unfortunately, in 1911 it is impossible to listen to music of 1791 with the ears, trained or naive of that year.

Mr. Zimbalist chose a concerto unknown to the audience. His performance was of much greater worth than the concerto, which has few salient pages and no great or original moments. This music is in the later style of Glazounoff, who gave great promise in his "Stenka Razin." It is fluent, colored, at times ingenious, but decorative, not emotional, for in the slow melodies, although there is a striving after emotion, there is no rising above mere prettiness. Mr. Zimbalist is one of the most accomplished violinists that have visited this city in recent years. His technic is highly developed, and although he is only about 22 years old, he is already a virtuoso of the first rank. He is much more than a virtuoso in the lower meaning of the word, for he has fine taste and true musical feeling. He is delightfully free from prima donna airs and graces. His modesty is not feigned, and there is a modesty that is more distressing than pronounced arrogance. He was enthusiastically and deservedly applauded.

Bantock's "poem" is built on two themes, one of which may be supposed to be typical of Dante, the other of Beatrice. Each theme is worked laboriously and for the most part without real effect. The two themes are brought together at the close. It is impossible to deny this composer an intimate knowledge of orchestral resources. He knows his trade and at times produces plausible effects. He also knows and remembers the works of other composers, from Meyerbeer to Puccini; not that he helps himself flagrantly, but his moods are sometimes the moods of others. Unfortunately his themes have little character. Neither one can be said to be typical of the person supposed to be portrayed, and neither one is striking in itself. The cadenzas and the assumed simplicity of the measures introducing Beatrice are decidedly cheap. In spite of a few brilliantly sonorous passages the composition is labored and pretentious. And it is long drawn out with its tiresome repetitions of insignificant matter.

The performance of Brahms's symphony was effective, much more so than the last performance of the same work led by Mr. Fiedler, who was happier yesterday in his choice of tempi, treatment of details, and breadth and warmth of interpretation.

The program of the concerts next week will include Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture, Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Debussy's "After[noon of a] Faun" and d'In[dy]...

'The Mineral Workers,' by Boyle, at the Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Mineral Workers," a play in three acts by William Boyle. "The Jail Gate," a tragedy in one act by Lady Gregory. Performed by the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

"THE MINERAL WORKERS."

Mary Mulroy	Eileen O'Doherty
Uncle Bartle	J. A. O'Rourke
Ned Mulroy	Sydney J. Morgan
Patrick	U. Wright
Kitty	Eithne Magee
Dan Fogarty	Arthur Sinclair
Stephen J. O'Reilly	J. M. Kerrigan
Mrs. Walton	Cathleen Nesbitt
Mr. Casey	Brinsley MacNamara
Dick	M. J. Dolan
Sir Thomas Musgrove	Fred O'Donovan

"THE JAIL GATE."

Mary Cahel	Sara Allgood
Mary Cushin	Maire ni Shiubhlaigh
The gatekeeper	Sydney J. Morgan

Mr. Boyle's comedy is the simple story of an Irishman who, having made money in America, returns to his village and endeavors to interest the neighbors in a mining scheme. They that sell land for him to dig are doubtful of the result and deplore their foolishness. Give them, they say, their land and crops. One of the farmers, Mr. Fogarty, fatuous, yet shrewd, pig-headed and inordinately self-conceited, endeavors to block O'Reilly's purpose, but in the end is trapped, whereupon he announces himself as a partner in the concern and turns his back on Mr. Casey, a typical demagogue.

This is thin material for a play, and when Mr. Fogarty is not on the stage the interest sometimes flags. Played by other actors, this comedy might easily turn out to be a dull affair, but Messrs. Sinclair, O'Rourke, Morgan and MacNamara put the breath of life into the characters and held firmly the attention. Mr. Sinclair was even more successful in portraiture than when he impersonated the eloquent Dempsey. His impersonation of Fogarty was wholly admirable, light, elastic, full of nuances, a creation that would rank him among the best actors if he had not displayed his great talent in other comedies and in tragedy. Mr. O'Rourke's Uncle Bartle was worthy of being put beside this Fogarty. Mr. Kerrigan was less conspicuously good than in other plays, and for once his enunciation, generally of rare excellence, was too often indistinct. Miss Magee was a charming Kitty, and Miss Nesbitt was attractive as Mrs. Walton.

In Lady Gregory's sombre little play, two women at a jail gate learn that the young son and husband has been hanged. The effect depends chiefly on the eloquence of the actresses. The beautiful voices of Miss Allgood and Miss Shiubhlaigh did full justice to the lines, which are often inherently moving.

How the authorities differ! The London Daily Chronicle states the fact that "conversation lozenges are still used in Scotland and are so called because they have printed on them various sentiments which supply the airy persiflage in which the Scots lads and lassies are lacking." Some of the examples of the wit are these: "Are you engaged?" "Just keep spierin' "; "You are a gay deceiver"; "How are your poor feet?"

Your Poor Feet.

The Chronicle adds that the saying, "How are your poor feet?" is just 60 years old. It quotes Mrs. C. W. Earle: "The excessive fatigue and weariness so stamped on the face of everybody who wanders about huge exhibitions became in 1851 a source of amusement for the London street boy, and took the form of calling as they passed, 'How's your poor feet?' " Truly a slipshod sentence!

But Farmer and Henley give this quotation from a periodical (1860): "Henry Irving's revival of 'The Dead Heart' has revived a bit of slang. When the play was brought out originally, where one of the characters says, 'My heart is dead, dead, dead!' a voice from the gallery nearly broke up the drama with 'How are your poor feet?' The phrase lived."

"The Dead Heart" was first produced at the Adelphi, London, in November 1859. Is it not probable that the man in the gallery shouted out the phrase that was already familiar? Hence the peculiar force of his remark.

All the Year Round in 1863 said that this question "a year ago cheated half the natives of Cockaigne into the belief that they were gifted with a special genius for repartee." According to this the question was noticeably popular in 1862.

Who wrote the immortal quatrain:

The night was cold and wet;
The old man stood in the street.
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His shoes were full of feet.

George Thatcher—"And the villain still pursued her!"—used to recite these lines with thrilling effect, but who wrote them?

Motto Lozenges.

Conversation lozenges were known to the boys and girls of 40 years ago as "motto lozenges." The lozenges themselves were coarse, wretched things, and the lettering was not artistic. The sentiments were expressed in a homely, direct manner, without any attempt at finesse. The lozenges were first aids to courtship. They were sold in every country store with Jackson balls, stick candy, and squares of cocoanut and caramel. Who wrote these mottoes? Did not W. S. Gilbert implore Henry Wadsworth or Mister Tupper to answer: "Do you write the bonbon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?"

We regret to learn that in England the motto lozenge is commercial, not romantic, and is weighed in with the sugar. It reads: "Try the grocer's 1s. 4d. tea."

Joys of Collecting.

Who writes these mottoes? Who names sleeping and parlor cars? And does any one collect the names? There were boys who, not content with collecting postage stamps and coins, gathered names of locomotive engines, for in the good old days engines were named, not numbered, and they had superb smoke-stacks, not the foolish stove pipe seen today. Boys entered in blank books the names of engines, the railroads to which they belonged, and some went so far as to put down the number of times they had seen the "Vulcan," "Atlas," "J. Gregory Smith," or "J. Mulligan." They loitered in "depots," for there was then no talk of railway stations; they made friends with switchmen; they found their way to commanding towers. The great joy was to see for the first time a new engine, glittering, splendid and catch the name as the train thundered by or toiled with freight up a steep grade. The tender in those days was beautifully decorated. There would be a portrait of a Governor, a general or a bewhiskered officer of the road; or there would be a pastoral scene or some fleet animal. A father, travelling, was ordered by his son to keep looking out of the window that no engine might escape him. Boys swapped lists.

Engines now are without individuality. They are numbered, as imported day laborers, convicts, and guests at huge hotels. Was it Mr. Henry James who said that in a few years a New Yorker would be identified as No. 15,6789 living at 23 West Steentysteenth street?

A Boston lawyer, talking of the collector's joys, said that when he, a boy, had gone as far as he could with coins, stamps and names of engines, he took the numbers on Boston horse cars, and, having exhausted this pleasure, was driven to noting the numbers on swill carts.

For Men Only.

"Committees of the Neckwear Makers' Union made the round of the shops." When did the hideous words "neckwear" and "footwear" first come into use? Is a hempen cravat included with collars and "ties"? Are foot plates and corn plasters classed with articles of "footwear"? The latest article on "Men's Fashions" by "The Captain," published in the Pall Mall Gazette, treats chiefly the "black braided lounge coat" that is coming into favor. "The Captain" informs us that an epidemic of mustaches follows the craze for the clean shaven face in London. He advises the use of a liquid preparation which stiffens the hair when it is dry. "You merely put a few drops on a mustache comb and comb it through the mustache." You can shape the hair as you please; cause it to droop so that you will look like the walrus strolling with the carpenter, or to turn up defiantly like that of an immoral French marquis in melodrama or as seen in early portraits of the Emperor William. Perhaps mustache cups, inscribed "For Father," "Dear Brother George" or "To Darling," may reappear, "suitable for a Christmas gift."

Oct 29 1911

A Note About "Pomander Walk"

[Pom]ander Walk, which gives its name to Mr. Parker's play that will be produced here tomorrow night, is an imaginary street.

"Pomander" comes from the early modern English "Pom(e)amber," which in turn was derived from the old French "pome ambre" or "pomme d'embre." It was stressed pom-ander or po-mander by the Poets Drayton, Herrick, Herbert, and even by Johnson, Webster (1828), Ogilve and Cassell; poman-der by old Skelton, and by Bailey, Ash, Walker and Worcester.

The word first meant a mixture of aromatic substances, usually made into a ball and carried in a small box or bag in the hand or pocket, or suspended by a chain from the neck or waist. This [s]pecial

mixture was used especially as a preservative against infection. It was also employed by women as odorous Thus Herrick wrote:

To me my Julia lately sent
A bracelet richly redolent;
The beads I kissed, but most lov'd her
That did perfume the pomander.

A courtier in Thackeray's "Esmond" bowed himself out of the room, leaving an odor of pomander behind him. Hawthorne speaks of "pomanders and pomatties, the scented memory of which lingered about their toilet tables."

The word then came to mean something scented also the case in which the perfume was carried. This case was usually a hollow ball of gold, silver, often in the shape of an apple or orange. Later the word was applied to a book containing a collection of prayers ... of secrets.

New and Old Players at the Plymouth

Dorothy Parker, the daughter of the dramatist, made her first appearance on the stage last year when she appeared in New York as Mlle. Magdaline Lachenais, the French ... It is said that her father wished her to take a stage name.

Other women in "Pomander Walk" are Mabel Milton, Cynthia Brooke, Winifred Fraser and Kate Phillips. Miss Milton, born at Gravesend, was trained for a dancing mistress, but she went on the stage as Rosa in "J... at the old Aquarium Theatre, London. She was the leading woman with Edwin Booth at the Princess's, London, in 1881. She visited the United States with Wilson Barrett, was leading lady with Modjeska in America, was seven years with Irving's Lyceum company, and toured in this country with H. B. Irving in 1906. Miss Cynthia Brooke has been associated with Tree and Wyndham. Winifred Fraser, who first went on the stage as Sophia in "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1886), has fulfilled engagements with Miss Nethersole, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, E. S. Willard, Ben Greet, Sir Augustus Harris. In 1905 she toured in Australia. Kate Phillips, who made her debut as a page in "Chilperic," has played many parts in Shakespearian, standard and modern plays. She was for four seasons with Sir Henry Irving.

George Giddens was an articled clerk in a solicitor's office when Sir Charles Wyndham saw him in an amateur play and advised him to take to the stage. He first played in Edinburgh. In 1871 he visited America with Wyndham. He played for a long time at the Criterion, London, and afterward in the leading theatres of the city. He played in "She Stoops to Conquer" in the United States with Ellis Jeffreys and W. H. Crane.

Lennox Pawle has played leading parts at the Lyceum, Haymarket, St. James's, Duke of York's, Adelphi and other West End theatres. He has played in legitimate comedy and in operetta. His Eccles in "Caste" is considered one of his best parts. He has owned and edited a weekly racing paper and written several plays and a volume of verse.

T. Wigney Percyval has acted since 1886, when he played leading heavy and character parts with Wilson Barrett. He has played in this country, Australia, South Africa. He is part author of "Sunday," "The Little Admiral" and other plays. A new one in four acts, "As It Was in the Beginning," has been accepted for production in this country. Edgar Kent, the leading juvenile in "Pomander Walk," has been playing "young and dashing naval roles" in England for some years. He is a lawyer by profession.

"Pomander Walk" is one of the few plays that have been performed by a company of childactors throughout ... the play was running at the same time acted by men and women.

A Strange Manchester Comedy

"Mary Broome," a comedy in four acts by A. N. Monkhouse, was produced at Manchester (Eng.) Oct. 9. It is a study of life in "middle class London suburbia." Mary Broome, a housemaid in the Timbrell family, has been unduly intimate with one of the sons, Leonard, and is with child. She is portrayed as a simple, natural person, who wishes to do what is right. She is not wildly in love with Leonard but when she is caught taking his photograph from his mother's room and putting it in her own, she confesses. And ... brother is about to be married to a highly proper person. Here is, indeed, a mess! Leonard is a chatterer and very selfish. What is to be done? The father insists that he should wed Mary. She says that she does not love him, but she would "like to marry somebody." The family is so sour-visaged that her impulse is to run away, but she accepts Leonard's impulsive proposal that she be his wife.

They marry. A son is born to them. The members of the family are not only reconciled, they have a high regard for Mary. Leonard is still a chatterer, and in his frankness he is insolent, offensive to even his mother. Discoursing on his favorite theme, he suggests that she, too, may have slipped before her marriage, whereupon he is forbidden the house and his allowance is cut off. The young couple are in lodgings and very poor. The child is sick, but Leonard smokes, chatters and does nothing. His mother gives him a ring to pawn, so that he can accept an invitation to go fishing. The child dies, and Leonard will not return until the funeral is over, for he dislikes "coffins, hearses, and that sort of thing." His family sympathizes with Mary. She ponders the future. Leonard is no husband; he is a wretched cad; and there is George Trueflt, a milkman, whom she might have married. She will go with him to Canada. She is not able to swear that she loves him, but she thinks life will be at least less wearing. "So in the midst of storm and protest and sympathy Mary Broome passes out of this unhappy experience of married life."

A New Comedy at Comedie Francaise

"Primerose," by Robert de Flers and Armand de Caillavet, was produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, Oct. 8. It met with great success and much of this was due to the girlish charm of Marie Leconte. "She impersonated most admirably the tender and true, yet wilful and wayward Primerose, the daughter of the country gentleman, Hubert de Phelan, against whose stiff, reactionary views on matters of church and state and against the conventional morals of his set Primerose's gentle charity of spirit and her passionate purity of heart are in quiet revolt ... the action."

Primerose confesses to her old and romantic godmother, the Duchesse de Sermaize, that she loves Pierre de Lancry, a serious man, handsome, about 40, who has made a fortune in American mines. They are all at a chateau in Anjou, and her uncle, the Cardinal de Merance, is also there to take part in the annual ceremony of blessing the hounds. There is talk about the contrast of the old chateau life and that of today. Some one remarks: "In 1302 five Jews came to the chateau and they were burned alive. Today there are five Jews here, but they have been asked to dinner." Pierre learns that a bank has failed. His fortune is gone, and as Primerose is an heiress he dares not propose to her, although she longs for a declaration. He tells her that he must start at once for South America, and when she declares this a pretext, he lies, honorably as he thinks, and says he goes because he does not love her. She is determined to go into a convent—her mother is dead—and the cardinal vainly dissuades her. He finally remarks with a sigh: "So be it. When one wishes to commit a folly, it is well to commit it with the Lord. With him it always comes out all right."

And Primerose enters on her novitiate. She comes with a sister to the chateau to collect scraps of food for the poor. Pierre has returned and he is rich. He loves her, but Primrose thinks she has vowed herself to heaven. Then comes the news of the dissolution of the religious orders. He and the duchesse make another appeal. That fails. They try stratagem. She is informed that Pierre is courting another. This brings about the happy ending.

"It is a beautiful little comedy, full of sparkling wit and tender sentiment." A young Royalist bully asks leave to send to the cardinal an incendiary piece he has written against the republic. The cardinal answers: "Courtesy for courtesy; I'll send you the gospel." The duchesse says of love: "At my age one speaks of it as ruined people speak of money." She and the cardinal will be forgiven for their trick. The latter whispers to his friend as the play ends: "You tell me that you have a very lenient cure here. I am off to confess to him."

A New Wordless Play

"The Story of Rialon," a wordless play, composed and staged by Friedrich Freksa, with music by Max Ettinger, was produced at the Coliseum, London, Oct. 16. The scene is laid in modern Paris, in the Montmartre district. The program stated that "the new and curious staging is inspired by the impressionist school of art."

"On the huge stage of the Coliseum a small fragment is enclosed, in most cases by simple screens. Within the screens is the very smallest amount of furniture that will serve the purpose; and the lonely little scene, standing out against the vast blackness, is lit by a limelight and a lamp or candles on the stage. This odd kind of calculated crudity controls the story as well as the setting.

"We begin with the epilogue, which shows park gates, dimly seen in the night, and two liveried servants holding candelabra towards a stone bench, whereon lies a dead girl in vivid green and a man in evening dress at her feet. The man is the marquess, who has (as he supposes) rescued the girl from a brute apache—her brother, as she tells him; and, having married her and found her unfaithful, has tracked her to a Montmartre cafe, poisoned her and her lover, and carried her body away with him. Calculated crudity and careful oddity in every scene—the oddest of all being, perhaps, that of the wedding, in which the row of candles on the altar gives the only light; the priest, bride and bridegroom and witnesses glide ghostily in and out again before we realize what these dim shapes are. As odd as can be imagined, but very forcibly conveying the impression of something hurried, furtive, and rather shameful. Not till the last scene does any one get the opportunity of the light for much display of pantomime; and than Herr Alwin Neuss as the marquess shows a wonderful power of expression, both of jealous fury undisguised and of jealous fury masking deadly revenge under the antics of a pierrot. Fraulein Songa van Eeden and Herr Oscar Fodor make a fine, dashing pair of night birds. The whole thing is as queer as can be, rather horrible, and sometimes frankly ugly; but it has an adventurous vitality that informs nearly all its queer, logical crudeness. Herr Max Ettinger's music plays significantly with well-known French airs, and is appropriate, though never remarkable." Such is the Times description.

The Daily Telegraph says: "It is a tale told in scarlet and crude green and black and white. It is all sudden effects, flashes, as though you were in an express train running through a mad city at night." The play was brought out at Munich a few months ago. Freska is the author of "Sumurun."

Stephen Phillips's New Tragedy

Stephen Phillips's play, "Pietro of Siena," was performed for the first time on the fourth or fifth floor of a house in Victoria street, London, Oct. 10, by a new body of pioneer players calling themselves the Drama Society. The Daily Chronicle published this entertaining review:

"There was a strange contrast to the spectacular splendors with which Mr. Stephen Phillips's poetic dramas have hitherto been environed at the St. James's and His Majesty's. A moderate-sized room—of about 'penny reading' dimensions, with bits of cloth pinned over the windows; a tiny rough and ready little stage—where the actors had just room to be seen at full length and take a curtailed stride or two—some purple hangings arranged on the square-tent principle to serve for scene, and that was all! The same entrance served for actors and audience—it just depended which side of the curtain one went. The room was crowded with earnest, poetic folk and friends and admirers of the young actors, some of whom were hopeful members of West End companies, though none could be described as 'known to fame.'

"Yet with it all—despite the inevitable hitches of the primitive curtain, which occasionally hung half-way, revealing a mingled array of tweed trousers and Renaissance hose, one really got a far better idea of the play—its virtues and its failings—than one would from any elaborate succession of stage pictures.

"It proves to be, to a very great extent, just another 'Monna Vanna,' though without the suggestive business of the unsupplemented mantle. Pietro Torniell demands the favors of Gemma Gonzaga as the price of her brother's life, which is to be forfeited at sunrise. Accordingly at midnight Gemma goes to the fierce Pietro, with a dagger concealed in her bosom, to kill herself after the bargain had been clinched.

"After treating him to quite a well written tirade, telling him how cold would be this 'flower of pleasure' that he was about to pluck so basely, and how sacred a flame he might have awakened had he approached her in nobler fashion, she is just going to plunge the dagger into her own breast, when Pietro, melted into mildness, interposes and offers her both honorable marriage and her brother's life. She accepts, and a mutually responsive embrace brings down the curtain.

"The verse is often distinguished—its rhythms and metaphors neatly varied, without anything particularly opulent, original or haunting. It is, in any case, far better verse than some that has succeeded in romantic plays. Here and there it lags. There are hackneyed phrases like 'dread assize'; obvious soliloquies merely delaying action, like, 'Come, my last cup of thee, juice of the grape'; and nature-blunders like the putting of hedge-clipping and ploughing together as happening at the same season in the prisoner's address to 'Morning.' These would profit by a little revision."

The tragedy will probably be produced at the Coronet Theatre with scenery and all the customary "fixins."

Minor Plays in Paris

Maupassant's tragic story "La Petite Roque" made into a play of three acts by Andre de Lorde and Pierre Chaine has been raising goose flesh at the Ambigu, Paris. It will be remembered that the mayor of a village commits an atrocious crime, is haunted by the little girl whom he murdered, and falls dead, overcome by emotions, on the eve of his arrest.

Esmie's "Le Vagabonde," at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, "translates the moral sufferings of a sergeant-major in the Austrian army, who, in days of vagabondage, robbed and killed his victim. He had an accomplice, one Sinner—Oh predestined name!—who reappears as recruit in the very company of the sergeant-major. His fellow-non-coms marvel at his complaisance toward this ineffable individual, who holds him by his awful secret. One day the measure overflows. Sinner acts with revolting familiarity toward the female members of the sergeant's household. He is committed to the cells, and there he talks so strangely that the barrack wonders and suspects. Under pressure, the wretched man confesses to his wife, who flees the house, in her first instinct of repulsion, and returns to see her husband led off to prison. He has told his confreres, and one denounces him." This play was adapted from the German, but that French susceptibilities might not be wounded the word "Austrian" was substituted on the play bill, and "Austrian" soldiers appeared on the stage.

"Toujours Perdreau" at the Antoine has a more cheerful subject. It describes the adventures of a "grisette," who falls in love with the "friend's" friend, and evokes all sorts of complications. Perdreau, the real victim of the intrigue, is an innocent young man from one of the ministries. He is no flirt, he declares, and his actions prove it. He is no match even for the transparent machinations of the eternal feminine (of Montmartre). He falls into all her traps, and finally he is forced to restore to the lady the successful rival who has escaped from a plethora of kisses. It is he who retires with the indescribable feelings of a muddle-headed martyr.

Dancing in London

The eight weeks' season of German opera and the Russian ballet at Covent Garden began with ballet performances Oct. 16. These ballets alternate with two cycles of the "Ring" and other operas. The Pall Mall Gazette was moved to remark: "The art of stage dancing seems to have taken a real hold of the London public; its appeal is, of course, wider than that of opera, as a love or knowledge of music is not imperative to its appreciation. Whether the ballet as an art-form is entirely satisfactory is another matter. In its approximation to opera it falls short in much the same sort of way as does a certain class of oratorio; in the one case one misses the human voice, and in the other the accessories of scene and action. Whether the musically ignorant person may be affected by this consideration we do not know; he may perhaps have a wish now and then that the artists would break into speech, just as the opera-lover wishes they would sing. These remarks, of course, apply to the action ballet, when the set dances correspond in their effect to the 'lyrical moments' of the opera. Which, by the way, results in one finding that the better the ballet is in the devising of its story, or the more action there is, the more unsatisfactory does the form become." The chief dancers are Mme. Karsavina and Nijinski.

This reminds us that Bessie Clayton at the Coliseum, London, was applauded by the Pall Mall: "We have not seen any continental dancer of late years who conveys such a sense of lightness in so graceful a way." On the other hand, the Times, admitting that she has mastered the muscular technic of her art, adds: "She lacks grace and flow, and both she and her little troupe of assistant dancers take liberties with the time and rhythm of the music, which in its turn takes liberties with snatches from at least one well known composer."

The Arawa Maoris have been singing and dancing at the Palace. "To European notions their movements are hardly to be described as 'dancing,' but there is a certain rhythmical grace about all they do which is undoubtedly most attractive. Take the 'Canoe Poi,' for instance—the Poi, it may be explained, is a small ball of flax, covered with rush, adroitly handled by the girls so as to give point to the music—in which the paddling of a canoe is very quaintly and prettily imitated. Perhaps the interlude is more reminiscent of a party of scullers, but that, after all, is a mere detail. There is something particularly exhilarating, at any rate, about the spectacle of these strangers, clad in their native costumes, swaying to and fro to the refrain of what might be a boatman's song. The picture is novel, pleasing, and touched with a certain primitive charm all its own. Then, again, there is Iwa, the prima donna of the company, and the possessor of an exceedingly sweet and even powerful voice which she uses in the most natural and easy style."

Thomas Hardy as a Dramatist

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes this note: "The most interesting dramatic news of the moment is that on Nov. 15 and 16 a new play by Mr. Thomas Hardy, to be called 'The Three Wayfarers,' and based on one of the 'Wessex Tales,' published first in 1888, will be acted at the Dorchester Corn Exchange by a company recruited from the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society,

I will probably afterward be given in ndon under the auspices of the 'So- ty of Dorset Men. In common with st of our great novelists, Mr. Hardy s done very little work for the stage— ch to the loss of that institution, for an who knows life and character so mately, and is so sincere a writer, ld not fail to be interesting. It is iously unlikely that plays by him uld ever be popular in the ordinary se of the term. He probably rather pises the dramatic conventions, and uld regard the most 'well made' play the world as ill-made if it were not faithful to character and type and the workings of fate and of law. As ilid, however, discovered, rather more n 2000 years ago, 'the whole is greater n the part,' and it is absurd to im- ne that a man who has mastered the of the novelist could not also, if he used, master that of the dramatist. eed, on the continent nearly all the it novelists have also been drama- ; and our own novelists are at last inning to bridge the golf between two branches of literature, novels plays. With such men as Mr. Barrie, Masefield, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. old Bennett among our dramatists, e was evidently a place for Mr. dy had he cared to take it."

e allusion to Mr. Bennett is unfor- ate, for his "Honeymoon," produced ntly in London, is not a success.

d how many novelists and poets have led as writers of plays!

le Mock Importance of Producers

We hear a great deal nowadays about "producers" of plays. Indeed, so-called "producer" of a play ap- ars to be regarded here and there as far more important person than the thor. For instance, I saw street post- s announcing "Bonita" on which the mes of the author and composer were en in very small type indeed, while at of the "producer"—which is a mod- n term for stage manager—was printed very large letters. On many of our eatre programs it is considered desira- to announce that the play is "pro- ced" by So-and-So, meaning that it is ge managed by So-and-so. Now, the rb "to produce" means to bring for- rd, to offer to the view or notice, to hibit; it also means to make, to bring o being. Obviously, then, where the y on the stage is concerned, there e only two persons who can be said "produce" it—the author and the oprietor or tenant of the theatre who ts the piece upon the stage. It is an use of terms to call a stage manager producer, just as it is to describe an tor who impersonates a given char- ter for the first time as the "creator" that character. It is curious to ob- ve how the stage, instead of correct- its loose terminology, not only con- ues to employ it, but adds to it.—Pall all Gazette.

The Pall Mall Gazette compares the oduction of Barrie's "The Twelve- und Look" by Graville Barker with at of Dion Boucicault under Charles ohman's management. "Mr. Bouci- ult seemed to have aimed at bringing t and emphasizing the emotional con- nt of the play; Mr. Barker had ap- rently striven to emphasize its intel- tual content; and speeches that raised eat laughter at the one theatre were tened to with rapt attention, but in ence at the other. Fortunately, the ay is one which is equally enjoyable der both treatments."

Few Personal Notes

On account of the sickness of Ugo Ara, the violin player, the Flonzaley quartet was obliged cancel its European engagements.

Charles Malherbe, who has written ch and well about music, is dead at e age of 58. He had care of the ar- ives of the Opera.

Max Steinitzer has written a biogra- y of Richard Strauss, published by huster & Loeffler in Berlin.

Arnold Bennett's play "The Honey- oon," which met with little success at e Royalty Theatre, London, has been blished in book form. A literary itic kindly says: "It reads most en- yably and leaves one with the feeling at in more than one instance the oyalty company fails to do full justice its author's intentions and proc- ses."

Mme. Patti, Sir Charles Santley, Mme. la Crossley, Miss Muriel Foster, Ger- se Elves and Plunket Greene sang Mme. Albani's concert in London on t. 14, and there were violin and piano los, part songs by a choir and or- estral pieces. Mme. Albani sang ndel's "Ombra Mai Fu," Mendels- hn's "Hear My Prayer," a song by aminade and Tosti's "Goodby."

Meyerbeer's "Star of the North" will revived in Berlin on Nov. 1. The era used to be a favorite in the ited States with Clara Louise Kel- gg as the heroine.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—David Bispham's song recital. Harry H. Gilbert, accompanist. All the songs will be sung in English. Handel, "Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves"; Purcell, "Attempt from Lovesickness to Fly"; Secchi, "When Two that Love Are Parted"; Mendelssohn, "I'm a Roamer"; Wagner, "Song to the Evening Star"; Verdi, "When I Was a Page" ("Falistaff"); Cornelius, "The Monotone"; Ware, "How Do I Love Thee?" Elbel, "Calm Be Thy Sleep"; Eisenheimer, "The Sea's Wooing"; Homer, "The Song of the Shirt." Mr. Bispham will recite Tennyson's "Elaine" to music by Ada Weigel Powers.

WEDNESDAY.

Fenway Court, 8 P. M.—George Proctor's piano recital.

FRIDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. — Parker J. Phinn's song recital. Mr. Phinn is a baritone. Mrs. Charles A. White, accompanist. Handel, "Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves!" Schubert, "Who Is Sylvia?" Beethoven, "Creation Hymn"; Taubert, "Des Kindes Frage"; Schumann, "Ich Grolle Nicht"; Chadwick, "Was I Not Thine, O Let Night Speak of Me," Bedouin love song; Tosti, "Ideale"; Rotoli, "Fiore che Langue"; Giordani, "Caro Mio Ben"; Barthelmy, "Triste Ritorno"; Marshall, "I Hear You Calling Me"; Chaminade, "The Silver Ring"; Old Irish, Bendemeer, "Stream and the Coulin"; Clay, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby"; Leoncavallo, Prologue to "Pagliacci."

SATURDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Concert by Miss Geraldine Farrar, Edmont Clement, assisted by an orchestra led by Mr. Strube. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.

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Mr. Thomas Beecham, the son of the pill man, is passionately fond of music. He has maintained and conducted an orchestra at considerable expense and spent greater sums in the attempt to popularize opera in London. He has shown ambition, courage, perseverance, working in the musical vineyard. It is the more to be regretted that he is at present in a messy divorce case. He denied in court "that he ever had been seen playing the piano while Mrs. Foster's arms were entwined round his neck. He said that it would be impossible for him to play in such conditions."

This shows that, although Mr. Beecham may be in sympathy with the modern school of opera as represented by Richard Strauss, he is of the old school of pianists, the school in which Hummel and Thalberg were shining lights. Since the virtuoso years of Liszt, a new school of technic has developed pianists of surprising proficiency and amazing feats. Not long ago foreign weeklies published pictures of a pianist playing while standing on his head.

Maximilian a "Redivivus."

It is said that the Empress Carlotta recently mentioned the name of her husband for the first time since his execution in Mexico. For many years after Maximilian's death the Istrian common people, especially at Trieste, believed that their archduke was still living beyond the seas, in the keeping of three jailers who were captains in the English, French and Austrian navies. Thus was he a "Redivivus," to be classed with Barbarossa, Saint John, Dom Sebastiam, the Emperor Nero, Marshal Ney, the Dauphin and other worthies, and it is said that there are men and women in Ireland who still believe that Parnell is living.

An Admirable Golf Rule.

Golf is a fine game for men who have passed the roaring forties, and the young and active should save it for old age, with backgammon and Anthony Trollope's novels. The Glasgow Press Golf Club gave its first annual supper not long ago and this rule was printed on the bill of fare: "Rule 27 (b)—If a player encounter casual whiskey, either in or out of a hazard (which includes clubhouses and club suppers), or if casual whiskey intervenes between a player and the first tee, it may be lifted and put down without penalty where it lies or within one clubhouse length of the spot from where it was lifted, or in the nearest position to that spot, which is not nearer to the first tee, and which affords a firm stance, without any further casual whiskey intervening." Thus, to quote from Artemus Ward's complete works, do these children of nature joke in a first-class manner.

Maeterlinck's Cat.

The Pall Mall Gazette published the following paragraph: "The proper pronunciation of the name of M. Maeterlinck, who gets the Nobel prize this year, is not Mayterlinck, but Mahterlinck. The name is Flemish, and the Flemish diphthong 'ae' is the equivalent of the Dutch diphthong 'aa,' sounded, as in the English 'baa.'"

Why does M. Maeterlinck in "The Blue Bird" represent the cat as a thoroughly despicable character? Is it because the Belgian is so fond of the dog? The cat is wholly admirable, because it is frankly a cat. Tom and Tabby never conceal their characteristics. They are supremely selfish, they know exactly what they want; they make every effort to secure it. The scrawniest gutter or roof cat is a luxurious creature. Put him in an artistically furnished parlor—one furnished not by the master and mistress of the house, but by a decorator, or some other professional person—and he will choose unerringly the most comfortable chair or the most expensive cushion.

The cat has an evil name, for witchcraft still survives with a belief in witches; but in some fairy tales the cat is generous, beneficent, the friend, shielder and raiser of the oppressed. Is there a finer hero than Puss in Boots? Nor is it necessary at this late day to call the roll of famous men who have loved the cat, from Mohammed to Gautier, from Montaigne to Baudelaire and Champfleury. The fact that the cat is not mentioned in Holy Writ should not excite prejudice against it. Inasmuch as the cat was sacred to the Egyptians and buried with pomp and ceremony at Bubastis, the Israelites possibly loathed the animal, but they remembered longingly in the Wilderness the leek and the onion, which were also sacred in Egypt. Nor does the word "lobster" or "soft-shell crab" occur in the Old Testament.

"A Provincial City."

The New York Dramatic Mirror of Oct. 25 published the following interesting paragraph:

"Almost coincident with the device of a press agent promotive of opera in a provincial city and involving the name of Maeterlinck came the news that this author will receive the Nobel prize for literature this year. It is not probable that Maeterlinck will play hide-and-seek with reporters, as the result of a wager, on his arrival in this country, nor is it likely that he will in the least be magnified to himself by this distinction conferred by the Swedish Academy, notable as it may be."

And so Boston is "a provincial city." Great hevings! But the silly announcement that Macterlinck would come to this country in disguise was first made by a Paris correspondent of a New York newspaper and published in New York.

Sensitive Talk.

The outcry against Synge's remarkable fantasy, "The Playboy of the Western World," reminds one that certain London correspondents in Paris are protesting mildly against the treatment of the unfortunate English woman on the French stage. "She has always large feet," writes one, "ill fitting clothes, worn with a British accent and spectacles under a hat of Quaker origin that would be the despair of any fashionable modiste. And her behavior is as eccentric as her movements are graceless and automatic. This odd picture, born of the days when the civilized world ended (in the opinion of Parisians) at the Theatre des Varietes, is still presented to us, as witness a play at the Theatre Michel called 'La Bonne Intention.' Why perpetuate an old libel, when it would be so easy to give a new rendering which would have the charm of novelty, as well as the touch of truth? There is no longer any necessity to satirize, the English in search of success."

Then there is the London correspondent, familiarly known as "the English Squire," who makes a foolish protest against a ballet in London, entitled "New York." How sensitive some persons are! We have yet to hear, however, of Sicilians protesting against the representation of life, manners, customs and morals in the dramas presented by the Sicilian Players.

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Some men's whole delight is to take tobacco and drink all day long in a tavern or alehouse, to discourse, sing, jest, roar, talk of a cock and bull over a pot, etc. Or when three or four good companions meet, tell old stories by the fireside, or in the sun, as old folks usually do, remembering afresh and with pleasure ancient matters, and such like accidents, which happened in their younger years; others best pastime is to game; nothing to them so pleasant.

Practical Archers.

There are still bowmen in the Chinese army, we are told, and there may yet be good shooting at Pekin. The North China Daily News published not long ago an imperial decree announcing that "at the archery competition of unemployed members of the Imperial Clan held yesterday those who hit the targets five times, both on horseback and on foot, were given the posts of Imperial body guardsmen of the third grade; those who hit the targets four times on foot and once on horseback were appointed to the fourth grade; and those who hit the targets four times on foot alone were each given one piece of superior satin and ten taels." (Consulting one of the invaluable books that should be in every gentleman's library we learn that the haikwan, or customs tael, was in 1894 equal to about 78 cents.) The fighting in China should then be more picturesque than in countries where the firing is often at foes unseen and the weapons are noisy and jarring.

Young Babarians at Play.

We have never seen an archery club in operation, but there were boys in western Massachusetts in the Sixties who, fired by articles in the Boy's Own Book and the American Boy's Book, procured bows and arrows, and shooting at marks incidentally broke window panes or hit grandmother or little brother. It was a fashion then for men and women to go to Saratoga in the summer to enjoy hotel life, to display costumes and jewels on the veranda and in dining room and ballroom, and to put the human clockwork in good order for the rest of the year. There were Indians at Saratoga, real live Indians who constructed bows and arrows, birchbark canoes, but no tomahawks. Fond and injudicious parents bought these bows and arrows and gave them to their young barbarians, who, until they tired of the sport, were the terror of the neighborhood.

Distance and Grace.

Nor have we ever seen a skilful archer. About six years ago Sir Ralph Payne Gallway on the links at Le Touquet, shooting with a Turkish bow, covered a distance of 367 yards. There is a boresome person in "Ivanhoe" who is always muttering: "My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings." He would probably have pooh-poohed Sir Ralph's feat, for even in the days of Charles I. the ordinary range of the bow was from 320 to 400 yards. In 1794 a secretary of the Turkish embassy in London shot an arrow 463 yards with the wind and 415 yards against the wind. This is no lie, for several members of the Royal Toxophilite Society solemnly measured the distance, and, lest their word might even then be doubted, "preserved the arrow."

There was no shooting like this when we were boys. The youngsters with the more expensive bows were outshot by those who had fashioned their own weapons, hideous to the eye. Some ingenious lads made cross-bows with their own hands. In the books of sports and indoor amusements archery was recommended to young women and to those who wished to correct the apathy of middle age. It was said that the drawing of the bow was healthful; that it also displayed the human figure in its perfection, for there was then no thought of woman's costume in 1911. The women were advised to choose cloth of Lincoln green. There were all sorts of things to be bought with the bow and arrows, and one or two of them were provided with tassels. There were instructive pages in these books beginning with the old saw about the Persian youth; how they were taught to draw the long bow in the chase or on the battlefield, and to put it aside in conversation. There were also references to Diana, the friend of Endymion and Hippolytus, the prudish Diana, who could not forgive poor Actaeon and insisted on his being the chief figure in a stag party.

Thackeray and His Duke.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is assailed because he spoke disrespectfully of Dickens and Thackeray as novelists. The admirers of the latter are especially bitter, as though their resentment were personal. Yet Mr. Henley, as an artist and a man, had his doubts about the breadth of Thackeray's views of life, and Mr. Howells became the song of drunkards for airing his opinion. A man may have the highest respect for Thackeray as a painter of character; he may admire his wit and humor and, above all, his inimitable style; he may marvel at "Vanity Fair" and "Barry Lyndon," and revel in the essays, and yet find that Thackeray's novels as a rule are loosely constructed; that the moralist is too often between the puppet-show and the looker-on, too often an intruder and sometimes tiresome in his repetition.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, 80 years old, has published his autobiography. Mr. Harrison, by the way, decided years ago that he would save time and labor by cutting out the final 'k' from his Christian name. In this autobiography he tells of missing Thackeray at a dinner party. The novelist excused himself by saying he was suffering from the gout. "Next day Mr. Harrison learned from the Times that Thackeray's remedy for gout was dining with a duke." The passionate admirers of the novelist now rush into print, saying that the expression "dining with a duke" used to mean that the writer employing it was going without a meal. But the full expression was "to dine with Duke Humphrey," and it meant to have no dinner at all.

Lucrative Baptisms.

The Herald has received the following letter:

You ask in this morning's Herald, "Who names sleeping and parlor cars?"

I was informed some 20 years ago that Mr. Pullman gave his daughters $100 for each car named that they furnished him, and that these sums thus received constituted their pin money, and, of course, were charged to the cost of cars.

Regarding the painting of cars, Mr. C. E. Copp, master painter of the Boston & Maine, once told me that up to the time when the Eastern and B. & M. were consolidated he could tell the number of any car from the general scheme of painting, as he always made some difference, either in ornamentation or color. This ability of his sometimes proved of value in case of a collision which destroyed the car numbers, as he was able to identify the car from the painting alone.

H. B. HASTINGS.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1911.

And who named other cars, those of the late Senator Wagner, for example? Did he also have ingenious daughters?

DAVID BISPHAM SINGS ENGLISH

By PHILIP HALE.

David Bispham gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Harry M. Gilbert was the pianist. The program was as follows: Handel, "Hear Me Ye Winds and Waves," from "Scipio"; Purcell, "I Attempt from Love's sickness to Fly"; Secchi, "When Two That Love Are Parted"; Mendelssohn, "I'm a Roamer"; Cornelius, "The Monotone"; Verdi, "When I Was a Page," from "Falstaff"; Strauss, "Caecilie"; Ware, "How Do I Love Thee?"; Eibel, "Calm Be Thy Sleep"; Eisenheimer, "The Sea's Wooing"; Homer, "The Song of the Shirt." Then Mr. Bispham recited Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," with Rossiter G. Cole's music for piano and organ. John P. Marshall was the organist.

There was a rather small audience, which was warmly appreciative, so that Mr. Bispham was obliged to add Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia?", Wetzler's "Battle of Killecrankie" and Homer's "Banjo Song" to the program and he repeated Falstaff's ditty. Mr. Gilbert played Sinding's "Serenade" and Godard's "En Route." Recalled, he played a little piece that was not worth the pains.

This recital might be justly described as an entertainment. Mr. Bispham before singing made a short speech, in which he maintained that operas and songs by foreigners should be sung in English before an American audience, in order that the hearers might dilate with the proper emotion. He also made the statement that Handel's operas with an Italian text were not successful, and that Handel "came into his own" only when he set music to English words in oratorio, a statement that Handel's biographers, especially M. Romain Rolland, might easily dispute. In this speech and in another one before the group of American songs Mr. Bispham told pleasing and improving anecdotes. He was reminiscent as well as polemical, didactic and anecdotical. He was in good spirits and in good voice.

Mr. Bispham informed the audience that the recitative sung by him to the air from Handel's "Scipio" belonged originally to the composer's "Julius Caesar," but as it was more dramatic music the mother of Mme. Liza Lehmann coolly prefixed it to the air from "Scipio." Thus was there an Olympian indifference shown toward dramatic propriety and the intention of the composer that would have pleased Handel himself and after him Rossini.

But Mr. Bispham did not state to the audience the reasonable objections made to the substitution of English texts for the original texts to which the foreign composers set their music: (1) That the melodic line is often impaired or wholly destroyed when English words are substituted; (2) that the composer writes with a view to the singer's enunciation of certain vowels or groups of words; (3) that the English translations are seldom faithful and poetic. Mr. Bispham said that the Germans, except on extraordinary occasions, would not tolerate any language in opera house and concert hall except their own. As a matter of fact, Heinrich Dorn, one of the teachers of Schumann, an opera conductor of much experience, stiff necked in his conservatism, pointed out how certain operas by foreigners, as "Faust," were almost ruined when they were performed with a German text. Nor is Dorn the only German who has thus inveighed against destructive and intolerable translations.

The program was in the main an interesting one, and Mr. Bispham showed his customary intelligence and dramatic skill in the interpretation. He was especially successful in the songs by Handel and Secchi; he delivered the buffo air of Mendelssohn, often heard some years ago in concert halls, with the appropriate volubility and also with delightful distinctness; he sang Strauss's glowing song with passion that was not extravagant.

It was unfortunate that the American songs chosen by him did not answer to his prefatory remarks. "How do I love thee?" is rambling, purposeless, lukewarm music set to passionate verses. Eibel's "Calm be Thy Sleep" has character in the first section and then the composer loses his grip. Eisenheimer's "Sea's Wooing" is as a tempest in a tea pot. Homer's music to Thomas Hood's poem has dramatic moments—of which the interpreter made the most—but the rhytam of the music is too often at variance with that of the poet.

Recitations of poems to the accompaniment of music are generally disquieting, whether the music be by Richard Strauss, Max Schillings or Rossiter G. Cole. Either the dramatic force of the speaker leads the hearer to ignore the music, or the music disturbs enjoyment of the reader.

Charming Comedy, "Pomander Walk," Shows Characters of Cranford Type.

BY PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Pomander Walk," a comedy in three acts, by Louis N. Parker. Produced by Liebler & Co.

John Sayle, Tenth Baron Otford.....Reginald Dance
Lieut. the Hon. John Sayle.....Edgar Kent
Admiral Sir Peter Antrobus.....George Giddens
Jerome Brooke Hoskyn, Esq.....Lennox Pawle
The Rev. Jacob Sternroyd..T. Wigney Percyval
Mr. Basil Pringle.....Leonard Craske
Jim.....Stanley Lathbury
The Eyesore.....Leslie M. Hunt
Mme. Lucie Lachesnais.....Cynthia Brooke
Mlle. Marjolaine Lachesnais....Dorothy Parker
Mrs. Pamela Poskett.....Maud Milton
The Hon. Caroline Thring.....Marie Burke
Miss Ruth Pennymint.....Kate Phillips
Miss Barbara Pennymint.....Winifred Fraser
Nanette.....Marianna French

"Pomander Walk" is not a play with exposition, plot and catastrophe. The audience is introduced to men and women, young and old, who live in a blissfully quiet row. The spectator is allowed to see and hear them, though he is doubtful whether he would be permitted to room in any of the little houses, for there is a prejudice in the Walk against lodgers. These men and women would be on friendly terms with the dwellers in Cranford. Jane Austen surely must have known them. Sitting in the theatre we should not be surprised to see Emma or hear Mr. Woodhouse recommending the virtues of a basin of gruel. And pray what is our old friend, the Lone Fisherman, escaped from "Evangeline," doing so far from home?

When there was a copyright performance of "Pomander Walk" in London the author put in the mouth of one of the characters a prologue, and part of it ran as follows:

Six little houses by the riverside;
Six little gardens, only eight feet wide;
Six little iron gates; six little doors;
Six windows in the lower, twelve in the upper floors.
At Number One—the first house at the back—
A little flagstaff with the Union Jack;
Two little oil lamps, shedding little light,
And only kindled on a moonless night,
Stand sentinel; an elm tree casts its shade,
And shields the whispered loves of man and maid.
Here a gazebo stands. What's that you ask—
A summer house, so placed that it may mask
Strange goings on, strange plottings and contrivings,
Quarrels, conciliations, woolngs, wivings.
And, for the rest, the river flowing wide,
Brings lazy barges each recurring tide.
Pomander Walk!—Where is it?—Understand;
Out Chiswick way. Half-way to Fairyland.

There is no plot, but some of the characters are bent on marriage and two love at first sight. The Baron Otford returns to his Lucy after long separation, and his son weds the daughter of his old sweetheart. The peppery admiral is ensnared by a widow. The romantic fiddler, who had heard of complicated music by a rising composer named Beethoven, wooes with the aid of a parrot. Mr. Brooke-Hoskyn is already married and his quiver is filling every year; Brooke-Hoskyn, the magnificent, with his stories about high life, tales of dining with the Chinese ambassador, anecdotes of Sheridan and his royal highness the Prince of Wales. Was it ever generally known in the row that this same Hoskyn had been the baron's butler? Marjolaine surrenders at sight to the baron's son, who will not consider for a moment the haughty Lady Caroline, the condescending district visitor.

It is delightfully quiet in Pomander Walk, except when the admiral and the baron raise their voices in anger that soon cools. No wonder that Mr. Brooke-Hoskyn objects to the admiral's celebration of the King's birthday and the firing of the brass cannon. The parrot is noisy and his language is painful and free. So we are informed, for, unlike the widow's cat, the parrot is not seen. Then there is the reverend antiquarian, who discovers in the old pipe of the Eyesore—the Lone Fisherman hardly disguised—an Elizabethan relic. They are all harmless persons, for, although Mr. Brooke-Hoskyn writes an anonymous letter, it does little damage. His wife is not visible. Her family duties confine her to her chamber.

These men and women meet and chat and have their little spats and make love or are obliged to accept it. Their talk is vivacious, but it is not particularly witty or brilliant. At times Mr. Parker thinks he must be serious, and then the dialogue is after the old copybook fashion.

The mother and the daughter have a scene that is sweetly sentimental, and it is a relief when it is over. The talk between the lieutenant and Marjolaine in the gazebo might be considered rather silly were not Marjolaine so young and pretty and Jack so young and manly.

The Admiral and the boatswain are old familiar figures descended from Smollett's sea dogs and not unknown to Marryat. Then there are the doors and windows of the houses, and they, too, have their part to play.

This amiable and amusing story of characters reminds one of the verses—or was it a novel?—described by Oscar Wilde as a work that would not shock the most sensitive even if it were to be transiated into French.

The comedy was capitally acted. Mr. Giddens, a ripe and experienced actor, a comedian of the good old school, was an unfailing delight, admirable in his explosiveness, anger, good humor, facial expression and by-play. Mr. Pawle, whose humor is strongly individual, was most amusing as the foppish and magnificent Brooke-Hoskyn. Mr. Percyval gave plausibility to an eccentric part. Mr. Dance made the Baron a thoroughbred. His hat in the third act would have given distinction to any man. Mr. Kent played the part of the young lover with gusto.

Miss Brooke acted the part of Mme. Lachesnais with a dignity that was not too matronly and with a grace that was irresistible. Miss Parker was an attractive Marjolaine—but why go through the cast? The comedy was finely played in all respects—and the one setting, the costumes and the lighting all lent illusion.

"EVERYBODY" SEEN AT KEITH'S THEATRE

Morality Playlet Teaches Value of Thrift and Work.

"Everybody," described as a morality sketch, occupies the leading position on the program at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. There are 14 speaking parts with four scenes.

The playlet opened with a street scene in which Everybody is lured away from his friends, Work and Honesty, by Shirk, who persuades him to follow Luck and Pleasure. The good counsels of Advice are, as usual, disregarded, and Everybody hastens away with his new acquaintances. The second scene is in a pool room, where, under the lead of Luck, Everybody and Shirk pick the winners in the first two races. Old Sport comes in before the third race and Luck goes away with him. Everybody goes "broke" and Shirk and Pleasure desert him in search of Luck.

The third scene shows Everybody unkempt and in despair, turned down by all his former friends. He appeals to Advice, who counsels him to turn again to Honesty and Work. The suggestion is adopted, and the last scene finds Everybody prosperous again with Fortune as his helper.

The sketch is effectively, if crudely, drawn, and is entered into with spirit by the players.

Ed Morton's songs won favor, especially his "Dream, Dream, Dream," in which he contrasts his sweetheart with the stage beauties of the day, greatly to their disadvantage, and his lament of the married man.

Bixley and Lerner drew much applause with their burlesque of the operas. Their makeups as Melba and Caruso were ludicrous and earned them several recalls. Martinette and Sylvester, as clown and acrobat, have acquired a number of new and laughable tricks with chairs. The audience broke into an uproar when the clown, discouraged by the wielding of a slap-stick when he ventured too near the orchestra, tried to commit suicide by a headlong leap into a drop-curtain ocean.

O'Brien, Havel & Company proved that they have lost none of their popularity and scored a hit with their sketch "Monday." The two men showed to advantage when, to help the actress who was trying out her song and dance, they used a roll-top desk for a second balcony and impersonated an orchestra.

Edward Jolly, Winifred Wild and company in "Mr. P. T. Barnum, Jr.," were laughable and their songs pleasing, especially "& Company," who had a capital song about an English counter-hopper who saved all his money to enjoy a week's vacation and masquerade as a real swell in September.

The Rexos were graceful and clever in a roller skating act. The male member of the pair was considerable of a contortionist and presented a new feature by sliding on his skates through a tunnel six feet long and but two feet high. Montie Brooke and Bert D. Harris in "A Mild Flirtation," and the Dare brothers in an exhibition of muscular development, were well received.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Three Romeos." Book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside. Music by Raymond Hubbell.

Vera Steinway.....Peggy Wood
Daisy Dean.....Shirley Kellogg
Peter Poppleton.....Fred Walton
Minerva Poppleton.....Minnie Olton
Nancy Mallory.....Ethel Cadman
Diana Mallory.....Mabella Baker
Gussie Gibson.....Georgia Caine
Titus Bellamy.....William Danforth
Dick Dawson.....Alfred Kappeler
Jack Willoughby.....Fritz Williams
Rose Bellamy.....Vivian Rushmore
Mrs. Bellamy.....Elita Proctor Otis
Timothy Stubbs.....Fred Lennox
Bertie Montague.....Edwardo Alfino
Willie Mortimer.....H. D. Woodley

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Smart Set" in "Dr. Beans of Boston," a musical comedy, with S. H. Dudley. Cast:

Gymnasium Butts.....S. H. Dudley
Waterbury Lee.....Arthur Talbot
Susie Lee.....Daisy Martin
Bill Simmons.....James Burris
Larry Smith.....Henry Troy
Jimmy Quickstep.....Roley Gibson
Alex.....William Ramsey
Dr. Beans of Boston.....Frank De Lyons
Mme. Heartburne.....Ella Bevans
Queen Sophenia.....Albert Ormes
Jesse Jenkins.....Arthur Wilson

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Right of Way," a drama in five acts, by Eugene Presbrey, from the novel by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Charley Steele.....John Craig
Joe Portugais.....George Hassell
Capt. Thomas Fairing....Morgan Wallace
Eustace Wantage, Esq.....Leslie Palmer
Billy Wantage.....Carney Christie
Jack Brown.....Al. Roberts
Dr. Weldon.....A. B. Clark
Jake Hough.....Robert M. Middlemass
Price.....Albert Hickey
The Cure.....Walter Walker
M. Rossignol.....Leslie Palmer
M. Marcel.....Robert M. Middlemass
The Abbe.....Albert Hickey
Suzan.....Mabel Montgomery
Kathleen Steele.....Maude Richmond
Paulette Dubois.....Mabel Colcord
Rosalie.....Mary Young

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No cocks, with me, to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

Free from Noise.

And is there a spot like this today? Even on Shoot-Flying Hill, from which you see ponds, marshes and sand dunes of Cape Cod, you will hear the agony of an automobile as it gasps up the narrow sandy road. Mr. Pulitzer, with all his wealth, influence, indomitable energy, could not escape wholly from noise, pad as he did the walls, floors, ceilings of his rooms, or afar off on his yacht—and no yacht is absolutely noiseless. Nature herself is often noisy. Crows and woodpeckers are early risers and wish others to be awake and bustling with them. The crow is particularly boisterous when he is planning with his mates the business of the day, and the deliberations are soon after sunrise. Yet crows can be caught in spite of the denial of villagers. Here is an excellent recipe published in 1627: "If you cut the liver of a Beast in pieces, and put into the same pieces, the powder of Nux vomica, called the Spuing Nut (which is to be had at the Apothecaries), the same pieces being strowed or laid in an open place, where Ravens & Crowes may resort thereto, the Crowes or Ravens that eate thereof cannot file away; whereby you may take them easily. This I know to be certaine and true." It was Thomas Lupton who knew this, rest his soul!

The City Din.

Years ago Schopenhauer wrote an essay on Noise and Mr. Bailey Saunders translating it into English put it in a volume entitled "Studies in Pessimism." In Schopenhauer's ears the most inexcusable and disgraceful of all noises was the cracking of whips. "I denounce it as making a peaceful life impossible; it puts an end to all quiet thought." What would he have said to the street noises in Boston, which is probably the noisiest city in the United States? Walking in Boylston street from Massachusetts avenue to Tremont, two can talk together only by shouting. The citizens of this town have carelessly given over the "sweet security of the streets" to men who are recklessly indifferent to the beauty of the city or the comfort and health of the inhabitants. Motor-cars are fast getting to be as intolerable as the huge trolley-cars, for they are allowed to shriek dismally or defiantly with whistles that outvie those of locomotive engines.

M. Rette's Dream.

Paris was not so noisy in 1891 as it is today and about 20 years ago Adolph Rette dreamed a strange dream: "Singular silence; the people flow like an idle stream of shadows; carriages roll without uproar; black waddings lie heavy on the town; the sun is as the clotted foam of blue waves. And this thought strikes me: Noise is dead! And I burst out in laughter at the inference that the earth is henceforth condemned to eternal silence. Then a huge formal letter is unfolded on which appear in cracked letters, 'You are invited to be present at the funeral of Mr. Noise, who died this evening. Killed by contemporary excesses he was held in abomination by the Eternal himself. In the name of his widow, Humanity.'"

Why did not Mr. Pulitzer, Octave Feuillet, Herbert Spencer, John Leech and all others who dreaded noise and were nervously and mentally injured by it go to the dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zaire? It was

there that the demon told Edgar Allan Poe that he had cursed a man with the curse of silence. Perhaps the curse has passed away and there are now voices throughout the vast illimitable desert. And is there hope in heaven? John in his version on Patmos recorded as noteworthy the fact that after the opening of the seventh seal there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour. No, paradise is not necessarily a restful place. Matthew Arnold apostrophized his father as being in a sounding house.

As You Like It.

The Herald has received this letter:

Boston, Oct. 30, 1911.

As the World Wags:

I think it would interest your readers to explain the pronunciation of Pierce (S. S. Pierce) as "purse." Bostonians now say Pierce-Arrow (motor car), not Purse-Arrow, in accordance with the common pronunciation of the name in the West. We also say "to pierce."

A. F. S.

A man is suposed to have the right to pronounce his family name as he pleases. There are Pierces in the East who pronounce the name as though it were the verb. Pierce, Parr, Pears, Pearse are probably derived from Peter, as are Parsons, Pearson, Pierson, Peterson, Peterkin, Perkins, Perret, Parrot. Mme. Eames pronounces her name as though it was spelled Ames—the careless may now refer to her as Mme. Gorganzola—but there are Eameses who make the name rhyme with beams. There was Angus B. Reach—who insisted that his name should be pronounced Re-ack—whereupon Thackeray rudely pressed him to eat a pe-ack. No doubt there are Fergusons who accent heavily the second syllable of their name. It is the same in other countries. There are Gots who rhyme Got with "dough"; others speak the word as though it were English. The composer Saint-Saens pronounces his name in defiance of the French rules. There was a kettledrum player in the orchestra of the Opera, Paris, who wrote music for ballets, among them "La Sylphide," in which Taglioni bewitched the world. His name was Schneitzhoeffer, and on his visiting card was this line: "Pronounced Guillaume."

An Honor to Boston.

Boston has recently been honored in Paris. M. Paul Girard of the institute has published in pretty pamphlet form a paper read by him before the five academies in which he inquires into the story whether the orator Hyperides gained the acquittal of Phryne by brusquely unveiling her body before the judges, as in the picture by Gerome. On the cover of this pamphlet is the picture of Aphrodite's head. This head by a sculptor influenced by Praxiteles is "in marble, in the museum at Boston." M. Girard adds: "I am sure that Phryne did not dress her hair in this fashion. She arranged her locks without doubt in a plain manner, with waves, and gently bound with a double ribbon, the coiffure of the women of her period. But the admirable head, which proceeds more directly from Praxiteles and is in the Kaufmann collection in Berlin, a head with this adjustment of hair, seems to me rather severe to our modern eyes. I prefer the bust in Boston. Nor does it displease me to think of Phryne as having the features of this very young woman at the age when she hesitated—if she ever did hesitate—between vice and virtue; when her pretty mouth had not yet devoured fortunes."

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Also she said, for to get and purchase purity of soul, it were right necessary that a man kept himself from all manner of judgments of his neighbor, and from all idle speaking of his neighbor's deeds; for in every creature we should behold only the will of God. And therefore she said that in no wise men should judge creatures; that is, neither despise them by their judgment nor condemn them, all be it that they see them do open sin before them, but rather they should have compassion on them and pray for them, and despise them not, nor condemn them. Also she said that she had great hope and trust in God's providence; for, she said, she knew well by experience that the divine providence was and is a passing great thing.

Improved Spelling.

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

The hieroglyphic value of terminal "e" in "dogge" should surely not be lost. The editorial exegesis in recent comments upon an inquiry concerning Washingtonian orthography is most helpful. It gives fresh "colour" to the description of suburban activities in "The Nonne Prestes Tale":

Kan cow and calf and eek the verray hogges
So were they fered for berkyng of dogges.

Similarly, the duplicated "g" and terminal "e" in the first line of the couplet may bring more clearly to mind the lumbering motion of the swine and its staccato accompaniment.

The spelling "Dixonary" was not suggested by your correspondent as authoritative. He has an impression impossible of verification in the absence of the history that a book, the name of which was so spelled, was thrown from the window of the family carriage of John Sedley, Esq., by Miss Rebecca Sharp, a guest of the Sedleys in the summer of the year 1813 or 1814. If this spelling were in use fifteen years earlier there is little doubt that it would have been used by George Washington. If it were not, he would probably have invented it for his personal accommodation.

The linotype, by the way, aided by your correspondent's peculiar handwriting, has given a most curious rendering to the name of that little river that gladdens the meadows and the canoeists of Middlesex and Essex counties, down there in Massachusetts. Lowell and Lawrence editors disguise it as "Shawsheene," and by various aliases, but to its friends its name has always been known as spelled by Gov. Winthrop and his contemporaries.

SHAWSHIN.

Oct. 30, 1911.

To the Eye; for the Ear.

Mr. Thackeray told his readers in 1848 that Miss Barbara Pinkerton invariably presented to a scholar leaving her school, the Mall, Chiswick, an interesting work known as "Johnson's Dictionary." When Miss Jemima in her good nature was about to hand a copy to Miss Sharp, Miss Pinkerton exclaimed: "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dixonary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future." Is it not probable that Thackeray wished by this spelling to show Miss Pinkerton's pronunciation? Miss Pinkerton surely would not have spelled the word with an "x." It is to be regretted that Dr. Murray has not noted the spelling, pronunciation or quotation in his colossal work.

The Blessings of War.

While the talk is about spelling and dictionaries, it may be said that English newspapers doubt whether the war between Italy and Turkey will introduce new words into common speech, as Boer wars brought into the English language the verbs "commandeer" and "trek"; as "zareba" was made familiar by war in the Soudan. The verb "commandeer" was employed by English writers as early as 1881. The Daily Chronicle recalls the fact that Addison protested in the Spectator 200 years ago against the use in military language of foreign words as "reconnoitre," "corps," "defiles" (narrow passes), and "marauding," and Swift, in 1710, held the war responsible for "Speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions." Swift's fear was that if war continued and the words remained in constant use, men and women would abbreviate them as they already used the abbreviations "incog," "plenipo." He feared that these might become "inc." and "plen."

There are distressing abbreviations today as "Gov." for Governor," "Pres." for "President," but the vilest of all is "phone" for telephone. "I'll phone you" is worse even than "I'll wire you," or "I received a wire."

According to Life.

The statue of Robert G. Ingersoll at Peoria, Ill., represents him "in a familiar speaking attitude, with shoulders thrown back and his thumbs in his trousers pockets." Some time ago a London journal asked whether any statue in a plug hat existed, and a correspondent named one. The monument to Francois Coppee shows him in a loose everyday suit, with one hand in his pocket while the other holds a half-smoked cigarette. Is there any statue that represents a statesman, hero, author, philanthropist with a pipe, meerschaum, briar, calabash, or T. D.?

The writers of "quick-sellers" and "best-sellers," the young lions of literature, are now photographed in meditative profile, or with head thrown back, after the manner of Ajax defying the lightning, and with pipe, cigar or cigarette.

Apropos of plug hats, hatters of the West End in London say that the sale of silk hats is steadily diminishing. "When once a man has worn a soft hat he almost invariably makes it a habit." This is a subject for academic discussion. What became of the helmet hats once fashionable? The Burlington Hawkeye man was prompted to say: "It's the sight of fat persons in helmet hats that makes men murderers." The English hatters say there is one class of customers who still buy toppers steadily—foreigners, chiefly Americans.

The Truth About James Hook.

Many will read Mr. Barrie's "Peter and Wendy" for the purpose of becoming more intimately acquainted with the pirate, James Hook, for Hook is the hero of the play, not Peter Pan. It is said that Mr. Barrie admits that the pirate was a university man; but is there a full, minute account of his home life? Even the head hunters of Borneo have a home life, a happy one. It is impossible to think of a lair in connection with Hook; he was essentially a domestic person, the most accomplished burglars are model husbands and devoted and judicious fathers. When they are not actively engaged in the exercise of their profession, they are to be found in slippered ease reading a poet or essayist, and they have a taste for fine editions. We cannot learn too much about James Hook and his companion with the sewing machine.

The life of Capt. Edward Low, as told in "The Pirates Own Book"—an admirable Christmas gift for any healthy, wide-awake, manly boy—begins as follows: "This ferocious villain was born in Westminster, and received an education similar to that of the common people in England. He was by nature a pirate, for even when very young he raised contributions among the boys of Westminster, and if they declined compliance, a battle was the result. When he advanced a step farther in life, he began to exert his ingenuity at low games and cheating all in his power." Hook was of finer clay. If he were at Oxford, he was without doubt Paterized. It is to be hoped that Mr. Barrie has studied him psychologically.

RECITAL IS GIVEN BY GEORGE PROCTOR

Program Including MacDowell's Sonata Eroica Presented.

George Proctor gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at Fenway Court. The program was as follows: Bach, Sarabande, Bourree, Gigue, from second English Suite; Edward MacDowell, "Sonata Eroica," Opus 50; Liszt, concert study in F-minor; Debussy, "La Soiree dans Grenade"; Sibelius, Romance, opus 24; Schumann, Toccata, opus 7; Stcherbatcheff, Marionettes No. 7, from Mosaique opus 15.

Mr. Proctor's program was interesting, well balanced and of a desirable length, while his playing was delightful by reason of the musicianly qualities displayed.

Thoroughly master of his instrument, he does not force an admirable technical proficiency upon his hearers as a triumphant mechanical achievement, but rather uses it discreetly, as a necessary requisite for interpretative expression. His touch is agreeable, his phrasing is finished, his sense of musical proportion is unerring, and there is at his command a variety of nuances. There is a commendable suggestion of reserve in his pianistic strength, and his playing has both imagination and passion.

His rendering of MacDowell's sombrely beautiful sonata, with its sharply contrasted moods, was interesting, thoughtful and dramatic. Equally at home in classic and modern pieces, Mr. Proctor did not make the mistake of stripping Bach's music of all emotional values, while he did full justice to the fanciful imagery of "La Soiree dans Grenade," and Liszt's concert study was played with brilliance and finesse.

There was an appreciative audience of fair size, and Mr. Proctor added to the program.

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The Paris correspondent of the Referee recently saw some English girls dancing at the Abbaye. They were dancing a "new dance," it was said, but he saw at a glance that this was the old familiar cancan afterward called the "quadrille realiste" which "went out of fashion long before the Moulin Rouge did and was danced by Valentine the Boneless, by Pomme d'Api, who has become a rich and respectable advertising agent, and by the ladies known to fame as Grille d'Egout and Morne Fromage. Wasn't it quaint to see the cancan come back to Montmartre via John Tiller? It made me feel about 195 years old to think of it."

An Important Question.

Can any of The Herald readers inform us when the cancan was first danced in Boston, the dance thus entitled, and by whom? Tostee and the actor that took the part of Gen. Boum improvised a little cancan in "La Grande Duchesse," and it was in 1867 or 1868 that I saw this in New York. It was in 1869 that the Clodoche company danced wildly in "Sinbad the Sailor" at Niblo's. Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham and, a little later, Eliza Weathersby were in the burlesque. Richard Grant White praised them all in the Galaxy magazine, and it was then he said of Pauline that she had the missing arms of the Venus of Milo. But when was the cancan, advertised as the cancan, and furiously denounced by some who paid their money to be shocked, first seen on the Boston stage?

In Robinson Hall.

There was once a hall in New York known as Robinson Hall. It was in Sixteenth street, between Fifth avenue and Broadway, a shabby, dirty hall, and you went up a narrow flight of stairs to enter it. A private house originally, it served various purposes. A geological exhibition was there with an improving lecture on "Earth and Man." Then the hall was the Bijou Theatre. From 1874 to 1877 it bore the name of Parisian Varieties, also New York Parisian Varieties. And here the cancan was danced before an audience of men and boys. The first part of the program was an olio with songs, more or less vulgar. The dancers were all women. Half of them were dressed in the male court costumes of the Louis XV. period. The entertainment began with a formal minuet; the formality gradually glided into tenderness; there was ogling; there were languishing glances, and then came the cancan, which was only a poor imitation of that danced by students, grisettes, men about town and lorettes in the glorious days of the Chaumiere, Closerie, Mabille and other Parisian dance halls. In fact, this Robinson Hall cancan would be considered a dull and stupid affair in these enlightened days of interpretative and "nature" dancing.

Origin of the Cancan.

The New English Dictionary defines the cancan as "a kind of dance performed at the public balls in Paris with extravagant and indecent gestures." Truly an uncomplimentary definition based on that in Littre's great dictionary. Much more amiable is the following: "A total dislocation of the human body, by which the soul expresses an extreme energy of sensation." Some of the books say that the inventor of the dance was Chicard, at Mabille, rubicund, portly, splendid, with coat-tails flying and hat on the back of his head; "a child of romanticism, a creature of plumes, red waistcoats and high sounding phrases"; but the dance was known before Chicard earned his paunch. It was seen at the Chaumiere in 1836. Letellier then sang:

Messieurs les etudiants,
Montez a la Chaumiere,
Pour y danser l'cancan
Et la Robert Macaire.

Roqueplan gave a minute and appreciative description of the steps and gestures in a newspaper article published in 1841. It is thought that the dance was born in the Latin quarter under the monarchy of July, but the word itself is old, and it originally meant a great tumult or noise in a company of men and women. Etymologists differ concerning the origin of the word. Some say it came from a noisy wrangle about the pronunciation of the Latin "quanquam" in French schools; some that it came from "caquehan," a tumultuous assembly; others maintain that it was derived from "cancaner," to quack like a duck; but Michel was sure that the word as applied to the dance meant to imitate the walk or cry of a goose, or on account of the noise the dancers made.

Pleasant Recollections.

The dancing masters, men of deportment, looked on the cancan with sour eyes. The correct Desrat wrote: "This name has been given to a sort of epileptic dance, a delirium tremens, which is to the dance properly called as slang is to the French language." He names 1830 as the year that first saw it. Desrat after all was human. "This dance had not always the character it has today (1895); and far from being gross and licentious, it was, on the contrary, in its first years, stamped with an originality that was in fact witty. Few of our high functionaries, magistrates, distinguished physicians have disdained the famous quadrilles of 'La Tulipe Orageuse' or of 'Polichinelle Aux Enfers.'" And he concluded by saying that the frightful contortions and impudent gestures of the hired dancers at the Moulin Rouge were far from "the joyous exuberance of our youth."

The End of All.

The vivacious Tostee, the first woman we ever saw dance the cancan, was industrious with her needle off the stage and died broken hearted, mourning the death of her daughter. The Paris correspondent of the Referee mentions Valentine the Boneless, Pomme d'Api and others, once stars of the Moulin Rouge. But what became of La Glu, La Santerelle, Georgette Macarona, Margot, L'Etoile filante, La Souris, and others of the noble band? La Goulue turned lion tamer and was married respectably to Droxler, a sleight-of-hand man. Her real name was Louise Weber, and when she had removed the orange blossoms from her hair she and her old pals joined in a delirious dance which they kept up till the wedding breakfast was served. It is to be feared that the great majority of the noble dames died of want in the hospital or in an attic. Some may now be snuffy in the den of the Concierge, or, bent and repulsive, offering theatre goers a cricket for the feet and growling at the foreigner who does not give the expected fee

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'BEN-HUR' AT THE BOSTON

BOSTON THEATRE – "Ben-Hur." a play in six acts and a prelude arranged by William Young from Gen. Lew Wallace's novel. Music by Edgar S. Kelley. Produced by Klaw & Erlanger.

[illegible] ....Walter M Sherwin
[illegible] ....Charles J O'Brien
[illegible] ....William Markham
[illegible] ....Richard Buhler
[illegible] ....William J. Kelly
[illegible] ....Oscar Adye
[illegible] ....Mark Price
[illegible] ....Emmett C. King
[illegible] ....Walter M Sherwin
[illegible] ....J. Arthur Young
[illegible] ....George Wilkes
[illegible] ....George Sydenham
[illegible] ....James F. Ayres
[illegible] ....Edwin Cushman
[illegible] ....Schuyler Ladd
[illegible] ....Bissell Putnam
[illegible] ....Frederick Seates
[illegible] ....Cecil Kern
Iras ....Marion Barney
Mother of Hur ....Lillian Lawrence
Tirzah ....Alice Haynes
[illegible] ....Rose Beaudet

When "Ben-Hur" began its second engagement in this city at the Colonial Theatre nine years ago, a local critic inquired into the "apparently inexhaustible popularity" of the piece. Nine years ago, and today the popularity is undoubtedly as inexhaustible. The Boston Theatre was crowded last night and no doubt many had seen the play before. Some regard this drama as a religious play and call both it and the novel masterpieces of plenary inspiration. Others are frankly drawn by the show—the Star of Bethlehem, the Roman galley, the grove of Daphne, the processional pomp, the dancing, the scene by the lake, and above all the chariot race, which would be still more exciting and realistic if there were no whirling background.

It is not necessary at this late day to speak of the play itself. The dialogue is of the old-fashioned, stilted kind that impresses the crowd and gives pleasure to old theatregoers who remember when this style was thought to be the only dramatic expression; when a spade was called on the stage "that instrument with which the Theban husbandman lays bare the breast of our great mother." There is only one way to act in this drama; and that is to play it in 'Ercles's vein. If there were to be an attempt at realistically colloquial speech, it would be at variance with the spirit of the play and a bitter disappointment to the audience. Welcome again, then, the scene between Ben Hur and Arrius on the galley; Ilderim with his oath which was the favorite oath of William the Conqueror, the scenes between Iras and the Hebrew prince. Welcome again Simonides, the slave, with his untold wealth, and Messala, the Roman bully.

The performance last night was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Mr. Buhler, as the hero, was a fair youth with an agreeable, sonorous voice which he was not obliged to force. Mr. Kelley was sufficiently reckless as Messala, with the appropriate swagger and arrogance. Mr. Adye, an English actor of much experience, gave a thoughtfully composed and effective impersonation of Simonides. Messrs. Price and King contributed largely to the success and the minor parts were acceptably taken. The women of the play were well represented. Miss Lawrence acted with dignity. Miss Kern was a girlish and modest Esther, while Miss Barney as Iras, who was now passionate and now coquettish, gave reason for Ben Hur's temporary infatuation.

They and the others in the company played with all sincerity and as though the drama was not chiefly spectacular. As a spectacle, the present production is impressive, and the scenes that have won applause in the past again moved the audience to admiration. Mr. Kelley's music was played by an enlarged orchestra, led by Gustav Hinrichs. To say more of the performance would be superfluous. "Ben Hur" appeals to the people and the appeal is as strong as when it was first made.

The second meeting of the season of the Boston Drama League took place yesterday afternoon at the Shubert Theatre. There was a large attendance. Prof. Grandjean was the speaker, his subject being Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and at the close of the address three scenes of the play were set on the stage, demonstrating the rapidity with which the changes are effected.

Nov 11, 1911

VARIED PROGRAM BY PARKER J. PHINN

Parker J. Phinn, baritone, gave a song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Charles A. White was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Handel, "Hear me! ye winds and waves!"; Schubert, Who is Sylvia?; Beethoven, Creation Hymn; Taubert, [illegible] Des Kindes Frage; Schumann, Ich grolle Nicht; Chadwick, Was I not thine? O let Night speak of me, Bedouin Love Song; Tosti, Ideale; Rotoli, Fiore che Langue; Giordani, Caro mio ben; Barthelmy, Triste Ritorno; Marshall, I hear you calling me; Chaminade, The Silver King, Old Irish, Bendemeer Stream, and The Coulin; Clay, I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby; Leoncavallo, Prologue to "Pagliacci."

Mr. Phinn has an unusually good voice, a voice of Italian quality, smooth, rich, sonorous. Occasionally last night the tones were produced too far back, and were throaty, but the voice is a natural gift, one that might be envied by singers of greater reputation. Mr. Phinn sings easily, too easily perhaps, for at present he is not distinguished as an interpreter. It matters not what the character of the song may be; one song is as another to him. His singing soon becomes monotonous, for neither in the conception as a whole nor in the treatment of detail is there tonal or emotional variety. He has evidently studied carefully and gained a certain technical proficiency. In these days more than this is demanded of a singer who comes before the public. What he needs now is drill in interpretation, an awakening of the emotions, fine aesthetic differentiation. Last evening his singing was for the most part phlegmatic.

An audience of fair size applauded generously

BRILLIANT WORK BY ORCHESTRA

By Philip Hale.

The fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Legend of the Fair Melusina" ....Mendelssohn
Tone Poem "Thus Spake Zarathustra" ....Strauss
"The Afternoon of a Faun" (after Mallarmé) ....Debussy
Variations, "Istar" ....D'Indy

There was no soloist; no sleek or wild-eyed violinist, no simpering soprano with a favorite aria and a surprising costume; no muscular pianist eager to engage with the orchestra in a struggle for life or death. The orchestra itself was the soloist and there is none better. It is a pleasure to add that the upper gallery was completely filled; that the house was sold out.

The program was a romantic one, for the overture by Mendelssohn, while it is less romantic, less poetic than the beautiful overture entitled "Fingal's Cave" shows the side of Mendelssohn that keeps his name alive. It is true that there are old-fashioned formulas in "The Fair Melusina," formulas that now are exasperating, not to be pardoned by reason of any quaintness or charming archaism; conventionally respectable phrases, smug and platitudinous utterances, but there are also romantic thoughts poetically expressed, pages that show the possibilities in Mendelssohn. What a pity that he was rich, pampered in his youth, patted on the head, flattered throughout his life, idolized by the English! What a pity that he could not understand Berlioz and was not at ease hearing Schumann's music. His technic was always admirable; would that he had been less priggish, less satisfied with himself and his opinions!

The orchestra played superbly the colossal tone poem of Strauss and d'Indy's variations. It would be easy to take exceptions to tempi chosen by Mr. Fiedler in the former work. He more than once, when the composer indicated only an elastic treatment of pace, turned a slight slackening into a marked change of tempo, and at other times confused allegro with presto, but on the whole the performance was impressive. No conductor of this orchestra, however, has yet made the effect made by Mr. Paur in the stupendous opening. It was not merely an effect of overpowering sonorousness. Mr. Paur gave the idea of elemental grandeur. It was as though the heavens were opened and the universe shouted for joy.

As for the tone-poem itself, it contains pages of Strauss's best and pages that are simply technic or empty rhetoric. The flight is not so uniformly high and sustained as that of "Don Quixote" or "Heldenleben," and there are some who prefer the earlier tone poems, "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel." The fact that "Thus Spake Zarathustra" is associated with Nietzsche need not impress or disturb the hearer. I doubt whether any one deeply versed in Nietzsche will for that reason appreciate this music the quicker or "understand" it better. Even the title may seem to some superfluous. Let every one hearing this music make his own program, be reminded of this or that, dream his own dream, glow with his own aspirations, exult in the mere joy of living or grow chill at the thought of the Lean Fellow with the scythe.

The effect of Debussy's exquisite idyl, pastorale, pastel, what you will, was marred by the undue slowness of the pace. The haunting theme for flute lost character in spite of Mr. Maquarre's consummate art and the various tonal pictures were shifted slowly and became too well defined and obvious.

Vincent d'Indy's "Istar" is not so familiar as it should be. In its nobility of structure, its wealth of tasteful decoration, its rich orchestral expression, as well as in the uncommon technical skill displayed by the composer, it ranks with the greatest compositions of the last 50 years. D'Indy is not yet fully appreciated; he can wait patiently; his time will come. Music like "Istar" purifies the passions, and "Istar" is on a higher plane than the tone poem of Richard Strauss, extraordinary as it is.

The program of the concerts of Nov. 17, 18, will include Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and Grieg's Norwegian melody with variations. The latter, composed originally for two pianos, will be played here for the first time. Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing an air from Bruch's "Achilles" and songs by Wagner, Schubert and Liszt.

The Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford stories were written by Get-Married-Quick Chester.

Kyrle Bellew.

Kyrle Bellew will be missed by many, for he was a well-graced actor and an agreeable companion. His early years were adventurous; he had served in the merchant navy, lectured in Australia in a wax work show, been a gold digger at Bendigo, a town named after the converted pugilist; enjoyed the life of a newspaper man, or, as Mr. Slinkers, the editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty, put it, he was "identifiedd with an Arkymedian leaver which moves the world." It was in 1874 that Mr. Bellew first appeared on the stage. He was then 19 years old, still in Australia, and the play was the farce, "Turn Him Out." Through natural talent, observation, reflection and experience, he gained a technic which we are accustomed to associate with the best French actors. For 10 years of his career Mr. Bellew was charged with being as the clay is in the Potter's hand, but in this instance, the clay shaped Mrs. Potter and cured her in a large measure of amateurish tricks and mannerisms. When Mr. Bellew was at the Park Theatre in "The Thief," he played with his customary finesse, and his return to the city was welcomed by those weary of correctly coated and trousered "personalities" who are always themselves no matter in what situations an unthinking dramatist may put them. When he last played in Boston in "The Builder of Bridges," in March, 1910, he was not in good health or in his usual spirits.

Eccentricities in London.

Mr. Barrie said of London that it was the only city in which you could eat penny buns out of a paper bag without any one turning to look at you. A writer for the London Chronicle quotes this saying, and adds that he knew a man who walked through Chancery Lane and Fleet street wearing one "brown" boot and one black boot. When the man noticed his carelessness in dressing, he felt like sinking through the pavement, but no one apparently observed him. The writer saw a man not long ago in the neighborhood of a London square who was dressed in pyjamas, was barefooted and walking quickly. He wore only the pyjamas, not even a hat, nor did a cabman who said mechanically "keb?" seem surprised. Then there is another man who bathes in the Serpentine every morning and runs round it, reading the Times as he runs. "And not even the Times has yet noticed him."

Pleasing Provincialism

But is London the only city where eccentric persons are taken for granted? Paris has for years been famous for its indifference toward poseurs or the careless in dress. The Germans in their towns are more provincial in this respect, almost as provincial as Bostonians. Some years ago a firm of tailors in this city refused to cut a coat according to the directions of an out-of-town customer, although coats of the kind were then worn in New York and approved by Mr. E. Berry Wall, or whoever the Alcibiades of the season then happened to be. The tailor was courteous but firm, as firm as young Mr. Smallweed in the eating house. "In the matter of gravy he was adamant." The customer insisted. "Very sorry," answered the tailor, "but we cannot cut a coat like that. Our best people do not wear them."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us that, having some money left him unexpectedly, he ordered a fancy waistcoat, for even the distinguished Student of Sociology is mortal and has his weaknesses, his passions. Looking over samples, he chose one that looked like an impressionist's palette neatly arranged for a game of checkers. "Would you really?" asked the tailor, a mild mannered man.

Visiting women say that in no city are they so impertinently stared at by women and also by men as in Boston, nor are they so vain as to attribute this annoying scrutiny to their own compelling beauty. We are accustomed to our eccentrics. Some years ago an elderly man walked in our streets; the front of his coat was covered with tin, tinsel and all sorts of gewgaws that might be taken by the romantic for decorations. Yet he passed without undue annoyance. Probably he was thus disappointed.

In the Mind's Eye.

The fact that Mr. Frankfort Moore has written an Australian novel without having been in Australia has excited comment. He answered some one who asked him how he did it: "Any journalist can mug up a continent in a week." Mr. Moore is not the only one. Charles Reade gave vivid descriptions of Australian life in "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" and he had never seen Australia. He was charged with indebtedness to William Howitt's book about that land, as he was accused of lifting boldly from Erasmus when he wrote "The Cloister and the Hearth," and of flagrant plagiarism from Swift when he wrote "The Wandering Heir." Reade made the answer that Moliere, Shakespeare, Handel might have made: "I have milked over a hundred cows, but the cream is my own."

It is said that Jean Paul Richter wrote eloquently about the ocean without having seen it. Dumas the Elder was never more delightful than when he described personal adventures in countries he had never visited and painted landscapes he had never seen. Auber, the opera composer, never was but a few miles from his beloved boulevards, but in "La Muette le Portici," he put Naples in vivacious and brilliant music. Italian manners and scenery are described in a minute way in "John Inglesant"; yet Shorthouse had never been in Italy. Some of the most entertaining memoirs have been written by men whose memory was failing or almost lost at the time they wrote. Let a man with a lively imagination and a vocabulary full of color "mug up" on Bagdad, Damascus, Tripoli, and ten to one his description will be more entertaining, more vivid, more pictorial than the account given by a painstaking traveler armed with antiseptics and a guide-book. Cities are not as they are, but as they should be. To some of us Rome is still the city of the dismal, slimy Ghetto. To others, it is today as it was when Cornelia boasted of her children or Nero, the impresario, gave his nocturnall show with living, writhing torches.

Nov 5, 1911

"Franz Liszt," by James Huneker, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is a book of 458 pages. The author first discusses the "real and legendary Liszt," then Liszt's art and character, the B-minor sonata and other piano pieces, Liszt at Rome, Weimar Budapest; an analytical descriptive account of his chief works follows. Over 100 pages are given over to contemporaneous opinion of Liszt; there are chapters with desultory facts about his life, his pupils. Modern piano virtuosos are considered. There is a full index and there are 18 illustrations, nearly all portraits.

James Huneker's "Franz Liszt"

Mr. Huneker has worked for several years on this biography. The publication of it was eagerly anticipated, for the author was recognized as peculiarly qualified for the task. He is interested in everything human and inhuman. He is a musician and a rhetorician. The character of Liszt has fascinated Mr. Huneker from the time that he studied in Paris with the purpose of being a pianist. Liszt, composer, virtuoso, philosopher, amorist, abbe, letter writer, discoverer of concealed talent, benefactor, appealed to Mr. Huneker's mind, heart and sense of humor. Mr. Huneker himself is a Hungarian rhapsodist.

It is known that he prepared himself carefully and industriously. He delved and traveled. An omnivorous reader, he ransacked libraries. He buttonholed Liszt's pupils. There was no adequate biography of this extraordinary man, who to some is a genius, to others an accomplished, polished mountebank. At last, we all thought, here is the one man fitted by nature, education and experience in life to write with authority and gusto.

And yet this biography is a disappointing book, and the question arises: "Will the life of Liszt ever be written?"

Difficulties in His Way

At the end of Mr. Huneker's volume are a few pages "Instead of a Preface," and in these pages the author makes his apology. "This book, projected in 190[illegible], was at that time announced as a biography of Liszt. However, a few tentative attacks upon the vast amount of raw material soon convinced me that to write the ideal life of the Hungarian, a man must be plentifully endowed with time and patience. I preferred, therefore, to study certain aspects of Liszt's art and character, and as I never heard him play I have summoned here many competent witnesses to my aid. Hence the numerous contradictions and repetitions, arguments for and against

Liszt in the foregoing volume, frank sought for, rather than avoided. The personality, or, strictly speaking, the various personalities of Liszt are so mystifying that they would require the professional services of a half dozen psychologists to untangle their complex web."

Mr. Huneker had the time. It would be unfair to infer that he did not have the requisite patience. It looks as though Mr Huneker originally planned this biography on too large a scale for the courage of a publisher; that he was then obliged to alter his plan, cut out, boil down, and bring the book within a reasonable compass. As a result, this biography is first of all a collection of documents for a future biographer with some brilliant pages by James Huneker. The chapter on modern pianists is out of place. The one hundred and odd pages "Mirrored by his Contemporaries" are too often only crude material, opinions thrown together pellmell, at times inconsequential and superfluous. Thus on page 152 we are told that Liszt played in London at the house of the Countess of Blessington. A list of the guests is given, as in the columns of society notes in a Sunday newspaper—"prominent among those present." And the overwhelming fact is recorded that Macready, the tragedian, noted in his diary: "Liszt, the most marvellous pianist I ever heard; I do not know when I have been so excited."

Nor are the analyses and descriptions of Liszt's orchestral works as valuable and characteristic as we have a right to expect from Mr. Huneker. At times they are chiefly extracts from program books.

Brilliance and Brummagem

The first chapter, which had already appeared in a magazine, is the most satisfactory portion of the book, and here Mr. Huneker is seen in all his glory, dramatic and now melodramatic, shrewd, witty, epigrammatic, saying in a few words what others would say feebly in a page, profound, a gorgeous phrasemonger, brilliant with a brilliance that is at times Brummagem, with a style now vivid, noble, eloquent, now merely sensational or slipshod.

"As amorous as a guitar"; but is the tinkle-tinkle, plunkety-plunk of a guitar amorous? We find on the same page that "the gipsy glance and gipsy voice lurk behind many a pious or pompous bar" — an admirable characterization — and "the drummers in the line of moral gasoline who controlled criticism in Germany refused to see Liszt except as an ex-piano virtuoso with the morals of a fly and a perverter of art." On the next page we find Mr. Huneker at his worst: "With its big drum and cymbals, its mouthing or melting phrases, its startling situations, its scarlet waistcoats, its hair oil and harlots, its treacle and thunder, the Romantic movement swept over the map of Europe." We prefer Mr. Huneker assuring us that "the Button Moulder awaits at the crossroads of time all operatic music, even as he waited for Peer Gynt," or adding to the name of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein—"one naturally drops into the Almanac de Gotha when writing of the friends of Liszt."

But what does Mr. Huneker mean by comparing Debussy's orchestra to "a jewelled conflagration." It is anything but fiery, or even brilliant in the common acceptation of the word. It is made up of delicate nuances. It suggests the twilight, not the sun at high noon. Even "Iberia" is cool in comparison with Chabrier's "Espana."

Old Stories Agreeably Retold

The old stories about Liszt's adventures with the Countess and the Princess are retold in an entertaining manner, and there is pleasant anecdotage about his life in Paris, Rome and Weimar. The biographical portion of the work—biographical in a connected way—numbers only about 50 pages. To write this life with a sense of due proportion, a biographer must describe many social, political, religious movements. Mr. Huneker's account of Liszt the man is episodic. We are hurried from Liszt's last years, when he was "a lonely, homeless, disappointed man," to a discussion of the B minor sonata, written in the author's 'best vein,' and then we are taken to Rome and Weimar.

There is too little of Mr. Huneker in this book and too much of other persons. Lola Montez is permitted to tell her version of Liszt's affair with the Countess, and two pages are given over to a Mrs. Ellet and her "account of an autumn holiday on the Rhine." "Lisztiana" would be a fitting title; but this book, in spite of its lack of proportion, its pages of padding, will interest the general reader for Liszt was an extraordinary apparition, never dull—except in some of his musical compositions. Mr. Huneker's own opinions concerning Liszt as a composer are acute, illuminative. They may excite discussion, for even now there are writers about music who seem incapable of doing justice to the man who wielded and still wields an enormous influence; but Mr. Huneker has a due sense of the value of perspective, and judging music of the chief Lisztian period, he realizes that the composer was a creator as well as a translator of poems and pictures by others into a paraphrase of tones.

More or Less Personal Notes

Hamlin Garland, as secretary of the Chicago Theatre Society, said recently in New York: "I have been an advocate of Americanism in art for 25 years. Offensively so." And will Mr. Garland kindly define "Americanism" in art? On account of his advocacy he has been put in charge of reading all the American plays that go to the society. Mr. Garland asked questions. "Where is her (America's) Ibsen, her Synge, her Shaw, her Granville Barker? Why can't her writers for the stage exhibit the taste, the distinction and the qualities of Edith Wharton or W. D. Howells?" And then he kindly answered these questions: "The trouble is that the playwrights want their royalties; they want to be 'successful.'" What a low, commercial spirit! Poor, grovelling souls! They should be willing even to pay for the production of dramas chock full of "Americanism."

Lennox Robinson, who was here with the Irish players—two of his dramas were performed here—is helping George Moore in the dramatization of "Esther Waters."

Miss Felicia, a Hungarian, whence the rhapsodies come, appeared in London late last month in "La Danse d'une Folle." She obtained "one of the most extraordinary effects by a curious movement of the nape of the neck upward," and the "impression" was enhanced by "marvellous manipulation of her flowing hair."

Miss Grace H. Fisher, formerly of the Boston Opera House, was married on Oct. 30 to Dr. Reeve of New York. The New York Times said she sang "leading roles for the Boston Grand Opera Company." These leading roles were a Shepherd in "Tosca," Ines in "Il Trovatore," La Zia in "Madama Butterfly," Mrs. Pinkerton in "Madama Butterfly," a Woman in "La Habanera," Giovanna in "Rigoletto," Flora in "La Traviata."

Some dramatic critics see too much (from habit) and imagine too little (from atrophy). Boots, for instance. A curious observer and writer has been watching the boots of the man (on the stage) who came back after 20 years in the same pair of new and creaking boots. Of course he did. In theory he had been away 20 years, but in practice only 20 minutes. And boots take a bit of time in the quick change. Why should you watch his boots if he has anything better to present? It's all illusion, as you know, and half of the imagination must be supplied by yourself.—Daily Chronicle (London)

Henri Marechal has arranged psalms and other works of the 18th and 19th centuries—100 pieces in all for the organ—and Lemoine of Paris will publish them.

Max Bendix, conducting "The Spring Maid" in London, explained why he does not use a baton. "I need no book in front of me because every note of the music is at the tips of my fingers—and there you have the reason why I conduct with them instead of with the unsympathetic and inanimate stick of wood. It cannot be denied that you can obtain a better and more effectual control over your orchestra and chorus by guiding them straight from the brain than by beating out time from a book, the pages of which have to be turned over nearly every minute of the evening. In my opinion a conductor should have the music in his head as an actor has his part; there should be no poring over books and looking to see what is coming next. The music should be right in the conductor's mind, right in his heart, right in his face, and right in his fingers; and it is only when it is there that he can lead his vocal and instrumental forces with the requisite sureness and sympathy. What do I want with a book and a stick when I've got 'The Spring Maid' in my system and my hands to convey its spirit to my people? The art of conducting does not consist solely in beating time. You must keep your people up to the expression and the meaning and the spirit of the music, and the human hand, with its limitless variations of suggestion, is surely more capable of 'talking' to your instrumentalists and singers than is a senseless bit of wood clutched in a crumpled-up hand."

The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of the trained geese to appear in Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder," remarked: "The only danger we can foresee is that the geese may become the real attraction of the opera, putting the singers' noses quite out of joint. Animals on the stage always do. It is the shepherd's dog which gets the great reception in the second act of 'Bunty,' and one trembles to think of what would happen to a 'Lohengrin' company if a real swan appeared. However, the singers must take their chance. This is Michaelmas time, and geese are seasonable."

Pointed Efficiency of Music Halls

Miss Lena Ashwell, talking with a reporter of the Daily Chronicle, spoke of a certain "pointed efficiency about a music hall entertainment, which is apt, somewhat unfairly, to throw it into vivid and glaring contrast with the long and careful work of the legitimate drama. * * * The music hall today is a complete microcosm of the modern life; it is just like a photograph, a cinematograph of the curiously subtle and sensitive life of the present day * * * in many respects a reflection of the modern mind. As in a looking glass, it mirrors forth the mighty world by which it is surrounded. And its very variety is its salvation; it always keeps itself up-to-date, and in a quite remarkable manner it has not only brought all classes of the community together, but it has endowed them with a real artistic appreciation of many things which only the very select few were capable of understanding a few years ago. And then again I think that certain music hall entertainers display frequently exceptional powers of characterization and of depicting certain phases of human life. The work of such people as Miss Vesta Tilley, for instance, Mr. Albert Chevalier, Walter C. Kelley, the Virginian Police Court Judge, is in its way as finely literary and as 'observed' as anything in the line that has ever been put forward by your leading novelists and dramatists. Indeed; I sometimes think that it is as a great human document that the modern music hall appeals most vigorously to the modern mind, with always in the background absolute efficiency."

Seeing a Japanese woman in a music hall walk with a fan from the stage up a rope which was fastened to the top of the gallery, and walk quickly down the rope again Miss Ashwell thought of the years and months and weeks of work that one single act implied! It was the last word in efficiency. "And that," I said to myself, "is what I am up against at the Palace Theatre—the perfection of the woman on a tight-rope against the apparent meaninglessness of an ordinary stage play." I don't mean, of course, that it is actually meaningless, only in a certain limited comparison. That is where the music hall differs so essentially from the ordinary theatre." And then Miss Ashwell said that an exquisitely definite and pointed music hall performance is "like a modern building with all the brickwork sharply pointed and outlined as compared with the rough-hewn work of a Norman castle. Does the public realize this? Can it sufficiently differentiate in its own mind between the lengthy, elaborate, multitudinous work of the theatre and the brief, clean-cut, swift music hall turn?"

A Dismal View of the Stage

An Anglo-American friend of the Referee (London) went back to the United States after an absence of eight years and was shocked by the change. He shuddered at "the terrible increase of the arrogance of wealth." Art and literature are crushed under the "Dollar Juggernaut," and consequently the stage is "a mere vulgar sensational amusement, or thing of unhealthy excitement." Cheer up! Even German and English productions and plays are deteriorating if this close observer is to be believed.

"Paris was always regarded by England and America—yes; and by Germany—as the Naughty Child of the drama. Wicked little plays and salacious farces seemed to come natural to her. Most of us took little more notice of its wickedness than we would of the saucliness of a child.

"But now this unclean state of things has arisen in Germany. What the French have always done in this line has been done in a neat, artistic, irresponsible manner. But the Germans do it in a heavy, brutal fashion. Take the case of 'La Belle Helene,' recently produced in Munich. The naked women are the main features outside the magnificent mise-en-scene. Certain of the episodes are beyond description in an English paper.

'Now I say that this salaciousness is permeating the stage all over the world. It is becoming very rampant in America. Gross sensationalism, large displays of naked women, are common in the theatres and halls there. All the managers, except a mere handful, seem to want to go as far as the authorities will permit.

"I am not a prude—you know that: but I am filled with wrath when I see the stage being degraded, as I saw it degraded, say, in New York by the Russian dancers from the Chatelet. This show was so unwholesome that even the New York police had to interfere and stop some of the episodes. But after the police drop out, those nasty bits are put back. And with what result? Why, audiences that crowd the streets fighting to get seats. Now London has for years and years been held up as a model to us all for its clean stage. But now. Ah! well—I like London and the Londoners, England and the Englanders, too well to want to complain of them. So all I will say to them is, 'Beware of the menace of the unclean.'

"In America the churches—especially the Roman Catholics—are complaining of the altered and depraved tone that is creeping into the American stage—a tone which now seems hopeless."

Feverish Plays Make Criminals

The American managers are for the most part made up of "two gigantic factions, each with its own newspaper, which bullies and blackguards, lampoons and libels, the other faction."

Yet there is a ray of hope. There is not the blackness of darkness forever. "Happily here and there in America—Boston and such places; even here and there in New York—there is still a public for refined and dainty plays." This Anglo-American believes that "sensational and exciting, unhealthy, feverish plays"—he names "The Boss" and "The Deep Purple"—help to make "some of the populace of New York, Chicago and so on so callous, so utterly regardless of human life."

"The tendency, especially in the states, is to build many of the theatres too large. You feel as if you were, say, in Hyde Park. We don't want every theatre as large as the New York Hippodrome. There they show you twice a day Niagara Falls, exactly like the real thing. No needto go to Niagara itself any more except to escape from New York."

A Burglar Playing to Prisoners

John D. Barry published in the Bulletin of San Francisco last month an interesting account of a performance of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" at San Quentin, with an audience of prisoners. The women prisoners, in spite of the uniformity of dress, managed to give the effect of variety. One wore a stunning hat with long feathers; another a prettily worked high collar. "Not the least impressive among them was a handsome negress of about 35, who had coquettishly arranged over her hair an embroidered veil, and who walked like a queen." Of the men, only eight were unwilling to see the show. A guard said to Mr. Barry: "One of them used to be an actor. I guess the sight of those fellows up on the stage would be too much for him." The scenery was sent over from the theatre, all but one set which had been painted for the prison theatricals by a young fellow sentenced to a long term for stealing a few tools.

The references in the play to jail life delighted the prisoners. Some of the sentences brought out an immediate response: "When it comes to geniuses in mechanics, most of them are in jail"; "I don't want any friends who are cops;" "let me get out of here where there are men who don't live on the mistakes of someone else"; "what is a man that commits crime for the love of it? An artist."

The actors played with apparent ease in spite of the out-of-door stage and the strange audience. "The company had been careful to use very little make-up in the strong light. Those who had to make up for the sake of characterization were at a disadvantage. But it was interesting to see how, under the condition of that performance—that is, under conditions alien to the artificiality of the theatre, the actors who were simple and truthful in their methods stood out for excellence."

"I wondered," says Mr. Barry, "if many of the prisoners in that audience took the safe-opening by the sense of touch in Jimmy Valentine's sand papered fingers altogether seriously. One prisoner remarked that the new inventions in safes made this method impossible. * * When the performance was over I heard a few people ask one another if it did the prisoners good. It surely gave them a happy day and happy and inspiring memories. Perhaps in some lives it would work a lasting influence. For it reached down to the springs of action, to the emotions."

At the close of the performance, the prisoners rose quietly and walked out. In groups they discussed the play. And Mr. Barry was convinced that the performance marked a step forward in the treatment of prisoners.

New Ballet "1830" in London

The London Times of Oct. 20 described the new ballet, "1830," at the Alhambra Theatre. "With the costumes of 1830 and Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop to dress and produce the ballet, we are sure, at least, of some charming [illegible] And in the new ballet, '1830,' [illegible] nothing else. The second scene is a little too brilliantly lighted for pleasure, though not for verisimilitude; all the rest is very pretty to look at and has an attractive flavor of its own. 1830 means, of course, tall shiny hats, velvet coats and flowered waistcoats for the men, and for the women the hair dressed high, and short full skirts and flowered stuffs, and long frilled white undergarments. 1830 in Paris means too, a studio with gay, if hungry, artists who pawn their clothes to buy wine and long loaves and a very long sausage. Then comes an art patron, who buys a picture, but also decoys away with pearls the grisette who had just promised to marry the poor artist. A year later we see them all again—the

[illegible] ... the ... people ... who sends [illegible] ... heart until ... turns ... love who would ... take ... with him again. In despair she ... things out, and ... selling flowers for her living ... meets in a ... garden ... once more; and since the ... the art patron ... something new to keep them ... the ... restaurant ... make three very ... scenes, and the ... wearers are ... As a ... , Frances ... is not quite so ... as the ... that ... of Sumurun, that is because the ... less interesting; but she makes the most of it and looks delightful. M. ... as the artist, M. Charles Raymond as the art patron and Miss ... Moore as the scarlet and purple serpent all do well, and the last scene contains a danse des gamins and a quadrille excentrique of peculiar merriment."

Failure of "The Great Name" in London

The Pall Mall Gazette of October 23 published this paragraph: "The failure of 'The Great Name' at the Prince of Wales's is one of the events of a not so-far very distinguished season, which we can only describe as discreditable to play-going London. It was by a long way the best play, and the most varied and admirable in its interests, in which Mr. Charles Hawtrey has appeared for a long while past; and it was acted with genuine distinction and real serious and comic power, particularly by Mr. Hawtrey, Mr. Playfair, and Mr. Hearn. But the public found that Mr Hawtrey's part was not the customary comic liar which they expect him to impersonate. They also found—or, rather, heard, for comparatively few of them troubled to discover anything about the piece at first hand—that one of its interests was musical. Accordingly they decided that they would have nothing to do with it. And now its run is ended. On Thursday evening the theatre reopens with a piece from the French called 'The Uninvited Guest.' Let us hope for Mr. Hawtrey's sake, and for that of the happiness of his admirers that he will on Thursday return to the limited role they enjoy and condemn him to remain in, and to the sort of play they can understand, in which there is no 'tosh' about music, and symphonies, and the artistic temperament."

A New Suffrage Play

Mrs. Alice Chapin and Miss Mabel Collins have dramatized the suffrage novel "Outlawed," and the play will be performed at the Court Theatre, London, Nov. 23. The leading female part is a dual one. The London Chronicle says: "'The Outlawed,' evidently, is mainly a play of action, and will thus differ from Mr. Jerome's suffrage piece, 'The Master of Mrs. Chilvers,' which was mainly a play of words. For not only are there the sensational quick changes for the Fregolian heroine, but we are also promised that Mrs. Despard's prison experience will be embodied in one vivid dramatic scene set in Holloway jail, this scene being a facsimile of the cell in which one of the authors, Mrs. Chapin, herself was incarcerated. Obviously, there can be no hero in 'Outlawed,' for it is the hero's business in life to rescue the heroine 'from out the ... ,' and the demigod who did ... in the suffrage show would spoil the ... play and perhaps get ... for his trouble, poor lad. ... would like to see a view of the prison ... in pale moonlight,' with a ... standing upon an egg ... ing the words of Gilbert's 'Troubadour':

> I ... not ...
> Or water drink, I vow,
> Till thou art free as I,
> And I as ... as thou.

... cannot be, for it would not do ... for the heroine to attract the attention of the gallant passerby with such ... lines as:

> ... were ... me!
> ... away!
> If I were only free
> I ... me far away!

It's not done in suffragette society."

Music Notes at Random

The London Times says of two vocal works by Granville Bantock: "Both are chromatic and difficult to sing, but the ...-voiced one, 'Lucifer in Starlight,' is really modern, while the elaborately laid-out 'Spirit of Night' (eight-voiced mixed choir) is only old-fashioned and very dull. It is old-fashioned because it relies almost entirely upon the one type of effect which English part-songs of the last century worked to death, the constant dwelling upon chromatic harmonies for their own sake; it is dull because it has scarcely any pretensions to sustained melody or rhythm, and so it falls to pieces into a number of small fragments which attempt to illustrate the words point by point. If there is one thing more than another which is characteristic of modern music at its best, it is that it co-ordinates its various means of rhythm, melody, and harmony under one emotional and intellectual stimulus. We should have done away with harmonic color for its own sake, in which Spohr, for example, so frequently indulged, just as our forefathers did away with counterpoint for its own sake. 'Lucifer in Starlight,' on the other hand, is a fine example of this co-ordination. Its power is sustained because it develops to an inevitable climax. It is not, like the earlier work, a mere series of desultory impressions, but it includes a number of impressions under a larger scheme."

The Wagnerian performances at Bayreuth in 1912 will last from July 22 till Aug. 20. There will be two performances of the "Ring," five of the "Meistersinger" and seven of "Parsifal." The entrance tickets will cost 25 marks instead of 20. Only course tickets at 100 marks will be sold for the "Ring." The sale of tickets will begin on March 1.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

TUESDAY.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—First concert of the Kneisel Quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Schevenski and Willeke). Beethoven, quartet in F minor, op. 95; Debussy, two movements from quartet in G minor; Schubert, quartet in A minor, op. 29.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M.—First concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer conductor (41st season). Soedermann, Peasants' Wedding March, folk song, "Ring and Rose"; Chadwick, Pack, Clouds away; Hiller, World thou art fair; Cadman, Four Indian Songs; Foote, I love my love; Sullivan, Ho! Jolly Jerkin (from "Ivanhoe"); Saar, Autumn; Huhn, Invictus. Mme. Nina Dimitrieff, soprano, will sing an air from Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame" and songs by Hadley, Chaminade and La Forge, also with the club in Bixler's part song. Messrs. Derghausen and Morawski will sing incidental solos.

WEDNESDAY.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Song recital by Ramon Blanchart, baritone of the Boston Opera House and Regisseur of the Opera School of the New England Conservatory of Music; F. S. Mason, accompanist. In Italian, Leoncavallo, prologue to "Pagliacci"; Tosti, Aprile; Rotoli, Fior che langue. In French: Tosti, Ninon; Massenet, Elegie; Hue, J'ai pleure en reve. In English: Tosti, Good bye; Chadwick, O let night speak of me. In Spanish: Alvares, Mi Patria; Aguirre, Los ojos verdes (dedicated to Mr. Blanchart).

Steinert Hall, 8:15 o'clock—Pianola recital. Olive Whitely Hilton, violinist, and Arthur Hackett, tenor, will be the soloists.

THURSDAY.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Leo Ornstein, his first appearance in Boston. C. Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Schubert, Sonata, A minor; Chopin, nocturne, F major, Impromptu, A flat, Etudes E minor, F major and G flat; Ornstein, Paris street scene at night, nocturne and In the Style of Scarlatti. Debussy, Hommage a Rameau, Jardin sous la pluie; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No 13, Liebestraume, Au bord d'une source and Mephisto waltz.

Steinert Hall, 8:15—Song recital by Mrs. Gertrude Walker-Crowley, soprano; Miss Jessie Davis, accompanist. Grieg, A Swan, Sunshine Song, A Dream; Rubinstein, Es blinckt der Thau; Liszt, Die Lorelei; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; Giordani, Caro mio ben; Puccini, Vissi d'arte from "Tosca"; Hillemacher, Separation; Gounod, Chanson du Faire; Chaminade, Portrait; Lang, Day is gone; Haydn, My Mother bids me Bind my Hair; Spalding, Tipperary in the Spring; Clough-Leiter, A little Maiden loves a Boy; Cadman, A Dawning; Lehmann, Beautiful Land of Nod; Woodman, A Birthday.

FRIDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Concert by the Philharmonic Society of New York. Josef Stransky conductor. Mme. Gadski, soprano. See special notice.

Farrar and Clement Appear in Concert That Marks Musical Milestone.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Geraldine Farrar and Edmond Clement, assisted by Frank La Forge, accompanist, and 50 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Gustave Strube, conductor, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, which was crowded to overflowing.

This concert was the last but one of a series by these distinguished artists under the personal direction of Mr. Ellis. The tour, which was an extended and a successful one, was conducted with the fine musical taste and the dignity that characterize Mr. Ellis's undertakings. A prima donna concert is often a joy to the curious and the abomination of desolation to the lovers of art. The chief singer is heard in two or three operatic arias—the more floral, the greater the enthusiasm of the public—and if she be in good humor she adds familiar songs of a sentimental or coquettish nature. There may be one or two other singers, or a pianist, or a violinist. The program is then a hodgepodge.

The program yesterday reflected credit on the singers and the director, who made no direct and easy bid for tumultuous applause. This program which is given below, was far from being "popular"; yet how thoroughly it was enjoyed by the great audience, which quickly appreciated the beauty of the songs and duets and the sincerity and art of the singers—who after each group were recalled again and again. It is seldom that a concert of this rank is given in Boston by opera singers; it is seldom that two singers distinguished on two continents as operatic artists show such mastery over the far different art of interpreting songs of an intimate nature. Nor is it too much to say that the concert of yesterday was one of the leading features of local musical history in the last dozen years.

Miss Farrar has made marked progress as an interpreter of lieder. She now gives to each song its character, as though she were the mouthpiece of poet and composer. The critical vocabulary when music is the subject of discussion is so scanty that words have been borrowed from the sister arts. One of these words is "atmosphere." Miss Farrar gave to each song its own atmosphere, and was not satisfied with the mere expression of this sentiment or that emotion. She effected this by tonal color, by happy choice of tempo, by the controlling mind that gave due proportion, maintained a mood, or prepared and achieved a climax. More than this, she has learned the secret that is not to be explained even by those who have caught it; the art of painting in one prevailing tone that fits the subject and does not exclude relieving episodes and embellishing nuances. She has never sung here with surer mastery of voice and emotions.

The voice now has the rich quality of the true mezzo-soprano. The extreme upper tones are not so beautiful, but they have a firmer quality than when she last sang here in concert. The singer is more absorbed in her song. It is as though she were unconscious of effort and self; as though the song were disembodied in its purity. There is no longer the first thought of an applauded soprano in the act of singing, a fair apparition, but a singer who favors the audience with music by Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss. The hearer's first thought now is of the song itself in its perfection. There is no higher tribute than this.

And what a pleasure it was to hear airs that have been neglected or ignored by the majority of concert singers! For once Beethoven seemed worthy of a high place among song writers. Who realized before the beauty of "Absence," by Hector Berlioz, or the charm of Schumann's "Intermezzo"? And to many Liszt's "Jugendglueck" was a revelation.

The consummate art of Mr. Clement was recognized last season, even in recital, when his program was made up chiefly of graceful trifles, for there is nothing he touches that he does not adorn. His selection yesterday was of a higher order. The names of Gabriel Faure, Henri Duparc and Claude Debussy are high on the list of composers of songs from the time of Handel, the great melodist. And in these compositions that tax understanding and test the musico-poetical nature, Mr. Clement triumphed gloriously as in the familiar song of Massenet or in the Chanson of the fifteenth century.

The technical proficiency of Mr. Clement is beyond all praise. He plays with his voice as a virtuoso on the violin. This proficiency is vitalized by sincerity and warmed by emotion. Here is a most accomplished actor in opera, who does not in the concert hall o'erstep the boundary. When he is dramatic the effect is gained by purely vocal means and by magnetism and authority quietly exerted. His sentiment is not mawkish, but manly. He is a singer of infinite variety. There is no one who can deliver a phrase with more elegance; and elegance is now as rare in song as in manners; elegance that is neither coolly formal nor provokingly finical. Mr. Clement is a master of style.

The duets were delightfully sung, as was the scene from Massenet's "Manon" in response to the applause. Mr. La Forge's accompaniments were admirable, wholly worthy of the singers. The orchestra also contributed to the success.

The program was as follows, and there were many encores:

Overture, "Magic Flute" .... Mozart
Cavatine, "Romeo et Juliette" .... Gounod
Mr. Clement.

Songs—
"Non so piu" .... Mozart
An die Geliebte .... Beethoven
Absence .... Berlioz
Intermezzo .... Schumann
Ihre Stimme .... Schumann
Jugendglueck .... Liszt
Miss Farrar.

Duets—
"Du repos voici l'heure," from "Philemon et Baucis" .... Gounod
Sous la Fenetre .... Schumann
Nous allons partir ("Dante") .... Godard
Miss Farrar and Mr. Clement.

Overture, "Der Freischuetz" .... Weber
Orchestra.

Songs—
Aquarelle .... Debussy
Romance .... Debussy
Ouvre tes yeux bleus .... Massenet
Mr. Clement.

Elisabeth's Prayer ("Tannhaeuser") .... Wagner
Miss Farrar.

Songs—
Le Secret .... Gabriel Faure
Chanson Triste .... Duparc
To a Violet .... La Forge
Chanson Lorraine (XV. Century).
Mr. Clement.

Songs—
Fruehlingssegen .... Brueckler
Wenn du, mein Liebster .... Wolff
Zueignung .... Strauss
Sylvelin .... Sinding
Ein Traum .... Grieg
Miss Farrar.

Fete Boheme .... Massenet

Nov 6 1912

Lord Rosebery's remark in a speech at Glasgow that the Mitchell Library, possessing 400,000 volumes, filled him with "a hideous depression at this enormous mass, this cemetery of dead books," has naturally excited comment. Mr. Gosse wrote a letter to the Times, which still serves as a wastepipe for restless intellect. He asked: "Why should a printed book be considered a sacrosanct object? Why should it not enjoy its hour or its day of usefulness and then disappear? There must be more than 300,000 volumes in the Mitchell Library which add nothing and can never to the end of time add anything to human interest, pleasure or instruction. Surely we worship a fetish of the silliest superstition when we persist in preserving them all." Mr. Gosse regretted that the burning of the library at Alexandria by Omar has been proved to be legendary. The precedent is needed.

Libraries for All.

This was not the first time that Lord Rosebery freed his mind about public libraries. When he spoke in 1890 at the opening of the Battersea Library, he referred to his inspection of the Althorp collection and said: "There was everything that was most valuable and sumptuous in the book world; but I could not help thinking there was one thing wanting to give it real value as a working collection—something which would have been unalterably odious to the lover of these rare books, but which in these days is the real stamp, the only stamp of celebrity for literature—the thumb mark of the artisan."

Perhaps Lord Rosebery remembered Lamb's description of novels which showed on their margins and by their broken backs the interest and joy of working women, forgetting at night in the adventures of some noble lord and a persecuted heroine the drudgery and poverty of the day. Perhaps he remembered the phrase "books that are not books."

But do not he and Mr. Gosse forget that a public library is not merely for the collector and the specialist, not for the gratification of individual taste, which is often whimsical? When Mr. Chamberlain was congratulated on leasing Lord Acton's house with its library, he replied: "A library? Why there isn't a book of reference in it!" The public library of great size should contain the curious French pamphlet published years ago on the spontaneous combustion of certain tosspots—of which Dickens apparently was ignorant when he wrote the preface to "Bleak House" and brought forward evidence in the case of Mr. Krook—as well as the fantastical works of the Duchess of Newcastle, which appealed strongly and strangely to Charles Lamb; books on dancing as well as the treatise on original sin by Hadrian Beverland.

Judicious Weeding.

There was a physician in Albany, N. Y., Dr. Jacob Mosher, now dead, whose medical library was envied by his colleagues throughout the state, although there were larger private collections. He was an accomplished weeder. Whenever a treatise was published he examined it carefully and if it were authoritative and complete he discarded all treatises on the same subject that were already on a shelf. This was heroic surgery. Few specialists or collectors would have the heart to do likewise. The latest biography may not replace the earlier ones, though statements in the former life may be erroneous, idle gossip, scandalous, gross slanders. The errors that now seem childish, the hypotheses that now seem laughable, are often excellent reading. Some would prefer an early edition of Boswell's Johnson to the over-annotated edition of Birbeck Hill, not because the early edition is rare or costly, but because it is pleasanter in the hand, and there is more of Johnson than of Hill, yet the great majority would like both editions.

Then there are many who are constitutionally unable to throw away a book. Jones treasures his old copy of Montaigne, although it is foolishly expurgated, because his father used to read it. Brown would not exchange his college books for a complete set of the Tudor translations, and yet he cannot now read a line of Greek and is perplexed when his joy and pride, the young Augustus, asks him to translate a page of Julius Caesar's celebrated commentaries. Robinson still clings to his copy of "Women of the Bible," for in his childhood the portrait of the Witch of Endor fascinated him and filled him with dread.

The Open Window.

Any one can look over the library of another and advise the disposal of at least one-half the books; but he cannot endure the thought of selling, giving away, or throwing away the shabbiest, most useless volume in his own collection. As a boy, he saved his money for the thick copy of the Arabian Nights with pictures stolen by the publisher

om a French edition of Galland's anslation. He owns Burton's "Thou- nd Nights and a Night," but even e "anthropological" footnotes do not ve him the pleasure he felt when in s youth he read the bald and clumsy ersion. Few have time to read their oks, but they are on the shelves, they n be seen when the owner sits with s pipe and promises himself an hour ext Sunday," and there are lovers books who pat the backs, sumptuous flimsy, before they go to bed.

The only way to thin a library is to blindfolded to the sheives and pitch oks at random out of a window ened wide. If you finally rid yourself an insignificant pamphlet which has ng been covered with dust, you will rely need it for reference or quotation e next day. Another way of thinning library is to lend books to those who sure you that they are "careful of em," that "they never forget to re- rn a book." Broken sets in many ivate libraries are evidence in support this statement.

SDAY, NOVEMBER 7,

IR. KLEIN'S NEW PLAY IS GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First per- ormance on any stage of "The Out- iders," a comedy in three acts by harles Klein.

oyston Blakely.....Orme Caldara ames Blakely.....De Witt C. Jennings Talbot Berriman.....Charles Stevenson ohn Dawson.....Frank Campau aylor, a Bell Boy.....Geoffrey C. Stein ush.....George Backus r. Brent.....Charles Burbridge ell, a Reporter.....William Postance ayton.....Fred Strong otel Clerk.....George Wright, Jr. ockwood.....Edward J. Norris hyllis Berriman.....Jane Cowl attie Dawson.....Sarah Truax rs. C. Talbot Berriman.....Amelia Mayborn rs. James Blakely.....Florence Huntingdon

Mr. Klein calls his latest play a com- dy. It is a comedy for one act, a com- dy of manners, most of them bad, but he second and third acts are melodra- atic. The first act is entertaining. The lakelys from the West would fain limb the social ladder in New York, ut in spite of their wealth they remain ank outsiders. The father wishes to oin a club. The mother wishes to be ecognized. The son is bethrothed to a oung girl, but her old schoolmate, hyllis Berriman writes a bitter letter her making fun of the parents and escribing their son, James, as a hard- rinking, lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. his letter comes to the knowledge of he elder Blakelys, who see their op- ortunity for revenge. A suit for ander is to be brought. The families ome together—for all sorts of extraor- nary things happen in New York ociety—and there are harsh words. hyllis, to whom young Blakely had ade love after his betrothal, is especi- ly vindictive, but Blakely returns the riginal letter to her and thus rings own the curtain.

The second and third acts are con- rned with the attempts of young akely, who has left home to live in a shionable apartment house, to shield d Berriman from the anger of one awson, a wild-eyed westerner, who spects his wife of infidelity but can- t identify the man. The action in ese acts is clumsily managed, and the terest flags. Were it not for the ex- llent acting, these acts would be as ll as they are preposterous. Berriman s a stroke of some kind while in Mrs. awson's room. She rushes across the rridor for help and young Blakely kes in the sick man as a guest. Hence sunderstandings and confusion until awson is disposed of for the purpose of e play. Berriman confesses to his wife d daughter, and Phyllis gives her nd to young Blakely, who has suf- red and endured much for her sake.

Mr. Klein had abundant material r an amusing comedy. Neither the trigue nor the treatment of it in the st act is novel, but there is action, ere is a praiseworthy attempt at aracterization and Phyllis has de- ded individuality. The outsiders are d friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Berri- an as representatives of the best ciety recall the elder Disraeli's re- rk about his hopeful son: "So Ben s written a novel about a duke. ay, the boy has never seen one."

n the second act we are in full melo- ma. Mrs. Dawson, and her husband sty for revenge; the highly respecta- old gentleman who has been en- red by Mrs. Dawson and is prepared pay the price for his indiscretion; the boy, ready to protect any one for a vy tip; the constant ringing of the r bell and the constant use of the phone—these are characters and in- nts used for melodramatic purposes. these acts Mr. Klein loses his sense proportion and throws probability to winds. For instance, here is a man posed to be sick unto death. His and daughter summoned to his side, visit him for a moment and sit down in the next room to chat- about young Blakely's character and the possibility of his renewing his engagement. It is impossible for an audience to take these acts seriously; nor is it convinced that it should laugh; no wonder that it is perplexed and does not know what the author expects, laughter or thrills.

The original intrigue has disappeared. The outsiders with their endeavors have disappeared. The chief characters on the stage are the insiders.

This play is not to be ranked with Mr. Klein's best works for the stage. It is loosely constructed and highly improbable in the management of incident. After the first act the characters are for the most part puppets that we all have seen many times before. There are two effective "curtains" which are not well prepared. There are amusing lines which are written for the purpose of exciting laughter and not for aiding the hearer in the understanding of character.

The comedy was capitally acted throughout. Miss Cowl gave life to Phyllis and represented her as an impulsive, thoughtless, rather uppish young woman who, through hard lessons, becomes eminently lovable and ready to play the heroine in defence of the man whom she at first hated with a hatred that was unconsciously akin to love. She represented her as piquant even when she was disagreeable; now childish and unreasonable, now womanly and shrewdly sane. She gave bewitching complexity to an inherently simple person. Miss Truax gave marked character to Mrs. Dawson.

The other women in the comedy were sharply delineated. Mr. Caldara, Mr. Jennings and Mr. Stevenson were excellent in their respective parts. Mr. ~~Caldara~~ played the rich westerner in a breezy manner, bringing out his good natured vulgarity without extravagance. ~~Mr. Blakely~~ struck the right note of simplicity and frankness. Mr. Stevenson played the part of Berriman with marked distinction. All were good, nor should the bell boy and the reporter be forgotten.

The theatre was crowded, the enjoyment was evident; and Mr. Klein returned thanks after the second act.

Jennings

Caldara as Royston

There must be some measure of truth in the old proverb about variety and the enjoyment of life if one is to judge from the audiences over at Keith's. They are invariably large and fervent. And if there is any sense at all in the adage they should be as they are. Here the most diversified tastes are satiated, the most antagonistic needs satisfied. The merits of the various weekly bills fluctuate, but the engine room is eternally an attractive novelty. Then, too, the prodigious accomplishments of the snare drum attendant in the orchestra pit are visibly entertaining. But even these favorite and stable attractions were made secondary to the new bill which opened last evening. Never was the conception of variety made more apparent. That being the purpose of vaudeville, the show succeeded, since each act was individually excellent in terms suitable to its own kind.

Inebriety seems to be a better theme for pantomimic burlesque than for pathetic high seriousness, and Billie Reeves is a sufficient warrant for the contention. "A Night in an English Music Hall" served to introduce Mr. Reeves in the "Follies of 1909-1910." It was a boisterous introduction, and, in consequence, he found it difficult to dispense equal amusement in any other characterization. There is no questioning the fact that he furnishes profuse material for almost hysterical laughter. The unconscious zeal with which the drunken swell participates in the performance at the Music Hall is well calculated to keep the audience in an uproar. His acrobatic instability is a marvel of adroitness. Mr. Doyle as the misbehaved boy in the lower proscenium box contributed to the ungovernable mirth of the audience.

Those who believe that the secret of persuasive characterization consists in intense repression need only see Miss Charlotte Parry to be disturbed in their conviction. Miss Parry is a protean artist and interprets five or more characters in a fantastic sketch called "Into the Light." It has to do with a criminal trial, and Miss Parry presents, in turn, the characters of the witnesses and the defendant. The court scene is not visible, but is suggested by the dialogue of the unseen personages of the judge and court officers. The entire stage is in darkness, except so much of it as might be used to represent the witness stand. A spot light, cleverly worked from a trap in the floor, illumines the features of the actress. As a result, the facial suggestiveness in which Miss Parry excels is easily detected. Her changes are very rapid, although her conceptions are required to be antithetical. Each witness is cross-examined, and the defendant finally is made to tell her own version of the murder. She is an Italian woman, and with native intensity recites the incidents of the case. The invisible foreman of the jury returns the verdict. Almost immediately the stage is lighted up. It is the bedroom of the woman. She is seen abed, in the throes of an awful mental torture. Presently she awakes—it had been but a dream. The novelty of the sketch is appealing and the conception of the Italian by Miss Parry unquestionably convincing. Her methods are very exhaustive; repression is discarded. But there is truth in the presentation and a betrayal of uncommon technique.

The remainder of the program was satisfactory. Clemenso brothers are droll, but their playing is harmonious. Smythe and Hartman have an interesting specialty number, including songs and stunts. "Oh, Doctor!" is a pleasant little farce with a few objectionable lines. Jarrow is marvelously dextrous with his lemon trick, while the Big City quartet are equally dextrous with their voices. The seven Picchianni brothers are incomparably daring in their tumbling.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "Snobs," a satirical farce in three acts by George Bronson-Howard. Principal characters:

"Buck" Reade.....Regan Hughston
Henry Disney.....Frank McIntyre
Nondas Parkyn.....Myrtle Tannehill
Phipps Maynadier.....Orlando Daly
Mrs. Pendleton Beauregard.....
Katherine Stewart
Laura Lanvale.....Eva MacDonald
Bradley Fairfax.....John Cumberland
Milly.....Marie Fitzgerald

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Last Word," a comedy in four acts, from the German of Franz von Schoenthan, by Augustin Daly.

The Secretary.....Walter Walker
Harry Rutherell.....John Craig
Prof. Richard Rutherell....George Hassell
Mr. Alexander Airey.....Morgan Wallace
Boris Bagoleff.....Leslie Palmer
Moses Mossop.....Robert M. Middlemass
Baron Stuyve.....Albert Hickey
Jordan.....Al Roberts
Robert.....A. B. Clark
Winny Rutherell..Miss Mabel Montgomery
Faith Rutherell....Miss Maude Richmond
Baroness Vera Boraneff..Miss Mary Young

GLOBE THEATRE—Return of Bonita in a new musical comedy, "The Real Girl," book by Arthur Denvir, lyrics and music by Snyder and Berlin, interpolated numbers by Bert Kalmar.

Bonita.....Phoebe Fisher and Follette
Col. Lemuel Tucker.....Lew Hearn
Hank Boggs }
Izzy Brown }.....Sam Goldman
Oliver Blake.....Carl Goe
Col. Roosevelt.....Percy Walling
Nat Goodwin.....Fred R. Runnells
Ben Scaffer.....Train Announcer

Grand opera troupe
Dante's Inferno
in moving pictures
Nov 8 1911

KNEISEL FOUR

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecenski and Willeke) gave the first concert of its 27th season last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet in F minor, op. 95; Debussy, two movements from the quartet in G minor; Schubert, quartet in A minor, op. 29.

It was a pleasure to hear the Kneisels play in this ideal hall for chamber music. For the full enjoyment of this music, there must be an intimacy between players and audience, and this intimacy is impossible in a large auditorium in which the stage seems remote and the musical fluid, to use the phrase of Berlioz, quickly evaporates.

An election night is not favorable to the discussion of the romanticism of Beethoven, the exquisite impressionism of Debussy, the peculiar and pleasing melancholy and naive joy of Schubert. The hall was filled, the enjoyment was keen, but there is little space this morning for appreciation in type.

The Kneisels played with the taste and understanding that long ago put this quartet among the leading chamber clubs of the world. They played with even a greater freedom and elasticity than has been their wont. Their interpretation of music by Beethoven has long been distinguished for its solidity, its comprehension of the structure, its nobility in phrasing, its expression of the strange whims and humors that disconcerted his contemporaries. Last night the performance of the quartet in F minor was characterized by all these qualities, and there was inimitable warmth as well as spirit.

It might well be wished that Debussy's quartet were always given as a whole. The choice of two movements seems invidious, as though the D minor quartet of Schubert were to be known in future only by its theme and variations. This quartet of Debussy is remarkable in many ways. What a scandal it created when it was first performed in Paris and Brussels! Today this scandal seems incredible; the reproach then brought against it that it was lacking in form now seems absurd, for Debussy is a formalist in his own way. Even those who once raised eyebrows and dismissed the composition as eccentric, now admit its subtle, haunting beauty, a form of beauty in music that had previously been unknown and unimagined, except perhaps in the dreams of a poet.

It must be confessed that after these two movements as played by the Kneisels much of Schubert's quartet seemed house music, now sad now cheerful, not necessarily commonplace, but

For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,

The second concert of the series will be on Tuesday evening, Dec. 5.

DANCES IN COSTUME

Mme. Theresa Cerutti Gives Pleasing and Varied Program.

An enjoyable entertainment was given last evening at Copley Hall under the auspices of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mme. Theresa Cerutti, formerly of the Theatre National de l'Opera Comique in Paris and of La Scala in Milan, illustrated ancient Greek and Egyptian costumes of the period. Music by Paul Vidal of the Paris Opera, specially written for these lun lun lun ally written for these dances, was played by an orchestra under the direction of William F. Dodge of the Boston Opera House. Dr. George A. Reisner, curator of the Egyptian Department of the Museum of Fine Arts, spoke on the origin and meaning of Egyptian dances. His talk was illustrated by steroscope views.

The dances performed by Mme. Cerutti are based on the archeological reconstructions of Albert Gazet. The dancer, a tall woman, with a lithe and supple form, and an expressive face, writhed and twisted in marvellously vivid reproduction of the contortions and rigid posturings of the figures engaged in religious dancing represented on Egyptian monuments. Mme. Cerutti's poses were interesting: her body, evidently under perfect control, responded excellently to her endeavor to show the rigidity of movement customary in the dances of ancient Egypt, and her face, in turn sad, malevolent, sinister, joyous, was an expressive mirror of rapidly succeeding emotions.

The first part of the program was devoted to six variously designated dances symbolic of the funeral rites and identification of Hathor-Isis. Of these, the most effective was the Dance of the Mirror of Hathor, when, wrapped in the customary one-piece garment, this time, however, composed of richly blended colors and elaborate embroideries, with the two-horned disc of the goddess resting on her masses of dark hair, Mme. Cerutti, then a vision of exotic and mysterious beauty, mimed the goddess beholding her image in the blood of sacrifice. Of the four succeeding dances, which completed the identification of Hathor-Isis, the dance of the Kemates and that of the Palms were most charming.

After Dr. Reisner's interesting address the program was concluded by four Greco-Byzantine dances.

There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

Mme. Dimitrieff, Soloist, at Apollo Club's Opening Concert.

Mme. Nina Dimitrieff, the Russian soprano, was the soloist at the Apollo Club concert given at Jordan Hall last night. This concert marked the opening of the club's forty-first season, and the considerable size of the audience, no less than the enthusiastic applause, testified to the enjoyment which these concerts afford the music lovers of Boston.

Mme. Dimitrieff sang an aria from Tschaikowsky's opera, "Pique Dame," which is still a stranger here as a whole; Frank La Forge's pretty song, "To a Messenger," which Mr. Clement sang last week at Symphony Hall; Hadley's, "Tho Roses are Falling Like Rain," and Chaminade's "Berceuse." The delightful Russian also sang the solo part in the Hiller song, "O, World, Thou Art Wondrous Fair."

Two of the talented club members, Ivan Morawski and A. F. Denghausen, had solo parts in two of the numbers on the program, the former in the popular "Friar Tuck's Song," from Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe," and the latter in one of Charles W. Cadman's Indian songs, "The White Dawn Is stealing." There were four of these Indian songs altogether, and they constituted one of the most pleasing features of an attractive program.

Emil Mollenhauer conducted in his usual masterly style. The club also had the assistance of Carl Lamson, pianist, and Grant Drake, organist.

Many people give many theories of literary composition, and Dr. Blair, whom we will read, is sometimes said to have exhausted the subject; but, unless he has proved the contrary, we believe that the knack in style is to write like a human being. Some think they must be wise, some elaborate, some concise; Tacitus wrote like a pair of stays; some startle, as Thomas Carlyle, or a comet, inscribing with his tail. But legibility is given to those who neglect these notions and are willing to be themselves, to write their own thoughts in their own words, in the simplest words, in the words wherein they were thought.

...e world

...appearing in spotless

Worse Than Little Buttercup.

In Mr. Charles Klein's new comedy now playing in Boston the rich westerner who comes to New York is named James Blakely. His son is named Royston. Reviewing the first performance of this comedy for The Herald, I thoughtfully gave to the father the Christian name of Royston and to his son the name James. "How could you make such a mistake?" any accurate person who never committed an error in his life might well ask. "There was the program before you, and you must have heard the son called Roy throughout the piece." I do not cavil. Bring on the sackcloth and dust and ashes! Perhaps it was a sad case of heterophony. More likely it was from carelessness.

The praise that was awarded yesterday to Mr Caldara for his performance of the elder Blakely should be transferred to Mr Jennings. Mr. Caldara played the part of young Blakely admirably in every way, with most effective reserve and reticence, where others would have been too spirited, too much in evidence, extravagant.

The Cancan Again.

The Herald has received this note from ex-Gov. Ladd of Rhode Island:

"Providence, R. I., Nov. 3, 1911.

"As the World Wags:

"I am reminded of a dancer, when I was a young man, who used to sing as she danced, 'Up among the little stars, sailing round the moon.' This was at a theatre next to a famous restaurant reached by a narrow lane from Washington street adjoining the Jordan Marsh Co.'s store of that time.

"At the World's Fair in Chicago, in the Streets of Cairo, the Egyptian dancer performed a cancan, and a letter received recently from Central Africa describes a war dance, virtually a cancan, which the writer had just witnessed. Egyptian history of nearly 4000 years ago mentions a similar dance. HERBERT W. LADD."

Was not the song to which our correspondent refers "Up in a Balloon"? The danse du ventre and the couchee-couchee dance, which delighted many orthodox citizens at the Columbian exposition in Chicago, were not the cancan. The former is an oriental dance; the latter is more like the chahut, which Clodoche stigmatized as a dirty dance, and Clodoche was not a prude. It was about 1830 that a stage dancer named Mazarie played the part of a monkey at the Porte St. Martin and invented a figure dance the cahut, "which surpassed in its extravagance the wildest movements of the Hottentots." The government forbade it, but it was introduced into the public balls. Its resemblance to certain African negro dances was at once remarked. Auguste Barbier gave a description of the cahut—"Quelle danse et quel nom!"—written in the spirit of Juvenal's sixth satire. The curious will find the bitter lines in the poem "Terpsichore" ("Iambes" page 79).

Dancing was a necessary part of every religious ceremony among the Egyptians, and, in fact, of every worldly event. Osiris, it is said, much enjoyed songs and dances. Was the cahut known to them? At feasts in honor of the dead, women performed "a contorted and convulsive" dance with strained twistings. Each mourner danced in turn. The professional dancing women called by a word that means wise or learned, wore long transparent gowns.

The Herald has received an interesting letter from "Dock Square." The writer thinks the cancan was first danced in Boston in the fall of 1868 by a ballet troupe from Paris, at the Theatre Comique, situated on Central court.

His letter is an interesting one, but as it is too long for this column, it will be published in full on the "dramatic page" of next Sunday's Herald.

Tenors and Capons.

The steamship Vasari, arriving in New York from the Argentine, brought tapirs, Patagonian hares, jaguars, herons, beavers, vultures, flamingos, an armadillo and other interesting creatures, among them a spotted Bolivian chigweri, which is something between a goat and a wild pig, and has "the habit of climbing tall trees at midnight and uttering plaintive cries," and also a live tenor, the distinguished Florencio Constantino.

It is said that Mr. Constantino on the voyage ate daily a capon, for a physician had prescribed this for the benefit of his voice, ate in all 26 capons. Writers on the hygiene of the singer have not recommended the capon, nor do the ancients say much about it. Simeon Seth spoke of chickens as easily digested; "they form blood of moderate consistence, neither very thin or too thick; they are excellent food for persons who do not take strong exercise." We know that the Romans were found of capons, but they were also fond of peacock from the time that Q. Hortensius served one on his table. For certain tenors to eat peacock would be rank cannibalism.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Constantino will sing at the Boston Opera House this season. There are few tenors that maintain so high a standard of excellence week in and week out in operas of every class as this amiable Spaniard.

The Singer's Diet.

Much advice has been given to singers concerning their diet from the time of Arnibal Gantez, who wrote in 1643 that apples and nuts injure the voice. "Almonds, filberts and walnuts dry the throat," said another deep thinker. Tosi gave no specific rules, but generalized: "Let the singer shun low and disreputable company, but above all such as abandon themselves to scandalous liberties." Dr. Segond urges dark meat in preference to white. Rokitansky of the Vienna Opera House was sure that beer and wine is safer for a singer to drink before going on the stage than "nerve shattering coffee or tea"; but drinking should not be a habit. Mario and Santley smoked like chimneys, and Mr. Constantino imports strong cigars for his pleasure. Mme. Cinti-Damoreau drank coffee fortified with rum, but in the last act she preferred pale ale. Malibran liked sardines dipped in madeira, also half-and-half. Mme. Dorus-Gras lived chiefly on mutton and beans. Marie Laguerre of the Paris Opera was imprisoned for her excesses. Released, she contented herself with only 13 glasses of champagne at dinner.

English walnuts have long had a bad name. Prudent parents that we once knew frowned on these walnuts, butternuts and Brazil nuts and acquainted their little sons with the shocking case of a strong man who ate immoderately of walnuts. When he was cut open the nuts were found undigested, but salt was sprinkled on them with beneficial results. Years ago Siphnian Diphilus said of walnuts that they occasion headaches and "swim on the stomach." Our old friends Simeon Seth and Averrhoes also disapproved them and Rhases insisted that they harmed both liver and stomach. Only a few days ago the Lancet warned its readers against walnuts with their solid fat and tannin and hinted darkly at consequent indigestion or appendicitis.

Nov 9 1911

R. BLANCHART GIVES RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Ramon Blanchart, baritone of the Boston Opera House [illegible] the New England Conservatory [illegible] recital [illegible] Jordan Hall. F. Stuart Mason [illegible] faculty was the [illegible]. The program was as follows: [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] for his [illegible]

[illegible] not to [illegible] recital [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] group of French songs [illegible] no doubt [illegible] As [illegible] that was [illegible] son made the Tosti [illegible] the finely expressive song [illegible] so great that the [illegible] to [illegible] "Nemo" [illegible] were sung with [illegible] heard more [illegible] than "Nea Patria." Mr. Blanchart was heartily applauded [illegible] the concert and after [illegible] in response.

Nov 10 1911

LEO ORNSTEIN'S PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Leo Ornstein, a young pianist of New York, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Cesar Franck, prelude, choral and fugue; Schubert, sonata in A minor, op. 53; Chopin, nocturne in E major, impromptu in A flat, etudes in E minor, F major, G flat; Ornstein, "Paris Street Scene at Night", nocturne, "In the Style of Scarlatti"; Debussy, "Hommage a Rameau," "Jardins sous la pluie"; Liszt, Hungarian rhapsody, No. 13, "Au bord d'une Source," "Mephisto Valse."

Mr. Ornstein is undoubtedly a young man of marked talent, of so much talent that he should not now be allowed to play in public. While he has reached a certain stage of technical proficiency, his technic, or mechanism, is by no means well rounded.

At present his interpretation is yeasty. He has the exuberance of youth, the delight in speed and din, the passion that must rage and spume. That which is dignified and noble and that which is serene, beautiful and poetic no doubt appeal to him, but he must needs express violently the emotions awakened in him by the music. Yesterday in the pieces by Franck, Schubert and Chopin there were few moments of repose. There was little sense of proportion, there was too often tonal excess and recklessness.

His conception of Franck's prelude, choral and fugue, one of the noblest compositions in the literature of the piano, was distorted, erroneous, futile. He apparently looked upon the composition as a virtuoso piece and had little appreciation of the dignity, the sublimity, the ineffable beauty of its contents. His performance was rhythmically unsteady, dynamically explosive. There was a lack of breadth, solidity, poise. And in the first of the two movements of Schubert's sonata—the Moderato Movement and the Rondo—he wholly missed the grace, tenderness and intimate spirit of the music.

These faults are naturally associated with youth, for the young wish to dazzle and stun. Franck and Chopin are not composers for such as these.

Mr. Ornstein has probably the making of a good pianist in him, but for some years he should practice diligently and with special reference to rhythm and the acquisition of tone in all its gradations. He should hear, as a pupil, the best pianists that visit us and learn from them; not to ape them, but to find out in what they excel and in what they fail or are inferior to others. If he should go on in his present course, he will probably be known as a formidable pianist; he will not be an interpreter and his own message will be one of trifling worth.

There was an audience of good size that applauded vigorously.

MRS. CROWLEY'S RECITAL

Lack of Variety and Effect of Conning a Lesson Prevent Interest.

Gertrude Walker-Crowley, soprano, gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall. She was assisted by Jessie Davis, pianist. The program was as follows: Grieg, "Ein Swan," "Sunshine Song," "Ein Traum"; Rubinstein, "Es Blinckt der Thau"; Liszt, "Die Lorelei"; Brahms, "Vergebliches Staendchen"; Giordani, "Caro Mio Ben"; Puccini, "Vissi D'Arte," from "Tosca"; Hillemacher, "Separation"; Gounod, "La Chanson du Patre"; Chaminade, "Portrait"; Lang, "Day Is Gone"; Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"; Spalding, "Tipperary in the Spring"; Clough-Leiter, "A Little Maiden Loves a Boy"; Cadman, "At Dawning"; Lehmann, "Beautiful Land of Nod"; Woodman, "A Birthday."

It is the fashion for certain singers to rely chiefly upon their powers of imaginative interpretation, and when this reliance is based upon skilful management of a voice which may not in itself be of great beauty, the result is often effective. Others prefer to lay emphasis upon the merely mechanical side of their art, and they are thus uninteresting as interpreters, although correct in execution. But when both execution and interpretation are lacking, it is reasonable to expect that there shall be some effort on the part of the singer toward even occasional correctness of intonation.

Mrs. Walker-Crowley's voice is singularly unpleasant in quality. Last evening mismanagement of breath marred her phrasing, there was an evident lack of technical proficiency in her singing and there was at all time a madding imperfection in intonation. Except for a few tones which were warm and sometimes brilliant, she failed to impart emotional color to her singing. Her interpretations were without the element of variety, and read laboriously from a book, the effect was that of a lesson being conned. The singer was at her best in "La Chanson der Patre," which gave excellent opportunity for her to show the attention to detail that marks her work.

There was a small audience.

C. F. writes to The Herald: "This war in China reminds me of a story told about naval life and etiquette at Hankow. An Austrian warship entered the port and saluted the fort. The Chinese, ever courteous, began to return the salute, but stopped after five or six shots. The commander of the fort explained his apparent rudeness: 'When the third artilleryman had been killed we decided to stop firing.'

"Are Chinese soldiers still provided each with an oilcloth parasol and a fan. At the battle of Pingyang the parasols were opened when it began to rain. I read that shells of painted wood were picked up recently at Hankow and I have been told that at the Nanking arsenal it was once decided to shorten a Krupp cannon because it was too long, also to make shells for it which would not burst; solid shells to speak paradoxically. If China should ever realize her strength, the world might well tremble. The Chinese may yet be most conspicuous in the 'great man slaying profession.'"

A Foal and Wasps in Court.

Three singular cases were brought into English courts last month.

Two mares grazed on the same mountain and had foals at the same time. One foal was found dead in the river, while the other was being looked after by both mares. Which owner was entitled to the live one? Roberts stated that Pritchard's mare "licked the dead foal when it was taken from the river, while his own mare took no notice of it." Pritchard's case was this: "Roberts having removed the live foal to his farm, it subsequently ran to the gates to welcome his (Pritchard's) mare, while Roberts's mare calmly let it run." And Pritchard's lawyer suggested that the foal should live with both mares for some months so that it would be able to find out which was the mother. Then if the foal could not make up its mind, it should be sold and the money divided. Pritchard won the case, chiefly because, it is said, Roberts refused arbitration and was stuffy from the beginning.

A man in the act of threshing wheat was stung by a wasp and died of blood poisoning. The court of appeal refused compensation, on the ground that "there was no proof that it was the threshing which led to the man's being stung by the wasp, though, no doubt, if he had not been at that particular place just at the time, as he would not have been if he had not been threshing, that particular wasp would not have stung him." This as a good sentence for any bright-eyed little boy, or any sweet little girl with a blue sash to commit to memory and then repeat quickly. "Proof that the threshing stirred up the wasps would have won the verdict; but in its absence there was no legal claim to compensation. We imagine that if a domestic servant were stung while making jam she could recover compensation; but not if she were stung while making the bed."

Free from Ghosts.

A judge decided in the Wandsworth county court that a landlord is not to be taken as giving an implied guarantee to the tenant that his house is free from ghosts. The Atkinsons refused to pay rent on the ground that the house they had hired was haunted. The apparition was an old, gray-headed man, a restless person, disagreeable, noisy. At midnight he banged at the head of the beds; he threw brass rails across the

oom; he went so far as to slap the face of Miss Atkinson. That he let the dog in by the back door seems incredible, for it is well known that dogs are seriously disturbed and slink away in the presence of a ghost—see Bulwer Lytton's "Haunted and the Haunters." This old, gray-headed man furthermore brought with him the shadow of a woman, who was probably no better than she should have been, and the Atkinsons are decent, God-fearing people. Unfortunately for them there was no proof that the ghost belonged to the landlord or the premises, nor did they produce the ghost in court. The landlord might justly have argued that the Atkinsons brought it along with their bedding, books, bric-a-brac and kitchen furniture. Stockton's "Transferred Ghost" was not alluded to by the counsel on either side.

The Visiting Philharmonic.

Years ago Theodore Thomas and his orchestra were welcome visitors in Boston. Within recent years the Pittsburgh orchestra paid us a visit; the Philadelphia orchestra gave concerts led by the late Fritz Scheel and Richard Strauss; but the Philharmonic Society of New York founded in 1842 has played in Boston only once—in February, 1910, when the visitors with the late Gustav Mahler at their head drew a small audience to Symphony Hall. This indifference was not creditable to the reputation of Boston as a "music centre."

The Philharmonic orchestra will make a second visit this afternoon—as the Boston Symphony orchestra is away on tour—and it is to be hoped that greater courtesy will be shown this old and famous organization. The conductor is Mr. Josef Stransky, who has made for himself a reputation in Berlin. He is said to belong to the modern school of conductors who infuse their own individuality into the interpretation of a symphony or symphonic poem, virtuosi conductors, not conservative time beaters. When Mr. Stransky conducted for the first time in New York this season he made a very favorable impression on the critics, and his success with the public was indisputable. The program of the concert this afternoon should please many, for it is made up wholly of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas and the orchestra will have the assistance of an experienced and popular singer. Even if there were no soloist, the Philharmonic itself should attract a large audience. New York has for years given the heartiest welcome to the visiting Boston Symphony orchestra.

Important Information.

Frederick Locker, the poet, fulfilling his daily task as a clerk at the Admiralty, always wore kid gloves lest he should soil his hands with ink.

A French professor of agriculture has been giving wine to his hens in order to improve the quality of their eggs. Sherry? This reminds the London Chronicle that an apothecary at Marseilles used to sell quinine eggs at five francs a dozen. They were laid by chickens heavily dosed with quinine. The apothecary claimed that these eggs had all the strengthening properties of the drug, with none of its objectionable flavor.

The Stage (London) publishes this advertisement. "For absolute sale only, disused church near Manchester, splendid position. Soon converted. Seat about 900."

It was Maj. Arthur Shee who said: "Even the Stygian eloquence of the chancellor of the exchequer has not been able to wash the white elephant entirely."

Nov 1 1911

BOSTON DEBUT BY STRANSKY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Josef Stransky, conductor, assisted by Mme. Johanna Gadski, soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. This was the second concert ever given in Boston by the orchestra, and Mr. Stransky conducted here for the first time.

The program was made up of excerpts from Wagner's operas: Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin"; Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhaeuser"; A Siegfried Idyl; Funeral March from "Goetterdaemmerung"; Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde"; overture to "Tannhaeuser."

There was a large audience, larger than when the Philharmonic Society, led by the late Gustav Mahler, visited Boston, and yet it should have been still larger. The orchestra, the conductor and the singer, however, had no cause to complain of the heartiness of welcome; there has seldom been a more enthusiastic audience in Symphony Hall at an orchestral concert.

It is to be regretted that the program was composed wholly of Wagnerian compositions. The regret did not come from any false piety toward Wagner or from the wish that his arias and scenes should be performed only on the operatic stage. There is now no wild discussion over this once mooted point; it is no longer thought advisable to tie at least one disputant in a chair; for Wagner is today as calmly and reasonably discussed as though his name were Rossini or Donizetti. But a program of works by several composers would have afforded a more favorable opportunity of judging the orchestra and the conductor. It is said that the program of yesterday was not planned by Mr. Stransky; that he wished to conduct a symphony of Beethoven.

Mr. Stransky made a very favorable impression. His personality as a man is pleasing and it colors strongly his interpretation. This is half the battle in these days, when Beethoven and Berlioz, Brahms and Richard Strauss must be personally conducted if they expect to find favor with an audience. Mr. Stransky seems to be a man of authority and taste, a fiery nature who exercises self-control; a poetic soul who is not extravagantly dithyrambic. Nor does he apparently take himself too seriously.

Played with Fine Precision.

The Philharmonic Orchestra, composed for the most part of seasoned, experienced players, had for its last conductor a famous drill-master with a rare gift of interpretation—when the symphonic work on his deck appealed to him. Mr. Stransky came to an orchestra distinguished for its routine work. It was not to be expected that he would mold it anew in a few weeks. Under his direction yesterday it played with fine precision, with a full sonorous body of tone in passionate and stormy passages, with marked elasticity in rhymic and dynamic changes, and with an inspiriting vitality. While Mr. Stransky was free in his management of movement, there was always a sense of continuity, and what Walter Bagehot said of the best novel—that it should constantly go ahead—may well be applied to the performance of a musical work.

The orchestra, led by Mr. Stransky, was always interesting, often truly poetic and eloquent in interpretation. Mme. Gadski sang with her accustomed fluency, and was recalled many times after the finale of "Tristan." It is to be hoped that Mr. Stransky and the Philharmonic will visit us again.

This is a curious story about a criminal arrested in Paris who had in his possession an authentic birth certificate in the name of Charles, son of the Duke de Morny.

It has generally been believed that the Duke de Morny was a son of Queen Hortense and therefore a brother, or at least a half-brother, of Napoleon. Walter Bagehot, writing from Paris early in 1852 about the aptitude of the French character for national self-government, noted the rumor about "M. de Morny," and added: "If you believe the people in the salons, the President is not the son of his father and everybody else is the son of his mother."

'Tis a Wise Son—

A birth certificate, Oct. 22, 1811, in the Registry at Paris, shows the acknowledgment of the parents, Auguste Jean Hyacinthe Demorny, and his wife, Louise Emilie Coralie Fleury. This Demorny was said to be a man of property from San Domingo, sojourning at Villetaneuse. The witnesses to this acknowledgment of birth were a shoemaker and a tailor.

But among the papers of de Morny found after his death was one written in his own hand: "I am the last son of the Queen, during her marriage with King Louis of Holland, and therefore, according to law, I am Prince Bonaparte, legitimate brother of the reigning Emperor, and victim of a crime, that is to say, of a governmental suppression. If I should care to establish my rights, I could easily do so, for I have more proofs than are necessary: the general report, the resemblance, letters of my mother; also a letter of my brother in which he recognizes me."

De Morny, no doubt, had excellent qualities in spite of Kinglake, Hugo et al. He had a fine gallantry and a pretty wit. It is said that Octave Feuillet had him in mind when he wrote "M. de Camors," and it is thought that Alphonse Daudet, who was secretary to the duke, introduced him in "The Nabob."

Two Russells.

The late William Clark Russell was the half-brother of Mr. Henry Russell, the director of the Boston Opera House, and Mr. Landon Ronald, the composer and conductor. Many of us remember the sensation caused by the publication of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." Some admirers went so far as to send copies to friends embarking for Europe. Then came the long series of sea novels, among them the extraordinary story, "The Frozen Pirate." The captain of an ocean steamer was asked if he had read them all; which he liked best; whether they were true to life. He answered: "I have read one or two, and I can guess what the others are like; the captain is always a dirty scoundrel and the third mate's a hero and a perfect gentleman." Some one has compared the stories of Russell and those of Conrad, a futile task, for the stories are disparates. Russell wrote frankly and breezily of ocean adventures. Conrad is a psychologist on strange craft.

Miss Lillian Russell, asked in court why she chose a certain dressmaker, answered that the name would lend eclat if it were printed on the program. The lawyer, questioning her, did not understand the meaning of "eclat," nor that of "prestige" when Miss Russell substituted it; but when she said "class" the lawyer was at ease.

Is the lawyer constitutionally an ironist, or does he think, move and have his being only in slang? "Class" is by no means a recent expression; it has been heard on the English turf for nearly 30 years. It has long been said of a horse as of an athlete "There's a deal of class about him." But "eclat" has been in the English language for nearly 250 years. Perhaps this New York lawyer eats "chocolate eclats" at luncheon and knows no other use of the word, and would translate "in flagrante delicto," "in fragrant delight."

An Unappreciated Novelist.

The Herald has received the following letter:

Winchester, Nov. 8, 1911.

As the World Wags:

I see by this evening's Herald that another duel has been fought in Paris. This reminds me of a bit of verse I read in one of Peacock's novels:

> Though with pistols 'tis the fashion
> To satisfy the passion,
> Yet where's the satisfaction
> When you perish in the action?

Speaking of Peacock, I wonder why more people don't read him. He was a gentleman and a scholar, besides being an antiquarian, a lyric poet, a humorist and a good old, quaint old soul. His novels are literally strewn with verse, some of which is original and the rest raked from between ancient covers or from cobwebby corners that nobody but Peacock ever heard of. In spite of their hodgepodge character, his stories are interesting as stories; and our author is never so happy as when he has got a company of old mossbacks round a table and has set in to put the jorum about. If more people knew Thomas Love Peacock, some modern novels that I know of would begin making collections of dust.

R. M. HUNT.

Peacock's novels are delightful, Mr. Hunt; they are also neglected. Two of them—"Headlong Hall" and "Nightmare Abbey"—have been published in Everyman's Library, and thus, perhaps, an interest may be awakened in them and their companions. Peacock was first of all a satirist, and satire has not been in fashion for a good many years. (Thackeray, often called a satirist, was really a sentimentalist.) Theories and men that were satirized by Peacock are now forgotten, nor do the caricatures of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley now arouse lively interest. Is it possible that the greedy readers of all hot and quick sellers would appreciate the wit, humor, learning and lyric charm of Peacock? There is another novelist, who, like Peacock, was Aristophanic, loved digressions, and had a fine poetic gift. His name is Mortimer Collins, and how many know or care whether he is alive or dead; how many have read his delightful, rambling stories; how many would confound him with Wilkie Collins?

Nov 12 1911

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, Nov. 6, 1911.

To the Editor of the Herald:

The First Cancan in Boston.

A few mornings ago I read in your paper, under the heading "As the World Wags," a desire to known the exact date on which the cancan was produced in Boston. I think I can do so pretty nearly, as I attended one or more of the performances. I believe it was in the fall of 1868, closely following the furor attending Lingard's production of "Capt Jinks of the Horse Marines."

As near as I can recollect a dramatic firm called Jarrett & Palmer brought a ballet troupe from Paris and billed Boston with the announcemnt that the wonderful and fascinating cancan would open at the Theatre Comique with all the gorgeous glitter attending its production at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in its native city. Every one was surprised, no one could understand the meaning of the queer name, but after the opening night all doubts were removed, no ladies applied for tickets after that, but the male sex crowded the theatre to the point of suffocation. Whether acquainted or not, everyone was asking, "Have you see the cancan?" just as people many years afterward used to inquire, "Have you read Robert Elsmere?" So intense became the fervor of the nightly throngs that some wag spread the rumor that the Barnicoat engine company (steamer No. 4) had orders to be on hand to quell the excessive heat of the auditors by streams of cold water!

As to the production, everything was strange, particularly the music. The curtain went up showing a stage crowded with Amazonian warriors, garbed in ancient Roman costumes—swords, spears, shields and brazen helmets. Then came the marching and manoeuvres, when suddenly as both warlike bodies fell back, right and left, the music changed to a wild and fierce measure, the Amazons clashing their swords on the shields in time to the tune, when in dashed, one at a time, until there were 10, the most astonishing dancers that Boston had ever seen. They twisted, crossed, turned and spun, unwinding as they did, unmeasurable yards of muslin until they stood, were it not for silk tights, apparently "in puris naturalibus." Each dancer kept on a military head-dress to the last. The 10 were divided into two sections, the first five being captained by Mlle. Morlacchi, the second by Mlle. Diani. Morlacchi's squad was brunette, Diani's was blonde, the yellow tresses of the latter waving wildly as they whirled around.

The Theatre Comique was situated on Central court, in the rear of Jordan Marsh's store before the enlargement of the premises of that firm. In this theatre subsequently Maffit and Bartholomew made merry in pantomime and Cotton and Murphy disported in minstrelsy, while next door Billy Parks played the role of genial host.

The foregoing is from memory, subject of course to trifling error, but I think it is in the main correct.

DOCK SQUARE.

Morlacchi and Her Fair Sisters

"Dock Square" probably saw the cancan danced by Mlle. Morlacchi at the Theatre Comique, but he did not see it there in the fall of 1868 with Mlle. Diani, nor did Jarrett & Palmer first bring Mlle. Morlacchi and her associates to Boston.

In the fall of 1867 one John de Pol was manager of Banvard's Museum in New York. This place of amusement was at 1221 Broadway, and afterward known as Daly's Theatre. On Oct. 3, 1867, according to Col. T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage," de Pol produced "The Devil's Auction: or, the Golden Branch." Ermesilda Diani then danced in it, but Mlle. Morlacchi did not appear in New York, or anywhere in this country, until Oct. 23 of that year. The show was taken to the Academy of Music, New York, on Dec. 3, and it remained there till Dec. 17, 1867. Elisa Blasina and Augusta Sohlke were among the dancers.

Now, a pantomime, "The Devil's Auction, or the Golden Branch," was produced at the Theatre Comique, Boston, on Dec. 9, 1867, and the "White Elephant from Siam" appeared there at the same time, but Mlle. Morlacchi and her dancers were not on the stage, nor was the show much like the one that had been given in New York. Maffitt and Bartholomew and Theresa Wood were the chief pantomimists and Miss Wood was succeeded by Mlle. Ricci.

De Pol brought his New York company to Whitman's Continental Theatre in Boston on Dec. 23, 1867. The play was "The Devil's Auction," and Mmes. Morlacchi, Blasina and Diani were the chief dancers. "Nobody's Daughter" was playing at the Boston Museum; "The Rose of Castile" at the Boston; "Pizarro" at the Howard Athenaeum; "Dot" at Selwyn's and "Blue Beard" at the Theatre Comique.

Was the cancan danced at the Continental in December, 1867?

I am unable to answer this question, but de Pol's company moved to the Theatre Comique and mimed and danced there Jan. 6, 1868. Blasini was announced as a "star danseuse." Diani, whose name was occasionally spelled "Diana" in the advertisements, was characterized as "the most magnificent woman on the American stage."

The cancan was danced at the Theatre Comique in January, 1868. Had it been danced in Boston before that?

It has been said that Mlle. Augusta danced the cancan at the Theatre Comique, but I cannot find any record of the fact. She made her first appearance at that theatre June 4, 1866, and was for a long time a favorite there. She danced at first in "La Maja de Sevilla" and took a part in "Ali Pasha." She excelled in dances of a Spanish character.

At the Old Theatre Comique

A playbill of the Theatre Comique, Jan. 3, 1868, announced that the performance would close that night with the "Grand Gallop (sic) Cancan, composed and danced by Mlle. Morlacchi, Blasina, Diani, Ricci, Baretta and Kruger, accompanied with cymbals and triangles by the coryphees and corps de ballet." In the course of the evening Mlle. Diani danced a Hungarian polka. The cancan was danced by this company at the

[illegible]

... cancan which will never ... [illegible]."

... attractions in Boston on Nov. ... were Leotard, the aerial gymnast ... "After Dark" at the Boston; "Streets of [illegible]" and "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" at Selwyn's; ... at the Boston Museum, "Macbeth" ... at Morris ... Barney as Phunny ... Clark and Dougherty as ... Mrs. Scott-Siddons was reading ... Hall and Church's painting, "Niagara," was exhibited at Williams and Everett's.

... were other dances at the Theatre Comique in November and December 1869, a the ballet of "The Seven Passions," a tarantella, a "Polka C...ue," a "Pas Andaluso" ... and the Grecian Bend" polka, ... now brings to mind a ... fashion for women on foot, ... played by Hogan and Hughes ... song at Bryant's minstrels in New York the same year. Nelse Seymour, Unsworth, Eph Horn ... at the little minstrel hall in F... street, and Seymour as the Malign... Duke in the burlesque of "Lucrezia Borgia" is still gratefully remembered by smug and orthodox citizens who then were schoolboys.

To go back to the Theatre Comique. Mlle. Morlacchi fell sick during this engagement, but the cancan went on with a substitute until she recovered. And the cancan was danced by others at the Theatre Comique, by Betty and Emily Rigl, for example—the name was at first billed "Regl"—and Eugenie Oertl, Sallie Maddox, Lizzie Kelsey, Lillie Whiting, Mmes. Morlacchi, Emily ... and Lena Windell danced at this theatre as late as the fall of 1870. Was the cancan introduced in "The Forty Thieves" (June, 1869) when Ada ... "formerly of 'Ixion,'" appeared ... She was a charming woman whom Lydia Thompson—rest her sweet soul—brought to this country, and she became the wife of Brander Matthews. Bonfanti danced at this theatre.

Morlacchi and Texas Jack The history of the Theatre Comique should be written, but the task would ... easy one. Few of its play bills ..., and the reports in the newspapers ... belated, or the performances were ignored.

... said that the name of the building, 49 Washington street, was at first ... Hall. The Theatre Comique was ... on Oct. 2, 1865. The last performance was in February—the 4th?—1871, ... the theatre was burned. The ... Comique was also known in the course of its history as the Adelphi Theatre ... and for a time Worrell ... Among the managers ... J. ...worth, W. H. Lingard, J. ... J. S. Moffitt, G. F. McDonald. ... Worrell. It was a snug, compact theatre, and Moffitt and Bar... were long the reigning geniuses ...

... of us will remember Giuseppina ... "the Peerless Morlacchi." She ... J. B. Omohundro, known on the ... as "Texas Jack," and used to dance ... Col. Brown says the date ... marriage was 1873. Omohundro ... 1880, and his widow, at East ... in the summer of 1886. She ... dancer of the grand old ... What would she say to the "in... and 'natural' dancers?

... of 1869 Morlacchi's ... Boston Theatre. There ... of the dancers in "The History of the Boston Theatre" by Messrs. ... Mlle. Morlacchi ... theatre with the Majiltons ... and December, 1871. ... Bill, Texas Jack and Ned ... in "The Scout of the ..." at the Boston early in 1873, and ... 1877, she danced there in "La ..."

Plays and Dancing in London "Macbeth" has been burlesqued by the Follies (Oct 2?). Prior to going to bed, King ... comes out of his chamber and ... boots on the mat, and the ... Banquo is ... up like Sir ... Tree in a frock coat.

... in her ... at the Hippodrome represents ... who has

... consequence of ... fever. "It involved a ... of writing, ... forward of ... ; and it is stated ... rage of Vienna.'"

... Hawtrey appeared at the ... Oct 23, as Jacques ... Tristan Bernard's "Uninvited Guest," ... by J. N. Raphael for the ... stage. The play seemed to ... Mr. Hawtrey ... the part of a fascinating liar, ... trick on a girl, ... and "finally vanishes ... reciprocated tenderness." ... of the wit. The last ... furniture shop. A customer asks the ... if he has any Chippendale. "No," is the reply, "but we can get ... made from our own ..." The Times published this neat ...: "It is Mr. Hawtrey's stage existence to be perpetually doing what no one would forgive in any one else, but everyone cannot but forgive in him."

The London Times said apropos of the revival of "What Every Woman Knows" that the great merit of the play lies in the "extraordinary deftness of the writing and construction. * * * To ask oneself whether it means anything, whether there is any wisdom or ... behind it—whether there is anything in the modern phrase 'to it' is to do what the author, perhaps, never intended one to do. Maggie Wylie was a very ... wife for John Shand—it is a terrible conclusion to come to, but that is the ... truth; and St. John Hankin would have found very little trouble in composing one of those ... acts of his, in which he could have shown John Shand an intolerable ... of humbug and Maggie a hopeless drudge." The Pall Mall Gazette gave Mr. Dion Boucicault, the stage manager of this revival, a rap, ... whether he thinks that two ... players of any experience ever behave as he makes Aleck and David ... over their game, "with all those starts and chucklings over their own ..., and immediate gasps of 'astonishment and dismay' over those made against them.' Apparently a game of chess was part of the nightly refreshment of those two Wylies, and yet they ... over it like novices knowing nothing of the game; and, of course, ... in order to get as much 'theatrical effect' as possible out of the scene. But is 'theatrical effect' really worth much if it puts difficulties in the way of a correct apprehension of the author's intentions and processes?"

The Berlin correspondent of the London Times wrote on Oct. 22: "A translation of 'Fanny's First Play,' unambiguously described as by Bernard Shaw, was produced at the Kleines Theatre here last night. It puzzled a well-disposed audience, and it had evidently puzzled a good many of the players. It attracted a mild interest throughout, but the ... of both Bobby and Margaret were not appreciated, and only the ... table conversation in the third act and Bannal's opinions in the epilogue aroused any enthusiasm. German critics ... nothing new and nothing very ... in the setting of the play, and in the German view the whole thing ... as somebody said last night, to ... 'ganz... unmotiviert.' The acting at the Kleines Theatre is generally so ... good that the failures last night ... more obvious. Fraeulein ... Brandt gave a clever performance ... Margaret, and Fraeulein ... satisfactory ... the bourgeois surroundings had ceased to be English without becoming German."

The Morality Play Society will produce on Dec. 1 in London "The Soul of the World," a Christmas mystery play by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. Martin Shaw, the composer of the music, has used Hebrew melodies.

Personal Notes and Anecdotes Some of us, let us hope many, will remember that today is the birthday of the "divine Sarah," and wish her luck accordingly. It is accounted rude to disclose a lady's age, but Mme. Bernhardt is above that weakness of her sex, and makes no scruple of her years. She was born in 1844. She said so in a sworn statement made when she was taking out an insurance policy for £20,000 many years ago, and added other particulars. Her father died at 37 and her mother at 51. Of her two sisters, one died of accidental poisoning and the other of pneumonia. She further said that she owned £20,000 worth of real estate in Paris and earned £2000 a week in the theatrical season. Her height was 5 feet 6½ inches, her weight 9 stone 4 pounds, and—gently!—she never wore stays.—Pall Mall Gazette, Oct. 23.

The same journal was impressed by the remarkable inspiration of a passage in Cowen's "Veil." "They who know Robert Buchanan's poem will recall the passage in which the Seeker cries to the Unseen, whose face is hidden by the Veil that has been woven, 'O Spirit of the grand things and the gentle, Unfold to me the image of Thy features, Come down upon my heart that I may know Thee,' and

> Then in the vision
> The Veil was lifted,
> And the Face was there.

"For long Sir Frederic tried device after device for setting these solemn words to music. He almost despaired of the task. One night, however, as he walked in an empty room repeating the words, the inspiration came to him that they must be spoken, not sung. No music could possibly convey their grand and mysterious meaning.' So the whole choir speak the words in unison, to the accompaniment of a single deep note. The awe-inspiring whisper of these 250 voices produces, it is said by those who have heard it, the most overwhelming effect imaginable."

Here is a story apropos of the revival of "What Every Woman Knows" in London: "Mr. Barrie, in one of his few expansive moments, told Mr. Frohman that many of the saying and doings of the heroine, Maggie Wylie, were directly inspired by his own mother. Thus, when Maggie objects to her brother sitting in the best chair (which she covers up carefully before retiring), Barrie was thinking of his mother's saying, 'I wouldna sit in the fine chair, James.' Maggie produces her knitting on all occasions, just as her prototype 'had her stockings always on the wires for odd moments.' Maggie's passion for self-education so that she might be intellectually John's mate, as a set-off to her lack of 'charm,' is a reminiscence of 'Margaret Ogilvy,' who used to learn all sorts of scraps of Latin from her son, and then trot them out to impress his college friends. One of the most delightful moments in the very original first act of the play is when Maggie takes off to bed the book John Shand has been studying, because, as she says, 'I don't want him to be knowing things I don't know myself.'"

Mr. Van Rooy has been "doing" Wotan at Covent Garden, and the Times, admitting that his voice "has lost some of its pristine beauty," was reminded continually of "the brave days of old, if only because of the enormous sense of dignity by which he is obsessed, no matter who may be supporting him." "Dignity," is it? When Mr. Van Rooy was in this country there was another name for it.

Sir Edward Elgar, as successor to Hans Richter, conducted the opening concert of the London Symphony Orchestra Oct. 23. The Daily Telegraph, noticing this event, became almost lyrical: "Mightily well he justified the choice of the powers who rule the affairs of this fine orchestra. No doubt Elgar himself, whom we all know to be intensely human, rejoiced in the fact that no longer is he 'on trial,' no longer is he a kind of Walter, a species of 'Gast.'" The Telegraph also refers to the "emancipated" Elger. But is he really anything more than a painstaking time-beater?

A London critic, speaking of Mr. Foenss as Hagen in a recent performance at Covent Garden, said that he had "a suitably heavy method which reminds one of Fafner, and the resemblance was further suggested by the fact he seemed to have inherited Fafner's footgear."

Aino Acte is studying the part of the heroine in "Acte," an opera to be performed at Helsingfors. The composer is Joan Manen, who several years ago fiddled in Boston as a child wonder.

Thomas Whitney Surette is giving lectures on Brahms in London.

Music in Germany A rhapsody for oboe, viola and piano by Charles Martin Loeffler was played by Messrs. Gillet, Bailly and Pugno at a Geloso quartet concert in Berlin Oct. 17. Mr. Spanuth of the Signale praised the work enthusiastically. He said in substance that while the composer has remained true to the French school he has developed a thoroughly individual language of tones. While he may be reckoned among the impressionists, he is not vague; while his colors are exquisitely delicate, there is a positive and purely musical idea as a foundation. The audience, therefore, was hypnotized, although the art was foreign to it. Mr. Spanuth ended by saying that Mr. Loeffler's music should be better known in Germany.

Sibelius's string quartet "Voces Intimae" did not please in Berlin when it was played by the Petri quartet. "Spunout and dry music without warmth, without depth, which at times, as in the finale, gives the effect of student's work, and in the best pages attracts fleeting attention only by strange or grotesque sounds." But this criticism was written by a conservative—Dr. Leichtentritt.

The Bohemian quartet played in Berlin last month a new quartet by Max Reger, F sharp minor, op. 121, dedicated to the players. This music, Mr. Pisling said, shows again the prodigious contrapuntal facility of Reger, but it is melodically dry. In the Adagio there is an excess of polyphony, but there is no song. The other three movements are a juggling with motives and bits of motives without thematic development to any climax.

Reger's violin Sonata in E minor, op. 122, was played for the first time in Leipsic last month by Leonia Kreutzer and Alex. Schmuller. It is said to be a work that should restore faith in Reger's talent, for it has less of his polyphonic prodigality and makes a more direct melodic and harmonic appeal.

Paul Juon has composed a triple concerto for violin, 'cello and piano which will be produced at Strassburg. He has also completed his second violin concerto, which will be produced by Franz von Vecsey in Berlin.

The Woman Play Producer The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 27 published this article: "Mr. Bernard Shaw has said, 'Before you are five years older three-fourths of our most popular playwrights will be women. It is extraordinary how they have mastered—or mistressed—the stage lately.' This prophecy is well on the way to fulfilment. Women are mistressing the stage in more ways than Mr. Shaw has indicated. Today there are two women in England, Miss Edith Craig and Miss Madge McIntosh, who are play producers—quite a new field for women.

"Miss Craig, of whom one hears a good deal in London, and who is a daughter of Miss Ellen Terry, has done some notable work. She was trained for an actress, and played, among other parts, Jessica in 'The Merchant of Venice,' with Miss Terry and Sir Henry Irving. She attained no small success as an actress, but sighing for new worlds to conquer, she saw there was scope for a woman who could properly, that is to say artistically and correctly, "dress" plays. Miss Craig thereupon devoted her energies for a time to this work, and it is only fair to record that her gowns did absolutely fit the parts—and the players. Not only did modern dress engage her attention, but she studied costume in all its ramifications to such purpose that she is now a recognized authority on this, to all women, and many men, fascinating subject.

"The next step was play-producing, and Miss Craig took it. She has successfully produced, to mention a few of her efforts, 'A Pageant of Great Women,' in which have been seen many of our well-known actresses, and Miss Cicely Hamilton's clever little play, 'The Home Coming,' which was admirably done. While at the Little Theatre she has produced and stage-managed Miss Bessie Hatton's delightful play, 'Before the Sunrise.'"

One-Act Comedy Contest The following announcement of a first prize of $100 and a second prize of $50 for a one-act comedy is made by B. F. Keith's Bijou Theatre. The contest opened Nov. 1 and will close Jan. 1, 1912. The successful plays will be produced during the present season, and the prize payment is to be accepted in lieu of the first week's royalty. The Bijou Theatre is to have the right to first bid for further use of the prize plays and for production of any of the other plays.

All manuscript must be original. Adaptations previously produced will not be accepted. Manuscripts are to be typewritten, on one side of the page, and accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

A play must not exceed 30 minutes in length and must be kept to one setting. The judges are George P. Baker, Walter Hampden and Francis Powell. All manuscript should be addressed to Josephine Clement, One-Act Comedy contest, 545 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

The Pall Mall Gazette viewed Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" (London, Oct. 25) with less enthusiasm than before. Is it possible that the Elgar fever is abating? "In spite of the impression of genius fettered by imperfect methods and an only partially suitable text, it must be acknowledged that the best qualities of the composer refuse to be gainsaid for long, and at times achieve results of considerable power. With regard to the first point, the employment of so much 'arioso,' especially in the dialogue between the soul and the angel, hinders the progress of the story a good deal, and the hearer would often sacrifice its scattered beauties for some of the old-fashioned recitativo secco,' in order to cover the ground more quickly and relieve his wearying attention. Then, too, the strange, limited mediaevalism of the poem becomes too monotonous in its aesthetic appeal when treated at such length, although it certainly develops a dramatic cumulative power that Elgar has utilized to the full. If the first part—in idea, a sort of tempered 'Tod und Verklaerung,' and with its musical material saturated, for all its originality, with the rhythmical idiom of 'Parsival' and the 'Ring'—fails to make a strong impression, not so the second one, where the chorus of Demons, with the well known pianissimo laughs at the close, the 'glad responsive chant' of the 'Angelicals' and the passing of the soul into the sight of God rise to really great heights of musical conception. So, too the quiet consoling beauty of the final 'Angel's Song,' breathing a typically English, idealized hymn-tune feeling, forms a fitting close to the whole."

R. Zwintscher's three piano pieces "Sudwaerts," played in London for the first time, Oct. 27, by Louis Edger, are said to show poetic fancy.

Oscar Hammerstein will give a series of Sunday evening popular concerts, beginning Nov. 19, in the new London Opera House.

Theodore Stier, who conducted admirably for the Russian dancers in Boston last season, is giving concerts with his London classical orchestra. On Oct. 30 he brought out Frederick S. Converse's dramatic scena "Joan of Arc." The Pall Mall Gazette said of it. "There wa

traceable a sense of working up from small beginnings to a big climax, but in other respects little connection or feeling for the romance and undying attraction of the subject. Converse is an accomplished musician, however, and this work shows well enough his power of thematic handling and of writing for the orchestra."

The municipal council of Paris is organizing an international music tournament on a huge scale, which will be held in Paris next year, commencing on the Saturday before Whitsuntide and continuing on Whit Sunday and Monday. All kinds of musical competitions will be held and more than 150 halls have already been engaged. The cash prizes already allotted amount to more than £8000, but it is intended, if the entries are sufficiently numerous, to increase this sum, and trophies, diplomas and medals will also be given to the successful competitors. In the list of contests all classes of choral societies, orchestras and bands have been provided for. Serving on the committee are Dr. Camille Saint-Saens, Mr. Massenet, Mr. Gabriel Faure and Mr. Paladilhe, Mr. Chevillard, Mr. Gabriel Pierne and Mr. Paul Vidal, while the honorary committee includes Sir Edward Elgar, Dr. Camille Saint-Saens, Mr. Massenet, Mr. Vincent d'Indy, Mr. Claude Debussy, Mr. Puccini and Mr. Andre Messager.

No fewer than 500 adjudicators will be required to deal with the competitions, for which 1000 organizations from various countries have already entered. All the test pieces will be new, and these will not be available until about the end of February. The entrance list closes on Feb. 15. It is proposed by the municipal council of Paris to make a charge of about 35s. to the competitors and their friends, and likewise the honorary members of British musical societies. This sum will defray the cost of railway and train fares to Paris and back, and provide for board and lodging in the French capital during the three days of the festival. Mr. Henri Bonnaire, whose offices are at 20 High Holburn, W. C. has been appointed agent-general for Great Britain. He will forward entrance forms to all who require them and answer any inquiries concerning the arrangements for this remarkable enterprise.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Nov 13 1911

Why is it that so many died at the age of 119? Of course there are memorable instances of extreme old age—Thomas Carn, 207; Don John Tavelra de Lima, 198; John Baldeck, abbot of Kilchberg, who died at 185 after his gray hair had turned black again and he had cut new teeth; Peter Zortan, who left this world when he was 185, and not regretfully, for he had but little sight and his hair and beard were of a greenish color, like mouldy bread, and his countenance was strongly expressive of languor and fatigue; not to mention a lesser worthy, John Bayles, the button maker, 130—who was not fussy about his diet, "but he ate anything he could get"—Dr. James Keill dissected his body and wrote an exhaustive account of him. There is a long list of men and women whose souls left their earthly tenements after a habitation of 130 years and more; but below 130 and above 110 the number 119 is the favorite.

Unfortunately the dresser of the lists we have consulted says little about the private life of the 119-ers. Mr. John McAlpin, when he felt unwell, took a sudorific of thin water-gruel, honey and butter. If he had known the old New England remedy of hot buttered rum he would probably have lived to be 150, for "he never smoked tobacco, ate in general barley or oat bread, was constantly engaged in something, and always good humored." Winifred Rees had scarcely a gray hair on her head, and on March 27, 1809, when she was 119, walked the distance of eight miles and back to a relative's cottage, bringing home with her a parcel that weighed upward of 22 pounds.

And here is a pathetic note. Mary Ellis died at Leigh, Essex, England, 119 years old. On the tablet of her vault is written: "She was a virgin of virtuous courage and very promising hopes."

Several Questions.

The Herald has received the following letter:

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

As the World Wags:

Can you kindly explain for the benefit of an ignoramus, or tell the origin of the term "rag time," or who was the originator of it? And does it properly apply to all music of a lively, sprightly variety of expression as a 2-4 or 6-8 time, say? Common dance music, for example. And are none of the compositions of the classic writers to be really placed in the same category? For the word "time" does not seem rightly to define the term, as abundance of music has the same tempo.

Therefore, why is such opprobrium attached to lively popular music universally enjoyed—often, too, by the very persons who also sneer at the "poor taste" of the "common public"?

Can any reasonably clear explanation be given? If so, it would doubtless oblige many others beside

CASTELINE.

Why "Rag" Time?

"Rag time" has found its way even into the rigidly conservative Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians (Revised edition, 1908): "A modern term, of American origin, signifying, in the first instance, broken rhythm in melody, especially a sort of continuous syncopation. 'Rag time tunes' is a name given in the States to those airs which are usually associated with the so-called 'coon' songs or lyrics which are supposed to depict negro life in modern America."

The word is also in the Oxford English Dictionary: "Music in which there is frequent syncopation, as in many negro melodies."

But "Casteline's" questions are not answered.

Various explanations have been given of the origin of the word. The verb "to rag" means to tear in pieces, or break up—and it is said the phrase originally was: "To rag the time"; that is after a tune was played "straight," the virtuoso was requested by fervent admirers to "rag it." This explanation is probably as good as any other. Who was the first to rag the time? Who first ate an oyster?

Rag time songs first came into general popularity about 1896-97. The "Bully" song, sung by Miss May Irwin in "The Widow Jones," was published in 1896. It is not strictly a representative rag time song, but the author, the late Charles E. Trevathan, well known in newspaper life as an authority on racing matters and a delightful companion, was thoroughly acquainted with the art of "ragging" the time, and he would sing negro ditties to a ragged accompaniment and to the great pleasure of John Hare—now Sir John—when the actor and he were guests at the same club in Boston.

There are a thousand and one examples of syncopation in classic compositions as in Hungarian gypsy music that are fine examples of what now is commonly known as rag time.

How Soon Forgotten!

No one but a prig, Mr. "Casteline," disdains a rag time song or dance when it is cleverly written and well performed. Songs, like books, have their fate, and the very popularity of a song insures its early death, as far as its appearance on a vaudeville bill is concerned. Who now sings or whistles "The Lady with the Ragtime Walk," by the Armstrong brothers (1898); or "Why Don't You Get a Lady of Your Own," by Williams and Walker (1898), or "Who Dat Say Chicken in Dis Crowd," with words by Paul Laurence Dunbar, and music by Will Marion (1898), or "Get Your Money's Worth," by Irving Jones (1897), or "No Coon Can Come Too Black for Me," by Smart and Williams (1898)? Forgotten, alas, by the restless, fickle public, as are "Take Your Clothes and Go," by the admirable Irving Jones (1897). There is a pile of these songs before us, and many of them are now as old as "Love Not," sung passionately in the sixties by our maiden aunts, or as "The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep" or "Gen. Persifor," F. Smith's march. It's a pity; it's a shame. Why does not Mr. Bispham or some other earnest advocate of American music for Americans put these songs on his programs? We should prefer to hear "Bill Simmons" sung by Maud Raymond than many modern German songs "interpreted" with "windy suspiration of forc'd breath" by some visiting German rejoicing in her bulk.

The ingenious Claude Debussy, by the way, has recognized the worth of rag time in the amusing cakewalk in his "Children's Corner" for piano which Mr. Caplet has orchestrated with full appreciation of its spirit.

Vain Horn Blowing.

A man was struck and seriously injured by an automobile in Brighton when, in the exercise of his rights, he was stepping into the street to signal a trolley car. It is said that the chauffeur blew his horn several times. But why did he not stop his automobile? The wonder is that more men, women and children are not killed in Boylston street by the recklessness of chauffeurs and the callous indifference of the owners of the cars.

Nov 14 1911

EVERYWOMAN AT THE MAJESTIC

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Everywoman," a modern morality play in five canticles by Walter Browne. Music by George W. Chadwick. Produced by Henry W. Savage. Frank E. Mandeville, musical director.

Nobody	H. Cooper Cliffe
Everywoman	Laura Nelson Hall
Youth	Patricia Collinge
Beauty	Aurora Piatt
Modesty	Juliette Day
Conscience	Wilda Bennett
Flattery	Wilbur Mason
Truth	Sarah Cowell Le Moyne
King Love	Daniel Hall
Bluff	Henry Wenman
Stuff	John L. Shine
Puff	Wilbur Mason
Passion	James Stevens
Time	Barry Maxwell
Wealth	Frederic de Belleville
Witless	Hubert Osborne
Age	Barry Maxwell
Greed	Kathleen Kerrigan
Self	Jean Barret
Vanity	Jesie Grantley
Vice	Edna Porter
Charity	Detmar Poppen

"Everywoman" is a curious stage show. While it is called a morality play, it is in fact a spectacle with music, with a pleasing dash of musical comedy. It is true that one Edith Ellis calls it "a trumpet call to our souls," and adds: "As a mother I can doubly safeguard my daughter by taking her to see this perfect portrayal of truth." But many fathers and sons will go to "Everywoman" to see the scene on the stage of a New York theatre, with the chorus girls who, at the manager's bidding, throw Modesty into the wings; to enjoy the supper party in Everywoman's apartment; to gaze at the New Year's eve revels on The Great White Way with special attention to Vice and her delirious dancing. For the sake of these scenes they will listen to the moralizing of Nobody and the dear familiar old platitudes that are put into his mouth and the mouths of the other moral characters.

Listens to Flattery.

Everywoman listens to Flattery, scorns Truth and sees in her only a hideous witch. She leaves her home in search of Love, not recognizing him as the son of Truth. Attended by Youth, Beauty and Modesty she enters a theatre in New York, run by Messrs. Bluff and Stuff and soon becomes a star. There she listens for a time to the voice of Passion, but as soon as she tears the mask from his face, she knows he is not Love. Wealth tempts her and although she has her doubts, when Beauty dies and Youth leaves her, she yields to him. Here the allegory stumbles, for when Wealth tells her frankly that without Youth and Beauty he would seek another woman who retained them, he still woos and Everywoman in her desperation gives herself up to him. But the looking-glass assures her that she is a fright. Is Wealth, then, blind?

Forsaken by Youth and Beauty, Everywoman is now penniless and ill-favored. Wealth gives her the cold shoulder. He prefers the plumper and younger Vice. And now Everywoman sees a great light, repents, recognizes the dignity and fairness of Truth, who leads her back to her home. There Love is waiting for her, asleep by the fire, for Love after all is mortal. And the moral of this morality seems to be that if a woman after riotous days and nights repents, she will find an honest fellow in her native village eager to pledge her his troth.

Mr. Savage has produced this modern morality play in a sumptuous and striking manner. Not believing in the old saw that Vice is a monster of frightful mien, he has made the scenes of frivolity and sensuality attractive to the eye, and chosen a lithe and comely maiden to personify Vice herself. Not content with elaborate stage settings and handsome costumes, he engaged Mr. Chadwick to write music for the play, songs, choruses, dances, melodramatic music. Mr. Chadwick's music is of real value to the production.

Conceived for Stage Effects.

It is conceived with an instinct for stage effects and is generally charming in itself. It is light and graceful when the occasion demands; it is significant in the more serious moments. The song sung by Conscience has marked character, and the church music in the fourth canticle or scene is impressive, and not only by reason of the contrast with the gay strains that precede and fit the tumultuous street scene. The ending of this canticle with the tableau of repentant Everywoman without the church listening to the choir within is so strong that the final canticle comes as an anti-climax.

The long run of this play in New York, where it was produced on Feb. 27 of this year—the first performance, I believe, was at Hartford on the 9th of that month—is not surprising. It is easy to point out the triteness of the sentiments, the slovenly verse, the imperfect or doubtful moral; but when all is said the fact remains that there is a great deal to please the eye and the ear. And it should be remembered that the great majority of playgoers like platitudes when they are spoken smoothly and with an air of conviction. As a spectacle with music "Everywoman" is well worth seeing.

Miss Hall is a very handsome woman, graceful in repose and in action. She plays the part of Everywoman adequately. If it be said that she does not go beneath the surface, the answer is ready: There is little beneath the surface of the character. Mrs. Le Moyne spoke her lines with dignity and force. Miss Bennett as Conscience sang with a pleasing voice and an equally pleasing seriousness of purpose. Miss Collinge, Miss Piatt and Miss Day were charming companions for Everywoman. Mr. de Belleville, an actor who gives distinction to any part he takes, raised Wealth from a mere mouthpiece of the author to a living being. Mr. Cliffe spoke the lines of Nobody with discretion and a good accent. Messrs. Wenman and Shine were amusing as the theatre managers. Mr. Maxwell was effective as Age and Time, and as Age spoke a few words about his dead love in a simple emotional manner that made a deep impression.

The chorus girls were attractive There was a large orchestra carefully conducted.

The stage management was wholly worthy of Mr. Savage. The street scene was particularly realistic.

An audience that crowded the theatre was deeply interested and there were many curtain calls.

DE PACHMANN

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. de Pachmann gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Again there was so large an audience that many sat upon the platform and others stood. This audience was enthusiastic in its appreciation of the pianist's art. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 53; Chopin, fantasie op. 49; preludes op. 28, Nos. 23, 16; nocturne op. 37, No. 2; mazurka, C major; scherzo, op. 39, C sharp minor; Mendelssohn, "Spring Song"; Schumann, "The Bird as Prophet"; Liszt, "Mazurka Brillante," and Tarantella, "Venezia e Napoli."

The pianist was again in the vein, and he was more characteristically communicative with gesture and word of mouth than at the first recital. His enjoyment of the music itself and of his interpretation was intense, and he naturally wished to share it with others.

The Waldstein sonata of Beethoven is one of Mr. de Pachmann's favorite pieces and he has often played it here. No wonder the cantata appeals to him, for it gives him a rare opportunity for displaying his perfect finger-work, the smoothness and velocity of his runs, his control of tonal gradations, his caressing and incomparable touch. There are some who prefer a more robust treatment of this music. They want their Beethoven hot and strong. They are fond of applying the adjective "Titanic" to the composer. Titanic he was in certain works, but not always, and the Waldstein Sonata is inherently anything but a stormy, heaven-defying composition. Mr. de Pachmann has strength enough, and he employs it manfully when he thinks the music calls for it. It would be hard to imagine a more finely conceived, exquisitely proportioned performance than that of the Sonata yesterday.

His reading of certain portions of Chopin's Fantasie and Scherzo admits of discussion, but because this famous pianist or that one gives a different interpretation, is Mr. de Pachmann's, therefore, to be condemned? The more we study the music of Chopin, the reports of his own manner of playing, the spirit and the manners of his period, the more we should sympathize with Mr. de Pachmann's views of the proper and fitting expression. Some one did Chopin, pianists and hearers a grievous injury when he insisted that Chopin, if not writing deliberately for the Salon, was tumultuously "heroic," composing and playing in the spirit of revolt, thinking of his oppressed country and raging with indignation. Chopin did not play heroically, and he wrote, for the most part, with lyrical intent.

It was a pleasure to hear the Nocturne played without disfiguring sentimentalism. As a rule the first part is taken too fast and the second slowly as though it were a wail. Now this Nocturne is after the manner of a barcarole, and it is said that the melody, often dragged until it is mawkish, was taken from a French song sung on the coast of Normandy.

It would also be a pleasure to speak at length concerning Mr. de Pachmann's poetic reading of the slow passage in B major of the fantasie, with its turning of the wonderful progression of chords into clusters of precious stones, brilliant, or softly glowing; of the inimitable performance of the preludes and mazurka; of the bewitching freedom and liquidity of "The Bird as Prophet"; of the bravura that characterized his playing of the final pieces.

Mr. de Pachmann will give two more recitals—one on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 2, when the program will be wholly devoted to compositions by Chopin; the other one on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 9.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The End of the Bridge," a play in four acts, by Florence Lincoln.

John Garret, M. D.	John Craig
Felix Marriott	George Hassell
Peter	Henrietta McDannel
Ludwig Straus	Walter Walker
Bartlett	A. L. Hickey
Mary Stanley	Mabel Colcord
Joan Mannering	Mary Young

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COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Slim Princess," comic opera in three acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom. Music by Leslie Stuart. Adapted from George Ade's story of the same name.

[illegible] .... Eugene Revere
[illegible] .... Oscar Rag[illegible]
[illegible] .... Joseph C[illegible]
[illegible] .... Sam Burt[illegible]
[illegible] .... Charles Jud[illegible]
[illegible] .... W. Douglas Stevens[illegible]
[illegible] .... Eugene Revere
[illegible] .... Albert Stewart
[illegible] .... Julia Frary
[illegible] .... Queenie Vassar
[illegible] .... Florence Williams
[illegible] .... Estelle Baldwin
[illegible] .... Elsie Janis

GLOBE THEATRE—"Mutt and Jeff," a musical comedy by Frank Tannehill, Jr., and "Bud" Fisher. Cast:

A. M[illegible] .... Roger Gray
[illegible] Jeff .... Shorty De Witt
[illegible] .... Louis Kels[illegible]
[illegible] .... Arthur Alton
[illegible] .... Henry A. Morey
[illegible] .... Marshall Vincent
[illegible] Meade .... Arline Bolling
Senorita Roena Corrillo .... Anita Arliss
[illegible] May .... Lillian Goldsmith

RUTH ST. DENIS'S DANCES THRILL

There were special thrills at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night. Thrills are not wanting at this house, as programs come and go, but they are usually of the well-known varieties associated with the shifting acts of high-class vaudeville, the daring acrobat, the funny black-face artist, a bit of tragedy by a well-known actor, a screaming burlesque or highly intelligent performing cats.

Not so last night. When the fateful letter "H" came out on either side of the stage and the tump-tump of tomtoms was heard, a mystic spell seemed to creep over the house. Perhaps it came from the odor of incense that spread swiftly. Perhaps it come only from anticipation, because every one knew that "H" stood for Ruth St. Denis and her mystic Hindu dance, Ruth clothed in her few strands of glittering jewels. At any rate, that creepy feeling was there, and it was aided and abetted by the sumptuous Indian temple scene disclosed by the rising curtain, the gliding priests and the brooding Radha squatting behind her gilded screen.

The incense fumed. The lights were raised and circled before the goddess. She stirred. She rose. She stepped down from her altar and forthwith began her dance of the Five Senses. Miss St. Denis went through the sinuous movements and postures intended to portray the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, using pearls, bells, flowers, a drinking bowl and an esoteric suggestion of a kiss.

In the "touch" portion of the dance she wore a filmy little hint of a skirt and after the kiss episode she whirled and writhed violently, denoting complete abandonment to the senses. Then she fell in a heap amid the tiny skirt and in the darkness that followed found out that it was a bad thing for the soul to be ruled by the senses. So she renounced all such vanities, seized a lotus flower, the symbol of peace, and went back to her altar behind the gilded grating. Throughout she displayed the beauty of form, the suppleness, the remarkable muscular control and the snaky grace that marked her previous appearances here in these dances.

The house was crowded, and in response to the hearty applause that followed her dances Miss St. Denis appeared in a translucent veil over her costume of jewel strings.

There was a plenty of other good things on the program. The Russian Crown Quartet sang queer songs of Muscovy and danced quaint jigs that one might well believe came from far Tartary. Paul Le Croix juggled his hats with his ever amazing agility. Jennie Ward and Billie Cullen gave a novel mixture of talking and singing called a "songologue." James Leonard and Richard Anderson produced an extremely funny travesty on Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Scott and Wilson amused again in "The Rube and the Athlete."

Lucille La Verne & Co. shone in a comedy sketch, "How Jasper Fixed It," with several little touches of pathos thrown in for flavoring. The Temple Quartet sang. Harry Jolson, operatic black face comedian from the Winter Garden, raised many laughs. The Cycling Brunettes "defied gravity" with eminent success, and the daylight motion pictures disclosed the doings of "A Rural Conqueror."

[illegible] recommend [illegible] Eugenio Rignano's "On the Inheritance of Acquired Characters." The first chapter is a masterly discussion of "Ontogeny, as a Recapitulation of Phylogeny Suggests the Idea of a Continuous Action Exerted by the Germ Substance upon the Soma Throughout the Whole Development."

Before the Firing Squad.

War correspondents with cameras say that the Italians were merciless at Tripoli and shot non-combatants, old men, women, the sick, and children. Italian officers and journalists deny these tales, and speak of "a salutary lesson" and "what horrors might have happened," but photographs are stubborn witnesses and the manner in which they are reproduced in newspapers gives the reader a still greater shock.

Capt. Riffaut, talking gayly one evening at the house of the Princess Mathilde, said he had seen many men executed in all parts of the world. Arabs condemned to death had shown no fear in the expression of their eyes or mouth or in their general bearing, but when he watched them closely he noticed "a beating of the artery in the neck, a nervous movement of the Adam's apple." Fine fellows, these Arabs, and brave, said the gallant captain, but the men that had shown the most stupefying disregard for life before a firing squad were Mexicans. In them he saw no sign of human weakness.

Ziem the Zoroastrian.

Felix Ziem, the painter, is dead, according to report. The "lean fellow that beats all conquerors" grew impatient, for Ziem was born in 1821. Henley gave the date 1812, but he was mistaken. Ziem's friend, Theodore Rousseau, who was with him for some time at Barbizon, described him as a Zoroastrian, "a Parsee enchanted with oriental light." There was a time when Ziem thought of spending his life at Barbizon. He brought an old windmill, the Moulin de la Galette, from Montmartre, with the idea of transporting it to Barbizon, and shaping it into a studio, but the plan fell through.

Ziem was in his 91st year when he died, and yet in 1872 he complained of his health to Edmond de Goncourt, and told him of rushes of blood to the head, irregular circulation. He could not paint in a room, but in the open air he could sketch or paint standing for eight or ten hours, and breathe freely and largely. In 1885, he saw De Goncourt again, and spoke of writing his memoirs. He had begun them, but he abandoned the idea, though he thought favorably of making an annotated catalogue of his pictures. De Goncourt urged him to make "the most beautiful and interesting book in the world, a book that has not been written by any painter, ancient or modern; a catalogue in which he would tell the genesis and history of each picture, and how much of his intimate and psychic life he had put into it."

A Macabre Taste.

This painter, it seems, found a rare pleasure in the voices of consumptives, especially in a baritone voice, which was peculiarly caressing, as though it were the last embracing of beings and things of this world, a voice that by reason of tuberculosis microbes was like unto a sentimental death rattle. He must have had a macabre fancy, for he characterized Aubryet as nothing more than "a nervous agitation, like the movement of a man's finger playing about the trigger of a pistol with which he purposed to blow out his brains." When he gave his arm to poor Aubryet, he felt as though he had given it to a man from whose back a collarless shirt had fallen whose limbs stirred about in the plaster which encases a broken leg.

A Picaresque Life.

His own life had been adventurous. His father wished him to be an architect and the boy took a medal at Dijon, which assured him money to study at Paris, but hewas looked on even in 1839 as revolutionary and the prefect was persuaded to withhold the purse. His father was not willing that his son should go to Rome, so Ziem ran away, penniless. He wandered in fields, played the fiddle at a village wedding, drew the portraits of the bride and groom and arrived at Lyons with 40 francs. He drew portraits in other towns, gave the money he earned to a woman whom they were taking to jail. After adventures that would furnish copy for a picaresque novel, the Duke of Devonshire found him sketching in a street of Nice and recommended him as a drawing master of the Grand Duchess of Baden. In Nice he gained large sums, which he would throw, without counting, into a cupboard. He bought four horses; also a Grecian woman famed for her beauty.

He had the good fortune to meet in Nice a Viennese countess who was a true friend. She aroused his ambition, talked to him of Rome, persuaded him to leave his horses, also the Grecian siren. Arriving in Rome, he was disheartened by the lack of color in a country where everything was a violet gray. Sculpture impressed him; but he cared not to be a sculptor. Going all over Italy on foot, he arrived at Venice. There he found his heart's desire. He went back to Paris, but staid only a short time, for Paris in September was too gray. Returning to Venice he lived there until 1848, with the exception of nine months in Russia.

In Paris again he was miserably poor. He gave lessons and struggled until in 1852 his "Venice" was awarded the first medal at the Salon.

Theatre Comique Again.

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

Seeing a reference in your column a few days ago to the little theatre that stood formerly on the land now occupied by the Jordan Marsh establishment, I should like to ask if it were ever known by more than three names, the Adelphi, Theatre Comique and Aquarial Gardens. The white whale that was exhibited at this house made a strong impression on the minds of most Bostonians. A few days ago there was a reference to "Evadne" in The Herald. As a matter of curiosity I looked up the performance of "Evadne" in Boston for the last 60 years and find that if one began theatregoing a few years before the beginning of the civil war he would now be able to recall a number of fine actresses in the play. Mrs. Barrett, Annette Nice, Annie Senter, Mrs. Farren, Jean Margaret Davenport (Mrs. Landor), Eliza Logan, Jean Coombs, Charlotte Thompson and Mary Anderson are among those who have essayed the heroine. The last time that the play was given in this city was at the Boston Theatre in 1882. ERNEST SEEKER.

Boston, Nov. 11, 1911.

The Sunday Herald (Nov. 12) published an account of the Theatre Comique.

Nov 15. 1911

FIRST RECITAL BY ZIMBALIST

By PHILIP HALE.

Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, his first in Boston. Max Chotzinoff was the accompanist. The program was as follows: York Bowen, Suite in D minor (Mouvemsnt de Sonate, Baroarole, Humoresque, Finale); Bach, Prelude and Fugue, G minor, for violin alone; Cyril Scott, Tallahasse, op. 73, No. 4 (Bygone Memories, After Sundown, Negro Air and Dance); Tschaikowsky, Serenade Melancolique; Brahms, Hungarian Dances, D minor and E minor; Drdla, Esmerelda; Paganini, Dance of Witches.

York Bowen is a musician little known in this country, but he is an industrious composer and pianist. Born at London, Feb. 22, 1884, he spent seven years at the Royal Academy of Music. He has composed three concertos for the piano, a symphonic fantasia for orchestra, a concerto for the viola, a sonata for piano and viola, a symphonic poem, "The Death of Tasso"; a symphony, a septet and much chamber music. He has even written a fantasia for four violas.

Cyril Scott is known in Boston by one or two piano pieces—"Lotus Land" has been played here by Mr. Fox (1907) and "Pierrot" by Mr. Buonamici (1909)—and a few songs; Mrs. Gaines sang "Sorrow," "And so I Made a Villanelle" in December, 1909. His admirers call him the English Debussy and his enemies the abomination of desolation. He was born at Oxton, England, Sept. 27, 1879. He studied with Knorr in Frankfort and soon joined the ultra-modern school. It is said that he believes in "melody that is continuous rather than cut up into several strains; that tonality is an unnecessary limitation"; that the chromatic scale is as good a basis for composition as the diatonic. He has composed a symphony, overtures to "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Princess Maleine" and "Aglavaine and Selysette"; "La Belle Dame sans Merci" for soprano, baritone and orchestra; "Helen of Kirkconnel" for baritone and orchestra, a Christmas overture, an Aubade, much chamber music and many piano pieces; also many songs, among them a setting of music to Walt Whitman's "My Captain." Debussy thinks highly of his talent and Fritz Kreisler introduced his piano quartet in London.

The suite by Bowen is far from being the commonplace, academic, smug and highly respectable composition we naturally expect from a young Englishman reared in the Royal Academy. The first movement is in orthodox form, well knit together, with fresh themes developed in an interesting manner. The Barcarole has a charming melody, not too sentimental, and supported by harmonies that are often extraordinary, but not purposely bizarre. The Humoresque is music for a virtuoso, agreeable to hear at the time, and quickly forgotten. The finale is short, spirited, defiant. All in all, an unusually interesting Suite that makes the hearer eager to know more of the composer.

Mr. Scott's "Tallahasse" is negro music heard afar off, negro music that has suffered a sea change, and would not be easily recognized by Americans, least of all by negroes. It might be said that this is negro music as it should be. Never mind the title: the music is the thing, and the music of the first movement of "Tallahasse" is of fine poetic quality. The melodic thought is beautiful; the harmonic scheme is vaporous and exquisite. The other movements might be characterized by the adjective "clever," an adjective often applied in despair when a writer wishes to say something agreeable and is at a loss for the proper phrase. It is enough to say of these movements that the treatment of the theme is highly original. Whether the music would lose or gain by several repetitions is another matter.

Mr. Zimbalist played with great beauty of tone, full, pure, caressing, now tender, now eminently virile. The proficiency of his mechanism, the purity of his taste in phrasing, his musical instinct and intelligence, and the quiet dignity of his behavior put him in the first rank of violinists who are also musicians. His noble performance of the music by Bach was the crowning feature of a concert that gave much pleasure.

The audience, which should have been larger, was highly appreciative. Mr. Zimbalist will give a second recital Monday afternoon, Nov. 20, when Mr. Chotzinoff, a sympathetic accompanist, with a charming touch, will again assist him.

The Herald has received several letters concerning the Theatre Comique, the first performance of the cancan in Boston, and other delectable matters. These letters will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

Sunday Reading.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes:

Mr. Editor: I passed a delightful Sunday, for the air was so unseasonably muggy and the wind was so high that I staid in the house and read. For this reading I chose with a view to the character of the day and also to certain chapters in my colossal work—as yet, alas, not only unpublished, but also uncompleted—(elephant folio, sold only by subscription)—the Newgate Calendar. I often read aloud improving passages to my dear little Herkimer, passages showing the skill rather than the brutality of distinguished artists in their respective lines, masters in art and crafts.

I remember seeing in The Herald an article about Capt. Kidd—"as I sailed, as I sailed"—in which the writer asked why there was confusion concerning the glorious pirate's Christian name, for some biographers give it as William, others as Robert. Imagine my surprise at finding in the Newgate Calendar his Christian name given as John. John, somehow or other, does not seem a likely or fitting name for a successful pirate. John Kidd! Nonsense, he might as well have been named George or Eugene. Robert and William have the true ring.

This reminds me that Sir C. N. Dalton (recently comptroller-general of the patent office, England) came to the conclusion that "except in the case of one Portuguese vessel (and even here there were extenuating circumstances) Kidd's proceedings were not irregular." Dalton quotes in his little volume the documents which led him to this conclusion, and he believes that Kidd was the victim of unscrupulous politicians and lawyers at Boston, Newgate, the Old Bailey and the execution dock at Wapping. But I prefer our old hero who buried the Bible in the sand and murdered William Moore, the gunner.

I pointed out to my young son the admirable style of the compilers of the Newgate Calendar, seen especially in narration. Here are two examples from the life of Richard Turpin. Mark the frankness, the directness, the Homeric simplicity of the beginning: "This man was the son of John Turpin, a farmer at Thackstead, in Essex; and having received a common school education, was apprenticed to a butcher in Whitechapel; but was distinguished from his early youth for the impropriety of his behavior and the brutality of his manners." Note, also, the report of Turpin's encounter with Thomas Morris: "Turpin seeing them approach near his dwelling, Mr. Thompson's man having a gun, he mistook them for poachers; on which he said there were no hares near that thicket. 'No,' said Morris; 'but I have found a Turpin,' and, presenting his gun, required him to surrender. Hereupon Turpin spoke to him as in a friendly manner, and gradually retreated at the same time, till, having seized his own gun, he shot him dead on the spot, and the higgler ran off with the utmost precipitation.

There are other things to be said, but I am still reading this instructive book

and wish to learn the fate of Martha Tracy. There should be a complete edition of the Newgate Calendar, with all the wood cuts, and sold at a reasonable price. There is no better Christmas present for young, healthy, manly boys, no matter in what business they purpose to engage. HERKIMER JOHNSON.
Clamport, Nov. 13, 1911.

An Unanswered Question.

The Herald has received this letter:

As the World Wags:

How old is the T. D? My father smoked it in the early sixties. On going to bed he placed it on a chair at his bedside. In the morning he lit it before getting up. He called it dudeen. Mark Twain favored it. One day in the early seventies I saw him ride up to the railroad station in Hartford smoking a T. D. On leaving the carriage he carefully placed it under the seat.

Boston, Nov. 11. KINMURE.

A year ago the question of the origin of the T. D. was discussed at length in The Herald. The initials stand for the maker of the pipes, and if we remember correctly the pipes thus stamped were first manufactured in Scotland, at Glasgow, by Thomas Davidson. The father and the grandfather, men of the same name, made these pipes before the present Davidson; but no one of our correspondents in November, 1910, informed us as to the date of the first T. D. The story that Sir Timothy Dexter of Newburyport gave his name to a clay pipe is legendary. Clay pipes were long imported into England from Gouda. Witness William Maginn's poem in praise of tobacco from which, so some think, Byron cribbed:

"Pipe! Whether plain in fashion of Frey-herr
Or gaudy glittering in the taste of Boor,
Deep-darkened meer-shaum or ecume-de-mer,
Or snowy clay of Gouda, light and pure.
Let different people different pipes prefer,
Gilt, horn or catgut, long, short, older, newer,
Stiff, every brother, as it likes him best,
De gustibus non disputandum est.

(This poem was published in 1818. Was Thomas Davidson then "T. D—ing" his pipes?

The dudeen (variants are dhudheen, dudheen, dudyen, doodeen, doohdeen) is, as everybody knows, a short clay pipe, but it is not, and it never was, necessarily a T. D. When not in use it was tucked in the band of the hat worn by the sensitive Irish at Donnybrook Fair and other places for friendly trials of athletic skill.

As to Dr. Cook.

And here is another letter, which may stir up strife:

As the World Wags:

Dr. Cook is reported as saying, recently, "I suppose, ladies and gentlemen, you think I am a good deal of a fool—but the fact is, I did discover the North Pole."

Which suggests the query—Has it ever been explained how Cook could have possibly described so accurately the icy conditions actually found and so described also by Peary himself—to dist at the pole—viz., the level of ice pains, instead of hummock ice, or open sea—if Cook had really never seen it, or been in that vicinity?

No mere guess work at probabilities could have been likely to have so decided. Yet he described precisely what Peary afterward testified as facts, in reference to the polar conditions.

CASTELINE.

NOV 16 1911

Few can bear the theory of their amusements; it is essential to the pride of man to believe that he is industrious. We are irritated at literary laughter, and wroth at printed mirth. We turn angrily away to that higher poetry which gives the outline within which all these light colors are painted. From the capital of levity, and its self-amusing crowds; from the elastic vaudeville and the grinning actors; from chansons and cafes we turn away to the solemn nature, to the blue, overarching sky: the one remains, the many pass; no number of seasons impairs the bloom of those hues, they are as soft tomorrow as today. The immeasurable depth folds us in. "Eternity," as the original thinker said, "is everlasting." We breathe a deep breath. And, perhaps, we have higher moments. We comprehend the "unintelligible world"; we see into "the life of things"; we fancy we know whence we come and whither we go; words we have repeated for years have a meaning for the first time; texts of old scripture seem to apply to us * * * And—and—Mr. Thackeray would say, You come back into the town, and order dinner at a restaurant and read Beranger once more.

Of Parochial Fame.

Since this is so, let us again praise famous men. Mr. Luigi Longone is reckoned as one of the mighty in Springfield, of this commonwealth, because, forsooth, on Nov. 4 he ate 28 doughnuts and drank 14 cups of coffee in a lunch room and on a wager. The bells were rung when, having wagered that he could eat 16 egg sandwiches with a slice of onion in each one, he gallantly put down 20 and left in a huff because he could not at once obtain ice cream and pickles. Yet Mr. Longone, in comparison with other heroes of fulosity, is an insignificant figure, a parochial celebrity, not a world-man. His fame crawls. It does not leap like lightning from crag to crag.

What are 20 egg sandwiches? A man at Misson, near Bawtry, in March, 1811, ate 65 raw eggs in eight minutes. What are 28 doughnuts, with or without coffee, to any hungry boy? Listen to the story of two shoemakers as told by the London Packet of March 2, 1804. One of the cordwainers undertook to eat his length in pork sausages. He accomplished this feat with ease, and swallowed sausage 5 feet 9¾ inches in length—weighing 8¼ pounds—also two pounds of fresh bread, a quart of porter and two glasses of brandy, in 22 minutes and without undue haste. His companion ate a pound of salt butter with a spoon, and without bread or vegetables, in 10 minutes, and afterwards a dumpling, weighing 1½ pounds, made of flour and water, "by way of keeping down the grease."

Heroes of Gulosity.

And what would Mr. Longone say to the achievement of a journeyman weaver, named Cunningham, about 50 years of age? Late in December, 1811, this weaver of engaging manners sat in a public house of London and put into his stomach four pounds of raw fat bacon, four pounds of boiled potatoes, half a quartern loaf, two pots of beer and a pint of gin in 56 minutes by the clock, to the astonishment of every person present.

Then there was Mr. Leurnen, a coalheaver, who, about the first of November, 1812, ate nine pounds of bullock's heart roasted, three pounds of potatoes, a half quartern loaf, and a pot of porter. A gentleman had wagered £5 with another gentleman that Mr. Leurnen could not do all this in the space of three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Leurnen completed his task, says the admiring chronicler, and drank three or four glasses of rum besides, within the time allowed him, without producing the smallest apparent inconvenience to himself. It took Mr. Walter Willey in November, 1765, an hour and eight minutes to dispose of six pounds of roasted goose, a quartern loaf and three quarts of porter; a slow, methodical feeder. More to our liking is the young man about 19, an apprentice to a watchmaker, who ate a leg of pork, weighing six pounds, and a pease pudding, weighing in proportion, at a public house in Islington (May 19, 1766) in less than three-quarters of an hour, after which he drank a pint of brandy off, at a draught, and went away seemingly in perfect health.

Inasmuch as little Johnny may ask: "Pa, what is a quartern loaf?" to Pa's discomfiture, we hasten to add that it is a loaf made of a quartern of flour, a four-pound loaf.

We are indebted to Mr. Herkimer Johnson for the instances just cited. He kindly sent to The Herald proof sheets of chapter V.—XII., vol. 1, part 3—of his colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast."

Two Doubtful Cases.

We do not refer Mr. Longone or any joyful citizen of Springfield to one Phagon in whom the Emperor Aurelianus delighted, because we believe the tale of his extraordinary prowess at table to be legendary, for it was said that in one day Phagon would devour a whole boar, 100 loaves, a sheep and a pig and drink above an orca. "I know," saith Lipsius, "it was a wine vessel, and bigger than the amphora, but how much I know not." How this Lipsius stands out against the horde of commentators who, ignorant, yet bluff the questioning reader!

The case too of Clodius Albinus, the Emperor, was probably exaggerated. For breakfast he would eat 500 figs, 100 peaches of Campania, 10 melons of Ostia, 20 pounds weight of the grapes of Lovinium, 100 great-snappers and 400 oysters. "Out upon him," said our old friend Lipsius; "God keep such a plague from the earth, at least from our gardens, which he, together with the herb-market, would swallow up and devour at once." For further information about Clodius Albinus, who anticipated the modern theory that a man's fruit bill should be at least thrice that of the butcher's, the curious reader is respectfully referred to Capitol. Lips. Epist. Misc. Epist. 51, p. 457. Also to Sab. E. l. 10. c. 10, p. 587.

Outside the Door.

Many will be glad to know that Dr. Hammond in Philadelphia gives patients new kidneys, transplants kidneys as though they were kidney beans, and performs the operation as neatly as a cook spits kidneys in a row to cook them. We firmly believe that in a few years men having dined heavily will be able on going to bed to leave their kidneys and liver outside the door to be cleaned and brightened. The fear of Bright's will not then be so imminent, nor will there be the dread of cirrhosis of the liver, otherwise known as hobnail or gin-drinker's liver. All attempts to provide men and women with liver and kidneys nickel-plated and copper bottomed have thus far failed, but we have the utmost confidence in the march of science.

Kyrle Bellew a Super.

They are telling stories in England about Kyrle Bellew, who is mourned as actor and man there as in this country. At the height of his reputation he once was a super. Playing Marat he was killed according to the drama by Mrs. Brown-Potter Corday. In the last act two masked executioners led her to the scaffold and one of them tied her hands behind her back. The tier was Mr. Bellew, for Mrs. Potter was so wrought up by her great scene, so nervous to the point of hysteria, that she insisted on Mr. Bellew being on the stage with her.

NOV 17. 1911

Mrs. Florence Stevens Low and Oscar Seagle Give Pleasing Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Florence Stevens Low, soprano, and Oscar Seagle, baritone, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Yves Nat was the acompanist. The program as announced was as follows:

Mozart, Non Piu Andrai; old songs, L'Armour de moi and Chanson a Danser (Mr. Seagle); Scarlatti, Se Florinda e Fidele; Borodin, Dissonance; Lenormand, Gardeur des Chevres; Tschaikowsky, Tourjours a toi (Mrs. Low); Duparc, Elegie, Chanson Triste; Debussy, Les Cloches, Recueillement, Mandoline (Mr. Seagle); Grieg, Im Kahn; Schumann, Aus dem Ocstlichen Rosen, Hue, j'ai pleure en Reve, 18th century, Bergerettes, L'Amour s'envole and Mama, dites moi (Mrs. Low); Brahms, Staendchen; Grieg, Eros; Strauss, Mit deinen blauen Augen; Rachmaninoff, Die Fruehlingsnacht (Mr. Seagle); Rummel, June; Quilter, Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal; old English, Cherry Ripe (Mrs. Low); duet from Thomas's "Hamlet." Yves Nat played a nocturne by Chopin and Saint-Saen's etude in the form of a waltz.

Mrs. Low is a singer distinguished by the intelligence of her diction. Her voice in the middle register is agreeable and lends itself easily to emotional expression. The upper tones have not so fine a quality. They are inclined to be wiry, and when forced are shrill. The singer's taste is pure; her phrasing is musical. As an interpreter she has a sense of proportion, poise, the ability to lead to a climax, also the ability to differentiate in the expression of sentiments. She can undoubtedly sing "Se Florindo e fedele" better than she did yesterday. In the other songs she was effective and often charming. She is to be especially thanked for her delightful performance of the songs by Borodin and Lenormand.

Mr. Seagle has a good, manly, resonant voice, which he too often abuses by forcing tone. Now the acoustic properties of Steinert Hall are famous for their excelence; but Mr. Seagle put not his trust in them. He is a young singer of decided promise, who has already fallen into injurious mannerisms. Chief among them is a constant see-sawing from piano to forte or fortissimo without regard to the meaning of the text. He delights in vocal explosions on unimportant phrases or even notes. Thus he often impairs the beauty of a melodic line; thus he often anticipates the climax.

In the song of Figaro, the exposition of the chief theme was made less frank by an unwarrantable slackening of pace and use of the slur. In "La ci darem," which was sung in response to applause for the cheap duet from "Hamlet," Mr. Seagle thundered at poor Zerlina his amorous invitation, so that the music was wholly without a seductive caress. Mr. Seagle has indisputable natural gifts, and yesterday, if he showed mannerisms, he also often showed full appreciation of the composer's intentions. It would be a pity if he did not consider in time his ways.

Mr. Nat accompanied sympathetically with a pleasing touch. There was an audience of good size and it applauded heartily.

A word about a typographical error in The Herald of yesterday. Referring to the extraordinary breakfast of Clodius Albinus, Emperor, we spoke of "100 gnat-snappers" which he ate every morning, but only "on the side." Instead of "gnat-snappers," "great-snappers" appeared in print.

And now comes the question: should the word be gnat-snappers, or gnat sappers? The translator of Lipsius, whom we quoted, has it "gnat-sappers." The New English Dictionary prefers "gnat-snapper," but allows "gnat-snap," a name given to various small birds; in 17th century used to translate the Latin "ficedula." Hart in his "Diet Diseased" spoke of a man who had parrots served at table, "as though they had been but ordinary gnat-snappers." At the Cape of Good Hope a sort of titmouse is called gnat-snapper, also honey—or bee—eater.

The Latin word "ficedula" is often translated "fig pecker" or "becca fico," but Philemon Holland, translating Pliny, wrote: "The gnat snapper, Ficedula, * * * at one time it changeth both color, form and song. They have not that name Ficedulae properly but in the autumn, as one would say, fig-feeders; for when that season is once passed, they be called Melancoryphi, that is Blackheads."

The question now is this: Is "gnat-sapper" in the old translation a misprint, or was it a variant of "gnat-snapper"?

A Melancholy Example.

Before leaving this subject let us ponder the sad fate of an ancient ruler and admire the simplicity and directness of the narrator.

"King Hardicanute, as Harold his brother for his swiftness was surnamed Harefoot, so he for his intemperance in diet, might have been surnamed Swinemouth; for his tables were spread every day four times, and furnished with all kinds of curious dishes, as delighting in nothing but gormandizing and swilling. But he had soon the reward of his intemperance; for in a solemn assembly and banquet at Lambeth, revelling and carousing, he sudenly fell down without speech or breath, after he had reigned only two years, and was buried at Winchester."

Brave Surgery.

It was only yesterday that The Herald spoke of Dr. Hammond, a Philadelphian, who takes kidneys from the dead and puts them into the bodies of men whose own kidneys are the worse for wear. Now we read of Dr. W. W. Babcock, also a Philadelphian, who on Nov. 14 neatly thinned a fat woman by performing the operation known as "resection of the abdominal wall for obesity." With the aid of a knife he removed the fat—12 pounds of it—from about the stomach and abdomen. And now the woman has a stylish figure and a springy motion in her gait.

The ancients did not know this heroic surgery, although Paulus Aeginota admitted that when the body "gets to an immoderate degree of obesity, it will be necessary to melt it down and reduce it." He recommended salts from burned vipers and the theriac—thin white wines; also dry rubbing with thick towels, or with soda and the rougher salts. "Fat persons ought not to take a fragrant draught before a meal and it will be best if they eat only once in the day."

The Story of a Prima Donna.

But Dr. Hammond's operation was known to French surgeons of the 18th century and practised by them. Listen to the strange story of Miss Desmatins of the Paris Opera, a singer of joyous life.

Castil-Blaze, who delighted in scandal, says she was at first a scullery maid in a humble tavern, but others are sure she was the daughter of one of the King's fiddlers and a niece of Beauchamps, a celebrated dancer. Whatever her origin, she went on the stage as a dancer when she was 12 years old. She had a beautiful face, a slender and graceful figure, and it was soon discovered that she had a voice. Marthe Le Rochois trained her for tragic parts and found her rather stupid; but Miss Desmatins made her way and became one of the queens of the opera. It was her custom to wear her gorgeous stage costumes at supper after the performance, and her domestics were required to serve her at table on their knees. She liked good cheer and became a gourmet. Later she developed into a gourmand and waxed fat. She soon lost her lines and was enormous. At first she tried fasting, and then she drank vinegar to the injury of her voice.

A Table Joke.

One day Miss Desmatins learned that a butcher in the neighborhood, so fat that he could not stand or sit with comfort, had been operated on. Fifteen pounds were carved out of him, and he then rejoiced in a normal weight. She went to this surgeon and had interior fat removed, nine pounds of it. When she was, as she thought, convalescent, a grotesque idea came into her head. She ordered her cook to prepare a dish of spinach cooked in the fat that had been cut out, and this dish was served to her admirers as spinach with ortolan fat; there was also a dish of "foies gras." Her guests were delighted. Never had they tasted food of such exquisite flavor.

Unfortunately Miss Desmatins did not recover from the operation. She died six weeks after the perpetration of her little joke, in the flower of her youth, mourned by Apollo and the Muses. The prosaic Pougin, a professional biographer with a passion for dates and other facts, says coolly that she died from an ulcerated liver.

The wonder is that no press agent seized the opportunity and persuaded some tavern keeper to serve "tripes a la Desmatins."

O'Brien or Bryan?

A volume of the Poems and Stories of Fitz James O'Brien, who once sojourned in Boston, found its way into a New York auction room this week and in the book a letter of Dr. R.

Shelton Mackenzie was asserted "There was no such person as Fitz James O'Brien. His real name was James Bryan."

This is singular in view of the fact that when O'Brien came to this country in 1852 he brought letters of introduction from Mackenzie, then editor of a Liverpool newspaper, to Maj. Noah, Gen. George P. Morris and other citizens of New York. O'Brien's father was an attorney-at-law, and his mother was famed for her beauty. O'Brien was educated at Dublin University. Furthermore, Mackenzie wrote to William Winter a "gracious and tender letter" with reference to O'Brien's life and his death from wounds received in a cavalry skirmish in 1862. Mr. Thomas E. Davis met O'Brien's mother, who was then Mrs. De Courcy O'Grady, and she spoke most affectionately of her dead son. The story that he was related to Smith O'Brien was not true. O'Brien was fond of stuffing solemn persons. Mr. Winter tells a story of the "overwhelming" Count Gurowski shouting out his knowledge of court etiquette at the Manhattan Club. O'Brien disagreed with him, and the angry count asked for his authority. To which O'Brien gravely replied: "I was for several months a resident of the court of St. James, as maid of honor to the Queen."

A Correction?

"Earnest Seeker," in a letter published in this column Nov. 14, spoke of "Annette Nice," an actress who took the part of Evadne in Boston. We have received a memorandum that reads as follows: "Annette Ince, Boston Museum about 1851-0, with Warren, Charles Barron, Mrs. Vincent, Annie Cruise, etc., etc."

"Earnest Seeker" is known in Boston as well versed in the theatrical history of the town. Did Miss Ince ever play as Miss Nice? We should be glad to hear from him.

Nov 18 1911

Grieg's Romance and Overture of Sibelius Given First Performance in Boston.

SCHUMANN-HEINK SOLOIST

Rendition of "Scheherazade" by

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Schumann-Heink was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Suite, "Scheherazade".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Andromache's Lament.....Bruch
Old Norwegian Romance with variations—Grieg
Songs with orchestra—
(a) Traume.....Wagner
(b) Die junge Nonne.....Schubert
(c) Die drei Zigeuner.....Liszt
"Karelia," overture.....Sibelius

Grieg's Romance with Variations and the overture of Sibelius were performed for the first time in Boston. The Variations, composed for two pianos, were arranged by Grieg for orchestra shortly before his death in 1907. They do not form a closely knit work, nor do they give the hearer any idea of continuity in thought. Thus they are unlike d'Indy's "Istar" or the variations by Brahms on a theme of Haydn. There are 13 of these variations, in which character, rhythm and color are varied so that they are contrasting little pieces, although the contrasts are not strongly marked. The 13th variation is the most elaborate, and it contains an apotheosis of the theme, after which the theme is repeated gently and simply in the manner of the first statement.

Variations Amiable Chatter.

This composition cannot be ranked among the more significant of Grieg's works. The first four variations are only amiable chatter. The fifth, in which the theme is given to horns in unison, has more character. There are pretty variations in minuet and waltz form, but as a whole the composition is not greatly to Grieg's credit either as a poet in tones or as a craftsman. The theme itself has pleasing naivete, and a quaint touch is given to it by the repetition of the closing cadence with a difference in the time.

The overture of Sibelius may have an ethnographical significance, as Mrs. Newmarch thinks; but it is without musical importance. We are informed that Karelia is the southeastern province of Finland; that it is "the stronghold of the national spirit"; that the Karelian peasantry are cheerful companions. These are interesting, no doubt, important facts, unsupported, however, by any evidence in the overture, which is even of less worth than the same composer's "Finland." "Karelia" is music for a brass band in the open air. The chief theme, which is worked to death, is a lusty vulgar tune; the other thematic material is commonplace. The development consists largely of repetitions. The orchestration is thick and monochromatic.

Source of Great Pleasure.

It was a great pleasure to hear Rimsky-Korsakoff's gorgeous and entrancing suite again, one of the most brilliant examples of romantically imaginative orchestration in all music. It is not necessary for full enjoyment to inquire minutely into the tales of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" that inspired the composer; to ask which of the three Kalandars tells his strange story, or what prince and what princess are characterised, whether they are Kamar al-Zaman, Moon of the Age, and the beauteous Budur; or to question why the ship should go to pieces against the magnetic rock in the same movement with the Festival at Bagdad. Anyone that should insist on these questions would be ready to argue in all seriousness that the tales told by Scheherazade were not reasonable and some of them were probably untrue.

W. E. Henley in a magnificent rhapsody over "The Arabian Nights" said that their poets "stoop the universe to the slavery of a talisman and bind the visible and invisible worlds within the compass of a ring." Rimsky-Korsakoff caught the spirit of the wondrous tales, and vitalized with it the four movements of a suite and made them splendid with the barbaric splendor of the Orient.

Repetition Does Not Stale Motives.

How fortunate was this Russian, who had sailed the seas, in his thematic invention! Constant repetition does not stale the motives, nor is this due solely to the amazing ingenuity of the varied orchestration. The themes themselves are haunting, and in the repetition is the pleasing monotony that gives to oriental music a peculiar charm. There is little or no use of polyphony in this suite; but the rhythmic changes, the variety of orchestral expression, the pervading rhapsodic fervor, the sincerity of the sustained melodies, the constant suggestion of the tales that are as wild and pathetic and cruel as any in "the iron bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi," hold the attention of the hearer as though he himself were listening as the Sultan Schahriar to the sigh-breasted and accomplished Scheherazade, the daughter of the Chief Wazir.

The brilliance of this music may almost be seen, glittering, dazzling; and in this music with all its beauty, its richness, its pomp, its dramatic moments, there is also the reminder of what Henley characterized as the tedium of the East—the realization that the show is only passing. "This is indeed life; O sad that 'tis fleeting." And the Destroyer of Delights and the Severer of Societies, the Desolator of Dwelling Places and Garnerer of Graveyards will soon put an end to the feasting and the laughter, and Sultana and bathman, the voluptuous beauty of Bagdad and the gatherer of fagots will alike be translated to the ruth of Almighty Allah.

Sang with Classic Dignity.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang the lament of Andromache with the classic dignity that did not exclude emotional intensity. By her voice and art and by womanly feeling which gave life and deep expression, she raised Bruch's music, inherently feeble and meaningless, to a height where it was momentarily convincing. She sang the group of songs with fine appreciation of the character of each, though in Schubert's "Young Nun" she erred, if at all, on the side of restraint. Liszt's "Three Gypsies," a strikingly original and effective setting of music to Lenau's poem, was sung con amore, with a dramatic force that was not allowed to become theatrical or extravagant.

The performance of "Scheherazade" was indeed worthy of this superb orchestra, a virtuoso orchestra composed of virtuoso musicians. The many solo passages were skilfully played, and the whole performance was romantically poetic. Among the many features of the concert the solos of Mr. Witek in the Suite and in Liszt's "Three Gypsies" were conspicuous.

The program of the concerts next week will include Cesar Franck's symphony, Schumann's piano concerto (Harold Bauer, pianist), Balakireff's overture on a theme of a Spanish March.

What can be worse than regular meals, clock-moving servants, a time for everything and everything then done, a place for everything without the Irish alleviation, "Sure, and I'm rejiced to say, 'that'a jist and exactly where it isn't," a common gardener, a slow parson, a heavy assortment of near relations, a placid house flowing with milk and sugar—all that the fates can stuff together of substantial comfort, and fed and fatted monotony? Aspiring and excitable youth stoutly maintains it can endure anything much better than the "gross fog Boeotian"—the torpid, indoor, tea-tabular felicity.

From "Earnest Seeker."

The Herald was sure that "Earnest Seeker" would settle the question whether the name of the actress was Ince or Nice. He wrote as follows:

As the World Wags:

Evidently your compositors are not old-time playgoers, or in my recent note about the actresses who had appeared in "Evadne" they would have printed Annette Ince, Mrs. Lander and Jane Coombs. Doubtless Miss Ince was Nice, as your typesetter said, but that is hardly the word to apply to her. Mrs. Lander was the wife of the gallant Union general and Jane Coombs was a player with a reputation before the civil war. Indeed, during the rebellion she was playing in England. She made her first appearance on the stage as Pauline to the Claude Melnotte of Edwin Forrest.

EARNEST SEEKER.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1911.

Still T-D-ing It.

And here is an answer to Mr. Kinnure:

As the World Wags:

The T D pipe is rather ancient. The Boston Gazette of 9 March, 1767, advertises "best 18 inch T D Pipes," and repeats the advertisement on the 23d. The advertisement is that of a broker, Jos. Turell, offering all sorts of imported goods, possibly consigned to him by some English merchant, and sold on commission. It is fair to guess that they were Dutch pipes, and that they were made by many Dutchmen. By 1767, it seems, they were in use on two continents. The Boston Gazette, 1767, is in the Public Library. C. W. E.

Boston, Nov. 15, 1911.

Among All Nations.

Yet there may have been a line of Davidsons, Thomas Davidsons, all pipemakers, stretching back to David with his harp. There are deep thinkers who, reading Herodotus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela and Solinus, are prepared to swear that the early northern nations knew tobacco or a plant much like it which they smoked through small tubes. No doubt Caius Marius smoked a clay pipe in his celebrated act of sitting on the ruins of Carthage. Surely there was smoking and there were pipes in the Old World before tobacco was adopted by the Spaniards of Santo Domingo in 1496. Lord Macartney suggested that smoking might have originated spontaneously in Europe, Asia, Africa—spontaneous combustion. The North American Indian was not dependent on tobacco. He smoked, if there was no tobacco at hand, rose bark, the cuticle of a cornus, the lobelia, the larb and many other plants. He invented kinnikinik. The hunters understood by this word a mixture of tobacco and red willow bark; but some settlers applied the word to a mixture of tobacco, sumach leaves and willow rind. There were others who smoked only the cortex of the willow. "The taste," says Burton, "is pleasant and aromatic, but the effect is that of the puerile rattan, rather than the manly tobacco." It should be remembered that all savages find pure tobacco too strong, for they inhale the smoke into the lungs and return it through the nostrils.

By the way "nosterils" is a far nobler word than nostrils. Witness the splendid lines that Marlowe put into the mouth of Tamburlaine the Great:

The horse that guide the golden eye of Heaven,
And blow the morning from their nosterils.

The Poet's Nurse.

There are famous poems or verses addressed to tobacco, and the names of Byron, Lamb, Maginn, Calverley rush into the mind, but certain poetic addresses to the pipe are not so familiar.

Many sing the song of the dudeen, but how many have read "The Poet's Pipe," by Tristan Corbirre, whose baptismal name was Edouard? The pipe calls herself the poet's nurse; she lulls to sleep his bad humor, his despair. "I smoke; and he no longer sees the spiders on the ceiling; I make for him a sky, clouds, sea, desert and mirage, and he looks at them with his glazed eyes. When the smoke grows thick he thinks he sees a well-known shadow—and then he bites my stem. * * * Dream your dream to the end, poor friend—smoke is all there is; that is, if everything is really smoke."

In the Fireman's Mouth.

Then there is "The Briar Wood Pipe," by Charles Dawson Shanley, which was published in Vanity Fair, July 6, 1861, with a charming picture by Mullen. 'Tis a simple story told by a New York fireman, smoking his pipe in the moonlight, the night before a battle, dreaming of the golden-haired, white-robed lady that gave him the havelock for his cap as he marched with his comrades in the city street. And he recalls other scenes:

My thoughts are back in the city, I'm everything I've been;
I hear the bell from the tower, I run with the swift machine.
I see the red shirts crowding around the engine house door,
The foreman's hail through the trumpet comes with a hollow roar.
The reel in the Bowery dance house, the row in the beer saloon,
Where I put in my licks at Big Paul, come between me and the moon.
I hear the drum and the bugle, the tramp of the cowskin books.
We are marching on our muscle, the Fire Zouave recruits.

Good lines, worthy to be put in a foot note to Walt Whitman's "I am the mashed fireman with breastbone broken."

O, Do You Remember?

The Herald spoke of Fitz James O'Brien as once sojourning in Boston. Does any reader remember him in this city? His remarkable story, "The Diamond Lens," was published in the Atlantic early in 1858, and perhaps he was then in town. Mr. William Winter states that O'Brien greatly admired the "strange, wild, passionate genius" of Matilda Heron, and once travelled as "literary assistant"—press agent?—with H. L. Bateman, her manager. She was playing in "Camille" and "Geraldine." "On this trip O'Brien visited Boston, and he remained for some time in that city and its neighborhood; and I remember that he considerably astonished some of the quiet literary circles of that staid and decorous region by his utter and unaffected irreverence for various camphorated figureheads which were then an incubus upon American letters."

Now Mrs. Bateman's "Geraldine, or Love's Victory," was produced in New York in August, 1859. O'Brien went to the war in 1861. Matilda Heron was at the Boston Theatre in January, 1858, but of course "Geraldine" was not then in her repertoire. On Jan. 8, 1859, as Robert Stoepel's wife, she recited in the same theatre extracts from Longfellow's "Hiawatha" when her husband's "symphony" of the same name was produced. Was O'Brien sojourning here in the winter of '58?

ELMENDORF GIVES LECTURE

First of a Series of Five New Travel Talks at Symphony Hall.

A very large and enthusiastic audience was present last evening at Symphony Hall and warmly welcomed Mr. Elmendorf, who gave the first of a series of five new travel talks on Italy, illustrated by color views and motion pictures. The subject last evening was "The Riviera," the first half of the lecture being given over to the Italian Riviera while the second was concerned with the French.

Nov 19 1911

Director Russell Outlines Plans for Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

The third season of the Boston Opera House, Henry Russell managing director, will begin on Monday night, Nov. 27, and Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila" will then be performed for the first time as an opera in this city. (The opera was first performed here as an oratorio by the Cecilia Society Nov. 27, 1894, when the solo singers were Mrs. Julie Wyman, Messrs. Davis, Meyn, Clarke, Hall and Townsend. Mr. Lang conducted.)

The prospectus for 1911-1912 states that the repertoire will be selected from 17 Italian operas, 10 French operas, two German operas and one in English by an American composer. For the sake of reference the list is given in full:

Italian—Verdi, "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Aida," "Otello"; Rossini, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"; Donizetti, "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Mascagni, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Leoncavallo, "Pagliacci"; Boito, "Mefistofele"; Franchetti, "Germania"; Wolf-Ferrari, "Il Segreto di Susanna," and these operas by Puccini: "Manon Lescaut," "La Boheme," "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly" and "The Girl of the Golden West." Of these operas "Germania" and "Il Segreto di Susanna" will be performed here for the first time.

French—Aubert, "La Foret Bleue"; Bizet, "Carmen"; Debussy, "L'Enfant Prodigue," "Pellas et Melisando"; Gounod, "Faust"; Leparra, "La Habanera"; Massenet, "Manon," "Thais," "Werther"; Saint-Saens, "Samson et Dalila." "La Foret Bleue" will be performed for the first time on any stage. "Samson et Dalila" and "Werther" will be performed for the first time in Boston. "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Thais" will be performed for the first time at the Boston Opera House.

tau an—Wagner, "Tristan und
sto Humperdinck, "Haensel und
ister
sh—Converse, "The Sacrifice."
rt, a
tle ry, hen, be asked: "Why is
ey s marked increase in the num-
ains. French operas announced for
idd on, and why is so much stress
sho the coming performances of
uck operas?
aga

Ou ld be remembered that the
dow on was planned on a $3 basis.
ment e purpose of the directors to
operas with a good ensemble
ith due attention to mise en
easonable prices. The prom-
he directors were faithfully
he ensemble was generally ex-
; there was a large, well drilled,
ve chorus, and so far as scenery
stage management were con-
ed opera was performed in a far
ore sumptuous manner than had
en known in Boston, in a manner
at excited the admiration of Bosto-
ians and all visitors and gave the
pera House an international reputa-
on.

It was natural that in the choice of
repertoire Italian operas were at
est in the great majority and regard-
l as the most important. Mr. Russell
ad been associated with Italian sing-
s; he had produced Italian opera in
ondon and in cities of the United
tates before he was invited to take
harge of the Boston Opera. His gen-
al stage director and chief con-
ictor were Italians.

Furthermore, he might well have
gued that the great public was
ore interested in Italian opera as a
hool than in the operas of other
tions. The popular French operas,
could have said, are "Faust," "Car-
en," Romeo and Juliet," and when
ere is an "ideal cast" and prices are
lised "The Huguenots." He might
ve said, if there was any interest in
ouise" and "Thais" it was on ac-
unt of Miss Garden. The interest in
her French operas produced here by
r. Hammerstein was not great ex-
pt in the case of "Pelleas et Meli-
nde," which was heralded as a curi-
ity.

He might also have said that a pub-
has to be educated up to a large
d varied repertoire. The public is
spicious of an unfamiliar or un-
own opera. When Mr. Ellis pro-
iced Puccini's "Boheme" in Boston,
r one who went to find out what the
era was like, 25 went to hear Mme.
elba sing.

Mr. Russell, then, for the first sea-
n put his trust in Italian opera,
though he looked forward to an
era house in which French and Ger-
an schools would be fully repre-
nted. He believed that an opera
ould be sung in the language in
hich it was written; that it should
put on the stage by men acquaint-
l with the traditions and with the
tistic taste to improve on them or
invent something that was still
etter. He believed that Italian op-
as should be prepared and conduct-
l by Italians; that French or German
English operas should be produced
like manner. But the time was not
pe for him to put his theories into
ractice, nor would it have been pru-
nt for him to be heroically eclectic
a first season and when the orches-
a seats brought only $3 apiece.

A different scale of prices was ar-
nged for the second season. This
nabled the directors to spend more
oney on singers and on productions.
lready in a year the public, which had
arned from Mr. Hammerstein that
pera should appeal to the eye as well
s to the ear, had been further edu-
ated by Mr. Russell in the appreciation
f fitting and gorgeous scenery and cos-
umes. It would have been impatient,
nclined to protest, had there been any
etrogression in this respect. Yet not
many years ago the Boston public
rowded Mechanics' building, where
pera was pitchforked on the stage,
vithout any pretence of suitable and
andsome scenery, with laughably in-
different stage management. The crowd
vas there to hear Mmes. Melba, Calve,
Nordica, Eames, Messrs. de Reszke,
Plancon, Maurel, Tamagno and other
celebrated singers. The crowd was
drawn by the singers and by them alone.
Today the public would not be so easily
satisfied. It still demands effective sing-
ers; it also requires adequate and more
than adequate stage settings.

The Italians in their own country put
a far higher value on the singers than
on scenery and stage appointments. They
demand either "bel canto" in its perfec-
tion or an intensely dramatic perform-
ance of a dramatic role. Scenery, cos-
tumes, stage management are of sec-
ondary importance.

The French, on the other hand, have
always been fastidious in the matter of
mise-en-scene. The Paris Opera was for
years more conspicuous for the splendor
of productions than for the vocal strength
of its members. The Germans have in-
sisted on a good chorus and orchestra
and on singers trained in team work, to
borrow a term from the vocabulary of
sports. They, too, have insisted on
scenery and costumes that were not in-
congruous or anachronistic. Their taste
in color schemes and in groupings was
often deplorable, but there was the hon-
est endeavor, and the results were gen-
erally satisfactory to Germans, although
visitors might groan and put their hands
to their eyes—also to their ears—after
they had recovered from the first shock.
But a new school has arisen in Ger-
many, and operas and spectacles are
now mounted in some of the largest
cities with more originality and with
finer taste.

It is now Mr. Russell's purpose to
combine the best qualities of each
school. He will give "La Traviata,"
"Rigoletto," "Lucia di Lammermoor,"
that Mme. Tetrazzini may shine in her
delivery of florid passages, although
Mme. Tetrazzini has recently shown
that she is a mistress of sustained song,
that her voice is both emotional and
brilliant. The operas of Verdi and Puc-
cini are promised because the public
delights in them. Crowded houses for
"Il Trovatore" and "Cavalleria Rusti-
cana" will allow the managing director
to produce other and unfamiliar operas
that may not at first draw so well,
operas to which the public must accus-
tom itself, as it did to Puccini's "Bo-
heme," for when "Boheme" was first
performed in this city many considered
it unmelodic and saw in it no promise
of popularity.

Mr. Russell has increased the number
of French operas this year because he
believes that the public is now ready to
appreciate their finer qualities, to rec-
ognize the art of the singers in expres-
sive diction and the skill of the com-
posers in setting music to the text so
that sentiments and emotions are well
emphasized and dramatic strokes in-
tensified. These operas require effective
stage settings, striking, picturesque or
beautiful scenery. There was a time
when Faust could sing to a dilapidated
cottage with a garden consisting of one
potted plant, and a Boston audience
would be conscious only of the tenor's
voice. That time has passed. The
French operas also require singers with
dramatic intelligence, singers that are
at ease upon the stage, graceful or dig-
nified or heroic, as the case may be,
and not anxiously thinking of tone pro-
duction or looking forward to the effect
of a sweet romanza. These operas de-
mand actors and actresses who express
their emotions in musical dialogue, in
arioso measures, or, when there is occa-
sion, in sustained song, but always first
with a view to the dramatic situation
and requirements.

The French repertoire this season will
of course, include "Faust" and "Car-
men," for it is impossible to think of
a repertoire, even in a little German
town, without them. Massenet's charm-
ing "Manon" will be included, that
dainty opera in porcelain, if only for
the purpose of displaying Mr. Clement's
exquisite art. The success of "Thais"
does not depend solely on the presence
or absence of any particular soprano.
The part of the Monk is one of the most
dramatic in modern opera, and "Thais"
admits of superb scenery and lavish
decoration. "Werther," which has never
been performed in Boston, is thought
by good judges to be one of Massenet's
most brilliant achievements, and this
opera, also, tempts the ingenuity of the
scene painter.

"Samson et Dalila," oratorio or opera,
as you will—and for many years the
partition between opera and oratorio was
a thin one—should be a fine spectacle,
with impressive choral effects; with the
ballet in dances that, while sacred to
worshippers in the Temple of Dagon, are
exhilerating to the unbelievers on this
side of the footlights; with the famous
scene of seduction in which the woman
of Sorek triumphs over Israel's hope
and strength.

"La Foret Bleue" is a story that should
appeal to all children, young and old.
The tales of Perrault that serve as a
source of the libretto are familiar and
are prettily combined and retold. Here
again is the promise of a spectacle that
will add to the reputation of this opera
house.

It should be a pleasure to witness the
revival of "La Habanera," with its
thrilling scenes, its dramatic intensity.
The performance will be strengthened
by the appearance of Mme. Gay as the
Spanish heroine.

A prominent feature of the season,
probably the most prominent, will be
the production of "Pelleas et Melisande"
with Mme. Georgette Leblanc, the wife
of Maeterlinck, as Melisande. It is
well known that the dramatist wished
her to create the part at the Opera
Comique in Paris; that the director of
that theatre preferred Miss Garden for
peculiarly personal reasons that did
not reflect in any manner upon Mme.
Leblanc; that the dramatist then wrote
a letter in which he freed his mind and
said he had no interest in the produc-
tion. It may now be said that he is
especially interested in the production
at the Boston Opera House, that he has
busied himself in the preparation of
the scenery, painted by the celebrated
Loeffler in accordance with his ideas,
for the scenery at the Opera Comique
vexed him as being rococo rather than
in the old northern Norman style; that
he has expressed in a letter to Mr. Rus-
sell his deep appreciation of the infinite
care taken in this production by Mr.
Russell and Mr. Caplet and his belief
in the aesthetic perfection of the pro-
duction.

Mr. Weingartner will conduct opera for
the first time in Boston, where he is
now only known as composer, pianist
in chamber music and concert conduc-
tor. His interpretation of "Tristan und
Isolde" should be an emotional one,
and many will be interested in compar-
ing his reading with that of Gustav
Mahler, and that of Arturo Toscanini.
Mr. Weingartner brings with him Miss
Lucille Marcel, a New York girl, who
was chosen by Richard Strauss to take
the part of Elektra at the Vienna Opera
House when Mr. Weingartner was the
conductor.

Mr. Converse's "Sacrifice" will be re-
vived. It is said that the composer last
summer made alterations and thorough-
ly revised the work.

The list of singers includes tried fa-
vorites, as Mmes. Destinn, Eames, Gar-
den, Gadski, Carmen Melis, Nordica,
Tetrazzini, Gay, Homer, Gerville-Reache
and Messrs. Clement, Jadlowker, Slezak,
Zenatello, Amato, Blanchart, Polese,
Renaud and Scotti.

There will naturally be curiosity to see
Mme. Leblanc in all that she under-
takes. Newcomers of whom good things
have been said in Europe are Mmes.
Amsden, Brozia, Ferrabini (who sang
here at Leoncavallo's concerts), Marcel,
d'Olige, de Lieven, de Courcy and Messrs.
de Potter, Urlus, Riddez, Lankow, Mar-
coux, Olshanski. There are other new-
comers of good reputation.

Many will rejoice in the fact that Mr.
Constantino has been re-engaged.

The season of 1911-12, then, promises to
be unusually interesting, brilliant. The
hearty support of the city and all those
in the neighborhood who are interested
in operatic art should be constant, un-
failing.

The Herald last Sunday stated that
the cancan was danced in January, 1868,
at the Theatre Comique, Boston, by
Mlle. Morlacchi and her companions.

The Herald asked whether the can-
can had been danced in Boston before
that date.

John De Pol brought Mlle. Morlacchi
and her associates to New York in Oc-
tober, 1867.

It will be seen, then, that some of the
statements in the letters which follow
are not well founded.

We are much indebted to the writers
of these entertaining letters. The can
can evidently left a fragrant memory
behind it, and men long past the roar-
ing forties now treasure the recollection.

Mr. John W. Ryan gives his recollec-
tions of the Theatre Comique.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Memories of the Theatre Comique

My impression of the hall in Central court, next to Billy Park's hostelry, is that it was first used as an aquarial garden. It had in its centre an immense tank in which a young whale disported, while some performer rode on its slippery back. Phineas T. Barnum had it for a while, and his resident manager was Benjamin E. Lowell, a bright man. * * * Light performances were given on the stage of what the boys called the Fish Theatre, which existed about the opening of the civil war. It was later known as Andrews Hall, where fairs were held and other entertainments given.

About 1865, Jason Wentworth, a toy dealer at the corner of Washington and Temple place, who had seen Maffitt and Bartholomew perform at the Boston Museum in a company from New York, conceived the idea of having these actors located in Boston, and he secured Andrew's Hall and renamed it the Theatre Comique. The enterprise was a grand success for a while, and Maffitt and Bartholomew sang and danced "Johnny Schmocker" and gave pantomimic performances, much to the delight of young and old. Later the house had a varied career. Horace Lingard, "Capt. Jenks," came there as manager for a short time, and with his wife, Alice Dunning, and Dicky Lingard were favorites. John Stetson ran the theatre for a while after he left the Howard Athenaeum, and before he went to the old Globe Theatre at the corner of Washington street and Hayward place. He did not call it the Theatre Comique, however, but styled it, if I mistake not, the Gaiety Theatre. I recall that when Morlacchi first appeared at this house, she was said to be the finest dancer that had been seen in Boston since Fanny Elsler at the old Tremont Theatre.

JOHN W. RYAN.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Old Renew Their Youth

I have been much interested in the several articles published in The Herald relating to the time when the cancan was first danced in Boston, and I think the time given in this day's Herald (Nov. 12) is correct. Possibly it may interest younger Boston to know that Mr. Wentworth, the first proprietor of the Theatre Comique, kept a children's toy store, etc., at the head of Temple place, Washington street end. This was before Temple place was opened to Washington street. At that time there was a narrow passage to Temple place and a rise of four stone steps. Temple place at that time was all dwelling houses. Mr. Wentworth's store stood where now is the corner of the two streets, with Hilton's store making one corner and Houston's the other. After Mr. Wentworth gave up the Theatre Comique he took the Melodeon Billiard Hall and erected a stage and gave light operas and burlesques there. Mr. Mestayer (300 pounds) played the "Tourists in a Pullman Car" there. Also I think "The Mascot" was first given in Boston there. Mr. Wentworth called it the Gayety. He was succeeded by Keith, who altered the hall into a theatre and called it the Bijou. This was before he (Keith) built his present theatre. All the plays mentioned in this day's Herald I remember perfectly well, and am I not right in saying that later on Albertine played Columbine to Maffitt's and Bartholomew's Pantaloon and clown? I don't think the cancan was ever danced at the Continental by this troupe. Elise Holt was there with a company, but I don't remember of any dancers in her company. There was a burlesque of the cancan given at Morris Bros.' that was a corker. I wonder how many of Boston's old boys remember that Barnum exhibited the white whale in Andrew's Hall, afterward the Theatre Comique? I am very certain that the cancan was danced at the Boston Theatre during an engagement of the Ravel troupe.

Do any of Boston's old boys remember when "The Black Crook" was brought out at the Continental, and do they remember the big snow storm that blocked railroads and everything else? No one could get out of Boston that night, and the old Continental was crowded from ridgepole to cellar foundation with men. Only one woman in the theatre, and every man cheered when she came in. My party could not get seats, and we stood 'way down next to the footlights. You may depend upon it, the cancan was danced that night for all it was worth. I ought to know, for I was there.

ONE OF OLD BOSTON'S BOYS.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Music of the Cancan

I have just read with interest the historical notes in your columns in The Herald concerning the cancan dance, and I find that I have the music played for the dance. It was published in 1868 by Ditson. It was composed by Paolo Giorza and arranged for the piano by my uncle, J. Stearns Knight, at that time a famous dance music player and composer of waltzes that had considerable vogue in those days. The title page has a picture of Morlacchi and Baretta on it and is very interesting. My uncle also published the same year the Cancan Galop from "The Grand Duchess" of Offenbach, which from the picture seems to have been a far more decorous affair than Morlacchi's.

I have a great deal of the old music of 50 and 60 years ago, and take increasing interest in it from year to year. Foster's melodies, music of the Hutchinsons, Bakers and other "families." Ordway's songs and many other pieces. To me they show the evolution in the art of printing as well as in the musical taste, while the names and addresses of the publishers show the growth of Boston to the great city it now is. When The Herald was printing the war-time Heralds the "Musical and Dramatic" column read in connection with this old music and with the many reminiscences of my mother gave me a better idea of Boston life as it then was than I ever had before. AUG. C. KNIGHT.

West Medford, Nov. 12, 1911.

There is no special music for the cancan in "La Grande Duchesse." The Grand Duchess and Gen. Boum dance a few steps after they have agreed to conspire against Fritz. In performances of Offenbach's operettas in this country the cancan was sometimes introduced and generally to the galop from "Orphee aux Enfers," the galop danced wildly by the dwellers on Olympus.—Ed.

To the Editor of The Herald

A Youth's Joyous Fourth

In reference to the Theatre Comique as mentioned in Sunday's Herald, I have before me a program of July 4, 1867 or 1868:

J. WENTWORTH & CO.....Manager
JAS. S. MAFFITT.....Stage Manager
One Week Only of the Greatest Danseuses
That Have Ever Appeared in America.
MLLE. ELISA BLASINA.
First Appearance in America of
MLLE. LEONILDA CROCE.
(Programme, etc., etc.)
DEVIL'S AUCTION
or The Golden Bran
The performance wound up with:
De Pol's American
CANCAN.
Mlle. Elisa Blasina,
Mlle. Leonilda Croce,
Miss Eveline Lehman, etc.
In the cast were Maffitt and Bartholomew, Sig. C. Constantine, J. K. Kruger, Carrie Prescott, Eveline Lehman, Miss Farrell, etc., etc.

There is no date on the program, but I know it was July 4—matinee—because as a boy I was celebrating by trying to spend a $5 bill my employer had given me for the purpose. So much was I impressed by the pleasure of the occasion I could almost point out the seat in the orchestra, and I plainly remember that my neighbor

[illegible] man who had [illegible] the bar [illegible] next [illegible] the theatre.

[illegible] t Morlacchi appeared at Selwyn's in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the fall of 1869, a program of which is before me.

[illegible] the Theatre Comique [illegible] was 1867, [illegible] perhaps it was [illegible] LAURENCE JENKINS.

[illegible] Nov. [illegible] 1911.

[illegible] Mr. Jenkins [illegible] no [illegible] published in 1867 [illegible]

At the Aquarial Garden

M[illegible] L. Mathe Sampson of South Weymouth writes [illegible] one Selwyn Theatre program dated [illegible] 5, [illegible] advertising "The renowned [illegible] Ballet Troupe in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler of Boston writes (Nov. 15):

To the Editor of The Herald:

I have been quite interested in the articles relating to the old Theatre Comique. I distinctly remember when it was the Aquarial Garden. The episode of the white whale I also recall as I heard my uncle, the late Rufus Somerby, the old-time showman, describe [illegible] on the aforesaid whale. This is entirely from memory, as I have no data to prove the statements.

JOSEPH H. WHEELER.

The Herald is indebted to Mr. Edward [illegible], for a card printed in colors. A [illegible] box bears on one side this legend: "Adelphi Theatre (late Theatre Comique). Great Star Troupe. Every evening. Saturday afternoon." Children are standing about the box and two [illegible] ing from bottles.

The card was printed in Philadelphia at the Ledger Job Print.

A Forgotten Bird-Play

If the arrival of Rostand's "Chantecler" at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow should bring about a discussion of birds in drama there is no need of going back to the famous play of Aristophanes.

Mortimer Collins wrote a poetical drama, "The British Birds: a Communication from the Ghost of Aristophanes," which was published in London in 1872. He introduced the birds King Roc, Tom Tit, Procne the Nightingale, three Poets, four Philosophers, three Statesmen, a Man of the Adelphi; also Peisthetairus, the hero of the play, the "persuasive companion", and Euelpides, his follower, the "cheery comrade." Collins added: "They are Greek types, 23 centuries old, of Quixote and Sancho Panza, of Pickwick and Sam Weller."

This dramatic poem is a bitter satire on the Darwinian theory and the philosophy of the Positivists. Here is a stage direction: "Enter a great number of philosophers, mostly queer in appearance. One slightly resembles a Gorilla, another a Germ, a third a Protoplast, a fourth a Sewing Machine. All four, not to mention several minor philosophers, talk in vigorous defiance of the laws of logic and grammar. Peisthetairus meanwhile smokes a cigar."

The philosophers sing a chorus that was famous for many years and aroused angry retorts. We quote three verses:

Life and the universe show spontaneity:
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity!
Churches and creeds are all lost in the mists;
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

H[illegible] and wives should all be one community,
Ex[illegible] to freedom with absolute unity.
Wedding rings worse are than manacled fists—
Such is the creed of the Positivists.

There was an APE in the days that were earlier;
[illegible] passed, and his hair became curlier;
[illegible] more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was MAN and a Positivist.

And in "The British Birds" is this delightful recipe for salad, sung in the manner of Swinburne:

Take a [illegible] olive—like love it is bitter,
Take [illegible]—for, like love, it is red;
[illegible] leaf of the lettuce shall glitter
And [illegible] cress from the rivulet's bed;
[illegible] es, foam-born, like the Lady
Whose beauty has maddened this bard,
And [illegible] es, from groves that are shady;
And eggs—Boil 'em hard.

The play is excellent fooling, and Collins shows a mastery over rhythm and [illegible] even Swinburne must have [illegible].

Notes on Concerts of the Week

There are interesting concerts this week.

On Monday Mr. Zimbalist will give his second recital. It would be a pity if this admirable violinist, one to be ranged with Fritz Kreisler rather than Mischa Elman—for Mr. Zimbalist does not deliberately play to the [illegible] unthinking crowd—should leave Boston feeling that he was unappreciated. He studied composition with Glazounoff and will play a suite of his own compositions.

The Longy Club will introduce two pieces by Louis Diemer, the distinguished French pianist, who has composed a piano concerto, violin concertstueck and much chamber music as well as piano pieces. The club will also play for the first time a posthumous quintet by Rimsky-Korsakoff, which was performed in London Nov. 2. It is in three movements. The Pall Mall Gazette found that it contained some agreeable music, was effectively written and well worth hearing.

Mrs. Hunt's song recitals are interesting by reason of the programs and the art of the singer, who is an interpreter as well as an accomplished vocalist.

Mr. Renaud is a French pianist who has lived for some time in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Witek will play Cesar Franck's trio in F sharp minor, which was first performed in Boston Jan. 3, 1888, at a Kneisel concert with George Proctor pianist. Von Buelow played this trio in Berlin as early as Nov. 22, 1856, and the trio aroused fierce hostility. I understand that Mr. Witek was the first to revive the trio in Berlin.

Mr. Copeland, a pianist of exquisite tone, will bring out unfamiliar Spanish music, also pieces of old world grace by Murschhauser of Munich and Dandrieu of Paris.

Mr. Spooner will sing for the first time in Boston. His associate, Miss Ethel Altemus, gave a concert in Boston with Glen Hall, tenor, March 19, 1909, in Jordan Hall.

Mr. Fiedler will bring out at the Symphony concerts an overture by Balakireff that was composed as long ago as 1857. It was revised and published in 1889. The overture is also known as "Overture on Spanish Themes." Balakireff wrote that the first theme is of his own invention. "It is written in the oriental style, to suit the program, which portrays the struggle between the Moors and the Spaniards and the victory of the latter with the aid of the auto da fé of the Inquisition. The second theme, the original theme of the Spanish March, was given to me by Glinka when I was 20 years old. Just before he went to Berlin he proposed that I should write an overture on this theme, but did not suggest the program, which is wholly of my invention." It will be a pleasure to hear Mr. Bauer again. He is pre-eminently an interpreter of music by Schumann and Cesar Franck, and when he played at a Symphony concert on Feb. 3, 1906, he chose Schumann's Concerto. When he was last in Boston—it was in April, 1908—he played a strange concerto by Emanuel Moor.

Personal Notes from Europe.

Ben Davies is singing in Australia.

Roger Quilter, who has written some charming songs, will compose the music for a Christmas play, "Where the Rainbow Ends," to be produced at the Savoy, London, by Charles Hawtrey. Mr. Quilter will introduce old nursery tunes in the overture.

Miss Blanche Fox, known on the operatic stage as Blanche Volpini, sang at a meeting of the Pacific Musical Society at San Francisco Nov. 8. She is on her way to Honolulu.

The musical problem of the hour: What did Siegfried Wagner really say about Strauss? Recently an "interview" appeared in a Berlin journal devoted to art and literature, in which the son of Richard I. was represented as having said some very scathing things concerning Richard II. He accused him—it was reported—of making his art subservient to the most sordid commercialism, of pandering to "intellectual degenerates," composing music "full of poisonous miasmas and unhealthy vapors," and so forth. And his father "would turn in his grave" if he heard "Salome," or "Elektra," or "Der Rosenkavalier." If the composer of "Der Baerenhaeuter" and other operas, of which most people have forgotten even the titles, really uttered such a diatribe, he was echoing the kind of anathema that used to be hurled by musical reactionaries at his illustrious father. But did he denounce Strauss in the terms alleged? For his part, Siegfried Wagner has since denied many of the words imputed to him. He declares that the "interview" was accorded one morning to a lady in the hall of his villa, when he was "incompletely dressed, dishevelled and unshaved." Certainly it must have been trying to be interviewed in such circumstances—and by a lady, moreover—and anybody thus taken unawares, "dishevelled and unshaved," might easily speak disrespectfully of Richard Strauss, or the equator, or anything else. But the victim in this case now says that he and the composer of "Elektra" are very good friends, and have "passed many pleasant hours together." Furthermore, "Feuersnot" is the only opera of his that he has ever heard. At the same time, he considers the subject of "Salome" disgusting. It has been found so by some others—even critics. And they are never either dishevelled or unshaved.—Daily Telegraph (London), Nov. 4.

August Strindberg, Swedish novelist and dramatist, has sold all his rights as author to a firm of publishers for 200,000 crowns. Strindberg, born in 1849, has been poor all his life, so poor that a public subscription was recently opened for him.

Francheschina Prevosti, long famous as a coloratura singer, is now teaching in Berlin.

Max Schillings has been given the degree of doctor by the University of Heidelberg.

Two Dancers in London

Miss Stasia Napierkowska, "the wonder creature," made her appearance at the Palace, London, Nov. 6, in three dances. The first "La Danse du Feu" brought her fame at the Odeon, Paris; the second, "La Danse des Supplications," and the third, "L'Abeille," were taken from Chakri Ganem's ballet "Les Ailes," especially composed for the dancer. The Daily Telegraph said: "The theme of 'L'Abeille' is distinctly curious. An adventurous but elusive bee has found its way into the draperies worn by a girl. The result may be conceived. Under the intruder's inspiration the girl bursts into a dance, 'wanton, yet bashful, adorably chaste, yet most daringly realistic.'"

The London Times said of Mme. Pavlova in "La Giselle" (Oct. 28):

"The main thing about Pavlova is that when she dances the whole of her dances. With others our attention and their own is drawn at any given moment to this part or that; the rest is accessory. With Pavlova there are no accessory parts. She dances with her feet, her fingers, her neck (how much expression there is in the various inclinings of the head), her smile, her eyes, her dress. There is nothing left over, not even a personality watching its own evolutions. She is all dance and all drama at the same time. After the wildest caper she and Nijinsky are instantly poised in perfect balance, ready to stand stock still or start off again in any direction. Her gestures seem swifter than those of others, though they are fitted to the same music, partly because they are bolder and therefore cover more space, partly because they are prefectly timed and partly because they are full of subtly imagined variety. The drama of her successive emotions is perfectly clear; her changes of sentiment are instantly echoed by little thrills and murmurs, even in the inexpressive audience that fills Covent Garden. That roguery of hers is so deliciously feminine in its combination of full-grown intelligence with the mien of childhood. How delightful she is in 'Giselle' with her old mother, Cecchetti! It seems impossible that two such expansive people can live in such a very little cottage."

New and Old Compositions

An English journalist, commenting on the Norwich festival, wrote: "Throughout one feels that, whereas in 'Gerontius' inspiration and utterance are coexistent and coequal, the music of 'The Kingdom' is the expression of one from whom the divine afflatus has passed."

A scherzo by L. Bouserez for brass instruments was produced at a Sechiari concert in Paris Oct. 29.

Desire Paque, the Belgian, has composed a symphonic poem, "Orpheus."

A new composer, Emil Schennich, has made his appearance in Berlin armed with a violin sonata and piano pieces, among them a scherzo and a piece, "Pieta" (after Lilienciron). He did not meet with great success.

Joseph Jongen's piano quintet, composed in 1901, but recently performed in Berlin for the first time, is highly praised by the critics.

Reger's string sextet in F major, op. 118, was brought out by Willy Hess in Berlin Oct. 26. It was praised for its clear exposition of themes and intelligible though complex development. The largo is said to be most impressive.

The music critic of the Pall Mall Gazette has the courage to ask whether the day will ever come when Mendelssohn will be dethroned from his pride of place in England. "Bach's son in spirit, the noble, intellectual Mendelssohn," as some one in a burst of enthusiasm called the priggish composer, a slave to formulas and suspicious of beauty in new shapes and guises. The critic, hearing a performance of "Elijah," was struck again by the "large number of musical platitudes in which the work abounds and the undistinguished nature of the rhythms when the composer aims at massive effects. Again and again he employs the same device of a dotted quaver and semi-quaver, or the equivalents, we find it alike in 'Baal, we cry to thee,' and 'Thanks be to God,' and the cumulative effect of these jerky figures undoubtedly minimizes the grandeur of the whole result."

Eugen d'Albert's new opera is of a tragic nature. It is founded on a drama, "Die Tochter des Meeres," by the Spaniard Guimera. The action is in a Breton fishing village, and Breton folk songs will be introduced.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—Second violin recital of Efrem Zimbalist, Mr. Chotzinoff, accompanist. Handel, Sonata in E major; Bach, Chaconne; Bruch, Scotch Fantasie; Zimbalist, suite in the ancient style, Schumann, Abendlied; Kreisler, Viennese Caprice; Aulin, Humoresque; Sarasate, Introduction and Tarantelle.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—First concert of the Longy Club (12th season): Messrs. Maquarre and Brooke, flutes; Longy and Lenom, obeos; Grisez and Mimart, clarinets; Hain and Larbeer, horns; Sadony and Mosbach, bassoons; De Voto, piano; Mozart, Serenade, No. 11, for 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, horns, 2 bassoons; Diemer, two pieces for oboe and piano, op. 35 (first time); Rimsky-Korsakoff, quintet for flute, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano (posthumous work—first time).

TUESDAY.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Song recital by Helen Allen Hunt, Isidore Luckstone, accompanist. Scarlatti, The Violet; Wagner, Im Treibhaus; Bungert, Ich hab' ein Kleines Lied Erdacht; Strauss, Heimkeh; Brahms, Das Maedchen Spricht; Rosenstein, Der Abendstern (MS); Weingartner, Post im Walde and Liebesfeier; Wachs, Le Vieux St. Jean; Mancel, Il etait un p'tit oiseau; Ferrari, Le Miroir; Aubert, Vielle Chanson Espagnole; old Colonial French, La Belle Menotte; Hahn, Le Printemps; Rachmaninoff, O, Thou Billowy Harvest Field; Rubinstein, Good Night; Luckstone, Come Home, Beloved; Coolidge, Solomon Grundy; Hadley, I Plucke a Quill; Tosti, Spring.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Emiliano Renaud. Schumann, toccata in C major, 8 Fantasie steuccke, op. 12; Chopin, 3 preludes, op. 28, nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, three etudes, op. 10, Scherzo, op. 20; Liszt, Au bord d'une Source, Legend of St. Francis Walking on the Waves, Tarantella from "Venice and Naples."

WEDNESDAY.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M.—First of two concerts by Anton Witek, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his wife, Vita Witek. Bach, Fantasie and Fugue, G minor; Bruch, Scotch Fantasie for violin; piano pieces: Chopin, Barcarole; Schumann, Andante; Liszt, Rhapsodie Espagnole; Cesar Franck, trio in F sharp minor, op. J. Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist, will assist.

THURSDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M.—Piano recital by George Copeland. Murschhauser, Aria Pastoralis Variata; Dandrieu, La Gemissante; Chopin, Valses, A flat major and C sharp minor, Polonaise, F sharp minor; Liszt, etude; Debussy, Cloches a travers les feuilles, Poissons d'or, Reflets dans l'Eau, La Cathedrale Engloutie, Danse de Puck, le Petit Berger; Albeniz, Danses Espagnoles; Grenados, Zortzico; Grovlez, Danses Espagnoles No. II., No. V., Recuerdos.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Concert by Philip Spooner, tenor, and Ethel Altemus, pianist. Songs: Franz, Group of German songs; Braga, Reginella; Joacchia, Barcarolle; Donizetti, "Una Furtiva Lagrima"; Rogers, At Parting; Tosti, Ivano; Clay, Songs of Araby; Lalo, Aubade; Handel, Where E'er You Walk; Spohr, Rose Wie bist du. Piano pieces: Chopin, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 1, Valse Brillante; Debussy, the Little Shepherd, Reflets dans l'Eau; Moszkowski; Caprice Espagnol; and a group of pieces to be announced.

FRIDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M.—Seventh Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Cesar Franck, symphony in D minor; Schumann, concerto in A minor for piano (Harold Bauer, pianist); Balakireff, overture on a theme of a Spanish march (first time).

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Pianola recital with Miss Evelyn Blair, soprano, and H. Nelson Raymond, baritone, soloists.

SATURDAY.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

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What uncertainty do we find in printed histories! They either treading too neer on the heeles of trueth, that they dare not speake plaine; or els for want of intelligence (things being antiquated) become too obscure and darke! * * * I remember one sayeing of Generall Lambert's "That the best of men are but men at the best."

Still Harping.

We are still harping on Fitz James O'Brien. Who remembers him sojourning in Boston? The Herald has received a letter from "B. F. B.," who says that he was "intimately acquainted with that talented writer and gentleman" for five or six years before 1861. This he says of O'Brien and, alas! nothing more.

For we should like notes about O'Brien after the manner of John Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men." To what tavern or chop-house in Boston did O'Brien most resort? Did he wear goloshes in rainy weather, or spats on a fine Sunday? How was his list of the Hundred Worst Books composed? Was he gregariously inclined, or did he bear resemblance to the hermit elephant? Did he hint darkly at wild nights in London and a hopeless passion for the daughter of an earl and, wringing the foam from his dragoon's mustache, drink deep to the confusion of all women, barring his angel mother? Did he treat the editor of the Atlantic Monthly with becoming respect, or did he slap him on the shoulder and address him as, "Say, Old Boy!" Let us not burst in ignorance.

True Biographical Art.

We should like to hear stories about O'Brien told as Aubrey told stories about his heroes, real or shabby. Here is one about William Butler, physician, that is delightful: "Dr. Gale of St. Paul's school assures me that a Frenchman came one time from London to Cambridge purposely to see him, whom he made stay two hours for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blewe gowne. The French gentleman makes him two or three very lowe bowes downe to the ground; Dr. Butler whippes his legge over his head and away goes into his chamber, and did not speake with him."

And here is Aubrey's thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Meriton: "His true name was Head. He had been amongst the gipsies. He looked like a knave with

his gogling eles. He could transforme himselfe into any shape. Brake two or three times. Was at last a bookseller, or towards his later end. He maintained himselfe by scribbling. He earned 10 shillings per sheet. He was drowned goeing to Plymouth by long sea."

The pnrist will observe that the following of "per" by an English noun is not a modern abomination. Aubrey dated the manuscript of these Lives 1680.

A Discarded Poem.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich knew O'Brien well, but he was disinclined to talk about him or any of his companions in the late fifties. He once said at a dinner club of which he was foreman that O'Brien was handsome and extremely gifted. Aldrich was singularly sensitive to any allusions about his life in New York, and wished his earliest poems forgotten. Some of the discarded ones were fanciful and charming. Others were youthfully misanthropic.

The first number of Vanity Fair (Dec. 31, 1859), contained a poem signed "T. B. A." and as it is probably unknown to many of Aldrich's admirers, there is room for it here.

AT THE CAFE.

We were all very merry at Pfaff's. Did you think
While I laughed with the rest, just a trifle too gay,
That Ma Mignonne was false, that I buried my friend
That my castles in Spain had been plundered that day—
Did you think?

Did you think, as you watched me and weighed every word,
And then smiling complacently, understood all,
That my heart, as I passed the Rhine wine to the boys,
Was as black as the midnight, and bitter as gall—
Did you think?

Did you think that those small, wary, twinkling gray eyes,
That look over and under and into things so
Could read me—a primer? That you could let drop
A sly plummet right down in the depths of my wo—
Did you think?

You will kill me with laughter, some day, you dear owl!
I was happy that night, though the girl was a cheat:
Could I grieve for a flirt, when the man that I loved
Was so sweetly at rest from his head to his feet—
Did you think?

The follies of youth—and among them no doubt is the publication of yellow verses—are very foolish—as Mr. Emerson said that the earth was mundane; but should they not be measured and not flouted by the man, who, recognized in middle age as highly respectable, a citizen to be trusted on committees, is going down the hill to the last inn? There are many of us who would gladly have met at Pfaff's and listened to Henry Clapp, George Arnold, O'Brien, William Winter, Frank Wood, Artemus Ward, Ned Wilkins, N. G. Shepherd, Allen the artist and Walt Whitman. Dr. Johnson would have said: "We shall have good talk, sir."

Delicate Personalities.

Mr. I. E. Bush of Rialto, Cal., has shown seedless lemons. A lemon, seedless or with seeds, is still a lemon, and we do not wish one handed to us, even on the Rialto.

The Pall Mall Gazette relates this anecdote: "'Oh, Mr. Zangwill,' a lady once said, 'I admire the "Children of the Ghetto" so much that I have read it six times.' 'Madam,' replied the author, 'I wild rather you had bought six copies.'" Was Mr. Zangwill then fresh, not rude; or was his reply a fine example of commercial wit? Let authors and books on etiquette decide.

Lennon Horsley's volume of reminiscences has been published in London. He counted it as a triumph for the cause of temperance when he persuaded a stone mason to sign the pledge not to drink more than one gallon of beer a day. He found esoteric meanings in common phrases. Thus "one or two drops" equals eight and a half pints. "A little" equals six glasses of whisky besides beer, before noon. "Had a drop," that is, somewhere about three or four gallons. The English are a strange race.

Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of today, as the mutton of today succeeded the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another.

Mr. Vokes's Left Leg.

"G. O. C. writes: "The story you published Monday about Dr. Butler's extraordinary treatment of the French editor reminds me of a story told to me by Mr. James Bryce the first time he was in this country. It seems that the revisors of the Bible wished information concerning a certain Jewish rite. They were advised to consult Fred Vokes, the accomplished brother of Jessie, Victoria and Rosina of blessed memory. Mr. Vokes was a Jew, proud of his race, singularly well versed in its traditions and customs. Mr. Vokes was invited to a meeting of the revisors held with the most solemnity. Questions were put to him which he answered to the satisfaction of all. They were amazed at the minuteness of his information and the clearness of his explanations. They complimented him and thanked him. Mr. Bryce added: 'And my informant said: "Would you believe it, sir, but as Mr. Vokes was going out of the door, one of the most respected bishops of the church happened to be standing near him and what did Mr. Vokes do, sir, but throw his left leg completely over the head of the venerable gentleman."'"

The Music in "Everywoman."

Mr. George W. Chadwick's music composed for the performances of "Everywoman" has pleased both the great public and the critics in New York and Boston. The Herald said of it: "It is light and graceful when the occasion demands; it is significant in the more serious moments." This praise of the music so affected the ingenious press agent of the company that he took the compliment from the music and applied it to the play itself, which was hardly fair to the composer and The Herald.

It is a pity that Mr. Chadwick's music is not heard here, in the home town of Mr. Savage and the composer, exactly as he wrote it. His music has been rescored; that is to say, parts given to certain wind instruments have been rewritten for a cabinet organ, which cannot possibly replace the missing instruments. The effect of the music is thereby necessarily impaired. Neither the manager of the Majestic Theatre nor the conductor of the orchestra is responsible in any way for this substitution. The changes were made in New York—not for performances in that city, but for the road, and Boston is on the road—not always on the highway.

Mr. Chadwick has protested against this treatment of his score, but in vain. It is a pity. The music is so good, even in the unauthorized arrangement, that it excites curiosity to hear it as Mr. Chadwick conceived it, especially in these days when the orchestral expression of musical thought is valued by many almost as much as the thought itself.

Jack Sprat and Wife.

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

I dined the other night at the house of a friend and met with this singular experience: My host has a tendency toward Bright's disease and diets accordingly; his wife, a most attractive and accomplished lady, is diabetic, and a special diet is prescribed for her. And yet their names are not Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sprat. I could not help thinking of the necessarily increased expenses of the household; of the perplexed or sullen cook downstairs and of the inevitable changes; of the temptation to which wife and husband are daily exposed unless they have meals apart.

Leaving the house after I had eaten heartily of what was taboo in turn to host and hostess, I was struck by a happy idea. There are many who, like my two friends, are obliged to abstain from certain dishes. They must eat food that is prescribed. Travelling, or wishing by way of change to dine out of the house, they are often tempted sorely and fall. In every well-appointed restaurant there should be rooms for such unfortunates, rooms plainly identified as "Bright's Chamber"; "Diabetics, This Way!" "Jaundice Room," etc., etc. For each of these rooms, a bill of fare should be presented which would be for health. These rooms should be under the supervision of an experienced physician, who would not be allowed to accept tips. A restaurant, thus chambered, might justly be named the Hygeia.

LEVERETT HYSLIP.

Bubbling Springs, Nov. 19, 1911.

"Baize" Knew O'Brien.

"Baize" writes to The Herald that he knew Fitz James O'Brien. "While in this city O'Brien wrote some letters to the New York Times which he signed 'Jack Robinson.'" And "Baize" tells how O'Brien wrote to the Times the familiar story of Harvard students drinking flip at Porter's road house to the annoyance of the president of the college until he dropped in there, tasted the flip and murmured in his ecstasy: "Well, I don't blame them." "Charles A. Barry, once a promising artist," writes "Baize," "told me that after a sit down at Pfaff's in New York he was going down Broadway with O'Brien, when that mercurial Celt stumbled accidentally or purposely against an Italian image-man and upset the loaded tray which he carried on his head. Instantly there was a scrap, for the poor Italian was as much of a fighter as was the young and buoyant O'Brien, and it was hard to tell who got the better of the contest." But we still know very little about O'Brien in Boston. Did he live in a hall bedroom with a fish-tail burner? Was he a star boarder? Did he wear a check suit?

The Herald also asked whether Mrs. Bateman's play "Geraldine" was performed in Boston. "Baize" says it was played at the Howard Athenaeum under the management of E. L. Davenport; "late in 1859, I think ('I'm ill at these numbers'). Josephine Orton, later Mrs. B. E. Woolf, made a hit as one of the serious characters."

"Speaking of brilliant Irishmen, does any one except myself recall the time when John Brougham used to sing at the Howard Athenaeum 'Ooh, hone, wid a dhudeen' as Powhatan in his own burlesque, 'Pocahontas'? Ned Davenport was the Capt. John Smith and Mrs. Davenport was the Indian princess."

MISS ADAMS IN 'CHANTECLER'

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of Louis N. Parker's adaptation of "Chantecler," a drama in four acts and in verse by Edmond Rostand. Production by Charles Frohman.

Chantecler.....Maude Adams
Patou.....George Henry Trader
Blackbird.....William Lewers
Peacock.....A. Lionel Hogarth
Nightingale.....Lucy Prendergast
Carrier Pigeon.....Maurice W. Stewart
Great Horned Owl.....Ernest Rowan
Screech Owl.....Mathew Dixon
Scops.....Allen Fawcett
Caparacoch.....Byron Silvers
Game Cock.....Bertram Marburgh
Pointer.....Allen Fawcett
Woodpecker.....Fred Tyler
Cat.....E. W. Morrison
Turkey Cock.....R. Peyton Carter
Duck.....Wallace Jackson
Hen Pheasant.....Josephine Victor
Guinea Hen.....Marion Abbott
Old Hen.....Ada Boshell

Mr. Louis N. Parker, a man of letters and taste, would be the first to admit that Rostand's play is untranslatable, even if there were an Urquhart alive today with his enormous and fantastical vocabulary. For in this drama Rostand plays on the French language as a virtuoso on the violin. Not only do the poetic rhapsodies mock the literal translator, but the dialogue is stuffed with plays on words, daring, audacious puns so brilliant that they almost disarm all who hold this form of wit in abhorrence.

Muse Has Sprightly Gait.

Mr. Parker has made an intelligible adaptation. His muse is for the most part pedestrian, but she walks at times with a sprightly gait. Many of the quips and jests and bitter reflections on life and art that are in the original are necessarily presented feebly in translation or discarded. Nor is it unjust to Mr. Parker, bravely undertaking a hopeless task, to say that the splendor of certain pages and the dazzling brilliance of Rostand are not reproduced in his version. The adaptation is only a shadow of the original.

It was the poetry of "Chantecler" that excited admiration in Paris, and to those with matter of fact souls the play as a play did not make a strong appeal. The rhapsodic bursts were applauded by those who recognized Rostand's mastery of language. The average theatregoer saw no drama.

Chose Wrong Part.

It is a pity that Miss Adams, if she wished to play in "Chantecler," did not take the part of the Pheasant. Chantecler is eminently a virile role. Miss Adams is eminently feminine. It is easy to imagine Mr. Otis Skinner, for example, playing Chantecler with superb dash, with continuous bravura. It is not easy to name any woman who could realize Rostand's conception of the part. Women have played Hamlet and Romeo and assumed the dress and speech of other male characters. Malibrun even took the part of Othello in Rossini's opera. But Chantecler is not only as masculine as any one of these characters; he is not to be thought of as a woman, however cleverly disguised, however resonant her voice.

And of all prominent actresses now on the stage Miss Adams is perhaps the most feminine in carriage, gesture, voice, intonation. As a woman she can be pathetic, though not heroically so; she can be charming in exhibitions of affection and devotion; she can also be elfish and mischievous. The moment she speaks as Chantecler, there is no possible illusion.

There is Miss Adams, in the costume of Chantecler. Miss Adams now in sentimental mood, now lightly humorous, but always with the feminine character and also the feminine mannerisms that have won for her success in certain parts and endeared her to thousands.

Unusual Entertainment.

When all this has been said, it must also be said that Mr. Parker's adaptation, without thought of Rostand's sonorous verse and dazzling wit, as played by the company headed by Miss Adams, without thought of her suitability to the leading part, is as a whole an interesting entertainment, but chiefly because it is unusual.

It is not necessary at this late day to tell the simple story of the cock who believed that it was his mission to call the sun by his crowing; who was hated by those that loved the night; who gave away his secret, persuaded by a cajoling pheasant; who at last came to a modest and sensible conclusion concerning his duties in life. This simple story is easily followed by any audience. The enjoyment comes from the spectacle of birds, fowls and animals with human passions, virtues, faults and vices, speaking after the manner of human beings. The enjoyment also comes from the sumptuous manner in which this play is put on the stage.

The company that supports Miss Adams is on the whole an excellent one. The cast is a very long one and it is not necessary to speak at length concerning this actor or that actress, or even to name every one that gave pleasure. Miss Victor was a seductive Pheasant and yet there is more in the part than was brought out by her.

True Sense of Humor.

One of the most striking features of the performance was Mr. Trader's impersonation of Patou, the dog, which was admirable in every way. His delivery of the lines, his power of characterization, his sense of humor, his expression of loyalty gave the impersonation marked distinction.

Mr. Morrison's Cat was also excellent, strikingly realistic in action and repose. Mr. Lewers was a knavish Blackbird. And so there should be praise in good measure for those who took the parts of Peacock, the Fighting Cock, the Owls, the Old Hen, the Turkey Cock, the Woodpecker and so on through the list.

The scenery was designed with a fine sense of proportion, and the stage management was capital. What might be called the ensemble of animal life was surprisingly good and effective.

There was a large audience. It was evidently much interested. There was frequent laughter; Miss Adams was heartily applauded for her chief tirade, and there were many curtain calls.

'THE HOLD-UP' IS KEITH THRILLER

A big locomotive that actually smokes and smells and is otherwise not unlike the sort actually used in crossing the alkali wastes of Arizona, where the play is laid, is doing service at Keith's this week in connection with Taylor Granville's presentation of "The Hold-Up," a story of train robbery and repentance that is quite as dramatic as its name would indicate. Percival Lennon as "Lonesome Joe," the telegrapher at Apache, Ariz., and Jefferson Hall as Calvert, the "hold-up" man, have the principal parts. Both portray their parts efficiently, while the stage settings—everything from the red light to the locomotive—are equally effective. It is one of the big mechanical productions of vaudeville and the applause that greeted it yesterday indicated that its accuracy of presentation was fully appreciated.

Making a distinct hit upon this week's bill is Edmund Hayes and his company in "The Piano Mover," a comedy sketch in which Mr. Hayes appears in the role of superintendent of the piano-moving job. His "gang" to do the moving comprises a single individual, somewhat the worse for wear and having an impediment of speech. There are many amusing situations in it, and Edmund Hayes, always popular with Keith audiences, makes the most of them.

Then there are the two Amoros sisters, "Those two French girls," as they are billed. Primarily the young women are singers and dancers, but their efforts in those directions are supplemented by a demonstration of physical culture and acrobatic work that is truly startling. Upon the trapeze they execute many difficult movements that call not only for coolness, but for tremendous muscular development.

Harry Von Tilzer, "author of a thousand songs," is making his vaudeville debut in Boston this week, and sings a number of his country-wide hits, as well as a few other songs of his own composition that are yet in the infancy of their popularity. Mr. Von Tilzer pressed the audience into service for the choruses of some of his offerings, the audience willingly lending its assistance. Another musical number, although of somewhat different nature, is that of Miss Grace Freeman, once star of "The Country Girl." Miss Freeman has an original specialty which does three things. It shows that Miss Freeman's voice is as sweet and as effective as ever, that she has no little dramatic ability as well and that she possesses a most elaborate wardrobe.

The Kaufmann brothers, in faces of chocolate hue, sprang several good jokes and sang a number of catchy songs and parodies; the Knight brothers and Marion Sawtelle appear in the one-act farce, "The Fellow with the Green Umbrella," and the King brothers go through a lot of different athletic feats. And last, but not least, on this week's bill, are Howard's musical ponies and equestrian dogs, an exceptionally well-trained combination, presenting an animal act that possesses several novel features.

PIONEER DAY PLAY

Large Audience Enjoys Opening at Grand Opera House.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — "Daniel Boone on the Trail."

Daniel Boone. ....Col. Harry K Hamilton
Simon Girty.. ....F. Ernest Clayton
Simon Kenton ....Guy Bennett
Patrick Finnegan.......... .Edwin Walter
Rastus ....Bobby Gossan
Blackfish ....Waide Scott
Mary ... .Pearl Hazelton
Elizabeth Zane. ....Maude E. Robbins

A large audience attended the opening performance at the Grand Opera House last evening of Robert H. Harris's success, "Daniel Boone on the Trail." There were many laughable features of the show, among them Rastus. Little Mary, who was saved from the Indians by Boone, was the interesting character of the evening. Patrick Finnegan was among the fun makers, he and Rastus causing great amusement to the audience.

BY LONGY CLUB

The Longy Club gave the first concert of this season last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, "Screnade No. II.," for two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons; L. Diemer, two pieces for oboe and piano, romance, intermezzo, op. 35; Rimsky-Korsakow, quintor for flute, clarinet horn, bassoon and piano.

A large audience was present and gave enthusiastic evidences of its appreciation. The performance was marked by its accustomed finish in the matter of detail, finesse in tonal gradations and generally admirable ensemble playing.

A feature of the evening was the masterly performance by M. Longy of two pieces for oboe and piano by L. Diemer, the celebrated pianist. Of the two the romance was the more pleasing, and, while the composer evidently understood the instrument for which he was writing, they were for the most part only conventionally pretty, but rendered with Mr. Longy's aesthetic skill and delightful interpretation they became interesting and beautiful. The exquisite delicacy of phrasing and unerring sense of proportion displayed by M. Longy might well serve as a valuable lesson to many singers.

The "Serenade," by Mozart, is among his best works. The quintor by Rimsky-Korsakow is a posthumous work. The first movement is somewhat uninteresting and is apparently in imitation of strictly classical form.

The second movement is much more distinctive of the composer and vaguely reminiscent of "Snegorontchka." Both second and third, in strongly marked rhythms and tonal imagery, are suggestive of the Orient. A feature of the Quintor was M. Maquarre's playing, while in this as in the pieces with Mr. Longy Mr. de Voto played as is his wont delightfully

ZIMBALIST APPEARS AGAIN

Effective and Emotional Interpretation Shown by Violinist.

Efrem Zimbalist assisted by Max Chotzinoff, accompanist, gave a second violin recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in E major; Bach, Chaconne; Bruch, Scotch Fantasie; Zimbalist, Suite in Old Style, Prelude, Sicilienne, Menuet, Largo-Finale; Schumann, Abendlied; Kreisler, Caprice Vieno; Tor Aulin, Humoresque; Sarasate, Introduction and Tarantelle.

An audience of fair size, sincere in its expressions of appreciation, was present, but the hall should have been filled, for to hear the performance of so distinguished an artist as Mr. Zimbalist is indeed a rare pleasure. Unfortunately violin recitals excite little curiosity. It was only after his second season that Mr. Kreisler's concerts became so largely attended, while during Mr. Thibaud's first visit to Boston, although considered as among the finest players in Europe, he suffered total neglect.

As is usual in Mr. Zimbalist's performance, there was yesterday perfection of intonation, an unvarying beauty of tone in successively sustained passages, and in fact at all times, admirably outlined phrasing, effective and emotional interpretation. He is sensitive to nuances and inherently musicianly, while his authoritative and masterly handling of his instrument, without ostentation or mannerisms, is as impressive as his playing itself.

He was even successful by his interpretation in imparting effectiveness and even beauty to Bruch's tawdry fantasie in which the composer has elaborately distorted melodies which, left to themselves, are beautiful.

The same quiet mastery of mechanism and facility for musical expression marked the composition of Mr. Zimbalist's suite. The main theme of the prelude, which is at once announced by the violin is of a decidedly Oriental nature, while a charming Sicilienne and a minuet full of old world courtliness leads to the adagio, which is a broader repetition of the prelude. A pupil of Glazunow, it is to be hoped that other of Mr. Zimbalist's compositions will be heard in future.

SONG RECITAL BY MRS. HUNT

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt gave her annual song recital last night in Steinert Hall. Isidore Luckstone was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Scarlatti, La Violette; Wagner, Im Treibhaus; Bungert, Ich hab ein kleines Lied erdacht; Strauss, Heimkehr; Brahms, Das Maedchen Spricht; Rosenstein, Der Abendstern (ms.), first time; Weingartner Post im Walde and Liebesfeier; Wachs, Le vieux St. Jean; Grovlez, Il etait un p'tit Oiseau; Thomas, Le Soir; Ferrari, Le Miroir; Aubert, Vieille Chanson Espangnole; Old Colonial French, La belle Menotte, arranged by Luckstone; Hahn, Le Printemps; Rachmaminoff, O thou billowy harvest-field; Rubinstein, Good Night; Luckstone, Come home, beloved; Coolidge, two Mother Goose Melodies; Hadley, I plucked a quill from Cupid's wing; Leoni, the Birth of Morn.

The program as a whole was not so interesting as the one prepared by Mrs. Hunt last season. The Italian and the German songs of the first group were not sufficiently contrasted and few of them had marked emotional quality or musical distinction. Weingartner's "Post im Walde," sung here some years ago by Mr. Biden, is better suited to a baritone. It is a strange song with its juxtaposition of tonalities, but last evening it made little impression. Rosenstein's "Abend stern" suffers from an incongruously elaborate accompaniment. Bungert's pretty ditty was warmly applauded.

The group of French songs was attractive, and Mrs. Hunt sang them with more marked expression and with a finer quality of tone. At least three in the group were redemanded. Thomas's meditative "Le Soir" has a still greater charm when it is sung with the orchestral accompaniment, but the melodic line with the supporting harmonies has atmosphere even when these harmonies are given to the piano. Grovliez's melody with its patter and Mr. Luckstone's arrangement of the Colonial song greatly pleased the audience. Aubert's Chanson has a pathetic grace, and the sentiment of Ferrari's "Miroir," which was put on the program "by request," was again appreciated.

The excellent qualities of Mrs. Hunt's art are well known, and it is not necessary to dwell upon them at this late day. She has gained of late years in interpretation. An audience of good size welcomed her heartily and gave frequent manifestations of pleasure.

MR. RENAUD'S RECITAL

Technical Proficiency Evident in Performance on Piano.

Emiliano Renaud gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a warmly appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Eight Fantasiestuecke op. 12, and Toccata op. 7; Chopin, Fantaisie op. 49, Preludes op. 28, Nos. 4, 10, 19, Nocturne op. 9, No. 2, Etudes op. 10, Nos. 1, 8, 10, Scherzo op. 20; Liszt, Au bord d'un Source, Legend of St. Francis de Paule Walking on the Waves, Tarantella from "Venice and Naple."

Mr. Renaud, who has been living in Boston for some time, is more conspicuous at present for a certain technical proficiency and a brilliance of execution than for poetic interpretation. In Schumann's "Des Abends," for example, he did not produce the fitting vaporous effect, the melodic line was too rigidly drawn and two much in the foreground. Two often in the companion pieces as in "Des Abends" there was an abuse of rubato and an absence of the intimate feeling which should characterize a performance of these charming mood-pictures. On the other hand the Toccata was played with freedom and brilliance.

There were spirited moments in the performance of Chopin's Fantaisie, which was treated as a whole in the heroic style, approved by some, but which we hold to be erroneous. Mr. Renaud has technic enough to allow himself greater tonal variety. He should cultivate the poetic side of the art. He should sing melodic lines with more suavity and without undue accentuation. At present when he would be emotional he is too much inclined to be stormy, and his contrasts are too sharply and suddenly defined.

A universe in which Dignity No. 1 conversed decorously with Dignity No. 2 on topics befitting their state, would be perhaps a levee of great intellects and a tea-table of enormous thoughts; but it would want the best charm of this earth—the medley of great things and little, of things mundane and celestial, things low and things awful, of things eternal and things of half a minute.

"Bring Forth the Horse!"

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

Who remembers "The Wild Horse of Tartary"? The play was produced in Hartford, Ct., in 1868. Kate Fisher was the Mazeppa. A local paper described the performance, and the critic said the flight of the horse left a trail of sawdust from the exploded calves of the star.

The actress challenged the critic to a duel and incidentally wrote in a letter to the paper that his knowledge of the play was obtained by peeping through the keyhole of her dressing room. J. D. K.

Boston, Nov. 19, 1911.

We should like to see "Mazeppa," also "The Cataract of the Ganges"; and what has become of "Pretty Panther" and "Strathmore" in which Dolly Bidwell played in the early Seventies to the delight of school boys at Exeter?

The part of Mazeppa was first played in this country by men; by George Gale at the Old Bowery in 1833, later by W. R. Derr. Kate Fisher, generally described by her admirers as a dashing actress, also played in "Dick Turpin," "Life for Life," "Joan of Arc." Does any one remember Fanny Louise Buckingham as Mazeppa? "Bring forth the horse!" The great Mazeppa, however, was Adah Isaacs Menken, and she first played and rode the part at Albany, N. Y., in 1861, after she had been on the stage three years.

Country Quiet.

Chanticleer in Rostand's play is hated by the owls and the cat because he robs them of the night in which they live and work; but there are human beings who also hate the cock. Herbert Spencer was one of them, and there is an amusing story in his memoirs about an attempt to quiet a particularly early riser and vociferous crower. In the end Spencer fared better than Octave Feuillet, who had a nervous horror of noise. Unable to write in the city, he went into the country, where his devoted wife, a Dubois of Brittany, who traced a legendary descent from Louis XI, endeavored to ensure him quiet. One summer a neighbor's cow, bellowing incessantly, drove Feuillet frantic. The neighbor said he was sorry, but he could not control his cow. Mme. Feuillet bought it and handed it over to the butcher, who performed a satisfactory operation. Peace at last; but next year the neighbor annoyed the Feuillets by mourning over the loss of his pet. He made more noise than the cow until he was silenced by money paid to him—silenced only for a time. With the money he bought another cow. The Feuillets moved.

In Rostand's play Chantecler is questioned concerning his theory of tone production. In 1905 Mr. R. C. Phillips, a grocer in Yonkers, N. Y., possessed a Plymouth Rock cock, a piercing tenor. The neighbors remonstrated, and Mr. Phillips was obliged to advertise for "a rooster with a baritone voice." Mr. Charles Russell Hurd of New York supplied him with one, whose voice was described as "mellow and doleful."

Not a Latter Day Poet.

The Pall Mall Gazette rejoices in the announcement that "thousands of bottles of ale and stout for those in personal attendance on their majesties have been shipped on the Medina." It finds a "homely British flavor" in the announcement. Ale and stout, it reminds us, have been favorite drinks with those voyaging to India, returning from it or staying there. An export Indian porter was brewed for them. Then came the fame of India pale ale, and its commemoration by the latter-day poet, who wrote, in the sauntering manner of the east:

> Here,
> With my beer
> I sit,
> While golden moments flit.
> Alas!
> They pass
> Unheeded by;
> And as they fly,
> I,
> Being dry,
> Sit, idly sipping here
> My beer.

Tut-tut! Pish! Likewise, go too! "Latter-day poet" forsooth! The verse quoted is from George Arnold's "Beer." The poem was written in the sixties and inspired by the "lager beer" sold at Pfaff's in New York. Arnold sauntered on Broadway and in New Jersey lanes, but he never saw India.

Revisited.

Pfaff's old place on Broadway, near Bleecker street, was described by John Swinton in 1863 as smelling atrociously, nor did he enjoy listening "to the intolerable wit of the crack-brains." This is from a letter to Walt Whitman, who was then writing articles about the army hospitals to the New York Times. Whitman himself treasured recollections of this smelly cellar. In 1881 he breakfasted at Pfaff's in Twenty-fourth street. The landlord opened a big fat bottle of the best wine and they talked about the old days. "Ah," wrote Whitman in his diary, "the friends and names and frequenters, those times, that place. Most are dead—Ada Clare, Wilkins, Daisy Sheppard, O'Brien, Henry Clapp, Stanley, Mullin, Wood, Brougham, Arnold—all gone. And there Pfaff and I, sitting opposite each other at the little table, gave a remembrance to them in a style they would have themselves fully confirm'd namely, big, brimming, fill'd up champagne glasses drain'd in abstracted silence, very leisurely, to the last drop." But is not Stanley a misprint for Shanley? And it should be Mullen, not Mullin.

Another Question.

When and where did the late George Gissing dwell and teach in Boston? It is said that he sojourned here, poor, unhappy, neglected. This was before he wrote his sad and bitter books about life in London: "In the Year of Jubilee," "Grub Street" and others in which there is always the smell of fish frying for the poor. Sordid, dismal books, written by a lover of men and women who was forced to see the squalid, scamy side of life until a few years before his death.

WITEKS IN CONCERT

Mastery and Polish Shown in Interpretation of Bruch's Fantasie.

By PHILIP HALE.

Anton Witek, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Vita Witek, his wife, pianist, assisted by Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Thero was a rather small but interested audience. The program was as follows:

Bach's organ Fantasie and Fugue in G minor, transcribed for piano; Bruch's Scotch Fantasie for violin; Chopin's Barcarole, Andante by Schumann, Liszt's Rhapsodie Espagnole, and Cesar Franck's piano trio in F sharp minor, op. 1.

Mr. Zimbalist played Bruch's Fantasie last Monday; Mr. Witek played it last night; and Miss Parlow will play it at the Symphony concerts next week. It is not necessary now to discuss the intrinsic merits or weaknesses of the work itself. Violinists are fond of it and audiences applaud, though they may be perplexed by Bruch's treatment of the Scottish airs. Perhaps one of the pleasures in hearing is the identification of this or that air, after moments of doubt and shaking of the head.

Mr. Witek gave an admirable performance, admirable in the sureness and polish of his technic, admirable in the tasteful interpretation. The fulness and purity of Mr. Witek's tone, his quiet mastery over difficulties, the dignity and ease of his bearing, the musical intelligence constantly displayed, the thoughtfulness, the ripeness of his interpretation—these characterize his appearances as a solo player which are too infrequent in the city.

Franck's trio, composed in 1841, is noteworthy in several ways. First of all in its structure, its use of two generative themes treated in fugal manner or in variation form, with one of these themes the cyclical basis of the greater part of the work. Then there are the evidences of contemporaneous influences, that of Meyerbeer among them. No wonder that von Buelow was strongly impressed by this composition, nor is it strange that when he produced it in the Berlin of 1856 he and the trio were bitterly attacked. Even now Berlin is curiously cautious, not to say suspicious, in its attitude toward modern, let alone ultra-modern, music.

Mrs. Witek was warmly applauded for her performance of the piano pieces.

The second and last concert will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 4.

There is much of mankind that a man can only learn from himself. Behind every man's external life, which he leads in company, there is another which he leads alone and which he carries with him apart. We see but one aspect of our neighbor, as we see but one side of the moon; in either case there is also a dark half, which is unknown to us. We all come down to dinner, but each has a room to himself. And if we would study the internal lives of others, it seems essential that we should begin with our own.

Sir Walter's Pipe.

An auctioneer in London purposes to knock down to the highest bidder the pipe which Sir Walter Raleigh "smoked on the scaffold" while he was awaiting execution. The pipe is said to be of Virginia maple wood and not unlike the letter "Y" in shape. "It is constructed of four pieces of wood rudely carved with dog's heads and with the faces of red Indians. On the bowl there is a cap about as large as the bowl itself, and attached to the stem is a string of beads made of the same wood as the pipe. In this stem a powerful whistle has been cut, and the suggestion is that Sir Walter used it to summon his servants."

It is also stated that Sir Walter, after smoking the pipe, handed it to Bishop

ndrews, who administered the last sacrament. The pipe was owned in succession by Carews, Glovers, and one Bryant, an antiquarian. All of them claimed descent from the bishop.

His Last Smoke.

This is an entertaining story. Is it true? Did Sir Walter smoke on the scaffold?

He was executed in 1618, and Mr. John Aubrey's lives of eminent men were lent to Anthonie a Wood in 1680. Let us see what Mr. Aubrey said about him.

"He was a tall, handsome and bold man; but his naeve (blemish) was that he was damnably proud. * * * He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long faced, and sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie. * * * He was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. I have heard my gr. father Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R. standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz parke, at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, wch made the ladies quitt it till he had donne. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its wayte in silver."

Ah, here we have it. "He tooke a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, wch some formall persons were scandalized at, but I thinke 'twas well, and properly donne to settle his spirits." From this it appears that Sir Walter did not smoke on the scaffold.

How to Suppress a Bore.

Mr. Aubrey tells one story about Sir Walter that should be pondered by all who are easily disturbed by bores: "In his youthful time was one Charles Chester, that after kept company with his acquaintance, he was a bold, impertinent fellowe, and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetuall talker, and made a noyse like a drum in a roome. So one time at a taverne, Sir W. R. beates him and seals up his mouth, i. e. his upper and neather beard, with hard wax."

This brings to mind a monstrous story in "Les Diaboliques," by Barbey d'Aurevilly.

On the scaffold Sir Walter, whom as a youth of 19 the Queen beheld with admiration, "as if a beautiful young giant had stalked in with the service." This Sir Walter, whose shoes had been wiped by the Earl of Nottingham with his cloak in compliment, made a speech on the scaffold in which "he spake not one word of Christ, but of the great and incomprehensible God, with much zeale and adoration, so that he concluded he was an a-Christ, not an atheist."

Scaffold Oratory.

In the glorious days when heroes of the road were carted to Tyburn for their dance without music in the air, a speech from the condemned was expected as a necessary feature of the entertainment. There are fine examples of this gallows wit and eloquence in the Newgate Calendar. But of Gilderoy, we only know that he was hanged so high he passed into a proverb. What did Jack Rann, Sixteen-String Jack, long mourned by faithful Ellen Roach, say to the admiring crowd? Jack Sheppard behaved with "admirable gravity." "Of two virtues," he said, "I have ever cherished an honest pride; never have I stooped to friendship with Jonathan Wild, or with any of his detestable thief-takers; and though an undutiful son, I never damned my mother's eyes." David Haggart, the Switcher, wrote his own pathetic ballad:

Now all you ramblers in mourning go,
For the prince of ramblers is lying low,
And all you maidens that love the game,
Put on your mourning veils again.

Dea. Brodie, in a full suit of black, with hair dressed and powdered, offered a prayer of his own composing, and said: "O Lord, I lament that I know so little of thee"; he examined the halter with "an impartial curiosity," and finding it too short, "his contempt for slovenly workmanship urged him to protest." This was his only "word of petulance." Charles Peace asked: "What is the scaffold?" and answered: "A short cut to heaven."

The crowd did not laugh at the last speech of Samuel Shotland. He took off his shoes and threw them into the throng "My father and mother often told me," he cried, "that I should die with my shoes on; but you may all see that I have made them both liars." "A great man," as Mr. Whibley well says, "dies not with so mean a jest." On the other hand, Tom Austin's speech was a masterpiece. When the halter was being put about his neck the chaplain asked him if he had anything to say. "Only," said Austin, "there's a woman yonder with some curds and whey, and I wish I could have a pennyworth of them before I am hanged, because I don't know when I shall see any again."

Bragge, the Collector.

Who will buy Sir Walter's pipe? William Bragge of Birmingham, Eng., is dead. He left a collection of 7000 pipes, each one differing from the other. He had 400 specimens of Broseley clays made before the introduction of tobacco into England and for medicinal smoking of herbs. Some of these pipes were 5 years old. He also had early Krockrogheny pipes—Irish clays—which, the Daily Chronicle says, Tennyson preferred to all others. Do any in Ireland now smoke the pipe with a bowl of iron like the socket of a candlestick inserted in a piece of mahogany carved in the shape of a fiddle or pair of bellows? The tube was of dogwood and a tin cover was attached by a small brass chain to the bowl.

Yet Not Immune.

W. L. P. writes to The Herald: "Your story about Octave Feuillet and his horror of noise reminds me of an extract from a letter of Alfredo Piatti, the celebrated 'cellist: 'I have lived in Spain, where the Serrenos awaken you at every hour of the night to inform you of the state of the weather. I have sojourned in Holland, where men are paid expressly to arouse you by shaking a rattle to tell you the hour and wish you good night. I have even "slept" in Antwerp, notwithstanding the chimes which play every half-hour variations on the "Carnival of Venice." Thus you see I am well organized for peace—yet I thirst for more than one man's blood.' This was with reference to street noises of London."

NOV 21 11

MANY ENCORES FOR COPELAND

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Murschhauser, Aria Pastoralis Variata; Dandrieu, La Gemissante; Chopin, Valse A flat major, Valse C sharp minor, Polonaise, F sharp minor; Liszt, Etude; Debussy, Cloches a travers les feuilles, Poissons d'or, Reflets dans l'eau, La Cathedrale engloutie, Danse de Puck, Le Petit Berger; Albeniz, Zortzico; Granados, Danses Espagnoles, Nos. 2 and 5; Grovlez, Recuerdos.

The last four pieces were played for the first time in Boston. There was a large and warmly applausive audience. The pianist was recalled after each group and played several pieces in addition to those on the program.

The pieces by Mursohhauser and Dandrieu were played in a delightful manner by Mr. Copeland on a harpsichord. The thin tinkling, the pleasing acidity of tone were in agreeable contrast with the tonal quality displayed by the pianist in the pieces that followed. A little of the harpsichord goes a long way, although Mr. Dolmetsch would probably dispute this proposition.

Murschhauser and Dandrieu are not familiar names to concert goers. The former, born near Strassburg in 1663, studied in Munich, was musical director of the Frauenkirche in that city, where he died in 1738. He composed church music, organ pieces, pieces for the clavecin, and he wrote a treatise, in which he cast a slur on Mattheson, who made such a savage answer that Murchhauser was saddened for the rest of his life and never published the second part of his "Academia musica-poetica." Dandrieu was a Parisian organist and fertile composer (1684-1740). The pieces chosen by Mr. Copeland are pretty trifles with their old-fashioned and graceful ornamentation.

Poetic Reading of Mazurka.

Mr. Copeland's playing of Chopin's waltz in C sharp minor was more effective, better rhythmed, better balanced than his performance of the other waltz. His reading of the idyllic mazurka which occurs in the Polonaise was poetic.

The Herald has often spoken at length concerning the peculiar qualities of Mr. Copeland's art that make him a sympathetic interpreter of Debussy's music: his exquisite touch, the effects gained as by stippling in the sister art, a singularly sensitive imagination, the ability to suggest where others would insist and italicize. When he plays the music of Debussy the hearer is reminded of Verlaine's description of the ambiguous autumnal evening, "When the fair ones leaning in reverie on our arm, then spoke words so specious in a whisper, that our soul since that time trembles and is still wondering." There is an elasticity that is not lawless; there is the spontaneity of an improvisation. The moods of the composer are mirrored as in an enchanter's glass where vaporous shapes or strange and mirage-like landscapes are now seen, now surmised.

It must be confessed that Mr. Copeland is not always letter perfect; that he sometimes fails to bring out an essential figure; that he occasionally misses an effect unmistakably indicated by Debussy. The spell is so irresistible at the time that this is ignored or at once pardoned.

An Old Dance of Biscay.

The Zortzico of Albeniz is not so distinguished as other pieces of this composer that we have heard. The Zortzico, or Zorzico, is an old dance of Biscay, complicated, and generally danced in open fields or public squares. The Alcade regulates it after the game of pelota. The dance has other names, Auresca, St. Sebastien, Torcico. The favorite music for it is supplied by the "tamborileros" with their fifes and drums. The Biscayans are passionate dancers, though there is an old song among them which runs as follows: "There are few good girls among those who go to sleep late and cannot be dragged from their beds before 8 or 9 in the morning. The husband of one of them will have holes in his breeches. Few good women are good dancers. Good dancer, bad girl, poor spinner, good drinker. Women like these should be fed with a stick." But the Zorzico is a decorous dance.

The other Spanish dances on the program have decided and fascinating character. Mr. Copeland played them for the most part brilliantly, although there were times when he blurred passages. All in all, there are few pianists that give so great pleasure. Saying this, I do not forget those reckoned great, the formidable, the colossal, the deep thinkers.

PHILIP SPOONER'S CONCERT

Philip Spooner,, a son of ex-Senator Spooner, sang for the first time in Boston last night in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Miss Ethel Altemus, pianist, who played here in March, 1909.

Mr. Spooner is a tenor of unusual amiability, and he sang three songs by Franz, "Una Furtiva Lagrima" of Donizetti, a romance from Braga's "Reginella," the Aubade from "Le Roi d'Ys," Handel's "Where'er You Walk," and songs by Joacchia, Spohr, Rogers, Tosti and Clay. Miss Altemus played pieces by Debussy—among them the prelude to "L'Enfant Prodigue"—Chopin and Moszkowski.

Mr. Spooner sang for the most part con affetuoso, not to say lagrimoso. It is not necessary to discuss at length his vocal and aesthetic deficiencies. It is enough to say that he is not yet ready to sing in public or in private. He should, first of all, if he is determined to be a singer, acquire the art of tone production. His voice is light and untrained.

Miss Altemus has a certain facility in mechanism. She has not improved in interpretation.

I saw him but a moment,
But, methinks, I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act
With the blood upon his brow.

Och, Hone, wid a Dhudeen.

"Baize" asked last Tuesday in this column whether any one remembered John Brougham singing "Och, hone, wid a dhudeen" as Powhatan at the Howard Athenaeum.

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

O, wid a dhudeen I can blow away care!
Och, hone, wid a dhudeen.
Black thoughts and blue devils they vanish in air,
Och, hone, wid a dhudeen.
If I'm short any day and a note have to pay,
And don't know the way to get out of it clear,
I'm contented enough to sit here and puff,
Och, hone, wid a dhudeen.

Does any one remember? Well? But it was not Brougham, but the talented Miron W. Leffingwell, with his small New York company, at Lowell, in the summer of '67. He had a fine, low, bass voice and could sing. Likewise he could act, as his opening "Dream of Delusion" or "Romeo Jaffier Jenkins" showed. His "tribe" consisted of about four near-Indians, and his leading lady was sweet little Mrs. Sedley Brown, who sang "Scenes That Are Brightest" most beautifully. But the one absorbing fascination of the whole was Millie Sackett—shades of "The Fotheringay"! That was my first "real show"—and I chased it for a week. Ah, those days!

When I saw it in '69 (I think) at the Howard, with the only Brougham and his great company—it was a fine entertainment, of course; but not the same. "Smoking, joking Pow-hattan" was to me best in his entr'acte "speech," and I do not remember his "Och, hone" particularly. JAS. B. RUSSELL.

Lowell, Nov. 21, 1911.

Leffingwell's first name was also spelled "Myron." He had, indeed, been trained as an actor. In the early fifties he supported Edward Eddy, who was playing the twins in "The Corsican Brothers"—"Pray for me, mother; Louis is dead; but I—Ha-ha! go to avenge him." When he (Leffingwell, not Louis) died in 1879, he was taking the part of Sergt. Lacroix in "The Double Marriage," with Kate Claxton's company. Mrs. Sedley Brown, a daughter of Sedley Smith, was divorced from Mr. Brown and married Sol Smith. Another sentence for any bright-eyed little girl to repeat correctly. Mrs. Brown went on the stage in Boston in 1862.

An Intermezzo.

While we are discussing the theatre and playactors and playactresses, let us consider for a moment a review that was published recently in the Daily Telegraph of London.

"Why Mr. Launcelot Hutchinson wrote 'The Failure' it is not worth while to guess. Why the players who acted it yesterday afternoon chose to do that is a still darker question. The play is not exasperating, but merely dull. It is about 50 different things and nothing in particular. It has no form or structure or life. To sit through it is more like listening to a drip, drip, drip of vapid gossip about yesterday's paper than anything else in the world. Any description in detail would be unreasonably tedious."

At the Old Howard.

The history of the Howard Athenaeum should be written. It has long been a famous theatre, since 1846, when it was opened by James H. Hackett & Co. Nor should opera-goers forget that the Howard was for a time the home of opera; that Marti, fishmonger and impresario, brought his famous Havana company to that house and electrified the city by the performance of "Ernani." That was 64 years ago.

As the World Wags:

Your item entitled "Bring Forth the Horse!" in today's Herald carries me back to the autumn of 1863 when I was one of the orchestra at the Howard Athenaeum, then a first-class theatre leased and managed by Wyzeman Marshall, when Adah Isaacs Menken played an engagement in the role of Mazeppa. There was also a burlesque on the play brought out, introducing in the cast that actor of sterling merit, W. H. Curtis, and a very versatile comedian—I think his name was Scanlan. The ready wit of those two gentlemen once saved a very embarrassing situation. There was a scene where a railroad train came on the stage that these two actors were to take. The cue came for its entrance, and it came on as far as the engine, when there was a hitch somewhere, and so it stood, shaking and quivering, under the hands of the scene shifters, trying to remedy the trouble. The audience was laughing, some hissing, when Curtis beckoned Scanlan up to the footlights; after the people became quiet Curtis said, "The cause of this delay I can't explain, unless they're waiting for a passing train." When the applause for this impromptu subsided, Scanlan replied, "If what you say is true, and that is so, it may be some time yet before we go." The time gained by the introduction of these two "gags" enabled the train crew to overcome the difficulty in the mechanism, the train came and took its passengers, who disappeared with great applause. Sppeaking of the orchestra at that time, I wonder if there are many living who remember it—the genial and portly John (Jack) Holloway, leader; Wadsworth, violin; Bauer, viola; Scipp, double bass; Zohler, flute; Kalkman, clarinet; Blanchard, cornet; Murphy and Holm, horns; Burdakin, trombone. Their salary was $9 a week. T. O. E.

Hingham, Nov. 22.

Pipes to Look at.

As The World Wags:

The account of Sir Walter Raleigh's pipe "carved with dogs' heads and the faces of Red Indians" reminds me of the description of a pipe owned by a rich man of Chicago. The bowl is composed, if the account I read is trustworthy, of "various kinds of meerschaum, carved in the shape of a Tuscan vase, and capped with an imperial crown. The bowl measures 2in. in diameter, while the stem is nearly 2ft. in length. Sixteen different animals, over 50 separate flowers and plants, 156 architectural items, and innumerable stars, harps, suns and moons are included in the design, many items having been carved with the aid of specially designed instruments." This machine is valued at $20,000. For my own use give me a T. D.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Boston, Nov. 23.

The Sultan in 1862 gave King Edward a narghile with a gold stem inlaid with diamonds, worth about $15,000. But the pipe of pipes is the narghile smoked by the Shah of Persia on state occasions. It is called the Kalian and with all its trimmings, including a jewel-enorusted water bowl, is valued at $400,000, if it is not worth more.

NOV 25 1911

It is not difficult to be an "occasional correspondent." Have your boots polished in a blacking shop, and call the interesting officiator an "intelligent ouvrier"; be shaved, and cite the coiffeur as "a person in rather a superior station"; call your best acquaintance "a well informed person," and all others "persons whom I have found to be occasionally not in error," and —abroad at least—you will soon have matter for a newspaper letter.

A Few Personalities.

A rising young baritone, one Georg Henschel, who appears to be a singer of considerable promise, is giving recitals in London. It is said that he will visit the United States next season.

Correspondents of The Herald that remember gratefully certain Mazeppas bound on fiery, untamed steeds should

know that "the beautiful Sahary Diell" in her dance-tragedy, "Syria," at the Hippodrome, London, stripped of her glory and tied to a wild horse, plunges and prances and gallops to her death at the bottom of an abyss. The Daily Chronicle critic, when told that Syria was a sacred dancer and priestess, guessed at once that Sahary Diell had "no intention of laying herself open to the charge of being grotesquely overdressed."

Are the English more courteous than the Americans? "Keep off the grass" is curt. In a London garden park "the public is asked to assist the authorities in protecting what is intended for their pleasure." The reference is to a burying ground.

A land owner near Hunstanton, England, is of a still more humorous mind. "Notice! Anyone found wilfully damaging ginger beer bottles on the downs or elsewhere will be prosecuted. They must be returned to the people from whom they are bought. By order."

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein seems to be prospering in London in spite of the fact that he opened his Opera House on the 13th. It was stated in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1798: "The superstition that, where a company of persons amount 13 one of them will die within the ...elvemonths afterwards, seems to have been founded on the calculation adhered to by the insurance offices, which presume that, out of 13 people taken indiscriminately, one will die within a year." It is a curious fact that John Aubrey, in his article on "Day Fatality; or Some Observations of Days" (1696), says nothing about the 13th of a month, though he notes that the 14th day of the first month was a blessed day among the children of Israel, who accounted Aug. 10 unfortunate.

Eagles and Swallows.

The Herald has received the following "chatty" letter:

As the World Wags:

In a recent copy of The Herald I noticed the expression "As the World Wags," and following, "Eagles and Hookers." The origin of these terms, or explanation of them, was invited. It would seem that this was addressed to drinking men. While I am not a drinking man, I sometimes, when travelling, carry something in my grip for emergencies. One of these occurred when I got lost and got a bad wetting in Boston on June 13 last, when going from Pemberton square to South station by way of The Herald office, which took an hour and a half. I just caught the 4 o'clock train for New York in time, and felt somewhat alarmed as to the probable results of my wetting; but I soon recalled the fact that I had in my grip a supply of quinine and a half pint of good brandy. In the first hour on the train I took four good doses of quinine and washed them down from the brandy flask. The second hour I enjoyed a good lunch which I had put up. Arriving at the Astor House at 10:30 I had a good night's rest and woke up refreshed without any bad effects from the wetting.

In telling my experience to a clerical friend here, one who enjoys a joke, jokes himself and likes to catch a person in a joke, I explained that with each dose of quinine I took an "eagle" of brandy. He inquired: "What do you mean by an 'Eagle of brandy'?" I said an Eagle was so much larger than a swallow. He appreciated the joke and I submit it as one reason for using the term. Sincerely yours, P. J. McMAHON.

Key West, Fla., Nov. 11, 1911.

Gissing in Waltham.

The Herald has also received this letter:

As the World Wags:

The query in The Herald this morning regarding the late George Gissing implies that he taught in Boston. This is a mistake. His entire service in this country comprised a few months in the Waltham high school in the autumn of 1876. He taught German and English literature. It was currently reported in school that he was sent to this country by his family on account of a love affair which did not meet the family approval. He was here but a few months, and left literally "between two days." It was generally believed in school circles that he had returned to England to marry the woman of his choice despite the family objections.

The writer, who was at that time preparing for Harvard, had Mr. Gissing for a private tutor in addition to the instruction in the routine classes. He remembers him as a typical Englishman with a tawny beard and a gruff, hearty voice. The impression remains that his classical knowledge was on broader lines than was customary, at that period at least, among American instructors.

He was of a retiring disposition, and made few if any friends during his short stay here, but he was cordial and pleasant in the relations of tutor and pupil, and an excellent instructor.

A souvenir of the brief experience is still cherished in the form of a paper-bound German novelette inscribed "George Gissing, Owens College."

GEORGE A. STEARNS.

Waltham, Nov. 22.

This is an interesting letter, especially since it has been stated by persons, who apparently spoke with authority, that Gissing lived in Boston for a time, wretchedly poor, and trying to support himself by teaching.

Strictly Personal.

Mr. H. G. Wells believes that fiction is more truthful than biography, history and blue books, just as Thomas Hardy likes realism on the stage because it is not true. Mr. Wells is not favorably disposed toward Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone": "not a life at all, indeed, so much as embalmed remains; the fire gone, the passions gone, the bowels carefully removed." Mr. Wells deplores the omissions in histories and biographies; whereupon the Pall Mall Gazette remarks that "by the same token the ideal book-taster would appear to be a species of literary hyena with his teeth well sharpened in the dark game of dissection."

Dr. Roggers says that the average life of the wind instrument player is 63 years. All cornet players live too long.

LONG PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Harold Bauer was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "King Stephen".....Beethoven
Symphony in D minor.....Franck
Concerto for piano.....Schumann
Overture to a Theme of a Spanish March.
Balakireff

The overture to "King Stephen" was put on the program the day before the public rehearsal. The concert would have been long enough without it. Any concert of an hour and a half is sufficiently long, and any piece played after an hour and three-quarters falls on sated and dull ears. Yet it was pleasant to hear Beethoven's music again. The overture was last played at a Symphony concert in April, 1901.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear;
Therefore he call'd the tailor lown.

But Beethoven's overture was composed for Kotzebue's prologue, "Hungary's First Benefactor," who was canonized because he was the first to bring his country under Christian domination.

The overture is chiefly noteworthy on account of the treatment of a little Hungarian theme, or at least a theme of Hungarian character. The composer Beethovenized it, and all through the overture there are evidences of a sportive mood. He was invited to provide music for the play, but he could not for tho life of him write merely occasional, perfunctory music.

The performance of Franck's symphony was on the whole impressive and stirring. The audience was deeply moved, for the applause after each movement was spontaneous, hearty and prolonged, and at the end Mr. Fiedler was recalled two or three times. How different the reception when this symphony was played here in 1899! To many the music was "unintelligible"; to some it was anarchistic, even "immoral." Yet the work was as beautiful, as noble, as eloquent as it is today. And so in time Vincent d'Indy's symphony in B flat major will be fully appreciated in this city and placed with Franck's among the greatest works of the kind, if not the greatest, after the symphonies of Beethoven. There are supreme qualities in Franck's symphonies that are not to be found in the symphonies of Schumann, Brahms, Tschaikowsky. Now and then there is a page in a symphony by Bruckner that has a lofty imaginative flight and suggests visions of things celestial, but the page is as an oasis in a desert, for Bruckner's technical skill was far inferior to that of Franck, and he had little continuity of thought. As far as workmanship is concerned, Franck's symphony stands fully abreast of Beethoven's, and like Beethoven's this symphony is profoundly human in its spirit and expression. Music of infinite compassion! Music of abiding faith and love!

It is a dangerous compliment to say that any pianist has made a certain composer peculiarly his own. Mr. de Pachmann is not merely an incomparable interpreter of Chopin. Mr. Bauer is not merely an admirable interpreter of Schumann. He is remarkable when playing compositions by Cesar Franck and the more modern Frenchmen, and we all have heard him play music by Handel in the true spirit, as though he were improvising, now pompously, now singing a tender air, and now displaying agility in rapid passages shaped in the approved mould of the period. Furthermore, if a pianist is constantly told that he is above all others an interpreter of this or that composer, he may finally fall into disturbing mannerisms or cherish resentment against the god who is said to favor him. Mr. Bauer's performance of Schumann's concerto has been praised here, as elsewhere, and deservedly.

Yesterday there was again an exhibition of fine qualities; purity of thought, clarity of expression, warmth that was not too sensuous, a romantic spirit that was lyrical and not mistakenly epic. And Mr. Bauer did more than give delight by a noteworthy display of polished mechanism, fluent, crystalline runs, delicate nuances in color and dynamics; he established and maintained the intimate relationship between the composer and the hearer, without which Schumann stands aloof and refuses to confess his thoughts, reflections, aspirations. Yet there were moments in the first movement when Mr. Bauer was more sentimental than Schumann.

Balakireff's overture was played here for the first time. It is a singular, barbaric piece, professedly oriental, undeniably coarse and at times as blatant as though it had been written in vulgar western circus style. Seldom is there a fine thought; seldom is there anything that charms the ear or stirs tho soul. Balakireff had in his mind a program: the Moors persecuted by the Spaniards, organ music, the chant of monks, and general jubilation at an auto-da-fe. He himself was priest-ridden, superstitious, a bigot, as Tschaikowsky and others inform us. Was he in his heart pleased at the recollection of the festivals when Jews and infidels were burned alive? Or did he look on the ceremonies only with a view to musical delineation, to panoramic music?

We have yet to hear orchestral music by Balakireff that justifies the opinion of his ardent admirers who claim for him a commanding position among the Russians. Moussorgsky surely had more native genius, crude as his expression was. Borodin had a finer nature. Rimsky-Korsakoff was a gorgeous colorist. Will not Balakireff be known in future as a merciless critic of his friends' work and a helpful influence?

The program of the concerts next week will include Elzar's symphony No. 2 (first time in Boston); Bruch's Scottish Fantasie for violin (Miss Kathleen Parlow); Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

NW 26 1911

Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" will be performed as an opera for the first time in Boston tomorrow night, when the Boston Opera House will enter on its third season. The opera has been performed here as an oratorio by the Cecilia Society (1891) and also by the Handel and Haydn Society (1908).

The first performance of the opera as an opera was at Weimar and in German, Dec. 2, 1877, when the chief singers were Miss von Mueller and Messrs. Ferenczy and Milde. Lassen conducted. In 1883 the opera was performed at Hamburg with Rosa Sucher as Delilah. The first performance of the opera in France was at Rouen in March, 1890, when the chief singers were Miss Bossi and Messrs. Lafarge and Mondaud. The first performance in Paris was at the Eden Theatre, Oct. 31, 1890, with Rosine Bloch, Talezac and Bouhy. The opera was not admitted to the Paris Opera House until Nov. 23, 1892, when the singers were Mme. Deschamps, Vergnet and Lassalle.

There were concert performances of portions of the work in Paris in 1875 and in 1880. The second act was rehearsed as early as 1870, with Augusta Holmes, Regnault, the painter, and Bussine as the singers. The opera was completed about 1872 and the second act was performed in 1874 at Mme. Pauline Viardot's country place. She took the part of Delilah; the other singers were Nicot and Auguez. The first act was performed in Paris in concert form at the Chatelet in 1875; and the third act at a Colonne concert in 1880.

The first performance in the United States was in oratorio form at New York March 25, 1892, by the Oratorio Society.

The first performance of the opera as an opera in this country was at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Feb. 8, 1895. Samson, Tamagno; Delilah, Mme. Mantelli; High Priest, Campanari; Abimelich and the old Hebraw, Pancon; Messenger, Vanni; First Philistine, Rinaldini; Second Philistine, de Vachetti. Mancinelli conducted. The opera was performed at the Manhattan Opera House Nov. 13, 1908, with Miss Gerville-Reache, and Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne, Crabbe, Vieulle and Venturini. Odette Valery was the chief dancer. Cleofonte Campanini conducted.

Long Censored in England

So much for the history of the opera, although it may be added that inasmuch as the subject of the opera is biblical, no performance on the operatic stage was allowed in England until April 26, 1909.

When the opera was produced at London the chief singers were Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Fontaine and Davey. The first performance of the opera in an English version was at Dublin, Jan. 11, 1910, by the Moody-Manners Company. The chief singers were Joseph O'Mara, Zelie de Lussan and William Dever.

The Character of Delilah

The story of Delilah as related in the Book of Judges is a simple one.

"And it came to pass afterward that he (Samson) loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him, to afflict him: and we will give thee every one of us, eleven hundreth pieces of silver." (There is this marginal note in the first edition of the King James version (1611): "Delilah corrupted by the Philistines, enticeth Samson.") Then follows the familiar story. Nothing is said concerning her after she triumphed over Samson. There is no description of her appearance. There is no remark about her character. But we know that Samson did not disdain the company of loose women, for in the verses immediately preceding the story of Delilah, his adventure at Gaza is told.

Was Delilah, a patriotic woman, to be ranked with Jael and Judith, or was she merely a courtesan, as certain opera singers who impersonate her in the opera are pleased to think?

The Meaning of Her Name

E. Meier says that the word Delilah means the faithless one. Ewald translates it "traitress," and so does Ranke. Knobel characterizes her as "Die zarte," which means tender, delicate, but also subtle. Lange is sure that she was a weaver woman, if not an out-and-out "zonah." There are other Germans who think the word is akin to the verb "einlullen," to lull asleep. Some liken it to the Arabic "dalilah," a woman who misguides, a bawd. See in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" the speech of the damsel to Aziz: "If thou marry me thou wilt at least be safe from the daughter of Dalilah the Wily One." Also "The Rogueries of Dalilah the Crafty and Her Daughter Zaynab, the ConeyCatcher" in the seventh volume of Burton's translation.

Ignaz Goldziher believes that Delilah is the symbol of the setting sun which has completed its day's labor, or rather is no longer the sun but the night that cuts her lover's curly locks (crines Phoebi) in which his whole strength is centred.

Is the story of Samson symbolical? La Mothe le Vayer saw in the actions of the hero those of the Sceptical Philosopher. A Roman Catholic legend represents Samson as a physician. Sir Richard F. Burton in his "Book of the Sword" describes him as the Hebrew type of Hercules, "the strong man, the slayer of monsters, the sun-god (Shamsun). But Renan, who characterizes Delilah as "une drolesse" insists that pure mythology was not to the taste of the Hebrews.

Moralists Condemn Delilah

The old writers did not cudgel their brains about her. Josephus, the learned Jew, simply said: "As for Samson being ensnared by a woman, that is to be ascribed to human nature, which is too weak to resist sins." Chrysostom argued gravely that she was Samson's wife.

Richard Rogers of Weathersfield, in Essex, England, preached many sermons on the Book of Judges one Lenten season, and called them good; at least he published them in 1615. A stern man, he had no mercy for Delilah: "Samson was drunk with the sottish and inordinate love of her—then he saw too late with Adam that God was gone from him and that he had lost all the great strength which God had given him." Nor did Samson have time or inclination to consider the consequences of his infatuation. "Delilah's lap and arms," thundered the Rev. Richard, "was no fit nor likely place or occasion of such thoughts or meditations." Samson was "blindfolded with her beauty."

The Rev. Thomas Beard, who over 250 years ago "painfully preached the Word of God and led life without scandal," wrote "The Theatre of God's Judgment," in which was many surprising tales. This painful preacher, once the school teacher of Oliver Cromwell, was courteous toward Delilah. He did not mention her; he only spoke in passing of "poor Samson."

How Milton Portrayed Her

The Bible is as reticent about Delilah's personal appearance as it is silent about the peculiar beauty of Potiphar's wife or that of Balkis Queen of Sheba.

Milton, accepting the theory of Chrysostom, described the sorceress and from his account of her it is fair to infer that she was an extravagant creature. The pious Milton, whose domestic experience was sour, accepted the theory of Chrysostom most cheerfully.

But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

This recalls a sermon, preached at the nuptials of Lord Hay, in 1607. The text was from Proverbs: "She is like a merchant's ship, she bringeth her food from afar." The clergyman was thus moved: "But of all qualities, a woman must not have one quality of a ship, and that is, too much rigging. Oh! what a wonder it is to see a ship under sail, with her tacklings and her masts, and her tops, and her top-gallants, with her upper decks and her nether decks, and so bedecked with her streamers, flags and ensigns, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a woman created in God's image, so miscreate oft times, and deformed with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her, shall hardly know her, with her plumes, her fans and a silken vizard, with a ruff like a sail, yea, a ruff like a rainbow, with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the wind will blow."

The Chorus in Milton's tragedy thus expressed its wonder. Samson is not impressed. He tells Dalila that he knows her: "Thy gins and toils; thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms." The Chorus admits that "beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange power, after offence returning, t' regain love once p's-sessed." The chorus also admits that Dalila has "outward ornament." Samson reviles her in a most unmanly manner, so that we are tempted to say with the Chorus: "God of our fathers, what is man!"

This Dalila, however, was in her way a patriot. She knew that her name would be defamed "in Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,"

But in my country, where I most desire,
In Eeron, Gaza, Asdod and in Gath,
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
With odors visited and annual flowers;
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.

And was Delilah an Israelite in the employ of the Philistines, a political spy, a courtesan? Was she a Philistine? Who can say? It is not easy to determine the nationality of the dwellers in Sorak, for the frontier was as shifting as the love of the woman who has immortalized the region.

A Hyena in Handel's Oratorio

In Handel's "Samson" which was sung in Boston 13 times in the 30th season of the Handel and Hadyn Society Delilah appears only after blinded Samson is in chains. He delicately alludes to her as a hyena. She, good-natured, does not retort in kind, urges him to leave his prison house to go home with her, for she will nurse and love him. She thus follows the example of Milton's heroine. Her invitation might fairly be called a pressing one. She sings

To fleeting pleasures make your court,
No moment lose, for life is short!
The present now's our only time,
The missing that our only crime.

Samson remembering the shearing is naturally suspicious. The prison house is good enough for him. Delilah leaves him, and Micah, who like the aged Hebrew in Saint-Saens's opera, would be described in these days of flippant speech as a wise old guy, remarks: "She's gone; a serpent manifest; her sting discovered in the end." Samson answers that a true woman is seldom found, and the friendly chorus sings without thought of future suffrage leagues:

To man, God's universal law
Gave power to keep his wife in awe;
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismayed
By female usurpation swayed.

Tragedies Entitled "Samson"

In the tragedy by Ippolito d'Aste, which the elder Salvini brought to this country in 1873, Delilah is passionately in love with Samson. Before she met him she could say:

Within the arms
Of many, in the heart of none; mid loves
Unbridled, loving overmuch, I never
Loved any truly.

She is shocked at the proposition of the Philistines:

I will not ope his tomb; he shall not taste
Death in my kiss.

She calls on the night to hide her after she has betrayed him; she assures the eyeless Samson that she was the plaything of Fate, and in the Temple scene she clings to his breast.

I have not been able to ascertain how Delilah was characterized or whether she appeared in "Samson," performed at the Peoples' Theatre, New York, April 29, 1895, when Walter Kennedy, "the strong man," first appeared on the stage as an actor.

A tragedy "Samson" in five acts was produced at the Italiens, Paris, in 1777. It was in verse and originally in Spanish. Romagnesy translated the French version from an Italian one. In this play Samson asks the King of the Philistines for the hand of Dalila, and is refused. Hence the cause of his hostility and the vengeance he wreaks on the Philistines. Dalila's female attendant plots with the King, and Dalila is informed that Samson prefers a rival. The attendant urges her to demand of him the secret of his strength as a proof of his fidelity. He discloses the secret, and when he is sleeping she shears his locks. He destroys the temple of Dagon, and Dalila in her despair kills herself. Voltaire commented on this tragedy apropos of his own poem "Samson," which he purposed to produce with music by Rameau. "In this sublime drama," said Voltaire, "Harlequin, the valet of Samson, fights with a turkey-cock, while his master bears off the gates of Gaza on his shoulders. In 1732 it was proposed to produce at the Opera, Paris, a tragedy 'Samson,' with music by the celebrated Rameau; but permission was not given. The poem is printed in Voltaire's works. There is no Harlequin in it, no turkey-cock; the thing seemed too serious. Besides, they were glad to mortify Rameau, who had great talent. However, they played about that time the opera 'Jephte,' talked from the Old Testament, and the comedy 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' taken from the New." Rameau used the music he had written for "Samson" in other operas, as "Zoroastre," but there was a private and successful performance of "Samson" at the house of La Popeliniere. There is a long account of the attempt to produce this work at the Opera in "Voltaire Musicien," by Edmond Vander Straeten (Paris, 1878).

Works in Which Delilah Figures

The story of "Samson and Delilah" has furnished a text for many musical works, beginning with Colonna's oratorio, produced at Bologna, in 1677. There is a long list of operas, oratorios, cantatas, ballets.

Duprez, the famous tenor, wrote an opera "Samson," and the elder Dumas assisted in the preparation of the libretto. The composer in his "Souvenirs d'un Chanteur" refers to "Samson" as "my cherished work, in which I put the most of my heart, intelligence, time, and I may say, myself." The first scene represented Gaza and the meeting of Samson and Dalila; the second, Sorek with the seduction and the betrayal; in the third Samson ground at the mill; in the fourth he pulled down the temple. There was a concert performance of this opera in which Duprez's daughter and Pauline Viardot took part. Duprez was unable to put the opera on the stage. Fould, the minister of fine arts, told him the stage setting of the last act alone would cost over $20,000. The composer then changed the words to suit an almost analogous subject taken from the Crusades. The opera was then entitled "Zephora," but it was translated into German and Italian as "Samson" and produced at Berlin in 1857 in concert form.

Joachim Raff also wrote an opera "Samson." He wrote the text in 1851-52; began the composition of the music in 1853 and completed the instrumentation in 1857. The conductor at Darmstadt did not wish to produce the opera and gave as a reason that it was too difficult for the singers. Late in 1858 Liszt thought of bringing it out at Weimar. Again there were objections. The tenor said that his part was too high for him. Long afterward Raff showed his opera to the tenor, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who was enthusiastic. Raff promised to revise the opera, to make certain cuts. Schnorr died. In 1882 Raff again spoke of a revision, but he, too, died, and the opera was not performed.

It may here be said that in the greater number of these operas Samson is a tenor, not a "Judenbass" or a "Bierbass," but a tenor.

So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost.

Natural Curiosity to See Her

But the excellent Dr. Watts said nothing about Delilah's personal appearance. She was probably not an Amazon, not a tragedy queen with buskined strut and trumpet voice. By the law of contrasts, concerning which Schopenhauer made improving remarks, she was undoubtedly slight, svelte and clinging. Did Samson in his darkness never think of her regretfully? Did she not mourn him bitterly, for no one, Jew or Philistine, could ever take his place. The Bible says nothing about her after the betrayal. Did she visit him grinding in prison? Was she in the house of Dagon when it fell? "Now the house was full of men and women, and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport." Was Delilah at home in Sorek?

Arthur Rimbaud at a night festival in some city of the north met all the women made famous by the ancient painters. Who would not meet gladly face to face these women of the Bible—the Queen of Sheba, the daughter of Herodias, Dinah, the daughter of Leah, Tamar, Bathsheba, Vashti the Superb, Aholah and Aholibah, the enchantress called the Witch of Endor, and, above all, the woman that dwelt in the valley of Sorek?

Reminiscences of a Mayhew School Boy

The Herald has received the following letter apropos of the recent inquiry into the cancan at the Theatre Comique and the theatre itself:

To the Editor of The Herald:

After the lapse of almost 50 years I can still clearly see that white whale swimming around in the tank in the hall in Central court, near Billy Park's old hostelry. Billy and his mugs of musty are no more; and as for the whale, he, or she, was probably long ago swallowed up by the Standard Oil Company.

In the days when the Theatre Comique flourished I, with other West End boys, often went there to see Maffitt and Bartholomew in "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Jack, the Giant Killer," and other like pantomimes. I recall Annette Lapointe, Fred Lacy, Sig. Constantine and others. The Levantine brothers used to do a trapeze act there at one time, and I saw one of these acrobats fall headfirst from his trapeze, just under the proscenium arch, barely missing the leader of the orchestra, who was merrily playing a catchy air on his violin. Strange to say, no one was injured, but the leader's nerves and music stand suffered. The gymnast went back on the stage pluckily and finished his performance.

I recall with what awe I watched Bartholomew as he stood near the box office before the performance, for I always made it a point to be the first arrival, so that I could get a certain coveted seat upstairs, the prize of the earliest comer. One of my parents objected, at intervals, to the theatre, and I remember my mortification on seeing him one afternoon in a conspicuous seat on the floor, glancing furtively up at me as I sat in my uneasy place above. Neither of us ever mentioned this to the other.

I saw "Pomander Walk" awhile ago, and was reminded of Maffitt in his well-known part of the Lone Fisherman in "Evangeline," written by Cheever Goodwin. This was after the Theatre Comique days, for Goodwin was one of the above-mentioned West end boys, and he doubtless saw Maffitt many a time in pantomime, which may have suggested to him the unique character in his burlesque on Longfellow's poem. Maffitt, moreover, used to go down the South Shore in summer, and he must have seen there a certain old salt who in manner and dress—if not in taciturnity—gave him a good hint for the effective portrayal of the quaint character so long impersonated by him to the great enjoyment of the last generation of theatre-goers. This leads up to the question: Did Mr. Louis N. Parker ever see Maffitt in Evangeline? If it be true, as stated, that Mr. Parker, although a British subject, is a New Englander and Bostonian by descent, the riddle is probably solved. To an old Bostonian, however, it seems an anachorism to put the lone fisherman in a play having to do with the Georgian era, the immediate disciples of Izaak Walton to the contrary notwithstanding. Somebody may think to "get my goat" by pointing out that the Evangeline Acadians were exiles in 1755; but the lone fisherman was not an original Acadian. He was unknown to Longfellow, and only came into existence through a happy stroke of Goodwin's, who was aided and abetted by the aforesaid J. S. Maffitt. We can regard him, therefore, as a strictly 19th century Boston institution; and I, for one, would be glad to see him figure in lasting bronze set up on a pedestal at the head of T wharf, or other suitable place, in order that his fame might endure throughout the coming generations. By the by, it was in "Evangeline" that W. H. Crane first won recognition, and Nat Goodwin, too, I think.

To return to my main subject: there were some trained seals in the hall, prior to the Theatre Comique days, and, at one time, a handful of Indians did stunts. A disconsolate member of the tribe hanged himself there, evidently preferring the happy hunting grounds to the intellectual and artistic attractions of our modern citizens. It should be noted, however, that this happened before the days of the Elevated, the Subway, and the automobile race-course on Tremont street. This speedway would have made poor Lo wild, and filled him with as much excitement and enthusiasm as an over-dose of firewater, reminding him of those glorious days when he could mutilate and scalp his victims with impunity. Yet even now, after all the massacres, there must still be left a Bostonian or two who remembers of "The Black Crook," the Continental Theatre, and Kitty Blanchard—not "Kitty Gray," to whom I also doff my hat. Later on, the Kitty first mentioned was a member of the company at Selwyn's Theatre. She played in burlesques like "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," with Stuart Robson, Harry Pearson and Eva Brent. This theatre, however, was by no means wholly given over to burlesque, for it had one of the best stock companies then in existence. There are a few of us even now who remember Frederick Robinson, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Josephine Orton, Mary Cary, Messrs. Sheridan, Shewell, Daly, Bascom, Harry Josephs, and last, but not least, the admirable actor the late W. J. Le Moyne, whose Uriah Heep was at one time "the talk of the town." As I watched a performance of "The Blue Bird" the other day it seemed to me that, for scenic effects, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as given years ago at Selwyn's, surpassed it; but Maeterlinck's play is worth seeing for all that.

"Baize" asks if anyone except himself recalls John Brougham at the Howard as Powhatan in his burlesque, "Pocahontas?" I never saw him play it at the Howard, but saw him in it at the Museum later on. The thing I most clearly remember is Brougham's dance in his character of Powhatan, with Capt. John Smith. The captain, overjoyed at not being beheaded, in his capers came down heavily on one of Powhatan's moccasins; whereat the Indian chief shrieked out ruefully: "Hight on my favorite Indian corn!" It required all the wiles of Pocahontas to save the captain the second time from the angry tomahawk of her infuriated papa.

One of your correspondents refers to the Ravel Brothers. I saw them at the Boston Theatre in "Jocko; or, the Brazilian Ape." In the course of the performance the impersonator of Jocko went from the stage to the upper proscenium box with all the agility of the real animal. At that time this alone was worth to me the price of admission; but now, even Sister Jane's top note fails to thrill me. What a world of disillusionment it is, to be sure!

How many are left who can recall the stage setting at Morris Brothers' representing "Gilson's Beanery by Moonlight"? The beanery itself was situated near Bowdoin square, where Harvard students congregated to take the midnight car, and was patronized by the irrepressible "Billy" himself. Once when he was taking a holiday in New York a telegram addressed to the audience was read from the stage by his brother, Lon Morris, to the effect, "Nary a bean since I saw you last.—B. M."

The last time I ever saw Billy Morris was in Bill Bacon's—I mean the old place in Washington street, near the corner of Essex. He was eating a few oysters on the half shell while basking in the genial sunshine of his host's expansive smile. Bacon used to carry one of the flags when the Ancients paraded. As the command, one parade day, wheeled from Washington into School street he was greeted by a convivial acquaintance, standing on the sidewalk, with the disconcerting order: "One stew—make it two!" William's soldierly training stood him in good stead, for he strode up School street with unfaltering step to the martial music of the Cadet band. Morituri salutamus! I can hear that music still; but it is now fast turning into a funeral march. After a certain distance, as Robert Louis Stevenson says, "every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. Do the old men mind it? Why, no. They were never merrier . . . and when a draught might puff them out, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unafrighted, and they go on bubbling with laughter. . . . Death may be knocking at the door; but they have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock."

AN OLD MAYHEW SCHOOL BOY.

Pierre Wolff's New Play

M. Pierre Wolff, the author of "Le Secret de Polichinelle" and a score of other fine works, is coming out this week with another new play, "L'Amour Defendu," which might be called in English "The Forbidden Fruit." The very title seemed to shock some of us, who have been expecting a wave of Sunday school reform on the stage. Are we coming back again to the days when the whole theme of every play was that of the Tenth Commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," with the "not" carefully omitted. M. Pierre Wolff himself joins the discussion, and argues that the "forbidden fruit" has been at all times the most thrilling of subjects.

"The author of the Bible himself began on that theme. Could I," asks M. Pierre Wolff, triumphantly, "follow a better example?" The argument annihilates us. We have to submit to it and let it crush us completely. M. Pierre Wolff proceeds:

"Every paradox—and my own soul is one—contains a particle of truth. The love that is forbidden is the only thing that throws us into an ecstasy. It alone absorbs us. Love that meets with no obstacles and no barriers is beneath our notice. We see it, indeed; we delight in it quietly; but we do not speak of it. Literature and poetry neglect and disclaim it because it is immutable or uninteresting in its changes. Literature and poetry feed exclusively on the forbidden fruit. It is the only thing that makes us gush with tears or split with laughter."

The new stage gospel is, therefore, nothing but a continuation of the old

[illegible] stock in trade of [illegible] great playwrights, actors and [illegible] that M. Pierre Wolff, how[illegible] saying that a play [illegible] run its course and [illegible]. There are various ob[illegible] to the [illegible]tion of a passion. [illegible] example, there is that [illegible], strong and rare sentiment [illegible] may check the wild stampede of [illegible] passion, and that sentiment [illegible] in. Are we, therefore, to in[illegible] that M. Pierre Wolff's new play [illegible]s, after all, to the new stage [illegible] I partly guess that this is the [illegible]. The forbidden [illegible] is there. It is [illegible] from the tree, but at the last [illegible]ent nobody cares to pick it. The [illegible] Telegraph, London, Nov. 7.

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It is a troublesome and difficult Task that [illegible] undertakes in going about to cure the Disease, or rather Itch, of Intemperate Prating. For that Words, which are the sole Remedy against it, require Attention. But they who are given to Prate will hear no Body, as being a sort of People that love to be always talking themselves. So that the principal Vice of Loquacious Persons is this, that their Ears are [illegible] to everything else but their own Im[illegible]. Which I take to be a wilful Deafness in Men, controuling and contradicting Nature, that has given us two Ears, though but one Tongue.

The Herald has received several letters concerning the theatre in Boston of the sixties and seventies. These letters will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

English as She Is Spoke.

A prisoner before the late Montagu Williams, sitting as a police magistrate in London, pleaded guilty to stealing a small sum of money. "What did you do with it?" asked the magistrate. "Well, your worship, I 'ad a pint of mahogany, two door steps and a stinker, which came to a steever, and then I 'ad a London mystery and a slice of spotted plain, and that's how I spent the sprat." "I understand," said Williams; "one month's hard."

Will some one, not necessarily the bright eyed little boy, who takes all the prizes, not necessarily the gifted persons who are now guessing correctly the Boston Opera House puzzles, tell us exactly in conventional English what the thief said?

"Mahogany" is a drink made of two parts gin and one part molasses, well beaten together.

A "doorstep" is a thick slice of bread and butter. In some parts of England the bread is spread with jam. A "doorstep and a sea-rover" means a half-penny slice of bread and butter and a herring.

But what is a "stinker"? That is to say, what article of food did the thief thus characterize? Or did he refer to tobacco? A "steever" or "stiver" was originally a Dutch coin equal to an English penny. How much was a "steever" in the thief's eyes? In Yiddish the word is "shtibbur."

"Mystery" probably here means sausage. Synonyms are "mystery bag," "dog's meat," "Sharps Alley blood worm," "Chamber of horrors." In the United States hash is often called "mystery," but never by star boarders, who otherwise would not twinkle at the night herd of the landlady. W. E. Henley knew the word. Witness his use of it in "Culture in the Slums," [illegible] "inscribed to an intense poet." Inasmuch as this rondeau is not published in the edition of Henley's complete works—alas, sadly incomplete—The Herald prints it this morning:

RONDEAU

I.

"O [illegible] B[illegible]" she ses to [illegible] she ses—
"Look sl[illegible]p," ses she, "w[illegible] them t[illegible]
[illegible]
Yes! [illegible] with them [illegible]
[illegible]
For [illegible]" ses she, "for [illegible] o'l pal," ses she
[illegible] peck's [illegible]
[illegible]

II.

[illegible] prime—I leave [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] to have a [illegible] love's dis[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] spinning round, and [illegible]murmuring
[illegible]
"O [illegible] B[illegible]"

III.

[illegible] Love express
[illegible], and asks [illegible] your
[illegible]
[illegible] does the gay ar[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] and the
[illegible] And if [illegible] good [illegible]
O [illegible]

Two Questions.

And what [illegible] slice of spotted plain? [illegible] spotted dog or spotted donkey is [illegible] pudding. "Spotted mystery" is [illegible] beef. "Spotted dog" in military slang is a sausage or saveloy.

How much is a "sprat"? In 1857 it was sixpence. [illegible] In the same year "sprats" was a slang word for spurious fourpenny pieces, sixpences and shillings.

Possibly and Perhaps.

They were talking at the Porp[illegible] Club about the Harvard-Yale football game, explaining why Harvard did not win, and how Yale lost her opportunity. It was instructive conversation, and wholly unprejudiced, for no one of the talkers had ever played in a game. Finally a man lifted up his voice and said: "How many people, do you think, would go to these games if the tickets were free and the rule 'First come, first served,' were maintained? There might [illegible] a [illegible] a year [illegible] for [illegible] end of [illegible] believe there would be 700 spectators in addition to the students. Hundreds are eager to go to anything when the prices are prohibitive to the great majority."

There is something in this. The late Maurice Grau, one of the shrewdest of opera managers, one of the very few who ever retired with a comfortable income, knew this side of human nature. Whenever he produced "The Huguenots" in this city with a "star cast" he raised the prices. As a result, the theatre was crowded with men and women who were seldom seen at any other performance. They wore their very best. Many came in late to walk down the aisles with an air. They were seen. There was the ocular proof that they had the money to spend and were willing to spend it nobly.

Photographic Metamorphoses.

An artist talking about the smile of "The Monna Lisa"—has she lost it, now that she is not in her home and is probably worshipped by only one, a gentle maniac, and that in secret? "There is this singular fact about Leonardo's wonderful picture. In photographs taken of the woman by Germans, Monna Lisa has a German physiognomy. The French photographers turn her into a French woman of Leonardo's period. She changes her nationality according to the nationality of the photographer, and this alone shows the remarkable character of the picture, which is one of the great masterpieces of art in spite of the twaddle of rhapsodists and the equally foolish chatter of persons who insist that the picture is overrated." All of which is important, if true.

The Original of a Parody.

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, Nov. 24, 1911.

As the World Wags:

Leffingwell's song mentioned in today's Herald is a parody on a song popular in Ireland 50 years ago entitled "Courtin' of Widow Macree," only a fragment of which I remember:

Musha, widow macree, it's no wonder you frown.
Och hone, widow macree.
Sure the sight of your face in that dirty black gown—
Och hone, widow macree.
Would stop an old clock if it wasn't run down.
Och hone, widow macree.
The rabbits and hares go together in pairs,
The kittle and tongs wid each other agree,
And pokin' the fire alone is a sin.
Och hone, widow macree.

J. D. K.

But these lines are variants of some of the lines in Samuel Lover's "Widow Machree"—Machree with an "h." Thus in Lover's poem the wooer exclaims:

See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish,
Och hone! Widow machree.

Pension Fund Concert for Symphony Orchestra Calls Forth Throng.

K. L.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, gave the first benefit concert of the season in aid of its pension fund last evening in Symphony Hall. The program was made up of excerpts from Wagner's operas. Mme. Schumann-Heink, who had volunteered her services, being the soloist. The program was as follows:

Preludes to "The Meistersingers" and "Lohengrin," funeral music from the third act of "Dusk of the Gods," prelude and "Love-death" from "Tristan and Isolde," Erda's scene from "The Rhinegold," Waltraute's narrative from "Dusk of the Gods," the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," scene, "Just God,' and air; "My Life Fades in Its Blossom," from "Rienzi;" overture to "Tannhaeuser."

The pension fund concerts are now an established feature of the musical season, and it might almost be added that the annual "Wagner concert" has become an institution. Of late years, since Wagner's operas have suffered eclipse in the operatic firmament, the Wagnerites have come to look forward to this program as their one opportunity of the season. The opportunity, however, is of a quality almost to compensate for the loss. In no opera house does one hear such playing, by an orchestra every element of which is skilled. It is unnecessary to dwell upon last evening's performance, save to say that it was characteristic. The hall was crowded, people standing in the side aisles, and the audience was demonstrative.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was given a stirring welcome by both orchestra and audience, and she was obliged to make repeated acknowledgments to both. After her last number a huge laurel wreath, so large that it almost eclipsed its bearers and seemed to be moving automatically, made its way to the stage. The singer, after a momentary start, was equal to the occasion; heaved the enormous tribute to her shoulder, with a laugh in which every one joined; and bore it gallantly away. She was recalled again and again, as was Mr. Fiedler, who called on the players to rise and share the applause.

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Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila" Produced Before a Brilliant Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

"Samson et Dalila," in three acts, libretto by Ferdinand Lemaire, music by Camille Saint-Saens, was performed as an opera for the first time in this city last evening at the Boston Opera House. The third season thus opened with an uncommonly brilliant display.

Samson was distinctively a spectacular character from the time he rent the roaring lion as he would have rent a kid till his pulling down the house of Dagon upon the lords of the Philistines and upon all the people that were therein. It is meet and proper that in a performance of this opera stress should be put upon the spectacular features of the production.

There have been few tenors who could create the illusion of being a Samson. Antonio Ceppi was a man of giant frame and had been a cannon ball tosser before he found out that he had a voice. But Ceppi is dead, and so is Tamagno, who first impersonated Samson in this country. Slezak is a tall tenor, but there are shorter men who give the spectator an idea of greater physical strength.

Fortunately for opera managers there are many mezzo-sopranos who, as far as fascination by face and body is concerned, can portray Delilah —let us give to the Woman of Sorek the name to which we have been accustomed from our youth up.

Mr. Russell and his skilful assistants may well plume themselves on the manner in which this opera is staged; on the real beauty of the first scene with its artistic management of light and the gradations between the premonitions of dawn and the full glory of the sun; on Delilah's dwelling house with the view of the valley, with the night approaching and the thunder storm nearing with it; on the scene where Samson in the prison house grinds at the mill; on the superb view of Dagon's Temple with the worshippers and dancing girls; with the scene of the libation and then the pulling down of the central pillars with consequent ruin and desolation. Scenery and everything that is comprised in the term mise en scene, the management of the stage, the groupings, the evolution of the ballet, the costumes—all these were worthy, not only of the great and celebrated opera houses of Europe, but of the Boston Opera House, which in the past has set for itself the highest standard. As a spectacle alone the production should awaken the liveliest admiration. As a spectacle alone "Samson and Delilah" should crowd the Boston Opera House.

This opera imperatively demands the cunning of scene painters and stage machinists, for as a whole its musical importance judged by dramatic requirements is slight. It is no wonder that the opera is often performed as an oratorio, for the greater part of it has the character of that form of art. There are few musically dramatic moments.

There are charming lyrical pages, as the chorus of Philistine women and Delilah's song in the first act; as Delilah's wooing of Samson in the second; and the canon of Delilah and the high priest in the last act may well interest the hearers who are indifferent to the composer's technical skill as here displayed. There is excellent, strongly characterized music for the ballet.

There is one truly dramatic scene, one in which Saint-Saens rises to a height of tragic intensity: the scene in which Samson grinding at the mill bewails his fate, while captive Hebrews behind the scenes reproach him.

The greater part of the first act is uninteresting, not to say dull. The Hebrews sing in orthodox oratorio fashion before and after the curtain rises. This portion of the work recalls a music festival in a provincial town, although the chorus singing at the opera house is of a far better quality than is generally heard at these festivals.

The lamenting is all too long and the hearer is soon vexed by the persistent orchestral figure in the accompaniment. Abimelech, Satrap of Gaza, is any bass in irreproachable evening dress, gloved and with the book in his hand, for his music is of the oratorio order, with the exception perhaps of the little tinkling interludes that suggest the East.

Nor has Samson's music any dramatically distinctive character in this act. The High Priest fares no better. All of this music shows the composer's routine skill, facility, taste in instrumentation. The vital spark is missing.

And why should the Hebrews, after Abimelech is slain and the Philistines are routed, sing doleful strains, while the Philistine women, who should be downcast, are cheerful, joyous in song, and the priestesses of Dagon ready to dance? When these Philistine women enter with Delilah, bent on the seduction of their arch-foe; when they sing their enchanting chorus, at once the audience is interested.

The trio in which the Old Hebrew warns Samson against the honied voice of Delilah has been likened to the trio in which Alice endeavors to save Robert the Devil from the machinations of the fiend Bertram, but an old Hebrew as a guide, philosopher, friend, as a spiritual adviser, is necessarily less entertaining than a fresh young girl from Normandy.

The second act is better suited to the theatre. The grand air of Delilah at the beginning of the act is effective, and in the scene between her and the High Priest Saint-Saens is refreshingly theatrical, even though it be in a conventional manner; for in the set duet the music recalls that of Verdi of the middle period, and is frankly Italian in melodic contour, in rhythm, in the orchestration and in the pervading spirit.

The librettist, who I believe was a cousin of the composer, chose to portray Delilah as a patriot, not mercenary, for she scorns The High Priest's offer of gold as a recompense for betrayal, not an ordinary or extraordinary courtesan, but a woman like unto Judith with Holofernes. The Delilah of the opera confesses that she feigns a passion for Samson who is inflamed by longing for her; that, strive as she may, she is not able to coax from him his secret.

It has therefore been said that the composer should have attempted to show in his music the insincerity of Delilah's amorous protestations, also her patriotic feeling. He wisely did not attempt the foolish task. He wrote a love duet in which the music allotted to the woman is much more distinguished than that given to the man. This is as it should be; for in scenes of this nature even a Samson is a rather ridiculous object to spectators, if there happen to be any.

With Delilah's well known appeal, the music of this act ceases to have marked dramatic value. The measures of questioning and refusal to answer are for the most part perfunctory.

As has been said the scene of the captive, blind and toiling in the prison house, is the noblest in the opera by reason of its pathetic intensity, its classic directness and simplicity, while the introduction of the unseen chorus, bitterly reproachful, is a master stroke.

Nearly all the music of the temple scene is admirable, decorative and dramatic, from the opening blithe chorus to the long continued duet of the High Priest and Delilah, with the addition later of the chorus. The very persistence of the chief motive of this latter scene and the manner in which it is worked out excites by its truly oriental monotony and rhythmic iteration.

It may be said in conclusion that the music of this opera has many fine qualities as music pure and simple. It would be impertinent at this late day to dwell upon Saint-Saens's talent, the elegance and polish of his workmanship, the sureness of his technic, his taste and brillance in orchestration.

A musician of indisputable gifts and a marked faculty for assimilation may write an excellent score and yet not be successful in suiting the requirements of the stage. There is too much of the oratorio in "Samson and Delilah"; there is too little characterization in the music; there is comparatively little dramatic effect. A first act should not be tedious even in the necessary exposition. Now this first act, with the exception noted, is undeniably sombre and tedious. But let us consider the performance.

Mr. Caplet conducted and the cast was as follows:

Samson	Giovanni Zenatello
Dalila	Maria Gay
Grand Pretre	Dinh Gilly
Abimelech	Jose Mardones
Viellard Hebreu	Edward Lankow
Messager Philistin	Paul Saldaigne
Premier Philistin	Ernesto Giaccone
Deuxieme Philistin	Gaston Barreau

The performance was on the whole an excellent one. The part of Samson is not a thankful one to the ordinary tenor. There is no applause-compelling aria, there is no romanza for the ladies. What might be described as downright hard straightforward singing is required, sustained physical effort.

The virile voice of Mr. Zenatello is suited to the music and was effective, especially in the Meyerbeerish strains in the first act, and in the robust declamation of the second. The scene in the prison house gave him the chief opportunity for a display of emotion. The librettist has not provided scenes of spirited action, and his carriage and suggest the hero by his song. Yet in the temple scene while he is taunted, an actor of imposing presence can impress an audience by the majesty of his silence.

Mme. Gay has naturally a sonorous organ of liberal compass, and of peculiar richness in the lower register, so that there is no necessity of forcing tone and she is spared the temptation to which many mezzo-sopranos succumb. In the sustained melodies she maintained what is known as "the line,"

d in measures that called for varied pression she colored tone with dra- tic effect. Her acting was commend- v free from extravagance, and her ction scene was not so sensual as e had fondly hoped and expected.

er impersonation was free from "Car- isms." It was thoughtfully conceived. as in the manner of grand opera as at term was long understood in Paris. was neither foolishly coquetish, nor she in her scene with Samson feign ssion by wriggling and leering. What- er Delilah may have been in private e, her impersonator gave her the bear- g and the attributes of "une grande noreuse," not of a cocotte of the urnal Amusant variety. In the temple ne, Mme. Gay expressed her revenge- scorn without suggesting the virago. It would have been better if she had t attempted a pas seul in the first t. The dance is for the priestesses Dagon, and not merely for Delilah th a mild attempt at the danse de

entre. In this scene Mme. Gay was either graceful nor sensuous.

Mr. Gilly, whose voice this season eems greater in volume, shone by his lction, which was a constant delight. either librettist nor composer fa- bred him, and there was little for im to do except to sing in the robust anner expected of orthodox priests l the stage, whatever god they serve.

Mr. Lankow is a valuable addition to e Opera House company. His voice a true bass of noble quality. At times its timbre, especially in the upper gister, it reminds the hearer of Plan- n's tones. Mr. Mardones was a suffi- ently dictatorial Abimelech, who came an untimely end. The minor parts ere satisfactorily taken.

Great praise is due to the chorus. The usic written for it is unusual in its rm, oratorio music rather than oper- c, and it therefore is trying to con- ntional chorus singers, trained in a different routine. The chorus sing- was not only well balanced, reso- nt and impressive; it was also char- terized by dynamic gradations with responding purity of intonation.

The evolutions of the ballet were more ried and interesting than in the past ars. It would be well, however, to minate the "Kiralfy Kick," which is t pretty and is amateurish. Miss lli showed a certain technical skill d terpsichorean expression. She de- ved warmer manifestations of ap- eciation than were shown.

The orchestra has been improved in ality of tone. Last night there was often a disregard for the rights of singers, and at times there was an parent lack of firm control on the rt of the conductors; but on the whole work of the orchestra was of a ter character than it was last year.

The audience was a brilliant one. If ther opera had been performed it uld undoubtedly have been more en- siastic. It appreciated fully the endor of the production and the ex- lence of the performance. There ro curtain calls after each act.

The opera on Wednesday night will be osca," with Mme. Carmen Melis and ssrs. Constantino and Scotti. Mr. Mo- zoni will conduct.

The Herald a few days ago con nented on the fact that in the perform. nce of Mr. George W. Chadwick's usic for "Everwoman," an organ was ubstituted for certain wood-wind in- truments demanded by the composer's core. The Herald has received a letter oncerning this substitution from Mr. Henry W. Savage. The letter is dated yracuse, N. Y., Nov. 24.

"You do me an injustice (I think un- vittingly) in figuring that the substi- tution of an organ for the second wood- inds in the "Everywoman" orchestra as a slighting of Boston. It was aply made a part of our fight against e Musicians' Union, which without otice arbitrarily pulled on us a terrific crease in salaries and such conditions s lower berths in sleepers, board money hen out of town, etc.

"Under the circumstances we felt ound to put up a fight, and I am doing xactly the same thing in Chicago and d it in New York during the entire agagement at the Lyric Theatre this ason, beginning the week after the tion made its demands.

"I have not heard of any protest and try to keep my ear pretty close to the cund, as this letter shows."

The Herald did not accuse Mr. Savage intending to "slight" Boston or any her city on the road. It only regretted at Mr. Chadwick's music, effective en with the substitution of an organ, is t heard in Boston exactly as the com- ser conceived and wrote it. The rald also stated on the best of thority that Mr. Chadwick had pro- ted against the substitution. We are d to hear from Mr. Savage. His ex- nation is wholly reasonable. As the ygoers of Boston know full well, he not in the habit of scrimping in de- ls of production.

Consenting Thereto.

he Herald has received another lot- a grim one.

the World Wags:

hat you wrote today on hangings inds me of the time I helped to hang man. He was black, and he had killed another black man. I went as reporter to the little county town in Cecil county, Md., and found the condemned man in his cell at the jail. We gave him cigars and talked with him like friends, finding him amiable and childishly simple. Then we took him to a field on the outskirts of the town and killed him. The sheriff did it, but I felt like particeps criminis. It is the only hanging I ever saw, and I hope I shall never see another. E. N.

Boston, Nov. 23.

Vanished Trousers.

"Nankin, the ancient capital of China, shelled at every point by rebels' guns."

Some of us lost interest in Nankin when nankeen as material for trousers, waistcoats, and even coats, disappeared from tailors' shops. There is no suit like that of nankeen for hot weather. Our fathers wore the stuff and rejoiced in it. There were statesmen, bankers, lawyers who wore nankeen trousers and a dark blue coat. By nankeen we mean the yellow variety of cotton, or ordinary cotton dyed yellow, not the white nankeen. It was durable; it was comfortable; it gave distinction to the wearer. Chinese soldiers in the 18th century wore black nankeens and they were welcome to them. Yellow is the only wear. In the 18th century English gentlemen were proud of their nankeen small clothes often tied with 16 strings at each knee. Nankeen was the favorite cloth for boys in this country even before the Revolution. When Ralph Waldo Emerson donned trousers—he was then about seven years old—he wore a home-made suit of nankeen. Mrs. Earle tells us that in one year over $1,000,000 worth of yellow nankeen came to the United States, and nearly all of it was made into trousers. General Lafayette wore such trousers constantly on his trip in America in 1824, and they were worn by our early Presidents, often on formal occasions.

Perhaps there were disadvantages. James Bereford in his "Miseries of Human Life" notes one: "Pushing through the very narrow path of a very long field of very high corn immediately after a very heavy rain; nankeens." And a character in "My Novel" exclaimed: "If you had my nankeens on and had fallen into a thicket of thistles."

Then there is the Nankeen porcelain, with which we are not concerned. And there is the word probably invented by Hood for his "Lines to a Lady on Her Departure for India."

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be.
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Why "Pekin"?

The automobile has brought back into use the yellow linen duster once the cherished garment of a travelling American, but the nankeen trousers, though thought to be as indestructible as a certain variety of tooth brush—as though a tooth brush should be indestructible!—have gone the way of carpet bags, beaver plug hats, hair trunks with leather hinges, plush-covered photograph albums with family pictures and Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

Apropos of nankeen—why do the French soldiers contemptuously call a civilian a "pekin"? Is it, as Littre thought, because trousers of pekin, a kind of silk stuff, were much worn under the First Empire? Littre's derivation has been disputed. Loredan Larchey derives the offensive term from "pechin," which in the Midi still means "petit," and adds: "To warriors of former years the bourgeois were a little folk." It is said that the French general Montauban, one of the dictators of peace in the capital of China after the victory of the allies, was afraid that Napoleon III. would make him Comte de Pekin, but the Emperor thought better of it and gave him the title of Comte de Palikao. One of Talleyrand's mots was suggested by Augereau saying to him: "We use the word 'pekin' in opposition to 'military,' to which Talleyrand answered: 'And we use the word "military" in opposition to "civil."'

Important Facts.

"The new 1000-foot liner, the Gigantic, will have golf links." This will add another terror to the conversation at table and in the smokers' cabin.

Dr. Julius E. Molth of Fishkill Landing, N. Y., admitted in court that he had been henpecked for 31 years, and even the judge was visibly affected.

Capt. Harry R. Edwards of the schooner May H. recently eloped with the wrong twin. If he cannot tell the young women apart, what material difference does it make? Here is a case where bigamy might be allowed.

St. Martin's Day has passed, yet it should be gratefully remembered, for Thomas Nash defined the term, "Martin drunk," as meaning "when a man he stirs." Sun. Nov. 30.

The world is informed that Mr. Birrell is reading "A History of Crime in England" and can hardly lay it down. We are not told what Mr. Herkimer Johnson is reading at present, and, by the way, where is the distinguished sociologist?

RED SOX MAKE HIT AT KEITH'S

Easily the big hit of this week's bill at Keith's is the Red Sox quartet, composed of four young men who play baseball with the Boston Americans during the league season. These young fellows—Bill Lyons, Buck O'Brien, Marty McHale and Hugh Bradley, all known to every fan who frequents the Huntington avenue grounds during the summer months—conceived the idea of entering vaudeville this fall and sallied forth as soon as the baseball season was over. Wherever it has appeared the Red Sox quartet has made a large hit, but nowhere has the reception accorded the four been quite so enthusiastic as it was at Keith's last night. The members of the quartet were cheered and encored again and again, and called before the curtain three times after they had quite exhausted their song supply, to say nothing of being presented with a six-foot horseshoe of red and white chrysanthemums of such massive proportions that Marty McHale had to have assistance in lifting it up over the footlights and upon the stage.

The Red Sox quartet contributes two or three selections as a whole, and then each member of the combination proceeds to show that individually he is as good upon the stage as upon the diamond—at least that was the general verdict of those who attended last night's performance. Bill Lyons, for his number, sings, "Any old port in a storm"; "Buck" O'Brien contributes "The Garden of My Heart"; Marty McHales offering is "When you and I were young, Maggie," and Huge Bradley gets a bit of plantation dialect into his "Oh, you beautiful doll."

The four Red Sox players have carried into their act the suits, the caps, even the shoes they wear upon the ball field, and they trot out upon the stage in much the same fashion as they do upon the diamond.

The bill at Keith's this week is well balanced all the way through, and includes several strong specialties as well as old favorites. Sam Chip and Mary Marble, for example, appear in their little musical comedy, "In Old Edam," in which Miss Marble as the Dutch girl shows her great versatility. Stuart Barnes, always as popular as any monologist who visits Boston, has a brand-new act this time that went well, and includes several catchy songs, although none of them quite equals his "Nobody Asks for Poor Old Father" song of former years.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, who have been playing in the West and have just returned to the East, have a most amusing sketch in "A Bachelor's Wife," the brunt of the work falling upon Mr. Rice's shoulders. H. T. MacConnell, a comedian of a type that is all his own; McCormick and Wallace, a pair of ventriloquists of unusual ability; La Maze, Quail and Blaise, in twists and tumbles, and the Musical Avolos in mirth and melody, have some of the early places upon the program.

This week's bill concludes with an excellent equestrienne act, contributed by Ella Branda and Fred Derrick, who come to Keith's this week direct from the New York Hippodrome.

Castle Square Theatre—"Before and After," a farce in three acts, by Leo Ditrichstein. First performance in Boston.

Dr. George Page	George Hassell
Dr. Phil Latham	Leslie Palmer
Col. Larivette	Morgan Wallace
J. J. Jeffreys	Walter Walker
Edgar Driscoll	Robert M. Middlemass
Anthony	A. B. Clark
Cassins	A. L. Hickey
Odette	Mabel Montgomery
Cora	Mabel Colcord
Mrs. Taylor	Maude Richmond
Maid	Grace Lothrop
A shop girl	Sylvia Bladen
Mrs. Page	Mary Young

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Girl of the Streets," Lillian Mortimer's four-act melodrama. Cast:

Bob Davis	George L. Kennedy
Don Green	Lou Silvers
Will Meadows	Don Gazzolo
Nan Meadows	Blanch Dix
"Marlar" Perkins	Rosalind Clay
Tot	Ethel Wichman
Girl of the Streets	Marguerite O'Brien

Nov 29. 911

The Herald yesterday attempted to give Thomas Nash's definition of "Martin-drunk," apropos of a reference to St. Martin, who, with St. Urban, presided over ale-knights to guard them from falling into the Kennel, but a disarrangement of lines foiled the praiseworthy endeavor. "Martin-drunk," as explained by Nash in his "Pierce Penilesse," is "when a man is drunk and drinkes himselfe sober ere he stirre." 'Tis a fine thought.

In New York it is thought by some to be an evidence of exalted patriotism to throw stale eggs and vegetables, potatoes, and assafoetida cubes at women and men on the stage.

"S." writes to The Herald: "I see you are interested in strange names of probably still stranger drinks. Can you tell me what huckle-my-buff is? Pugilists in London favor it. I have been told it is a pleasing mixture of gin and stout."

"Huckle-my-buff" was defined by fat Capt. Grose in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (second edition, 1788) as "beer, egg and brandy, made hot." In "Slang and Its Analogues" (1893) the word is spelled "huckle-my-butt"—"butt" not "buff"—and yet there is a reference to Grose's "Dictionary." There is also a reference to Ainsworth's "Rookwood": "If that's a bowl of huckle-my-butt you are brewing." Perhaps the word is spelled "buff" in "Rookwood." Dr. Wright admits it into his "English Dialect Dictionary" and says it is a Sussex word as well as slang. He spells it "buff."

"Of the Ukraine Breed."

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags: "Mazeppa" has such an interesting stage history that it is to be hoped that some of your numerous correspondents who remember theatricals in Boston half a century ago will tell us something about this play. The last time that it was acted in Boston was at the Howard during the week of Feb. 22, 1886. No one has yet mentioned Henry J. Byron's capital burlesque of "Mazeppa," which was seen at several of our theatres. It was given at the Continental with a particularly good cast. Speaking of burlesques, is not your correspondent, the "Old Mayhew School Boy," mistaken in saying that he saw John Brougham in "Pocahontas" at the Boston Museum? Doubtless he saw it at the Howard Athenaeum, where it proved popular. Fanny Davenport made one of her earliest appearances in it there as Trot-A-Round, a little squaw who carried a flag.

EARNEST SEEKER.

Boston, Nov. 27, 1911.

Then there are the operas entitled "Mazeppa." There are half a dozen of them, one by Tschaikowsky. And Hugo's verse inspired Liszt to write his symphonic poem "Mazeppa."

Edward Lankow.

The passionate press agent has endeavored to veil Mr. Edward Lankow, the new bass at the Boston Opera House in mystery. "And, Moses," said the fair Elizy in Artemus Ward's story which opened "in the classic presinks of Bostin," "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth? * * * Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night. * * * He said Moses is a Disguised Juke!"

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke?"

To go back to Mr. Lankow, who made a most favorable impression last Monday night, although the part he took was a minor one. Here is the story as told to us by one of his friends. Mr. Lankow's name was originally Rogers. His father was an American, his mother a Russian. Young Rogers attracted the attention of Mme. Anna Lankow, a singing teacher in New York. She taught him. When he was ready to go to Germany in quest of operatic adventure, she advised him to assume a foreign name. "Why should I not take yours?" he asked in gratitude. Mr. Rogers as Lankow, sang with success in 1909-10 at leading opera houses in Germany, at Frankfort, Vienna, etc. Mme. Lankow died some years ago in Europe.

Heroic Tenors.

Why should Samson be a tenor? Saint-Saens no doubt followed the tradition that the hero in opera should be a tenor; yet there was a preceding tradition that the hero should always be a male soprano or male contralto. When Verdi wrote his "Otello," he had Tamagno in mind as the Moor, and there was surely no baritone or bass then living who had the brute force of Tamagno, either as man or as singer. And so Iago, who suggests a sly and plausible tenor, was turned into a baritone. In the early part of the 18th century the tenor's part in opera was seldom important, and for years the bass was employed chiefly for comic parts. Take Mozart's Italian operas for example. In "The Marriage of Figaro" the two chief male characters are baritones. In "Don Giovanni" the Don is a baritone, Leporello is a bass, the statue is also a bass, as was to be expected, and Don Ottavio, a lay figure with two pretty songs, is a tenor. Rossini gave the bass a nobler character, and Donizetti was quick to realize the importance of the baritone voice. Samson was a strong man, but we are not told that he was gigantic. The voices of giants are thin and piping, or soft and mushy, as a rule. It's your little man who speaks in tones that make the windows rattle. This recalls a story told often by Charley Thayer about Louis Aldrich. "I was in a New York hotel," said Thayer, "and I was just going to bed in my room on the seventh story, when I heard some one talking so that my door shook. I called a bell boy and asked him what the matter was; I

sleep with that going on. 'O, nothing,' he said, 'that's only Mr. Arch down in the office telling the clerk that he has a cold and has lost his voice.'"

The Decline of the Navy.

And so the hardy sailors on men-of-war are passionately addicted to chewing gum! Strict disciplinarians believe that this habit is prejudicial to the service. Has pigtail wholly disappeared from the market? It was once to the sailor as "Mechanics Delight" was some years ago to the laboring man. Nor did sailor alone delight in pigtail. There is this item in Dean Swift's will: "I bequeath to Mr John Grattan my silver box, in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail." Would these lines from Hood's "Faithless Sally Brown" be intelligible to the sailor of today?

Then reading on his 'bacco box
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried,
His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

For there was a time when the British sailor wore a pigtail and chewed thin ropes or rolls or tobacco, to which the name name was given.

Nov 30 1911

OLD FAVORITES SING IN "TOSCA"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the Boston Opera House company, Henry Russell, managing director.

Conductor ..... Mr. Moranzoni
Floria Tosca ..... Mme. Melis
Mario Cavaradossi ..... Mr. Constantino
Barone Scarpia ..... Mr. Scotti
Cesare Angelotti ..... Mr. Sillì
Il Sagrestano ..... Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta ..... Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone ..... Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere ..... Mr. Olshansky
Un Pastore ..... Miss De-Courcy

"Tosca" last night gave great pleasure to a large audience, for the performance was spirited, and old friends on the stage were seen and heard again. There are some who protest against many repetitions of an opera. They forget that there must inevitably be repetitions, no matter how large the repertoire may be, and to seasoned operagoers they are welcome. The opportunity for reminiscence is thus given; there is the delight in comparisons. When the opera is an old one the man of one generation can say to one of a younger: "Ah! my boy, you should have seen Mme. Portamento in the part. You were too young, of course. There has been no one like her since. I remember at supper one night—she was a charming woman, lively, witty—she said to me—I was seated next to her—'There will be no singers after me and Patti.'" Then, too, it is interesting to observe the growth of a singer in a part, and sometimes her indifference after it is too familiar, and her invention and her spontaneity have hardened into routine.

Now the impersonations of Mme. Melis, Mr. Constantino and Mr. Scotti in "Tosca" are well known to us all; as is that of the Sacristan by Mr. Tavecchia and of Spoletta by Mr. Giaccone, and they have often been applauded. Last night Mr. Sillì, a new comer, appeared as Angelotti and made a favorable impression. His voice has an agreeable quality, it carries, it was effectively used, and it was a pleasure to hear an escaped prisoner whose tones did not wabble in his fear lest he might again fall into the hands of Scarpin.

The first Tosca in this city was Milka Ternina. A serious artist and a serious woman, she lacked the light, coquettish touch which should distinguish Floria in the first act; but in the second, by the intensity and nobility of her acting, she raised the melodramatic scene to tragedy. The aria which Puccini gives her to the detriment of the action—it is not easy to think of Scarpia in his mental and physical condition at the moment listening patiently to Floria's sentiments and reflections on art and life—was not when Mme. Ternina sang it an aria, expected and to be applauded; it was the farewell to her career, as though she then saw as from a tower the end of all.

Tragic as this performance was, the objection might have been raised that the opera with the second scene, a chamber of horrors, is essentially melodramatic; that it should be acted in melodramatic fashion, with the passion that is natural to Italians and seems extravagant to men and women of northern and cooler blood.

Puccini's opera is a melodrama with theatrical music, and it is the more effective when it is sung with sound and fury. Mme. Melis sang and acted in accordance with the Italian traditions—for Puccini's earlier operas now have traditions. In a word, she was frankly melodramatic in the second act, even in her business with the candles and the crucifix. She made her points deliberately. Her conception of the part was naturally as it was. Had she played it otherwise, she would have been unnatural and therefore less effective.

Mr Scotti's Baron Scarpia has long been applauded in this city, and in its way is admirable. It is easy to think of the part played with a display of less physical vigor; to imagine a Scarpia terrible, sinister by reason of his malignant quietness, his ironical courtesy; or a Scarpia who does not storm at his servants and roar out his suspicions and threats in the church. But would any of these Scarpias be as close to the villain of the opera as the one conceived by Mr. Scotti? Sardou's play is one thing; Puccini's opera is another. That which is effective in the former might pass disregarded in the latter or be feeble and futile.

When Mme. Bernhardt's company played Sardou's drama here the last time, Scarpia was represented as courteous to the chief spy and his other retainers; a man of unflagging politeness, not given to noisy exclamations. He treated his trusted spy almost as an equal, and the latter was not the cringing, shabby fellow of the opera. So, too, the knees of the Sacristan, who was rather cynical, did not shake, nor were they turned to water, whenever Scarpia looked at him or addressed him.

Such impersonations, however, would be at variance with accepted ideas concerning the performance of the opera; they would probably not meet the approval of the composer, and they would war with the very nature of the music, which for the most part is feverish and violent, with a few relieving pages, as those of the comedy music in the church, the charming madrigal in the second and the highly poetic prelude to the final act.

It delighted many to hear the voice of Mr. Constantino again. He has his mannerisms. He is still too conscious of his audience, too eager to recognize applause, no matter what the situation on the stage may be. In these respects he is like the great majority of singers who make their reputation in opera houses of Italy and South America. On the other hand there are few tenors who sing constantly so well, with the same freedom and ease, and there are few tenors whose voice gives equal pleasure for an evening and for a season. Last night he was in good voice and as Mario bore himself manfully.

The production with respect to scenery and stage management, was, as usual, of the highest excellence. Mr. Moranzoni gave an animated and robust reading of the score—frequently too robust for the singers. He realized that he was conducting a melodrama and he succeeded in obtaining melodramatic emphasis.

The opera on Friday night will be "Aida" with Mmes. Destinn, Gay, De Courcy and Messrs. Zenatello, Lankow, Polese, Sillì and Giaccone. Mr. Conti will conduct.

Two men were seated in a corner of the Porphyry Club. They were talking earnestly and at times vehemently with their heads close together. Other members respected their privacy and passed by, but, seated at a distance, wondered what the nature of the discussion might be. For one of the disputants was a man of importance in the street, a man of great riches and commercial shrewdness. The other, like Ulysses, had seen many cities and known many men; he had sojourned on lonely isles in far off seas, lived long nights in the cabarets of Berlin, traced at the Cape of Good Hope the legend of Adamastor, smoked sun-dried tobacco on a Virginia plantation, and found Camoens's Isle of Love in Zanzibar.

Were the two discussing a huge financial transaction? Was there a political scheme unfolded for business purposes? Was there an argument concerning the soul or the future rank of Mr. Arnold Bennett in English literature?

At last the traveller arose, walked toward a group, and said: "I'll leave it to you, gentlemen; should not fried apples with fried salt pork and cream sauce be cut in strips? Bludderstone says they should be cut into cubes."

Mr. Hardy at the Play.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, going to the playhouse in London, talked entertainingly about the drama. He saw the witches in Sir Herbert Tree's production of "Macbeth." "They were certainly very good as mechanical wonders, and even provoked an enjoyable thrill; but, of course, they were less dramatic than three mere hags and a backcloth, together with Shakespeare's words, might have made them—and much more expensive. Gordon Craig was quite right in advocating simplicity, but the old people were much more simple even than Mr. Craig. The more scenery the less drama, and vice versa—that was an obvious axiom. One used to get such intense acting that no one noticed the scene shifters at work behind the wings. With this new scenic interest everything has to be blacked out. The sight of a shirt sleeve at the prompt box would entirely distract a modern audience. It is apt to be more interesting than the play."

Realism and Censorship.

Mr. Hardy liked Mr. Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" and called it "good art because nothing in it was true." "Art," added Mr. Hardy, "is writing something that is not true, and making people think it is." Therefore to him realism is not art, although a good realistic book has a sort of historical interest.

Mr. Shaw has also been talking—which is not surprising. According to him the censor never refused a license to plays that made vice alluring, and always refused it to plays that made vice disagreeable and unpleasant. He believes in the drama of discussion. "Let me ask now, as to this cry of 'things must happen.' What things? When a brick falls on a man's head, is that something happening? When a doubt falls into his soul as to whether he may not be wrong on a point on which he has hitherto felt confidently right, is that something happening? Well, people over 30 will not go to the theatre to see an imitation brick weighing half an ounce fall on an imitation scalp made of strong pasteboard. They will go to the theatre to see doubts attack the soul." And Mr. Shaw ended his parable with these words: "But even on the plane of childish make-believe it is ungrateful to reproach me for lack of physical action. Why, in one of my plays an aeroplane comes down and smashes a greenhouse. What more can you possibly want?"

Marriage for Cause.

Hazlitt wrote in a fine burst of spleen that to marry an actress for the admiration she excites on the stage is to imitate the man who bought a Punch and Judy show. It is easy to see why a man marries his housekeeper or his cook when he is a widower or a confirmed bachelor and the cook is mistress of her art, or the housekeeper, quiet and attentive. After marriage the cook is not often inclined to visit the kitchen and the housekeeper requires constant devotion. A grateful patient often marries a trained nurse, and these marriages are usually happy, although a Mr. Hubert, lecturing in London on psychography, warned the men against hollow-cheeked nurses, for they are "unsympathetic and hard natured." But we read yesterday that a man had wedded a female barber because she gave him a smooth shave. Absit omen! This reminds us of an advertisement noticed by the London Chronicle: "Ordinary West-end Prices for the Last Word in Shaving." The Chronicle sees a helpless man, swathed and lathered, shuddering under the flash of the razor "and the memory of the Demon Barber of the Strand and Sweeney Todd," and composing mutely his "last dying speech." Can any man be called prudent who thus entrusts himself to a wife? Even orthodox citizens are irritable in the morning; women are sensitive and impulsive. A hasty and cross word; a neat slash, and then the reporters ringing frantically the doorbell.

Here and There.

Landlords in Philadelphia are considering the advisability of adding 10 per cent. to the total of all restaurant checks, to do away with excessive tipping. The scheme is plausible, but it would not remedy the evil. There is always the man who wishes to splurge, especially in the presence of the beloved one or of some new business acquaintances. He gives the waiter "a bill" with a lordly air, and has no thought of change. He is ubiquitous, incorrigible, a foe to the complaining millions of men. The saddest part of it all is that he does not win the respect of the waiter whom he thus seeks to impress.

The London Chronicle objects to the misuse of the word "literally." It was said recently in the biographical sketch of a London man of letters, "a conspicuous editor," that "he literally died in harness." "The mental picture," adds the Chronicle, "of an old gentleman between shafts, with bit and bearing-rein complete, presents itself, if only to be banished."

This reminds us that a correspondent wishes to know whether it is permissible to speak of a tragedy in which three persons lose their lives as a "triple tragedy." "If so, why not a triple disaster, a triple catastrophe, and a triple calamity in every case in which there are three victims?"

M. Nahum Slousch is the author of "La Poesie lyrique hebraique contemporaine, 1882-1910," published recently in Paris. A flippant student might justly remark: "He's no slouch."

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Surnames, said the deep thinker, were the simple result of necessity when population, hitherto isolated and small, became so increased as to necessitate further particularity than the merely personal one could supply.

The Ancients paid so great a regard to names that whenever a number of men were to be examined on suspicion, they began by putting to the torture the one whose name was esteemed the vilest.

Percy or Peter?

A month ago "A. F. S." wrote to The Herald asking why Pierce, as in S. S. Pierce, should be pronounced by many "Purse," while in the West the surname is generally pronounced as the verb "to pierce." The Herald has received a letter referring to this subject.

As the World Wags:

With reference to an inquiry about the right pronunciation of the name Pierce—Peirce as contined to Boston.

As a bearer of that name I have been driven to desperation, for in being introduced to any one or in giving my address I am asked nine times out of ten how it is pronounced and spelt. My boy thought the limit was reached, though, when at a summer camp in New Hampshire the boys from New York pronounced it "Poice."

Genealogists seek the cradle of the Peirce family in Normandy. Variations of the name are endless.

The Percy descent is traced to Agnes de Perci, who married the brother of the second queen of Henry I. of England. The Flemish prince relinquished his name and coat of arms in favor of his bride and assumed the name of Percy. The representative of the Percy family is the Duke of Northumberland, and his banner exhibits an assemblage of 900 armorial designs. They form a galaxy of heraldic honors unparalleled.

Since the time of the Norman conquest the families of Purce, Pierce have been large land owners in Kent, Devon and Norfolk counties, England. The standard-bearer to Richard III. at Bosworth Field was Peter Piers.

Coming down to a later period, there was one Capt. William Pearce of Bristol, Eng., from whom the Peirces of the western part of Massachusetts trace their descent. He made several voyages to this country and was captain of the Mayflower. He was the author of the first almanac published here.

In Franklin Pierce of Hillsboro, N. H., the family have given a President to the United States. A. L. P.

Hyde Park, Nov. 29, 1911.

And how does A. L. P. pronounce his name?

Percy is undoubtedly a Norman name, but whether Pierce and Peirce are derived from it is another question. It is generally supposed that Pierce, Piers, Pearse, Peirce, Peers, Parr, Pears are derived from the word "Peter"; in other words, are names derived from Holy Scripture. Parsons, Peterson, Perkins, Parkinson, Perret, Parrot are also derived from Peter. Because a man is named Pierce, it does not follow that the Duke of Northumberland would slap him on the back, call him "Old Chappie" and invite him to his ancestral halls for a week's shooting, although he no doubt would be a more desirable companion than some of the guests of high degree.

Pen and Typewriter.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, deprived of the use of his right hand, says: "There will be no more writing for me." When he was asked why he did not dictate, he answered: "No, no, not that. One can't write poetry that way. One must use the pen to catch the rhythm and the metre."

Mr. William B. Yeats, who, when he was recently in Boston, was persuaded to say a few words about the Irish Theatre in Dublin, dictated "The Unicorn from the Stars" about 10 years ago to Lady Gregory. "My eyesight had become so bad that I feared I could henceforth write nothing with my own hands but verses which, as Theophile Gautier has said, can be written with a burnt match."

Mr. Riley, however, is wise in refusing to dictate. Dictation leads to differences and repetition, as Herbert Spencer observed from his own experience. It might be argued that the invention of the type writer has been injurious to literature. A man pleased by his proficiency in type writing finds it easy to spin out two pages or a column and a half when with the pen he would have written only half or a third of the amount, but with greater care and thoughtfulness. The pen is a more intimate medium. It need not be a sputtering, squeaking quill; it need not be a gold pen carefully wiped on a handsomely ornamented penwiper of the petticoat description, the gift of some misguided woman who "wished to give George something useful." Dr. Holmes argued well of an author whose feet grew cold while he was writing; for the slang phrase "he got cold feet" had not been coined at the time. A type writer encourages sloppiness in expression.

Day Laborers.

Walter Bagehot said of Robert Southey: "He wrote poetry (as if anybody could) before breakfast"; but Mr. Bagehot had many disagreeable things to say about Southey, as though he had owed him a personal grudge; disagreeable, bitter things, yet they may all be forgiven for the sake of this line: "Southey had no events, no experiences. His wife kept house and allowed him pocket money just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours."

And pray, what is the best time for writing poetry? The Rev. Albert Barnes wrote his improving notes on the Gospels before breakfast, but at what hour did Dr. Watts compose his hymns, Shelley his "Adonais," Whitman his "Ox

mer" and "Dalliance of the Eagles"? kers of jokes, it is said, have regular ning hours and work until the whistle ws. We have been told that Mr. John ndrick Bangs turns out 40 or 50 jests the morning, but this is probably an aggeration. If a professional humor- invents one first-class joke a month is doing well. Mark Twain once red to furnish monthly humorous ar- tc the Galaxy, a magazine that ld not have been allowed to die. far the greater part of this contract or was poor stuff.

How They Work.

An author at work interests the rlous more than a publisher at bay. ere are authors who evidently like be photographed in the act of com- sition. We are informed by literary onthlies how Jones, who exposed e sewer scandal in Hokanum Ferry, obinson, whose picaresque novel was jected by 17 publishers and now sells the rate of 100,000 copies a day, and rown, the painstaking historian, who scovered that on one occasion Alex- nder Hamilton neglected to pay his ashwoman, write their admirable oks. The gifted authors are shown y photographs in pyjamas and in even- g dress, at breakfast with the devoted ife on the links, or smoking on a ver- nda.

This is nothing new. Many years ago ohn Aubrey described William Prinne's anner of study: "He wore a long quilt ap, which came 2 or 3 inches at least ver his eies, which served him as an mbrella to defend his eies from the ght; about every 3 houres his man was bring him a roll and a pott of ale refocillate his wasted spirits; so he tudied and drank and munched some read; and this maintained him till ight; and then he made a good sup- er: now he did well not to dine, wch reakes off one's fancy, wch will not resently be regained." And to the ords "pott of ale" is this footnote: 'Gorlenius, Professor in Germany, did etter; he kept bottles of good Rhenish vine in his studie, and, when his spirits vasted, drank a good rummer of it." Did not Addison compose by walking lowly up and down a room in Holland House and refreshing himself at each nd of a long table where a decanter stood?

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omposer Elgar's New Work Is Played for the First Time in Boston.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler onductor, took place yesterday after- oon in Symphony Hall. Miss Kathleen 'arlow was the soloist. The program vas as follows:

ymphony No. 2, E flat op 63.....Elgar
'antasie on Scottish Airs for violin and orchestra.....Bruch
Romeo and Juliet" Overture Fantasia after Shakespears.....Tschaikowsky

Elgar's new symphony was played for he first time in Boston. The first per- ormances in this country were by the Cincinnati orchestra at Cincinnati, the 4th and 25th of last month. The sym- hony was produced at the London Mu- ical Festival the 24th of last May.

It is in four movements, and the cherzo is called a rondo. The sym- hony is long and orthodox. It has no rogram, but there is this motto from helley's "Invocation":

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight.

nd these lines may well be repeated by he hearer at the end of the perform- nce.

Mr. Ernest Newman has written an nalysis of this symphony, an analysis hich is at the same time an exuberant ulogy. He finds that the music is "un- oubled by any of the darker problems f the soul"; that for the most part "it ings and dances in sheer delight with fe." Mr. Newman is an able and in- eresting writer; an independent thinker, ourageous and felicitous in the expres- ion of his opinions and beliefs; he is lso a good friend.

For this symphony is chiefly distin- ulshed by the sonorousness of the in- trumentation. The purely musical con- nts are middle-class. The themes have ot so marked a profile as those of the omposer's first symphony, which were ther sentimental with the English senti- entalism that disfigures even many ymn tunes of the Church of England, conventionally brilliant after the man- er of a page by Miss Marie Corelli.

This second symphony sounds well. here are passages that are uncommonly e in this respect, as the opening meas- es and the exposition of the first theme the Larghetto. When this is said, raise must cease, except the doubtful 'so paid the composer's facility and ledge of routine.

musical thought is neither pro- nor beautiful, nor stirring in it- There is a lack of contrasts; there rhmic monotony. The attention of rer is easily and often distracted— is aware that this music playing is eminently correct and self-satisfied. It is not profitable to inquire too curiously into the causes of prevailing dulness.

Nearly 100 years ago William Hazlitt wrote a few words concerning a speech on India affairs by the Marquis Wellesley, the eldest brother of the Duke of Wellington. These words may be justly applied to Sir Edward Elgar, composer of "The Dream of Gerontius," two symphonies, the popular marches "Pomp and Circumstance" and other works which have been performed here:

"Seeming to utter volumes in every word, and yet saying nothing; retaining the same unabated vehemence of voice and action without anything to excite it; still keeping alive the promise and the expectation of genius without once satisfying it—soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter of fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt."

It is to be regretted that Miss Parlow, a violinist of indisputable talent, chose Bruch's disarrangement of Scottish airs. Nevertheless in this shop-worn Fantasia she displayed brilliant technic, including her remarkably rapid and even trill, and the species of emotional quality that suited the sentiment of the airs in the first and third movements. Her performance of the more robust passages was virile. The accompaniment was not worthy of the reputation of the orchestra, and at times one or two of the wind instrument players were sadly at sea.

It is perhaps the greatest compliment to Elgar's instrumentation to say that after his symphony certain pages of Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" seemed thin, meagre or coarse. But the middle section still remains a thing of beauty with its murmured confessions, its rapturous chant of love that triumphs over strife and death.

The program of the concerts of Dec. 15 and 16 will be as follows: Beethoven, symphony in B flat No. 4; two 'cello pieces, Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" and Boellmann's Symphonic Variations, played by Alwin Schroeder; Strauss, "Love Scene" from "Feuersnot" and "Till Eulenspiegel." There will be no concerts next week.

EMMY DESTINN SINGS IN "AIDA"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Verdi's "Aida," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, managing director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Alda.....Mme. Destinn
Amneris.....Mme. Gay
Una Sacerdotessa.....Miss De-Courcy
Radames.....Mr. Zenatello
Amonasro.....Mr. Polese
Ramfis.....Mr. Lankow
Il Re.....Mr. Sill
Un Messaggiero.....Mr. Giaccone

A large audience was aroused to enthusiasm by the stirring performance of Verdi's opera. It was surprising that the house was not crowded from floor to gallery, for the opera is a popular one, the cast was a strong one, and Mme. Destinn's impersonation of Aida is incomparable. The performance, however, was greatly appreciated by those who were so fortunate as to be present.

Mme. Destinn is by far the best Aida, vocally and dramatically, that has appeared here for many years. There have been women who sang the music skilfully and were lay figures. There have been women who put their confidence in incongruously sumptuous costumes and strutted about as though they were playing the part of the Princess. It is true that Aida was the daughter of a king, but he was a savage monarch; his court was not renowned for splendor; and in the opera Aida is a slave. There have also been women who tore passion to tatters and broke Verdi's melodic lines by sobs and groans which, with wrigglings of the body and gestures in the form of X's and Y's, they fondly thought were expressions of deep emotion.

Mme. Destinn sings Verdi's music with supreme art, respecting always the melodic phrase, the musical sentence, respecting also the rhythm, but she does not confound lyric passages with dramatic passages while she uses her voice, she colors tone to gain emotional effects. The voice itself is a glorious one, imposing and beautiful, now heroic and now tender and caressing. Her interpretation of the great aria in the Nile scene was so rich in nuances and yet so irresistible in its emotional appeal that applause would have seemed impertinent, and not till the end of the act did the audience show how strongly it had been affected.

Her portrayal of the part was sharply characterized. She was always the slave in the presence of Amneris, but not cringing, not sycophantic; there was the rebellious spirit, kept down through love for Radames. In dramatic action she did not rely on conventional and meaningless wavings of arms or wringing of hands; her facial expression was appropriately varied, her attitudes were expressive, and when she gestured, when she knelt in supplication or towered in dignity there was the spontaneity of the highest art. And then there was the voice, an instrument played on by all sentiments and passions.

Mme. Gay sang in the becomingly broad manner, with dignity, with fire, with entreaty, as the occasion demanded. She played the part in a more aristocratic manner than she did last season, and acted with finesse in the scene with Aida before the return of the victor.

Mr. Zenatello, as is unfortunately the habit of heroic tenors today, sang the romance "Celeste Aida" in Ercles' vein, but as the soldier he was spirited and effective. In the grand ensemble his voice rang out like a trumpet, and in the Nile scene he was often admirable. Mr. Polese was a picturesque Amonasro, and Mr. Lankow confirmed the excellent impression made by him last Monday night. Mr. Sill's voice had royal authority, but there was occasionally more than a tendency toward unnecessary vibrato.

The chorus was a tower of strength. Details in stage management, as in the temple scene and in the return of Radames were not so faultless as usual. The priests might well rise and kneel together, and Mr. Zenatello was for a few minutes perplexed concerning his descent from the platform of state.

Mr. Conti's reading of the score was robust, but in the Nile scene he gave a sympathetic accompaniment to the purely lyrical measures. He was warmly welcomed when he took his position and also responded to curtain calls. These calls were many in the course of the evening. The Egyptian brass band was not on the stage, but in the orchestra, at the wish of the conductor, it is said, who finds the sight of the bandmen in red trousers and embroidered coats blowing on the stage grotesque.

The opera this afternoon will be "Carmen," with Mmes. Gay and Fisher and Messrs. Clement and Mardones. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

The greatest men of the 12th century regarded celestial phenomena only for the purpose of prying into the future and it was with this view that almanacs were originated.

Golden Thought for Next Week.

We consulted yesterday an almanac spelled with a final "k" and found this golden thought for next week sprawled along the days of a fortnight: "Be not over earnest in small matters." A snow storm is to be expected about this time—from the 7th to the 13th; there will be snow or rain on the 20th. The motto for the month is

You're fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown.
Thread bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

Low's Almanack.

This almanac is rather old. It is entitled "Low's Almanack and Astronomical and Agricultural Register, for the Year of Our Lord and Saviour 1818," by Nathaniel Low, South Berwick. It was printed and sold by Munroe & Francis, No. 4 Cornhill, Boston, at 9 cents for a single copy, 62½ cents a dozen, "6 dls a groce." The first three pages tell about eclipses, the sun and planets, comets which stretch out into space thousands and millions of miles, signs of the zodiac, and there is a most satisfactory explanation of why we have summer and winter. Furthermore, there are quotations from the poems of Chatterton, Rodd and Savage. Was this Rodd the bookseller, Thomas of London, who translated the "Battle of Copenhagen" into poetry, wrote an ode "On the Bones of the Im—mortal Thomas Paine," and made a gallant defence of the veracity of Moses in his records of the creation? He was said to be an honest bookseller, one that scorned to take an advantage of bibliophiles, bibliopoles, bibliotaphs, bibliophagists, bibliognosts, bibliographers, bibliopegists, bibliomaniacs. He had compassion on the bibliokept. And this is the manner in which he wrote poetry:

I love to rove amidst the starry height,
To leave the little scenes of Earth behind,
And let Imagination wing her flight
On eagle pinions swifter than the wind.

Mr. Rodd also loved to trace planets, mark comets and view the moon. He versified his enthusiasm.

Saws and Mottoes.

We learn from the calendar for March that pleasures enfeeble the understanding. The sentiment for July is: "It is good for a young man to blush when he is reproved."

The first possessor of this almanac wrote over the heading "November": "Sailed from Newburyport, November the 9—1818." Sailed whither? Was he a seafaring man? Did he bring back ivory, gold and peacocks? Or did he go in for rum and molasses, and what was jocosely described as live ebony? The motto for this voyager was: "Never go into a public place without attempting to make some new friend or acquaintance." To which the answer is: "Even though you may be thrown out." Thus did Mr. Nathanael Low of South Berwick encourage the young and the old to ring in; always to be within hearing of the general invitation, and in no case, however inclement the weather, to wear earcaps when near the tavern bar.

Great Snakes!

Nearly two pages of fine print, with a cut, are devoted to the Great Sea Serpent. "This stranger on our coast was first seen about Aug. 11, 1817, in Gloucester (Cape Ann) harbor by the master of a coasting vessel." It was our old friend, with a body at least 80 feet long, and appearing "in joints like wooden buoys on a net rope almost as large as a barrel." The head was dark brown, mixed with streaks of a lighter hue and about as large as the head of a horse. His teeth were many and formidable, and his common motion was undulatory, so that at a distance he looked like a string of gallon kegs 100 feet long. A man hit him with a musket ball, which appeared to have no effect. On Aug. 21 the sea serpent was seen off Kettle island, between Cape Ann and Manchester, and there were several preparations made to catch him. He is still at large.

Then there is the story of the serpent in Penobscot Bay, who about 1798 swam toward a clergyman and his daughter. The lady fainted and her father was too frightened to improve the occasion by prayer, but the monster did them no harm. The serpent seen by Capt. Crabtree near Mount Desert in June 1793 had black and piercing eyes and its head was larger than a barrel.

There is also an interesting account of the young sea serpent caught at Gloucester in September 1817, and afterward brought to Boston, preserved in spirits, and exhibited at Merchants' Hall with the Grand Panoramic Painting of the large snake.

There are three pages concerning the Anaconda from a letter written by an English gentleman resident in the East Indies. Nor should the account of that hideous monster of the deep, the kraken, be passed over. In 1680 a young kraken near Alstobourg caught his horns in adjoining trees and became entangled in cliffs of rocks, where "it putrified on the spot." The average kraken is 2600 feet wide, and its altitude is 300 feet—or is it 800?—the type is blurred.

Farming in December.

In 1818 it cost 6 cents to carry a letter 30 miles by land, and for 400 miles 18¾ cents were demanded.

In December "the farmer should be a reader by habit, as he has much leisure; at this season particularly. He posts and settles accounts, sees to the schooling and morals of his children, pays his debts, and with his avocations as a farmer can now taste the enjoyments of the father and citizen, or with a book can compare his happy fireside with less favored regions. In the present improved and improving state of agriculture, the perusal of works treating on the several branches of knowledge connected with farming is not only a source of gratification but necessity, if the practical farmer would keep pace with his neighbors, or with the rapid advances making in Great Britain and Europe."

Shocking Examples.

For some reason or other "Anecdotes of Bacchanalians" are on the page that informs the farmer what he should do in December. Mark the opening: "Some of the strongest symptoms of the drunken habit are a neglect of dress and cleanliness; a slovenly, sallow or bloated appearance, and not infrequently a sort of convulsive motion in the gait." The drinking man is subject to these diseases: Apoplexy, epilepsy, hysteria, oneirodynia, phrenetis, rheumatism, gastritis, opthalmia, carbuncles, gutta rosacea, heputitis, podagra, jaundice, dropsy, tabes, lockjaw, diabetes, not to mention atrophia of the body, syncope, palpitation and indigestion.

"A drunken man has been known to whip a post because it would not move out of his way; and an old gentleman of 80, when intoxicated, took a lamp post for a lady and addressed her in all the impassioned and flattering language of love."

Munroe & Francis were then selling geographies by Cummings, Morse, also Adams; spelling books by Webster, Pike and Perry; a "System of Artillery Discipline," Blair's "Preceptor," Bemis's "Dyers' Companion," "The Cattle Doctor," and several new books for youth.

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"The Whilwind" ("La Rafale") by Henry Bernstein will be performed tomorrow night at the Plymouth Theatre by Mme. Simone and her company. The first performance of the play was at the Gymnase, Paris, Oct. 20, 1905, when Mme. Simone, who was then known as Mme. Simone Le Bargy, the wife of the celebrated actor, created the part of Helene. Others who took part in this first performance were Gemier, the Baron Lebourg, Dumeny, Robert de Chaceroy; Burguet, Amadee Lebourg; Arvel, Bragelin; Archard, Armand de Brechebel.

by appearing in spotless

the world

Story of Bernstein's "Whirlwind"

The story is a simple one, but it is of violent action. Helene was for . . . her . . . to marry the Count de . . ., a . . ., . . . fellow, a . . . of small ability. Her father, a rich parvenu, was . . . on his . . . . His daughter was sacrificed to this ambition.

When the play begins it appears that she has had for three years a lover, Robert Chabroy. He loves her passionately. No one suspects the liaison. Robert is a gambler, a gambler from necessity. He has not a sufficient income to maintain his position, but his good luck at baccarat and at the races has enabled him to make a brave display. This luck turns. For several months he has steadily lost and one night at the club he risks $650,000 that belonged to the silent partners of his racing stables, and loses every sou. What is there left for him but disgrace or death?

Helene, disquieted by his appearance, learns his secret. She is rich and will save him, but his pride revolts at the thought of taking money from her. She then leads him to believe that a jeweller, Bragelin, will furnish him the money, and she is prepared to sell her jewels; but Bragelin demands several days to complete the transaction and Robert must restore the sum within 48 hours.

Helene's cousin, Amadee Lebourg, was betrothed to her when her father suddenly broke the engagement that he might have an aristocratic son-in-law. Amadee still loves her in his way—that is, he desires her. She goes to him. He proposes a shameful bargain, which she indignantly rejects. Then she thinks of her father. She goes to him and begs him to save her. He tears her secret from her and is stupified when he learns that she has a lover, this Robert, and that he is a thief. The father repulses her. She no longer entreats, she threatens him.

"You sold me through ambition and snobbery to a man whom I hate. You are going to give me the money that will save him whom I adore."

"No."

"In that case I shall rejoin him. If he goes away I shall go with him. If he is arrested, I shall kill myself. I shall shout our love from the housetops. And you will never belong to the club of the Rue Royale."

Robert has resolved to kill himself, for he is a "tres chic gentleman." However, he could be saved, first by Helene, who has given herself to Amadee, received the money and handed it over to the jeweller to keep it for Robert, that his delicacy might not be wounded; secondly by the Baron Lebourg, who has decided to pay the sum in order to avoid scandal. When the baron makes offensive demands for a guarantee, Robert says: "My dear sir, we are not of the same breed." He then goes into his bedroom. Helene enters the sitting room with the jeweller. She is radiant. She has forgotten the ignominious way in which she procured the money. Suddenly the crack of a pistol is heard. She was too late. With the rage of a savage beast she rushes toward the locked door, and the curtain falls.

Bernstein's Play Translated

"The Whirlwind" was produced in New York at Daly's Theatre March 23, 1910, when Marietta Olly played the part of Helene. She had played it in a German version in New York Jan. 21, 1909, when the play was entitled "Baccarat," at the Irving Place Theatre. The first production in English in this country was at the Providence Opera House, Feb. 28, 1910, by Miss Olly.

In England "The Whirlwind" was brought out by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Birmingham Criterion, London, in 1906. Mme. Suzanne Despres played in the original version at the Shaftesbury Theatre, May 6, 1908.

Mme. Simone and the Fortune Teller

Mme. Simone made her debut at the Gymnase, Paris, in Henry Bernstein's "Le Detour," Jan. 5, 1902. Playwright and actress were both unknown to the public, although Mme. Simone, then Le Bargy, had been a conspicuous figure in society. The play wright had been a schoolmate of her brother. The success of dramatist and actress was complete. She has said of herself to a reporter of the New York Times:

"When I went to the theatre, before I went on the stage, I was very critical, and my friends were won't to say to me: 'How do you know how badly that is done or how well? Could you do it better yourself?' 'I am inclined to believe that I could.' I used to answer, and then Sarah took an interest in me and had the courage to tell me that I was made for the stage. I was not trained at the Conservatoire, but I studied like mad. I worked at the classics of our French language and I worked hard. You see, I had to make up for my years of inexperience. And even after I had made a success on the stage I didn't give up.

"Before 'Le Detour' was produced I went to a fortune teller, who told me that I was presently to appear on the stage in a play written by a tall blond young man; that I should appear in nine of his plays, and that he would never have a success without me. It was before I had ever considered being an actress, and I was before I knew that Bernstein had written a play. I thought of him only as a harum-scarum sort of a young man."

Mme. Simone played afterward in Bernstein's "Le Bercail," "Le Voleur" (played here as "The Thief") and "Samson." She did not play in his "Israel" or "Apres Moi." After "Samson" she did not play for 18 months, but she made a great success as the Pheasant in "Chantecler," and also in Porto-Riche's "Vieil Homme." She also played in Donnay's "Le Retour de Jerusalem," which made a sensation at the time. "I am partly Jewish myself, and I should never for one moment have appeared in an anti-Semitic play nor did Donnay intend it as such. But you should have heard the uproar that play produced! People used to come and argue in the boxes. There were riots. At times you couldn't hear a word which was spoken on the stage." This play, produced at the Gymnase Dec. 3, 1903, was performed 14 times that year, and 251 times at the same theatre in the year following.

Mme. Simone said of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's conception of Helene: "Good actress as she is, she made one mistake. She looked too extraordinary. One of the points in the play I try to make is that this poor, little, unimportant woman is one whom no one would ever believe anything would happen to. Then when something does happen the surprise is so much the greater, the drama becomes full and complex." And to another reporter she said: "The women of 'The Thief' and of 'The Whirlwind' are both sacrificed to love. The woman of 'The Thief' is a narrow soul; the woman of 'The Whirlwind' a high soul, who gives to the man she loves even more than life.

"The theory of the modern French acting is the raising of the curtain on life, real life, as we live it today."

Mme. Simone, now Mme. Claude Casimir-Perier—her second husband is a son of the late President of France—made her first appearance in New York in "The Thief," Oct. 16, 1911, at Daly's Theatre. She said to the reporters that she made her debut in "Le Detour," but the Green Room Book (1909) says that her debut was at the Theatre Moliere, Brussels. She played in London with George Alexander in an English version of "L'Adversaire" in 1905.

Hungarian Customs in "The Seven Sisters"

The comedy, "The Seven Sisters," by the Hungarian Ferenc Herczegh, which will be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, deals with interesting native customs. Miss Edith Ellis, who made the adaptation refused to "Americanize" the drama. "What!" she said, "try to Americanize the domestic conditions of seven daughters, where six of them are held back in short frocks, pinafores and pigtail braids until the oldest one is married off? That could not be domestic farce in the United States; it might be tragedy."

In Hungary the daughters of the gentry are trained for matrimony from their childhood. Mici, the fourth daughter in the comedy, who insists on looking out for her own husband, says: "After marriage they sit down, fold their hands and await death as the next excitement."

At the age of 10 the accumulation of dowry linen begins. The oldest unmarried daughter is the only one eligible for matrimony and the younger ones are kept in the background that each may be married in turn. Stress is laid on looking to win and retain a husband's affection. No freedom is allowed a young girl unless she is betrothed. When a Hungarian kisses a girl who is above the peasant class, he must be prepared to either marry her or fight a duel with any male relative, if the flirtation is discovered. The wedding celebrations with people of the higher social station sometimes last as long as six days. Eating, drinking, card playing, singing, and dancing are kept up continuously. The guests and the gypsy musicians snatch a few hours' sleep. A sauerkraut soup prepared according to native formula is said to be magical in sobering and stimulating guests. Various details of the wedding feast are shown in "The Seven Sisters." The action of the last act shows the wedding feast on the sixth day, when everyone is tired out. The young woman who dances the "Czardas" boasts of her vitality. The excessive libations of the males are indicated in a simple way. When the Baron Radvanyi, the head of the Widow Gyarkovy's family, for he married the eldest daughter, is informed that he has been playing cards during the night, he does not remember it; when told that he has lost 1000 gulden to his wife, he replies: "Well, I won't pay it." The other guests laugh and tell him that he has already paid her.

"Baize's" Gossip About Old-Time Actresses

Editor of The Herald: Matilda Heron was at the old National Theatre in the middle 60s and was highly commended by A. Wallace Thaxter (bless his memory) of the Saturday Evening Gazette as a gifted but peculiar actress. This was some time before she went to Paris and saw the original of the "Dame with the Camellias," and brought to this country the younger Dumas's heroine, in which she made the success of her career. She played it for 100 nights in New York, a remarkable run for the old days, and what a storm of protest the performance created in Boston. I heard a member of the small stock exchange, when I was a cub reporter, say that he would never let his wife or daughters see it, and Moses Kimball said "Camille" would be barred forever from the stage of the Boston Museum. Was this promise kept? Well, turn to the old playbills and see. Miss Jean Davenport (Mrs. Gen. Lander) produced the play at the Howard Athenaeum, and prudently called it "Camille, or the Fate of a Coquette." This scholarly actress, the daughter of an English provincial manager, always said she was not the original of Dickens's Infant Phenomenon in "Nicholas Nickleby," as was often reputed. She was a good woman if she was never a daughter of Mr. Vincent Crummles and did royal service as a nurse of the wounded Union soldiers during the civil war. She died only a few years ago, the last of the old school star actresses, I believe, unless Mrs. Maeder, once the celebrated Clara Fisher, be still among the living.

Mrs. Sedley Brown was the sister of Henry Sedley, who supported Mrs. Edwin Forrest for a while, and was also well known as a journalist. Their father was W. H. Smith, whose real name was Sedley. He was for many years the stage manager of the Boston Museum, and on his retirement from that house had a great testimonial benefit. One of my boyhood memories is his performance of Edward Middleton in "The Drunkards, or the Fallen Saved." At the end of the concluding act of this once popular moral drama he played "Home, Sweet Home," on the flute. I well remember Mrs. Brown's debut on the stage. It was at the Boston Theatre in "The Daughter of the Regiment." Her first husband was in the book business in this city. William Scallan was the player to whom T. O. E. refers. He was an excellent comedian, and used to enact Mazeppa in the burlesque of that name, a part that Joseph Jefferson also acted before the days of "Rip Van Winkle." W. H. Curtis was also a theatrical costumer. I used to hire dresses from him for amateur performances. Brougham played Powhatan much earlier than '69, though he may have played it that year, too. His burlesque of "Columbus" followed the original production of "Pocahontas" here. In the former he sang:

> My name it is Columbus,
> I was born in Genoa,
> Of poor but honest parents.
> As history tells us;
> My father was a mariner
> And he married my mother there,
> And I was their offspring,
> As you may readily suppose.

In one of the burlesques ment one I he used also to say:

> I ain't a no for'n pi . . . der,
> So, I'll . . . say, rosin your bow.

Baize.

Memories of a Theatregoer

To the Editor of The Herald:

Your remarks regarding the spectacular drama "The Cataract of the Ganges" brought to mind poor Dan Setchell, who played the part of an amateur Robinson Crusoe therein; and then I thought of his screechingly funny "Ten Thousand Milliners Wanted." I wonder if that has ever been attempted since his death. You may remember he was drowned before the days of transcontinental railroads while on his way to California.

What you say of "Mazeppa" starts another train of recollections. Some years ago I picked up at a second-hand bookstall a little book, entitled "The Dumb Girl of Genoa." I bought it because I thought the book plate read "Ex libris William Warren," and I was disappointed on finding on closer inspection that the name was William Walter. However, I read the play, for such it was—which, while intended for a serious melodrama, was delightfully ridiculous. The second-rate has its charms. Thackeray says: "I have always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate claret is notoriously better than first-rate wine. You get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloys the palate and bothers the reason."

I found from reading "The Dumb Girl of Genoa" that the play was the basis of Mlle. Zoe's "French Spy," a play which I saw with much enjoyment in 1871 in Meriden, Ct., on the diminutive stage (the only one which the place at that time afforded) of the town hall. In this play Mlle. Zoe played the role of a mute, and, while you heard nothing from her you saw a good deal of her (to quote the Post's critic on Kitty Blanchard's Puck when "Midsummer Night's Dream" was given at Selwyn's late in the sixties).

In one scene two French prisoners were secured in a sort of cavern on the left of the stage, the realism of this incarceration being somewhat impaired by the iron grating between them and liberty . . . and . . . in the draught. These prisoners were watching and commenting on the actions of the French spy, who had entered from the right. She had attached a letter to an arrow, and, winding a rag soaked in alcohol around the arrow's head, ignited the same, and then shinned to the top of a fence in a wonderful half-past 6 and high noon leg action, and from that point discharged the arrow from her long bow into the French camp, off stage, right.

The elder prisoner, evidently enjoying the situation, with much dramatic force and deliberation declaimed: "The arrow flies—straight to its goal—It falls at the very feet of the commander. He reads the message—We are saved!"

I may not quote exactly, but such was the effect of his words.

The nub of the situation was that Zoe's arrow struck against the scenery and fell down in the middle of the stage and burned itself out in plain sight of all.

EDWARD LAWRENCE.

Mr. Bauer's Program of Tomorrow

Mr. Bauer says of his concert in Boston tomorrow: "Some people will undoubtedly say that the program I have planned is a long one. It is long; that I will admit. It has to be in order to carry out the general scheme which I wish to impress upon my hearers, and yet its length is justified by the message it will bring to the audience of the wonderful link which existed between Schumann, Liszt and Chopin. It is particularly fitting also that such a program should be given at this time when musicians all over the world are celebrating the centenary of Liszt's birth. Incidentally the centenaries of Schumann's and Chopin's birth were observed last year."

Mr. Bauer has played this program only once before in this country, at Oberlin College. The program at that time was even longer because Mr. Bauer included Liszt's arrangement of Chopin's songs to fill in the blank caused by the non-existence of any composition written by Liszt and dedicated to Chopin.

Notes on Concerts of This Week

Mr. Gunn, who will play the piano tonight at the Boston Opera House concert, is a well-known music critic and pianist of Chicago. This will be his first appearance here in public. Mme. Martini is a new member of the opera company. Mr. Britt, the 'cellist, has won an enviable reputation, as solo 'cellist of various symphony orchestras. Mr. Riddez of the Paris opera, a singer of high reputation, will make his first appearance in the city.

The Kneisel quartet presents an attractive program which has been changed from the one announced so that Mr. Bauer, an excellent character player, will be heard twice in the evening.

Leonard Borwick, an English pianist, will be heard in Boston for the first time. He was born at Walthamstow, Feb. 26, 1868, and from 1884 to 1889 studied with Clara Schumann, and with B. Scholz and Ivan Knorr at Frankfort. He has been known since 1890 as a pianist of distinction, and has won a reputation for his interpretation of Beethoven and Brahms. He now comes from the Pacific coast, where he has met with extraordinary success.

The members of the Flonzaley quartet are always welcome visitors. They will play Ravel's quartet, which has been revised by the composer. It was first performed here by the Kneisels.

Mr. Gilbert's "Indian" Music

Mr. Henry F. Gilbert has composed music to illustrate the lecture of Mr. Edward S. Curtis, which will be delivered in Boston next Friday afternoon, Dec. 8, and Monday evening, Dec. 11. He writes of this music, composed last summer, as follows:

"I have tried to write music which shall be characteristic as well as artistic; to make an effective blend of the barbaric and the civilized. I have made free use of numerous melodies, phrases and motives which I have transcribed from Mr. Curtis's phonograph records, but I have only rarely used a complete melody. Most Indian tunes considered in their entirety are rather poor. They nevertheless contain in almost every case a measure or two of striking and characteristic significance, and it is from such 'nubs' or 'germs' that I have developed the composition accompanying Mr. Curtis's pictures."

In a "Note on Indian Music" written by Mr. Gilbert for the sixth volume of Mr. Curtis's "North American Indian," Mr. Gilbert expresses his belief that listening to the Indian melodies of which the tonality is more or less perfect, it is impossible to escape the conviction that the primitive music has been considerably influenced by the Indian's contact with the white man. In his first attempts he imitated sounds of nature. Then came the Jesuit missionaries, and it is known that they patiently taught the Indians to sing church hymns.

"By no means the least interesting feature of an Indian song is the yell which precedes so many of them. This yell is usually a very complicated affair, and besides mere shouting is apt to consist of trills, shakes, slurs and f

...ortl, short, but quite well-defined musical phrases. When a musical phrase is hinted at in a yell, the same phrase is usually to be found in a much more developed form in the subsequent song. This is to be expected, as the yell is simply a wild prelude to the song, a tuning up of the voice, the singer getting himself into the mood, as it were. Of course the yells practically defy accurate expression in musical notation. At first hearing they sound decidedly more akin to noise than music. The voice glides with such rapidity and in such a slurring and sliding manner through so many changes of pitch that often only the approximate contour or melodic outline of the yell can be indicated. I nevertheless consider these yells to be more interesting, and certainly more significant from an etimological point of view, than many of the melodies themselves.

"Songs are frequently followed by yells, but these are not musically important, as they consist for the greater part of one or two shouts with a falling inflexion of the voice, and have no relation to the foregoing song. Sometimes the yell at the end consists of long and beautifully sustained tones at the top of the voice.

"Transcribing Indian melodies in ordinary musical notation is somewhat like forcing a square peg into a round hole; it can be accomplished by dint of sufficient exertion, but the original form will have suffered. The vital part of these melodies can be expressed in our notation, but many a delicate nuance of wild and wayward beauty will have disappeared. However, though the letter may be bruised in the process, enough of the spirit survives to make the transcription valuable, not only to the reader of today, but especially to the student of the future, who will find in such records as these his only opportunity to study this phase of primitive culture. It is in the songs of a people that we rightly look for the greatest spontaneity of self-expression."

"CARMEN" SUNG AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Bizet's "Carmen," performed by the Boston Opera company. Henry Russell manager; Caplet director. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Don Jose ..... Mr. Clement
Camillo ..... Mr. Mardones
Uniga ..... Mr. Barreau
Dancaire ..... Mr. Devaux
Remendado ..... Mr. Giaccone
Morales ..... Mr. Kaplick
Micaela Pastia ..... Mr. Jullien
Carmen ..... Mme. Gay
Micaela ..... Miss Fisher
Frasquita ..... Miss Scotney
Mercedes ..... Miss De-Courcy

The performance of Bizet's opera yesterday afternoon was not so brilliant as those of last season. Mr. Clement was not vocally well disposed, and those who remembered his exquisite singing of the romance last March could hardly believe yesterday that it was Mr. Clement who was protesting his love to the gypsy. Nor was Mme. Gay's voice wholly under her control. Her intonation was at times impure and the tones were not rich and full as they were the night before, when she impersonated Amneris. It should also be added that the parts of Frasquita and Mercedes have been more effectively played in this opera house.

Yet there were excellent features in the performance. The opera itself, the singing of Mme. Gay and Mr. Clement, the charming impersonation of Micaela by Miss Fisher, the scenery, and the animation on the stage interested a large audience, which insisted on calling the chief actors and actresses before the curtain many times.

A new comer, Mr. Barreau, drew attention in the small part of Zuniga by his resonant and expressive voice. He is evidently a well trained and experienced singer. Mr. Mardones was a logy Camillo.

Mme. Gay's impersonation of Carmen is lively. It is interesting in many ways. In her endeavor to be realistic she is sometimes inartistic. No doubt Carmen has in the habit of blowing her nose when it was necessary, for she was mortal; but to sound a trumpet blast at the end of a dramatic and not a comic scene is an instance of realism that is misplaced and jarring. It is the realism of a farce comedy. It might also be said that Mme. Gay's Carmen in the first act is an operetta Carmen. Her impersonation lacks an essential quality: there is no suggestion of sinister malice; there is no suggestion of a element, such as is proclaimed in what may be called the "Fate motive" in the music.

Let it be granted that Carmen was a cigarette girl, changing lovers frequently, sensual rather than sensuous, frank in the expression of primitive emotions. This character admits, if it does not require, melodramatic treatment, and in the third and fourth acts melodrama rises to tragedy. As the drama progresses Mme. Gay's impersonation grew stronger and stronger. Unfortunately the Carmen of the first scenes did not prepare us for the later Carmen. The moment the gypsy appears, balancing herself on her hips, the spectator should be conscious of her evil influence, her satanic fascination and know that Don Jose will be her victim. Mme. Gay's impersonation, then, lacks true distinction. The eating of the orange, the nose-blast, the impudence in her behavior toward the officers, these are all superficial; they have nothing to do with the true Carmen. They may amuse this one; they may shock that one; it is immaterial how the audience regard these pranks that no longer seem spontaneous. The point is this: they are wholly irrelevant.

It may be justly said that Mme. Gay in the second act had fine moments in the scene with the smugglers and also with Don Jose; that her card scene had the tragic note; that her last act was impressive.

While Mr. Clement was not in voice, he again acted the part of Don Jose with consummate skill. The character of the soldier was transformed little by little before the eyes of the public. The changes one by one were indicated with uncommon art Don Jose standing by Carmen as she was about to tell her fortune by the cards will not soon be forgotten. It was at that moment that Carmen seeing him, silent and ominous, knew that she was to die by his hand. The cards only confirmed her belief.

For her the rest was fear masked by bravado. For him, consumed by passion, the time was short for her return; he still faintly hoped; not that she would repent, for Carmen knew not the meaning of repentance and remorse; like the woman in the scriptures, she wiped her mouth and said: "I have done no wickedness." But Don Jose hoped her caprice might again alight on him. And then despair and rage and the sight of things as though all were red before him.

Mr. Caplet gave a musical and dramatic reading of the score, displaying bothfinesse and spirit.

CHOPIN PROGRAM

Mr. de Pachmann Delights Large and Enthusiastic Audience.

Mr. de Pachmann gave his third piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

K.W.

Chopin, Polonaise, op. 44, F sharp minor; Etude, op. 25, No. 5, E minor; Etude, op. 25, No. 4, A minor; Nocturne, op. 37, No. 1, G minor; Sonate, op. 58, B minor; Prelude, op. 28, No. 19; Prelude, op. 28, No. 20; Mazurka, op. 50, No. 2, A flat major; Waltz, op. 64, No. 2, C sharp minor; 4th Scherzo, op. 54, E major.

This program enabled Mr. de Pachmann to display to its fullest extent his conception and rendering of the work of the composer which he has made peculiarly his own. He played in a masterly fashion, con amore. Much might be said of his incomparable and caressing touch, of the ease and delicacy in his playing of intricate passages, so far removed from the metallic brilliance which too often marks the technique of accomplished players, of the mellow and haunting quality of his tones in lyric passages.

As an interpreter of Chopin he is unique and his renderings are those of one intimately acquainted with the moods of the composer. It was a pleasure to hear the Polonaise played brilliantly, with inimitable regard for dynamic gradations and rhythm, but without the thunderous enforcement of the accented beat which frequently reiterated with like force loses significance and becomes anti-climatic.

The character of each movement in the Sonate was admirably brought out while the shorter pieces, both in execution and interpretation, were delightful.

As the afternoon progressed Mr. de Pachmann became more and more communicative with his auidence, as is his wont. Although he generously responded to the recalls at the close of the concert he expressed his regret that owing to his immediate departure from Boston he was unable to give a larger number of encores, but promised more at the forthcoming recital which will be next Saturday afternoon.

This cast is a strong one. Mme. Brozia will be heard here for the first time. She has been applauded at the Monnaie in Brussels and at the Opera and the Gaite (Theatre Lyrique) in Paris. She made her debut at the Paris Opera as Gilda, March 27, 1908 (after a successful engagement at Brussels). Her debut at the Opera was a brilliant one, and her voice and action made a profound impression according to the contemporaneous criticism. On July 17, 1900, she appeared as Juliet, and M. Stoullig wrote of her in his "Annales du Theatre": "A skilled musician, a sincere artist and an extremely handsome woman, she possesses all the necessary qualities to impersonate Juliet; no role seems better suited to her charming and disturbing beauty. Let us add for devotees of tradition that this Juliet made up a blonde, which greatly became her." On Aug. 21, she took the part of Marguerite, when Mr. Riddez, who will sing with her next Wednesday, "a baritone who has become a tenor" was the Faust. It was on Nov. 20, 1908, that she impersonated Thais for the first time at the Paris Opera. Other impersonators of the part that year at the Opera were Mary Garden and Mme. Kousnietzoff. On March 19, 1909, Mme. Brozia was the Marguerite at the 50th anniversary performance at the Paris Opera—the 1336th performance.

Jean Riddez (Arthur Louis Riddez) was born at Bassee March 14, 1875. He studied at the Conservatory of Lille, where he took prizes, then at the Conservatory of Paris, where in 1900 he took the first prize for singing as a pupil of Crosti, and the first prize for opera as a pupil of Giraudet. He made his debut at the Paris Opera Oct. 26, 1900, as Rigolette. Other parts were Valentin, Wolfram, Nevers, Hildibrath in "Les Barbares."

Mme. Ferrabini is now the dramatic soprano of the Montreal Opera Company. She first sang in Boston in Leoncavello's concerts in Symphony Hall in October, 1906., when she came fresh from her triumph at Milan and other Italian cities in Montmezzi's "Giovanni Gallurese.' Her voice in concert was rich, dark, sensuous, and she sang with a fine emotional quality. Mme. Campo-

Dec 4 1911

The Blue Bird.

P. H.

THE BLUE BIRD, a fairy play in six acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, with 25 illustrations in color by F. Cayley Robinson. Edition de luxe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This edition contains the alterations and additions made by Maeterlinck in view of the production of the play in Paris. The Forest Scene, one of the most striking portions of the drama, was omitted in the performances in Paris, London and in this country. This volume contains the scene, also the scene of the Palace of Luxury, with the appearance of the Hapinesses, so that this edition is complete, the fullest version published.

The appearance of this volume, the quality of paper, the clearness and character of the typography, and, above all, the illustrations by Mr. Robinson, cannot be too highly praised. Seldom is a literary work of supreme beauty so fittingly dressed and adorned. Unlike many books prepared for the Christmas season, the text and the pictures of this edition of "The Blue Bird" are alike charming, fascinating.

It was not an easy task to illustrate this rarely poetic play. Mr. Robinson, who may be characterized as a neo-Hellenist in art, has been reproached for playing with a familiar fragment of Greek architecture and making a "convention of the unconventional." A critic has said that "he attacks his buildings full face, in order to exhibit a knack of stone texture and surface in which he has no rival. "This may or may not be just. It can be truly said that in his illustrations to "The Blue Bird" his imagination vies with that of Maeterlinck, and there is the same artistic sobriety and simplicity. Take for example, "Fire and Water," in which there is a suggestion of Blake's nobility in treatment. "The Cat Plots Against the Children" is a fine instance of successful portraiture — note the faces of Sugar and the Dog. "Sleep, Night and Death" has the serene tragic force of a Greek fricze, whereas in stage productions Night is melodramatic, and that in a conventional way. Admirable, too, are the accessories to the central group. The grotesque in the forest scene contains the element of the terrible. In "The Graveyard" there is the spirit of Boecklin's "Island of the Dead," and perhaps the suggestion was deliberately made by the artist. The expression of Mytyl when her brother tells her there are no dead is finely conceived. "Maternity" has less distinction; but "The Gates of Dawn" is Guidoesque and the sublime unconsciousness and indifference of Time are surpassingly well portrayed. Most beautiful of all, however, is "The Farewell of the Lovers," with its expression of childish affection in which lies the whole tragedy of earthly love. Another remarkable illustration is "The Kingdom of the Future." After all these and other triumphs of a fancy that is never merely fantastical the final picture of the children recounting their adventures before the fire, while the dog listens and would fain speak with them, brings the appropriate touch of homelinss, the end of the fable.

Thus has Mr. Robinson succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere of the text; thus has he succeeded in a task so difficult that many might well have been dismayed at hearing that the drama was to be illustrated. No wonder that Maeterlinck wrote to him: "I thank you heartily for the honor that you have paid to my little fairy tale, and I beg you to believe me the most devoted of your admirers."

As for the drama itself, what is there more to be said about it at this late day, when it has been read and seen by tens of thousands in Europe and this country? To dwell upon the spirituality of the thought, the clarity and the grace of expression, the intense human interest that appeals to young and old, would be impertinent. It is a tale of life and death, encouraging and consolatory, for the Belgian, like Malvolio, thinks nobly of the soul.

Here is a gift book that is something more than an ornament for a drawing-room table. Here is a book, the text and illustrations of which are indissolubly wedded.

The court decides that The Players of New York must reinstate Mr. Barry, who wrote disrespectfully about actors in a magazine article. Mr. Barry seems to be charmed at the thought of going back to the club, and says that he has only the best feelings toward the members. No doubt he might be persuaded to call the waiter and say to him in a clear, bell-like voice: "Won't you ask the gentlemen what they will have? Mr. Barry is to be complimented on the thickness of his skin.

The Massenets.

Why is it that some men resent the fact that another man has the same name? Here is Jules Massenet, for example, whose "Thais" will be performed here next week. His full name is Jules Emile Frederic Massenet, but he is known to the world as Jules. Now there is another composer named Massenet—wholly unknown to the great majority; and his Christian name is Jules; he also resides in Paris; what is still more annoying, he lives near the composer of "Thais," "Manon" and other ingenious works. It is the habit of many foreign musicians of eminence to use only their surname when they sign letters. The other Massenet has this habit. It is said that the more eminent one now signs himself "M. Massenet," as though an American in a similar case were to sign a letter "Mr. Tompkins," if there were another Charley Tompkins across the street.

But who knows whether the minor Massenet is not still more vexed than the major. We like to think of him for years declaiming against the impudence of "that fellow Jules" for having the same name. No doubt he believes in his soul that he is the greater composer. "Time will avenge me." We see him pooh-poohing the weaker pages of his homonym, and they are many. We see him drawing himself up when introduced to a stranger who asks: "Have I the honor of meeting the composer of 'Esclarmonde' and 'Eve'?" and crushing the poor wretch with "No, never, praise be to God."

Two Egoists.

Of course there are annoying misunderstandings when two men bearing the same, but not common, name live in the same city. Each one thinks in his heart he is the more distinguished citizen. Each one is amazed to find that the other has friends who esteem him, write letters to him, refer to him appreciatively at dinner parties or in the drawing room. Each one feels a pang when, introduced to an attractive, desirable young woman, he hears her say: "Oh, Mr. Smithers; I am so glad to meet you," and then give a reason which shows at once that it is the other Smithers she longed to meet. Would the two stand together in a common cause were a third to accuse both Smithers of being extremely boresome?

It would be delightful in theory if one Smithers should receive and accept all the invitations intended for the other Smithers and send all bills addressed Clarence Smithers to the other one. When one is married and the other is not, the situation is still more complicated. It often leads to farces which are akin to tragedies.

Art in Paris.

The passionate press agent is as busy and indefatigable in Paris as in New York or Boston. M. Maurice Boissard wrote some amusing paragraphs on this subject for the Mercure de France of Nov. 1. "M. Guitry returns to us from a tour in South America. He has lost 13 kilos. An event, you understand. * * * Mme. Rejane, on her side, has given us the annual little scene, tho return from the tour, with a crowd of friends to meet the incoming train, and her son throwing himself into her arms, 'a scene which does not fail to be moving,' the newspapers say. I see clearly the tableau arranged beforehand: 'I shall be in the first car. As soon as you see me, you will rush toward me and cry: "Mamma!" And try to look agitated, for it always makes an effect.' As for M. Le Bargy, his case is perhaps the most monumental. His fashion plate elegance, his manner of knotting his cravats and his choice in pantaloons and coats are now taken for genius."

Mme. Simone, who will play here tonight in one of Bernstein's dramas, was the wife of M. Le Bargy. They separated. Perhaps he was enamored only of his clothes. Perhaps she, a woman of "social position" and well dressed, was jealous of his cravats and waistcoats and the marvellous fit of his trousers.

A Modest Recipe.

This is the season when even the thrifty think they are warranted in spending more on their table than in other months. Here is a list of ingredients for a seed cake taken from Mrs. Glasse's "The Art of Cooking Made Plain and Easy": "Take four pounds of the finest flour, three pounds of double refined sugar and four pounds of butter; then beat 35 eggs. Put in four spoonfuls of rosewater, six ounces of carraway seeds and add as much tincture of rose-

Sto[illegible]

water or ambergris as you please." Fresh eggs are now 60 cents a dozen—and none too fresh. One dollar and 75 cents for only one of these ingredients. Whenever Hannah Glasse was—and some say that she was a man named Hill—she said in the preface, "I do not pretend to teach professed cooks. My design is to instruct the ignorant and unlearned. And in so plain and full a manner that the most illiterate and ignorant person who can but read will know how to do everything in cooking well."

Tripoli and Dahra.

It is singular that no one, apropos of the atrocities at Tripoli, has recalled the affair at Dahra. The French in Algiers hunted a party of Arabs. They took refuge in a cave of Dahra, where they refused to surrender. The French piled up the mouth of the cave with combustibles and roasted the men, women and children alive. The commander-in-chief made this official report: "Of 700 refractory and rebellious who took refuge in the caverns of Dahra, 30, and 30 only, are alive, and of these 30 there are four only who are capable of labor, or indeed of motion." Marshal St. Arnaud, who died at Sebastopol, was said to have been responsible for the horror.

Landor's imaginary conversation between Marshal Bugeaud and an Arab chieftain is pleasant reading. The chieftain invites the marshal to enter the cavern: "Go where the mother and infant are inseparable forever—one mass of charcoal; the breasts that gave life, the lips that received it; all, all; save only where two arms, in color and hardness like corroded iron, cling round a brittle stem, shrunken, warped, and where two heads are calcined." The chieftain adds concerning the massacre: "Many of you will palliate it, many of you will deny it; for it is the custom of your country to cover blood with lies, and lies with blood."

Bugeaud answers: "And, here and there, a sprinkling of ashes over both, it seems."

Arab: "Ending in merriment, as befits ye. But is it ended?"

Sismondo tells of a similar massacre by the French in the caverns of Masaro, in which 6000 were killed.

OPERA SINGERS GIVE CONCERT

The Sunday evening concert season opened last night at the Boston Opera House, and so admirable was the program that it is to be regretted that the audience, though appreciative, was so small.

On the stage was seated the entire orchestra, while grouped in the background was the chorus. Opportunity was afforded to see three of the conductors in charge of the orchestra. In addition to the vocal and orchestral numbers the program included a concerto on the violoncello by Horace Britt, and a piano concerto by Glenn Dillard Gunn.

The opening number was the prologue to "Mefistofele," with Mr. Mardones as soloist, assisted by the chorus and orchestra, with Mr. Conti conducting.

Mme. Martini sang the Bell Song from "Lakme" admirably. Mr. Caplet conducted as he did during Saint-Saens's concerto for violoncello, played by Mr. Britt.

The prelude of "Lohengrin" appealed most strongly to the audience, and won long applause for the conductor, Mr. Goodrich. Mr. Goodrich also directed while Mr. Gunn was at the piano in Liszt's concerto in E flat major.

The entire first act of "Samson et Dalila" was given as the closing number in oratorio form. Marie Claessens was admirable as Dalila, while Mr. De-Potter made an imposing Samson. Mr. Caplet conducted. The soloists in this number were:

Samson.....Mr. De-Potter
Dalila.....Mme. Claessens
Grand Pretre.....Mr. Barreau
Abimelech.....Mr. Mardones
Vieillard Hebreu.....Mr. Lankov
Messager Philistin.....Mr. Saldaigne
Premier Philistin.....Mr. Giaccone

MME. SIMONE IN 'THE WHIRLWIND'

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Whirlwind," a version in English by George Egerton of Henry Bernstein's play, "La Rafale," in three acts.

Baron Lebourg.....Emmett Corrigan
Robert de Chaceroy.....Edwin Arden
Henri Lebourg.....Charles Francis
Gen. Duc de Brial.....L. Rogers Lytton
Comte de Brechebel.....Wilfred Forster
Bragelin.....Sydney Herbert
Mons. de la Vielarde.....Edgar Lester
Francois.....Percival Vivian
Servant at Lebourg's.....Thomas S. Louden
Helene de Brechebel.....Mme. Simone
Baronne Lebourg.....Louise Rial
Marquise de Doullence...Helen Weathersby
Mmme. de Thizieux.....Grace Halsey Mills

Mr. Bernstein prides himself on the fact that his plays are a photographic representation of life; that he portrays men and women, not as they should be, but as they are. In "The Whirlwind" he introduces us to a sorry pack of mortals, a set that might be characterized by the sonorous German word "Lumpengesindel."

Lebourg sells his daughter to Brechebel, who is rich and an aristocrat, but a feeble witted fellow, only half a man, for Lebourg wishes to hobnob with Dukes, and he admitted to an "exclusive's club. Helene was betrothed to her cousin, who is a singularly disagreeable person. When she wishes to borrow 600,000 francs or more from him, he invites her to come to his house and reminds her that he does not give something for nothing, a euphemism that was hardly to be expected from the brute.

Helene has had a lover for three years, one Robert de Chaceroy, who is evidently in the eyes of Mr. Bernstein a "tres chic gentleman." Robert gambles that he may live as a gentleman should, and incidentally loses at baccarat and at one sitting f.600,000 that belong to his partners in a racing stable. In other words, he is a thief. Helene adores him and tries to save him. She offers her jewels to a jeweller who is also a money lender, but she cannot receive the money in time. Endeavoring to borrow from her father, she confesses to him her liason. He swears and rages, but, wishing to avoid a scandal that would injure his social position, consents to get Robert out of the scrape if he will promise not to see Helene again; he also offers him an agreeable position in the Transvaal. Meanwhile Helene has visited her cousin, given herself to him and received the money. Robert refuses the father's offer, and explains to him at length why he is too much of a gentleman to accept it. As a gentleman there is only one thing for him to do, and that is to kill himself. He lights a cigarette, thoughtfully turns out the lights and goes into his bedchamber. Helene rushes in to tell him that the jeweller has the money for him. A pistol shot is heard and Helene in agony beats on the door.

Here we have the new fangled order of melodrama without the saving, if improbable, romantic touch; melodrama that is sordid and brutal. Kate, the leading woman of the theatrical company that visits the Prince of Denmark in Jules Laforgue's legendary morality of "Hamlet," refuses the part Hamlet offers her in the play on the ground that she and her William never appear in any but sympathetic parts. What would she have said to Mr. Bernstein's characters?

For is Helene, the woman that sacrifices herself for love—as the French understand "l'amour"—sympathetic in any way? She was forced into her marriage; her husband is a mean, unpleasant ass—that is, we are told so, although he himself is seen on the stage only for a moment—and in order to live a happier, better life she has an affair with Robert. When he admits that he stole, simply because the whim took him to play one night at the club before the shrewdest gamblers had arrived, she adores him as ever and prostitutes herself to the contemptible cousin, who, however, could hardly have been expected to hand over f.600,000 in a nobly generous burst.

Mme. Simone is technically a most accomplished actress. Her technic, admirable as it is, is so polished, it has such a hard finish, that the emotional nature of the woman, whether it be great or small, does not break through it. There was Helene, supposed to be a woman of blameless life, a dutiful daughter, sacrificed by a commercial father to gratify his snobbish ambition. Yet the spectator sat curious and unmoved. Nor at any moment in the course of this drama was he touched by her show of love or agony. Helene was only an invention of Mr. Bernstein, necessary to the dramatist in his endeavor to thrill the audience. A handsome, graceful woman, a mistress of her art, Mme. Simone did not persuade or compel the audience to take her part in any scene. There was no more sympathy for her than there was for Robert or for the father. It was perhaps not the fault of Mme. Simone that she did not compel sympathy. It was the fault of Mr. Bernstein, who, inventing a disagreeable story and modelling his figures to suit it, forget to give them life. We do not object to the play because it is disagreeable; we object to the crudeness of development, the inartistic brutality of the treatment, and the distorted photography.

It would be fairer toward Mme. Simone to see her in other plays before discussing her art. The impression made by her performance last night was that she is a handsome woman, admirably trained, able to simulate emotion, or what passes as emotion in plays of this nature, without deeply feeling it.

The supporting company is one of fair ability. Mr. Arden's third act was his best. In the first he was hard mannered and at times his speech was well nigh unintelligible. Mr. Corrigan played the part of the father with considerable force. The Lebourg of Mr. Francis was appropriately unpleasant. There were curtain calls.

"SEVEN SISTERS"

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE—"The Seven Sisters," from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczeg, adapted by Edith Ellis, translated by Ferike Boros.

Mrs. Gyurkovics.....Mrs. Adeline Stanhope-Wheatcroft
Katinka.....Alice John
Sari.....Carlotta Doty
Ella.....Barbara Tennant
Mici.....Jean Murdoch
Baron Radvanyi.....Wilfred Draycott
Baron Gida Radvanyi.....Gaston Bell
Count Feri Horkoy.....Charles Cherry
Miska Sandorffy.....Reginald Mason
Toni Teleky.....John B. Hollis

Judging the merits of a translation is like looking for a dime at the bottom of a rippling pool. Disturbances on the surface mask and blur the shape of what we wish to see. The dime sometimes seems a dollar, sometimes it takes on the dimensions of a tin plate, and sometimes it disappears altogether. If "The Seven Sisters" were anything more than the farce that it proclaims itself, the task of trying to reconstruct the excellencies and the flavor of the original would be even more difficult than squinting at the submerged coin.

But while there are two troubled surfaces here—the piece has not only been translated, but also adapted—there is little use fishing in the troubled waters for the outlines of the original, since the methods and manners of farce are the same the world over. The original author's fidelity to Hungarian customs is of little account after all.

In farce-land there is always somebody who is deliciously fresh and amusingly impertinent, and there is always somebody else who is in trouble. The Old Lady who lived in a Shoe is already farcical to those who remember their Mother Goose. For the adapter of this foreign piece to have tried to make Mrs. Gyurkovics with her seven daughters and the problem of getting them married into an American reality would have been useless. The apparent impossibility of accomplishing this supermaternal feat is what furnishes the tragedy which is the beginning of every farce.

It is the fourth daughter who gives the necessary freshness and the fondness for practical jokes which make up the laughing material of the play. While on an escapade she meets a lieutenant who arouses in her an extreme anxiety to get her three elder sisters married—for it seems that in Hungary the first come into the cradle must be the first served at the altar. She gets these three sisters tangled up with eligible men. With one act to each of these intrigues, the end of the third act is reached, and the sudden refusal of the winsome fourth daughter to marry the man for whose sake she has been so anxious to get rid of her sisters very cleverly saves the piece from a musical comedy finale.

She just will not marry him under the stress of the circumstances that she has unwittingly fallen into herself. She makes a manifesto about the whole practice of marrying girls off as if they were tame geese being sent to market, and in general conducts herself toward the man she loves quite as the cut-to-pattern suffragette might.

But thanks to the very youngest sisters, who at other times in the play had furnished an opportunity for some sentimentality not usually expected in a farce, the tom-boy is safely united to her lieutenant.

This fourth act is only a tag to a very amusing series of mistaken identities, manipulated according to the very best of farce traditions, but by the fact that something of dramatic suspense is introduced the audience is called back to the original and fruitless attempt to see through the wavelets of adapted translation and to wonder about the dime at the bottom of the pool.

Had their been more epigrams than the one or two very good ones which seemed quite accidental, the Seven Sisters would verge on the uproarious comedy of manners. As it is, it is something more than the mere farce that makes the audience laugh at sufficiently frequent intervals. Over in Hungary, before adaptation and translation flowed over it, it may have been something of a satire on a national habit that puts laughable burdens on the shoulders of the local mothers.

Anyway, the dime at the bottom of the pool is genuine, and the shapes it takes under scrutiny are well worth seeing and laughing over.

'THE WOODSMAN'

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE. "The Woodsman," by Robert Stodart, for the first time on any stage. The cast:

Desera Strong.....John Craig
Lerson Maniere.....Robert M. Middlemass
Benjamin Massecar.....George Hassell
Francis Blake.....Walter Walker
Errol Sheppard.....Leslie Palmer
Dion Carville.....Al Roberts
Jacques Fontaine.....Morgan Wallace
John Hinton.....A. L. Hickey
Caleb Axtell.....A. B. Clark
Bessie Hartwell.....Mabel Montgomery
Caroline Weatherly.....Mabel Colcord
Mazie.....Maude Richmond
Helen Blake.....Mary Young

The material here offered is scanty for the purposes of a four-act play, serious in purpose and dealing with the great human emotions—love, hate and revenge. The author has extended his work by the use of what he is doubtless pleased to consider comedy, but which more nearly resembles farce. He has drawn out the first two acts much beyond the limits of fair consideration. In the opening act more time is taken to introduce the minor characters than their importance warrants. The effort to enliven the scene by frequent and sudden entrances and exits does not succeed. The effect is more to distract the attention.

The people pop in and out incessantly and fill the time without materially advancing the story. Not until the third act begins, with the uprising curtain disclosing a mountain top scene of effective strength does the audience begin to thrill with appreciation of this attempt to carry the thought back to the elemental things of nature. This third act, alone, is enough to justify the attempt that Mr. Stodart has made. While speaking in entire praise of the best of the playwright's work the poetic quality of some of the lines must not be passed by.

It must have been this element in the work that led Manager Craig to look favorably upon the new play and to take the pains for its excellent mounting. A single good introductory act instead of the two verbose ones and an improved closing act would make this play a serious claimant for permanent regard. In its present form its friends can hardly expect much success. The Castle Square Theatre surely is entitled to no small praise for giving it the present setting.

The story is that of a Maine guide who loves and is beloved, who is opposed by a conventional villain, who suffers the disgrace of suspicion, and who finally comes triumphantly through the ordeal and gains the expected reward. Romance in the deep woods is not a new subject for story or drama. Far removed from the homes and associations of civilized life, romance naturally depends more upon the mental states of the persons concerned than on the external surroundings. In books and plays any one can enjoy the romance of nature unadorned and untamed. In reality nature in the roughest is apt to lose its charm for the general.

Plays based on nature's roughness must be idealized, and only in the third act of this play has the author measurably met the idealizing need. It would have been better had the first act been set in a more realistic picture of the Maine woods in the fishing season. The rainbow hues of the foliage might have been left out, also the more than tropical glory of the abundant flowers in full bloom surrounding the woods camp.

As to the acting it must be said that Mr. Craig has rarely been seen to better advantage than as the guide and hero. The strength and beauty of much in his lines were fully brought out. Miss Young, after the opening scene, was praiseworthy.

Especially good was her method in the trying scene upon the mountain top by night, where Helen and her lover were in a world apart. Mr. Middlemass seemed somewhat out of harmony with his part, in fact he almost approached a good natured blackguard in the attempt to enact an almost impossible villain. Mr. Walker was effective as the heroine's father, and Mr. Wallace won recognition for sertnuous effort as a renegrade and afterwards repentant half-breed Indian.

The audience yesterday afternoon showed much appreciation of the play. It will be continued through the week.

BIG BILL AT KEITH'S

Miss Irene Franklin Heads Program Full of Good Things.

Miss Irene Franklin with a full line of character songs, all of her own composition, head-lines the bill at Keith's this week. Miss Franklin is always excellent and likewise a big hit. She was both of these last night as usual and even after giving five songs from her repertoire of 13 upon the program was called in front of the curtain again and again. Here and there, from different parts of the house came cries for "Redhead, Redhead," one of Miss Franklin's greatest favorites, but she only smiled and shook her head. Burt Green, president of the "Only a Husband's" Club, presides at the piano, while Miss Franklin is upon the stage; also while she is making her changes of character costumes.

Sidney Drew, with a rather pretentious company that includes among other Lionel Barrymore and S. Rankin Drew, presented an original farce entitled "Stalled." 'Tis the tale of the trials of a prospective groom and best man who fail to keep a somewhat important engagement because of the embarrassing breakdown of their machine. The automobile is right there on the stage, too, and is cranked, starts and stops in full view of the audience. Finally after they abandon all effort to get their own car into running order again a searching party which, of course, includes the worried, distracted bride-to-be, appears, and in a wild auto dash a country jus-

tice o fthe peace pronounces the necessary words and the curtain falls amid tremendous applause.

Another large success upon last night's card was Nonette, the singing gypsy violinist, who has been scoring triumph after triumph throughout the Middle West. Personally attractive, possessing a sweet voice and much ability with the violin, Nonette delighted her audience last night. Music has a predominating place upon this week's program, for in addition to Miss Franklin and Nonette there are the Bison City Four, a quartet that long ago earned favor with Boston vaudeville-goers, and the Windsor Trio, the members of which have particularly effective voices.

Al Carlton—he of the pipe-stem limbs—in an original monologue; Hastings & Wilson, billed as the "acrobatic humorists"; the O'Kuras, direct from the Orient, in a foot-juggling and pedestal balancing act, are other numbers of the week's program. The bill concludes with the Flying Martins, the most daring of all aerialists.

Next week, at Keith's, there is to be a revival of the old time variety show, in which such favorites as Mrs. Annie Yeamans, Maggie Cline, Lottie Gilson, Ward & Curran, Gus Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and Fox & Ward are some of those to appear.

LIVE MELODRAMA

"Woman Against Woman" Pleases at Grand Opera House.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — "Woman Against Woman," by Frank Harvey. The cast:

John Tressider.....Chester de Vonde
Phil Tressider.....Paul Webster
Sir Henry Chesterton.....John Darcy
Gilbert Craven.....Edward Fox
Hilton.....George Spencer
Rachael Westwood.....Eileen Goodwin
Hirlm.....Louie G. Winn
Deborah Barton.....Gertrude Blanchard
Bessie Barton.....Grace Van Auker

The triumph of good over evil is well depicted in Frank Harvey's play, "Woman Against Woman." The story is that of a young wife who, in her efforts to save her sister from ruin and disgrace, becomes estranged from a husband she loves devotedly by the envious slanderling of a former friend. However, the death of her child leads to explanations and her husband, learning of her innocence, quickly makes amends.

The sister is saved from disgrace and marries a young nobleman. The leading parts are well taken by Chester de Vonde and Grace Van Aucker, and the entire cast supports them with an enthusiasm that holds the audience from the start.

MME. DESTINN IN "BUTTERFLY"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly," by Puccini. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Butterfly .....Mme. Destinn
Sharpless .....Mr. Polese
Suzuki .....Miss Swartz
Kate .....Miss De-Courcy
Pinkerton .....Mr. Jadlowker
Goro .....Mr. Giaccone
Samadori .....Mr. Pulcini

One finds it difficult to explain the allure of "Madama Butterfly" when the work was first produced at La Scala, and the comparatively recent date of the "première" serves only to increase the difficulty of explaining. Realism in art, in one form or another, has for more than a decade been almost a condition precedent to the applause of the modern individual. In consequence, when music comes to be less occupied with its own proper harmonies than in working miracles of suggestiveness and in telling instrumental tales, one is led to assume that it satisfies the requirements of modern art.

Within this conception, "Madama Butterfly" is easily one of the most distinguished examples of modern art. It contains all those tone pictures which many modern composers have labored for. But, in addition, Puccini is more poetical than his contemporaries, and his purpose is not suggestiveness for its own sake, but suggestiveness for the sake of melody. There is exquisite melody in his descriptions, and those descriptions are uttered in song rather than in an exhaustive orchestration. So frequently, at the representation of some more modern operas, not excepting even Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," one is required to disregard, if one can, an absorbing theme which is being developed in the rear of the footlights to direct one's interest to the orchestration to which the composer has consecrated his best efforts. In such case the opera scarcely serves its own purpose.

If one is to judge at all from repeated hearing of the opera, "Madama Butterfly" by reason of its melodious vocal descriptions, such as Pinkerton's piquant melody descriptive of Butterfly, the famous love duet of the first act, the song of the child in the last act, defeats all possibility of lack of interest in the vocal score.

Mme. Destinn, it will be interesting to note, sang Butterfly when the opera was first successfully produced in London in 1905. It is not difficult to find cause for her success in the role. Whereas those who seek the opera for witnessing dramatic perfection might find some slight warrant for censuring, the more judicious lovers of music applauded her last evening as a consummate singer of sustained melody. The scoring of "Madama Butterfly" has been said to be very Italian; that is, the doubling of the melody in higher or lower octaves, with some lack of richness in the minor parts.

If then there was some perceptible absence of phrasing or blending in the reading of Mme. Destinn it must be attributed to the rapid transitions that are written into the score. Certain it is that her voice last evening revealed extraordinary beauties, in the quality of its timbre and the richness of its tones. The most fruitful opportunities, of course, are found in the duet of the first act and the sombre reiteration of the same theme in the song to the child in the last act. Mme. Destinn betrayed a wealth of vocal resourcefulness in her differentiated readings of the two passages.

Mr. Jadlowker was the Pinkerton There is no lack of dramatic fervor in his performance. Indeed, at times, there was a tendency toward overemphasis that marred a proper blending of tones. But, for the rest, he was in splendid voice. Apparently Mr. Jadlowker excels in the more lyrical passages, especially when there is occasion for the use of a clear and delicately developed lower register.

The Sharpless of Mr. Polese was not so successful. There are occasions when his voice betrays more than satisfying clearness. Last evening, however, there was some difficulty in overcoming a certain vocal bluntness. Mr. Giaccone's Goro is admirably conceived, while Miss Swartz betrays more and more sonority and volume as was evidenced in the trio of the last act. Mr. Moranzoni was judicious in his direction of crescendos.

The opera was mounted with the usual exactness as to detail.

"Thais" will be produced on Wednesday evening for the first time at the Boston Opera House. Mme. Brozia and Mr. Riddez will sing here for the first time, and Mr. Clement will take the part of Nicias.

On Thursday evening there will be an extra performance when Mme. Eames will make her only appearance in "Tosca" this season.

The cast will be as follows:

Floria Tosca, Mme. Eames; Cavaradossi, Mr. Gaudenzi; Scarpia, Mr. Scotti; Angelotti, Mr. Sill; Il Sagrestano, Mr. Tavecchia; Spoletta, Mr. Giaccone; Un Pastore, Miss De Courcy. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

HAROLD BAUER PLAYS

Gives Long Piano Recital in Jordan Hall.

Harold Bauer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann, "Kreisleriana" (dedicated to Chopin); Liszt, Sonata in B minor (dedicated to Schumann); Schumann, Fantasia (dedicated to Liszt); Chopin, Ballade in F (dedicated to Schumann); Etudes Opus 10, Nos. 3, 4 and 12 (dedicated to Liszt). There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The program, formidable in length and calculated to tax to the utmost the endurance of the player, was destined to show the close musical relationship which existed between the composers represented, while the recent celebration of the Liszt centenary made its performance of unusual interest and peculiarly fitting.

As was to be expected, Mr. Bauer was more than equal to the exigencies of the occasion. His is an imposing technique, which has been refined to a high degree of polished mechanism. Yet the musical interpretation of a work is never sacrificed by him in order that he may the more prominently emphasize his pianistic skill and, in fact, so easily does he surmount the difficulties of intricate passages that they are invariably lost sight of in the imaginativeness of his playing.

The variety of moods represented in the compositions played yesterday afternoon, the sharp transitions from the declamatory, the rhetorically emphatic, to the frankly lyric, from restless disquietude to romantic pensiveness, all these were admirably rendered.

In his performance of "Kreisleriana" Mr. Bauer remained for the most part conventional, nor with the exception of the last four movements did the work inspire the listener with the desire for a second hearing. But the pianist gave a memorable rendering of the Sonata by Liszt as he did of Schumann's Fantasia, while the ensuing Ballade and Etudes were given with surpassing excellence.

Someone writing from Boston to the New York Sun chants the praise of men who wear without fear of molestation the Kossuth hat. Men have worn this sort of hat since 1851-52, he says, and there are manufacturers of it here who do their work openly and in the day time.

Kossuth Slighted.

It is a singular fact that the New English dictionary and some other dictionaries of importance do not recognize the Kossuth hat, though they admit cardigan, raglan, tagliont, mackintosh, etc. Probably few today call what is traditionally known as the Kossuth hat a Kossuth, and some dictionary makers might answer, "we might as well admit a 'Robert Burns' or 'President Arthur' cigar."

Nor do Farmer and Henley seem to know anything about the Kossuth, though they give curious information about other hats and meanings of the word "hat" in slang. George Augustus Sala once wrote a little book, "The Hats of Humanity, Historically, Humorously and Aesthetically Considered; A Homily." He wrote it for a Manchester hatter named James Gee. And Sala, who wrote fluently about everything and knew many things, does not allude to the Kossuth, although he refers to the Garibaldi—"an unmistakable 'pork pie' picked up by Garibaldi during his campaigns in South America, precisely as his red flannel shirt was borrowed from the ordinary attire of the American merchant seaman." Sala also refers to the McClellan, the confederate wide awake, Jim Crow and rip-rap. Perhaps the slight was deliberate, for in a footnote to the "Preliminary Discourse" Sala says: "I may here state, once for all, that I only recognize in a modified degree as hats the modern 'wide awakes,' 'Jim Crows,' 'pork pies' and other varieties of what the Americans call 'soft' hats; things which you can sit upon, double up, and put in your pocket. A real hat, a hat of authority, should, to my thinking, be stiff, cylindrical, raven black or milky white, and shiny." Sala italicizes "shiny."

Gossip About Hats.

As for the round, low-crowned hat—generally of soft felt and with a broad brim. It is known in England as the billy cock, and Dr. Murray, admitting it to the New English Dictionary, says it is apparently the same as "bully cocked," a hat worn after the fashion of the bullies or hectoring blades of the 18th century. Thus do deep thinkers sometimes flounder in derivations. This variety of hat was first made for Billy Coke, or William Coke, and worn by him at the shooting parties at Holkham in the early fifties. If Dr. Murray is correct the hat is much older, for this description of an Oxford dandy was published in 1721: "When he walks the street he is easily distinguished by a stiff silk gown, which rustles in the wind, as he struts along; a flaxe tie-wig, or sometimes a long natural one, which reaches down below his waist; a broad bully-cocked hat, or a square cap of above twice the usual size; white stockings, thin Spanish leather shoes; his clothes lined with tawdry silk, and his shirt ruffled down the bosom as well as at the wrists. Besides all which marks, he has a delicate jaunt in his gait and smells very philosophically of essence."

The derby in England is called also a bowler, and it is said Coke's first hatter was William Bowler. The gibus, opera hat, collapsible crush hat, accordeon, was named after its inventor. It is a convenient hat, but it is now apparently out of fashion, not the correct thing. Over 50 years ago one E. Forbes in "Literary Papers" stated with crushing force: "No man in a gibus ever commanded public awe or private respect."

But how about the green Tyrolean hat which Edward VII. made fashionable in 1907?

And is it true that while plug hats are now the correct thing in this country, they are less and less worn in England even on formal occasions except by Americans?

"Mazeppa" Menken Again.

Apropos of the recent allusions in this column to Ada (or Adah) Isaacs Menken. Sala wrote in his "Life and Adventures" that when he knew Lola Montes she wished him to be her biographer, starting with the assumption that she was a daughter of the famous Spanish matador, Montes. "It was a hallucination which, curiously enough, was afterwards, to a certain extent, shared by Ada Isaacs Menken, who had the idea that her real name was Dolores and that her father had been distinguished in the Iberian bull-ring."

There are recollections of "Mazeppa" Menken in "The Spice of Life," by "Thormanby," published recently. He has seen "the duke" mount horse at Apsley; he knew Livingstone, ran a musical and dramatic review and obtained a "scoop" over Mabel Grey, was on speaking terms with the waiters in taverns now long closed, and the beauties, like Miss Saddington, who sat at the receipt of custom. One night he saw Sayers and Heenan in a box at the opera, "and the opera went for nothing."

Neglected Children.

Not long ago a man, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte was playing in a drama with Napoleon as the hero in the English provinces. A man calling himself Henri Bonaparte and claiming to be the son of Napoleon III., applied a fortnight or so ago to the Marseilles police for a hospital ticket. He was the junior of the Prince Imperial by 12 years. There is a story that Louis Napoleon became the father of two children, boys, when he was a prisoner at Ham. The mother was Alexandrine Vergeot, a maker of sabots, who married Louis Napoleon's foster brother and died at Paris in 1886.

The most remarkable story, however, is that of a son said to be born on the island of St. Helena to Napoleon. The mother was a middle aged washer woman with beautiful hair, who in 1821 went to London, where she married a clock maker named Gordon. She and her son by Napoleon came to the United States and settled in New London, Conn. The son grew up and went into newspaper work and politics. He is described as bearing a close resemblance to his father, close mouthed in speech, yet under the influence of strong drink he would grow expansive. It is said that he died May 25, 1886, at San Francisco, where he is buried. Is all this simply a legend?

Why Should We?

The Herald has received a singular letter from "W. F. P.": "You should publish the inclosed extract from Lord Curzon's 'Persia and the Persians.' I am sure your readers will appreciate it."

We have not the child-like faith of our correspondent, but as the motto of nearly everybody today is: "We strive to please," here goes:

"Mianeh is the traditional headquarters and favorite hunting ground of the redoubtable Gherib-Gez, or Argas Persicus, and appealing stories are here related of its achievements: Its bite, which is dangerous, and alleged sometimes to be fatal to strangers, is foolishly said to have no effect upon the natives, although they occasionally guard against its possible consequences by a system of homeopathic inoculation, which consists in administering the insect itself to the new arrival wrapped up in a piece of bread. The creature is but little larger than the European bug, but is of a dark gray color, with little red spots on its back.

'A favorite prescription of the Persian practitioner, should anyone have been bitten, is to make the patient drink off a bowl of sour milk, then to place him in a seat suspended by cords to the ceiling, and twisting these, to spin round as they unwind until he is violently sick; by which heroic treatment the poison is supposed to be effectively expelled. Another remedy is to wrap the bitten part in the still warm skin of a newly killed bullock."

Dec 26 1911

CONCERT GIVEN BY KNEISELS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet gave the second concert of its 27th season last evening in Steinert Hall. Harold Bauer was the pianist. The program included Mozart's quartet in C major; Saint-Saens's sonata in C minor for piano and 'cello, op. 32; Brahms's piano quintet in F minor. There was a large and heartily applausive audience.

The Kneisels have long been famous for the purity and the taste displayed in their performance of Mozart's music. Last evening they apparently did not appreciate the excellent acoustic properties of the hall. Everything in the music was too much in the foreground, even the mysterious opening that for years vexed the pedants; even the marvellous passage in the andante that may be classed with the Statue music of "Don Giovanni" in its suggestion of the unearthly. For Steinert Hall, there was seldom a true and sustained piano, while that which probably seemed forte to the players was fortissimo to the hearers.

Not only was the music thus swollen out of proportion, but the performance was not characterized by euphony. The tonal quality was not so agreeable as usual; frequently it was almost coarse, as though the Kneisels were endeavoring to do justice to the work of some modern second-rate composer, some earnest soul with a mighty purpose and ears that were not sensitive. The music of Mozart is not of this gross texture. Hazlitt shrewdly said that it should come as on the air and depart with it.

It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. Bauer in chamber music. He gave last evening with Mr. Willeke an interesting reading of Saint-Saens's sonata, which may fairly be reckoned among the ingenious and assimilative Frenchman's most imaginative works. In the first and third movements Saint-Saens, who is generally serene and equable, actually waxes passionate. It is true that in the second movement he goes back to the choral for a subject. His devotion to the choral in absolute music can be likened only to the mutual affection of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber or the memorable devotion to the American flag shown by

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the late Col. Yell of Y[illegible] on all occasions [illegible] or trying.

But what an admirable sonata this is in musical contents and in workmanship! Mr. Willeke at times, especially in the Finale, gave the audience more wood than strings but on the whole he played expressively and in sustained melodies displayed a rich and beautiful tone. Mr. Bauer, who is getting to be more and more of a draughtsman than a colorist, played in the finest musical spirit and with technical mastery.

The concert ended to the joy of the Brahmsites with a performance of "the master's" piano quintet. They that have taken the highest degree in the Brahms lodge insist that this quintet is colossal, and they have something to say about the mantle of Beethoven falling on Johannes. Brahms first wrote the quintet as a string quintet with two 'celli. He showed it to Joachim, who shook his head and said it would not do. Then Brahms remodelled it as a sonata for two pianos and played it—with Tausig, if I am not mistaken. Others said that the new version would not do. Then he achieved the present work, and the faithful said that it was good.

The third concert of the series will be on Jan. 9.

King Alfonso is, perhaps, only the shrewd press agent of the Infanta Eulalie, and will share in the profits. Yet her book is not scandalous. What if Queen Isabella had written her Memoirs? Eulalie! 'Tis a euphonious name. How did the old song go?

Bluebirds linger here awhile,
O'er this sacred, grassy pile,
Sing your sweetest songs to me
'Tis the grave of Eulalie!
Roses white, around her tomb,
Gently wave, and sweetly bloom,
Let your silent language be,
We will bloom for Eulalie!

CHORUS
(and with great expression)
Let your silent language be,
"'Tis the grave of Eulalie."

The choir will omit the next two verses.

But the Spanish Eulalie is very much alive, and writes about honesty, divorce, friendship, the family, etc., etc.

Memoirs by Another.

Did the Infanta Eulalie write the book unaided? Brahms once said—he was always saying rude and disagreeable things—that the music by a prince—opera or symphony or chamber work—should always be spoken of respectfully for there was no knowing who had composed it. The memoirs of many singers and theatre people have been written by friends or newespaper men. The author of Michael Kelly's amusing "Reminiscences" was Theodore Hook. Marie Colombier's outrageous book about Sarah Bernhardt was written by Paul Bonnetain, the author of a singularly disgusting novel. Pauline Markham's autobiography is attributed to Richard Grant White. That delightful book of gossip, "Souvenirs de Mlle. Duthe," was written by the Baron Lamothe-Langon. The "Memoires de Mme. Judith" of the Comedie Francaise has just been published. It abounds in entertaining gossip, with anecdotes characterized by a lack of reserve. The author is Gsell. Mme. Judith tells us that George Sand was a dirty person in appearance when she knew her. Her hair was as greasy as that of a gypsy on the highway. Her dress was shabby, but Mme. Judith has the grace to add that George Sand denied herself luxuries, and even comforts, for the sake of her children and poor people, to whom she was always charitable. There is a description of her conducting the rehearsal of one of her plays, sitting astride a chair or with her feet on another chair, while she smoked a clay pipe. Let us hope it was a true T D. There is a more agreeable sketch of the Duc de Morny, who for years set the fashion in Paris. One day he forgot to button the upper part of his waistcoat, and for over a week all men wishing to be "tres correct" went about with waistcoats unbuttoned.

It is said that Queen Victoria was assisted in writing "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" and that Sir Theodore Martin was the collaborator. The book by the Saxon princess, which was published recently, reads as though she had been unaided in the pleasant task of roasting the members of the court at Dresden. Certainly the too celebrated tutor did not have a hand in it, nor did Mr. Toselli, the passionate pianist.

A Parlor Lion.

We commend to the attention of Mrs. Leo Hunter and all restless persons who wish to decorate their parlors with a "guest of honor," Mr. James Berry, who was official hangman in the British Isles for many years. Some time ago he was converted to the Wesleyan faith and persuaded that hanging men and women was hardly the occupation for a devout man. He forgot that in the good old times the pious of one sect found it the chief duty of a Christian to torture and burn alive the equally pious of another sect.

But Mr. Berry, now visiting the United States, is still proud of his neatness and dispatch as a public officer. A sensitive person, he condemns the electric chair as horrible. Inasmuch as he has written two books—reminiscences with chapters of advice to rising young executioners—the Authors' Club might well give him a reception when he visits Boston, but he should be requested to bring with him a piece of the five-eighths-inch rope which he adjusted so skilfully in his glorious days.

Black and White.

Mr. Leonidas G. Stearns writes to The Herald asking whether a man who wears a series of cravats, changing each day, donning, for example, a green one on Monday, a lavender one on Tuesday, orange on Wednesday, variegated chintz on Thursday and so on, should be condemned as a frivolous or dandical person.

We believe, Mr. Stearns, in variety and individuality in the wearing of cravats. The male dress, especially in Boston, is distressingly uniform and monotonous. The comedian Bach, who created the part of John Styx in Offenbach's "Orphee aux Enfers," grotesque on the stage, presented an ascetic appearance in the street. He had evolved a theory concerning cravats. He explained this theory to a friend: "I buy two cravats which last me a year: one white, the other black. In the last six months the white becomes black through wear, and the black a pure white, also through wear."

Dr. Holmes once sang:

Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.

He laid too much stress on the importance of the hat. Some think a fancy waistcoat should set the pitch for the costume. Others, and they are men of authority, insist that the cravat should determine the costume of the day. Anyone who treats the subject of the cravat with due respect should have a fine sense of color and nuances. The shocking taste often displayed by otherwise estimable citizens is no doubt due to the fact that they are color blind. An enthusiast should begin with at least 31 cravats, one for each day of the month, and the majority should be of generous length and width, easily tied by the wearer in a loose knot and with flowing ends. The wisp or shoe-string variety is hopelessly out of date even with western statesmen, who still delight in leg boots.

HARVARD BOYS IN GERMAN PLAY

"Der Ungleubige Thomas," a farce in three acts by Laufs and Jacoby, was performed last evening at Jordan Hall by the Deutsche Verein of Harvard University.

Ignaz Doell.....G. Priester, Sp.
Adelheid.....Mrs. F. W. Stuart
Franzirka.....Mrs. R. Nagel
Emmy.....Miss Elsbeth Stormer
Neugebauer.....E. J. Hubermann, uC.
Therese.....Mrs. H. H. Hartung
Doktor Puschel.....E. L. Hackes, '14
Gustav Wenglein.....G. D. Huncke, '12 1G.
Johann Jakob Allendorf.E. A. Duncker, '14
Leopold Schimmel.....H. R. Habicht, '13
Doktor Paul Wagner.....E. F. Lange, uC.
Lisbeth.....Miss C. Hackebarth

A friendly audience, fair in size, gave marked expression to its enjoyment of the performance. Appropriate music was played under the direction of R. C. Givler.

The Doubting Thomas in the question was one Ignaz Doell, a simple soul, whose chief delight appeared to lie in the adorning of his person in gaudy house-coats, and whose honest contempt for the belief in spiritualism rampant in his family led to marital bickerngs and an ensuing desire on his part to resume his days of early freedom. Incidentally, he is informed by a nephew that it is possible through hypnotism to render the person hypnotized utterly oblivious to his past. Gleefully Doell submits to the experiment, which he pretends has been effectual, and to the horror of his wife and children leaves the house, bent on adventures.

Upon his return home after a night of revelry his family overwhelm him with attentions, and in the face of his continued aberration, spiritualism and the distracted nephew who has worked the spell are roundly abused.

The deception is discovered, however, by the wily Dr. Wagner, an unfavored suitor of Doell's daughter, who, threatening disclosure, wins his suit, and at the same time, to all appearances, restores Doell's memory.

Mr. Priester as Doell played with assurance and spontaneity; Mr. Huncke as Gustav was delightfully boyish, while Mr. Hacker gave an unusually clever characterization of Dr. Paschell, the explosive and inflammable scientist. Mrs. Stuart was a model of matronly dignity and wifely solicitude, while the others in the cast rendered excellent support.

The farce will be performed at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Dec. 14.

Dec 7 1911

Scenery and Costumes Pleasure to the Eye—The "Meditation" Wins Applause.

GREET NEWCOMERS WARMLY

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Massenet's "Thais" performed for the first time at this opera house by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, managing director. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Nicias.....Mr. Clement
Athanael.....Mr. Riddez
Palemon.....Mr. Lonkow
Un Serviteur.....Mr. Barreau
Thais.....Mme. Brozia
Crobyle.....Miss Fisher
Myrtale.....Miss Swartz
Albine.....Mme. Claessens
La Charmeuse.....Miss Scotney

"Thais" was performed for the first time in Boston by Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House company at the Boston Theatre March 30, 1909, when Miss Garden and Messrs. Renaud and Valles were the chief singers. Mr. Campanini conducted. It was performed again in April. There was another performance on April 2, 1910, when the chief singers were Miss Garden and Messrs. Renaud and Lucas. Mr. de la Fuente then conducted.

The story of Thais, or Thaisis, is a very old one. It was told in De Voragine's "Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints," how "Thaisis, as it is read in Vitas Patrum, was a common woman, and of so great beauty that many followed her and sold all their substance, that they came unto to the utterest poverty. And they that were her lovers fought for her and strove for jealousy, so that they otherwhile slew each other, and thereof her house was oft full of blood of young men that drew to her." And the writer also told of the holy abbot Pafuntius, who went to a city of Egypt and there had a strange meeting with Thais; and she repented and burnt all those goods that she had won with sin, and went with the abbot to a monastery of virgins, where she was closed in a cell and the door was sealed with lead. And there she mourned her sins and died and then rested in our Lord.

Long before this "Golden Legend" was written in the 13th century, Hroswita, abbess of Gandersheim, wrote a naive "Comedy" in which Marie, the niece of the holy Abraham, became a sinner in a city of Syria and was there saved by the anchorite who went in search of her.

M. Anatole France pondered these old legends—he wrote delightfully about Hrotswitha's little drama—and then produced his "Thais," a masterpiece of irony and pyrrhonism. His monk, however, is carnally inflamed when Thais is already a saint on earth. When the virgins intone "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel" after her death, their voices stick in their throats. "They had seen the face of the monk, and they fled in their fear, crying, 'A vampire! a vampire!' He had become so hideous that in passing his hand over his face he felt its ugliness."

M. France might have said with Charles Reade when he was accused of plundering Erasmus and other writers for scenes and dialogue of "The Cloister and the Hearth": "I milked a hundred cows; the cream is my own." For the most striking pages of M. France's "Thais" are of his own invention; as the long conversation between Nicias and the other banqueters concerning philosophy, religion and the conduct of life; as the cruelly ironic ending.

The dominating note of the romance, which is irony, was of little value to a composer of operas, nor did the librettist, Gallet, endeavor to reproduce the lambent style of M. Anatole France. Gallet and Massenet—hte latter especially—saw in the novel one leading subject: the sharp contrast between spiritual love and sensuality. The courtesan in her splendor who repents and is then loved with a brutal passion by her saviour, appealed at once to Massenet, who for a time was a pornographer in opera, and always erotic in the musical expression of religious or quasi-religious exaltation.

Then there was the opportunity for scenic display with the contrasts between the desert and Alexandria, the luxurious city; between the boudoir of the courtesan and the home of the virgins; between the vision of Thais, half naked, miming Aphrodite before a panting throng, and the celestial vision.

And there was the voluptuous beauty of Miss Sibyl Sanderson for whom Massenet had already written his "Esclarmonde."

The romance, the libretto and the music are well known. It is not necessary to dwell upon the peculiar characteristics of the opera; to comment on much that is sugary and much that is frankly operetta-like; to dilate on the fact that this music is lyric rather than dramatic, or to point out that the "Meditation," which is supposed to express the soul of Thais in the process of conversion, is a tune essentially worldly. Let us speak of the performance itself.

Two new members of the company were heard in Boston for the first time, Mme. Brozia and Mr. Riddez.

Mme. Brozia has an agreeable voice, pure in quality, flexible, and well suited to simplicity of expression. The voice is not a large one, but it carries easily even in light parlando passages. Mme. Brozia sang freely and with much taste. She did not attempt to swell Massenet's lyrical music into dramatic bursts. She realized the fact that this Thais is not cast in heroic mould; she is not a complex character; she is, as far as the libretto and the music go, a "petite femme," amiable, amorous; vexed as a child when the Monk does not at once fall at her feet; easily persuaded to abandon the world as soon as she is assured that she will be beautiful forever and not merely for a few years.

And as Mme. Brozia sang the music, so she acted the part. She was always within the frame. As the courtesan, not too flamboyant, never arrogant in her sway over poor mortals, not too demonstrative, so conscious of her power that she did not stoop to a common seduction scene. As the penitent, not too remorseful but simple. Childlike, sure of the future, happy in the thought that her beauty would never fade. Thus she was in accord with librettist and musician. There were some particularly charming moments, as in the scene with Athanael before he dashed the statuette to the ground; as in the Oasis when she quenched her thirst and sang with the Monk ready to forget his holy mission.

Nor did Mme. Brozia, a handsome woman, rely on any undue exposure of her body to excite admiration and compel applause. A prudish Thais would be grotesque; a Thais who puts her trust wholly in her curves and is more confident of herself undraped than of her vocal or dramatic skill would soon become a bore.

Mr. Riddez is a singer who is effective by the manner in which he uses his voice rather than by the voice itself. He employs it first of all to gain dramatic results. In piano passages, as in the above mentioned duet with Mme. Brozia, his tones were pleasing. In robust measures the tones were not of a sensuous quality, and when they were forced they were strident. But Mr. Riddez seldom was guilty of undue emphasis. Like Mme. Brozia, he suggested a reserve force. He bore himself well, and acted without extravagance a part that might easily tempt one to melodramatic exhibitions.

Mr. Clement had a thankless task. The music given to Nicias is inconspicuous, except when it is more suited to operetta than grand opera. What he had to sing he sang with taste, and he acted the part of the high-bred reveller in the becoming spirit. Mr. Lankow's voice ennobled the music of Palemon. Crobyle and Myrtale were well portrayed by Miss Fisher and Miss Swartz, operetta characters with operetta music.

The performance was interesting by reason of the first appearance of the new singers, and because of the sumptuous production.

The scenes and costumes were a pleasure to the eye, but they were described at length in The Herald of yesterday. The Terrace at Alexandria and the Oasis were perhaps the most effective, although the chamber of Thais was artistically conceived.

The stage management was excellent. The monk's vision of Thais, the play actress, showing herself to the applauding crowd, was singularly well managed. The entrance of Thais in the following scene, the animation of the crowd with the music for La Charmeuse and chorus, and the anger of the mob against the monk departing with Thais—these were features of the performance. The management of lights in this last scene should not be overlooked. Miss Galli danced with more abandon than on former occasions and was more warmly appreciated.

Mr. Caplet gave a careful reading of the score, not forgetting in his care for finesse in the detail to preserve the continuity of the orchestral flow. The "Meditation" aroused the heartiest applause of the evening. The new comers were warmly greeted, and after the second act there were many curtain calls.

The opera on Friday night will be "La Boheme." Mme. Ferrabini of the Montreal Opera House, who sang in Boston at Leoncavallo's concerts in Symphony Hall, will make her first appearance here in opera. The other chief singers will be Mme. Camporelli and Messrs. Constantino, Polese, Mardones and Pulcini. Mr. Goodrich will conduct.

ENGLISH PIANIST

Leonard Borwick Makes His First Appearance in Boston at Recital.

By PHILIP HALE.

Leonard Borwick, pianist, made his first appearnce in Boston yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. There was

with the

small but warmly appreciative au-
lience. The program was as follows:

Bach, Fugue in G minor and Choral Prelude, "Sleepers, Awake!" for organ, arranged for ho piano by Borwick; Graun, Gigue in B at minor; Sgambati, Gavotte in A flat minor, o. 14; Scarlatti-Tausig, Capriccio in E ma-or; Beethoven, Sonata op. 111; Chopin, Bar-arolle and Scherzo No. 3; Paderewski, Theme arie; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C sharp mi-or; Moszkowski, Etude de Concert op. 24, o. 1.

Mr. Borwick, born in England in 1868, as trained as a pianist from his early hildhood. In 1883 he went to Frankfort, here he studied with Clara Schumann. n 1889 he made his first appearance in ublic. Since then he has enjoyed the eputation in Europe of being a pianist f marked gifts and acquirements, a usician that respects his art. He has iven concerts in Germany, France, reat Britain and Scandinavia, and often layed with Joachim and his quartet. aving visited Australia this summer, e came to the Pacific coast and gave oncerts early in the season with pro-ounced success.

He is evidently a serious pianist, but in is instance serious is not synonymous ith dull. He is something more than "intellectual" pianist, for he has illiant virtuoso qualities. His technic sure and free. While he is not a arm colorist, his style is often fervid; is always sincere, that is to say, it is t possible to think of him as playing erely for the sake of effect. His taste pure and his interpretations are oughtfully conceived.

Bach wrote so much music for the ano that transcriptions of his organ rks may well be looked on with spicion if not abhorrence. Mr. Bor-ck's arrangements are less obnoxious an many to which we all have been ced to submit. There has been a ave endeavor to preserve the spirit of e composition without too deliberate itation of the organ. The arrange-nts served to display the fine poly-onic playing of the pianist. The per-mance of the lesser Fugue in G nor was a beautiful example of clar-in the exposition and in the en-nces of the subject; there was al-ys a sense of proportion; there was certain individuality and agreeable-s of tone.

raun's Gigue, which is not well own here, was played brilliantly and h a speed that impressed but was not ggerated. The performance of Sgam-i's Gavotte was charming in every y, and that of the middle section, h its deml-tints and old-world grace, s one of the chief features of the cert. The reading of the sonata was spicuous for its breadth, depth and ity. The continuity of the compos-thought was clearly indicated, and once the sonata did not seem to be arate sections bound together with-reason.

r. Borwick is evidently a believer "the heroic Chopin," for he played Barcarolle and Scherzo in the t robust fashion. There was ngth, there was brilliance, but re was little poetry in the per-nance. The Chopin that stands rt from all other composers was easily recognized.

et us hope that Mr. Borwick will t us again. He is said to be an irable player of music by Liszt Saint-Saens, and he, too, has en under the spell of Debussy. A ist like Mr. Borwick should be er known in Boston.

E. EAMES TOO ILL TO SING

na Donna Suffering from Severe Attack of Influenza.

ston's changeable climate is respon-for the sudden illness of Mme. na Eames, who was to have ap-ed tonight at the Boston Opera e as Floria Tosca in Puccini's opera. . Eugene A. Crockett has forbidden to leave her rooms for at least a night, and in consequence the extra formance of "Otello," with Mme. nes as Desdemona, which was to have en place Dec. 14, has also been aban-ed.

lme. Eames sent word to Director sell that she could not express how y she felt about being forced to give the opportunity of singing in Boston. Nobody feels more disappointed than at this unexpected turn of affairs," s Mr. Russell. "The cancellation of performances will cause much re-. I still hope that she will recover lme to sing here during the week of day the 18th."

r. Crockett sent the following state-t as to the condition of Mme. Eames: was requested to attend Mme. Eames Gogorza this afternoon, and find that is suffering from a severe attack of enza which will probably confine her e house for several days. In any case will, in my opinion, be unable to sing r tomorrow or tomorrow week."

, Carnegie recently drew up a list nen truly great and thus showed views concerning life and conduct. Edison, asked by reporters to make list, was equally entertaining. Like o, he would bar out poets, and kespeare would be admitted only use he had "a great capacity for ing original sentences." Herbert cer was a finer fellow, for he ed things by statistics and thus endeared himself to the Gradgrind family. Many will sympathize with Mr. Edison saying that he does not like "the best sellers," but enjoys the novels of Hugo and Reade and the stories of Poe. It is strange that he does not mention "L'Eve Future," by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, in which Edison is the hero, a book from which Mr. H. G. Wells perhaps learned much.

M. Pontavice de Heussey in his inaccurate biography of Villiers says that Mr. Edison appreciated the remarkable qualities of this wildly fantastical and bitterly ironical novel. M. de Rougemont asks whether Villiers, who was taken to the exposition of 1889, met Edison and adds that although friends of Villiers sent the novel to him, the inventor made no response.

The 100 Worst Books.

There are some who have a passion for making lists of the "greatest," the "best" men, books, paintings, musical compositions. There is a famous list of the 100 best books, and any one reading them night and day to the exclusion of others would be a tiresome prig. A list of the 100 worst books drawn up by a man of true critical acumen and catholic taste, a human being, would be much more to the purpose, although it would include some volumes now ranked as classic and invaluable. Charles Lamb's essay on books is too familiar for quotation. M. Anatole France alluded to Gabriel Peiquot of Dijon as a man who, writing volume after volume about books, yet wrote no book. Oscar Wilde divided books into three classes: books to read, books to reread and books not to read at all—and among the last he included Thomson's "Seasons," all John Stuart Mill except the essay on liberty, Hume's England, "all argumentative books and all books that try to prove anything." "To tell people what to read is, as a rule, either useless or harmful; for the appreciation of literature is a question of temperament not of teaching; to Parnassus there is no primer and nothing that one can learn is ever worth learning."

A Playwright's Husband.

Mr. Charles J. Meister, a mining man in Proco, Utah, purposes to sue his wife for divorce. He says that she "made a fool of him before the public" in a play which she has written and intends to produce with amateurs; that she neglected him for a year while she was writing this play.

One morning Mr. Meister complained because his breakfast consisted of cold ham, bread and milk. She replied that she was a genius and it was not the place of a genius to stand over a stove and flip buckwheat cakes. For Mr. Meister is passionately fond of buckwheat cakes, and, like Mr. John Bigelow of New York, would like to eat them every day.

When Mr. Meister, who was obliged to sew buttons on his clothes, read the manuscript of her play which he found on her dresser, he discovered that the title was "A Matrimonial Fiasco," and he was portrayed as the worthless husband. The fact that Dickens caricatured his father, mother, first sweetheart and wife in his novels did not console him. Mrs. Meister replies that if ideas come from one's own household there is no reason why they should not be used.

The Breakfast Question.

Mr. Meister has just grounds for divorce. No one that has studied carefully the question of diet will recommend a breakfast of cold ham and bread and milk. The constituents are not in harmony. Then comes up the question, ever new, ever interesting, ever vital, "What should a man eat at breakfast?"

Leigh Hunt drew up a list of articles, a list that makes the mouth water. It included as essentials, tea or cocoa, boiled eggs, buttered toast and "something potted." The two last words give the reader an opportunity to show individual taste. Hunt named other articles of food, to which Jones might assent and against which Robinson might protest—but "something potted"—there is delightful vagueness in the phrase.

We know a man who is personally conducted by his wife. She has decided views concerning health foods, food that is nutritious yet not too heating. She knows to a minute the time all eatables take for perfect digestion, from roast pork to summer squash. Her husband, a timid man, ate cheerfully for the last three or four years this breakfast: A raw apple, two slices of hard dry toast, one soft boiled egg and two spoonsful of nuts—preferably pecan or the little nuts of Italy that look like shoe pegs. He drank a glass of water on rising and took a walk round the block before sitting at table. He listened without a murmur to instructive talk about proteins. He read by chance Leigh Hunt's recommendation, his outline, a rough draught of the ideal breakfast, and his eyes filled with tears. That night he murmured in his sleep: "And something potted." But he is thoroughly housebroken and has not the spirit to rebel. We are told he now has a jar of anchovy paste and a box of crackers in a drawer of his office desk.

Uncertain Tapes.

Whether drawers are washed in the kitchen of a flat or in the lair of the laundryman, the strips that are supposed to hold them up by the aid of suspenders, are frequently broken, and there is the painful sight of a deep thinker on a street corner fishing frantically in the hope to check the uncomfortable and disconcerting descent. Who invented this system of suspension?

Dr. William Maginn contributed his Maxims to Blackwood's in 1824. They were published in book form in 1849, and there is no better, no more valuable Christmas gift to a young man willing to learn by the experience of others.

Maginn's 139th maxim is as follows:

"It was a long while ere I discovered the most convenient method of supporting my drawers. It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual schemes of looping are, all of them, liable to objections. The true way is, have two small pieces of tape placed horizontally along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper touched by the extremities of the braces; these horizontal tapes, say three inches to each, attached firmly to the substance of the waistband; and then pass the brace under the open part of the tape, before you bring it in contact with the button on the breeches. This is one of those inventions which will stand the test so long as the present general system of breeches making is retained; out that, I freely admit, appears to me to be by no means free from radical defects. The pressure comes too exclusively on particular parts of the shoulders. By a row of buttons all round this evil might be remedied. That again would involve inconveniences of quite another, though perhaps an even more distressing order. On the whole, this is a matter which modern artists have too much neglected."

And yet Mr. Edison did not name Dr. Maginn as an inventor that had benefited mankind!

Dec 8. 1911.

FLONZALEYS IN FIRST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley quartet (Messrs. Betti, Rochon, Ara and d'Archambeau) gave the first concert of its fifth season last evening in Jordan Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Haydn, Quartet in G major, op. 17, No. 3; Ravel, quartet; Boccherini, Quartet in A major, op. 33, No. 6.

This was a delightful concert both in the program and the performance. Neither the quartet by Haydn nor that of Boccherini was familiar to the great majority of the audience. Ravel's quartet was played here by the Kneisels five years ago this month. The composer revised it and the new edition was published last year.

In this quartet Ravel shows that he is by no means merely an imitator of Debussy, as some insist. In the third movement there are passages that show his influence, but it might be better said that in this work, especially in the first two movements, Ravel frankly acknowledges that he is a pupil of Gabriel Faure. These two movements are the best in contents and in workmanship. The opening one is of an exquisite poetic quality throughout. While the thematic material has a decided profile, there is nevertheless the vaporous atmosphere and the twilight effects that are dear to Faure and too often constitute the only stock-in-trade of the still younger modern Frenchmen. But Ravel has musical thoughts that are worth hearing and pondering and he expresses them with an eloquence that is based on continuous reasoning. There are daring modulations, but they are never bizarre; they are natural to the composer, not sought after anxiously and with tears. The close of this movement is of the rarest beauty.

The second movement is also of the highest excellence. The middle section is worthy of any of the greatest composers. It would seem that in these two movements Ravel had for the time exhausted his inventive faculties; for the third movement, while it has passages of moving tenderness, is a mosaic, and the "impression" is not of a whole, but of little fragments. The finals has a suave theme; the characteristic measures of the movement, what might be called the agitated measures, seem forced and essentially commonplace, although there is a wild endeavor to escape conventionality.

This quartet was played with the requisite beauty of tone, the unfailing sense of proportion and rhythmic values, the bravura and the perfect euphony that distinguish these artists, who breathe and think and speak together as one inspired.

The music of Haydn at once put the audience in the best humor, and the Adagio reminded the hearers that Haydn was something more than a man of minuets and presto finales. How delightful the music of Boccherini, particularly the Lentarello and the minuet with its enchanting trio. We do not hear enough of Boccherini's music, which reminded Champfleury of a lavender ribbon, a souvenir of love that was no more, cherished by the one that was left and treasured in an antique drawer of rosewood.

The second concert will be given on Thursday evening, Jan. 11.

"W. P. W." asks: "Who was Gabriel Peiquot of Dijon, to whom you referred on Thursday?"

"W. P. W." may well ask this question. He will look vainly for the name in books of reference. The linotype preferred this spelling. Our reference was to Gabriel Peignot, and M. Anatole France's comment on his life work was as follows: "Such a man was good, old Peignot, who gathered the opinions of authors to make books out of them. Nothing ever disturbed him. Passions were to him only subjects for curious monographs and he knew that nations perish in a certain number of octavo pages. To the day of his death he worked with unflagging zeal and without comprehending anything. This is why work was not grievous to him. He should be envied, if one can find a peaceful heart only at that price."

Spelling for the Eye.

There is talk of simplified spelling again both in this country and in England. The Daily Chronicle finds that one of the vital defects of spelling reform is this: "Words clearly appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, particularly in poetry, and indeed in prose also, provided it is above the level of the commonplace." The Chronicle quotes a celebrated passage from Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial": "But all is vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time had spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise. Miriam cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." Here is the simplified spelling of this passage: "But aul iz vanity, feeding the wind, and foly. Egyptian mumiz, which Cambysez or tiem hath spared, avaris now consumeth. Muiny is becum murchandiez. Miriam cuerz wund, and Pharaoh is soeld for baulsam."

As the Chronicle says: "We all have a certain interest in mummies and the words we use every day that are reminiscent of their origin. The very absurdity of the spelled word is its charm, for it suggests the past. And when you spell souls 'soelz' you are pulling up your words by the roots."

The Peirces Again.

"A. L. P." wrote a few days ago discussing the pronunciation and derivation of the surname Peirce. She writes again to say that she "most emphatically" pronounces her name Peirce as the verb "to pierce" is pronounced. She also has much to say about the Percys but nothing about Peter from which Pierce and Peirce are derived.

"The family motto," she adds, "is 'Dixit ex fecit; he said and he did; characteristics of the family are sound good nature, vigorous understanding, strong memory, an attractive and chivalrous bearing."

"In the November Harper's under the title of 'A Medieval Baron's Household,' is given a detailed account of the ancestral halls of the Percy family and the Duke of Northumberland, with whom the writer at P. H.'s suggestion would not deem it necessary to hob-nob 'for a week's shooting,' as on the maternal side she is closer allied to the 'Order of the Crown' through the Earl of Lincoln and Sir Francis Lakin of the house of Osborne, formerly physician to Queen Victoria and King Edward."

Poem to a Pipe.

We inquired recently about verses addressed to a pipe, meerchaum, Virginia clay, T. D., briarwood, and quoted from Charles Dawson Shanly's "Briarwood Pipe."

W. E. Henley wrote at least four poems in praise of pipes. The first, "To H. D. C.," begins: "If I were king my pipe should be premier." We quote the last lines:

But politics should find no harbor near;
The Philistine should dread to slip his tether,
Tobacco should be duty free and beer;
In fact, in room of this the age of leather,
An age of gold all radiant should appear
If I were King.

"Inter Sodales" is worth quoting in full

Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation
Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse
The sweet old farce of mutual admiration
Over a pipe.

appearing in spotless

the world

the late Col...

... of this hour's ... vagation.
How soft the song! the epigram how terse!
With what a genius for ... stration
We rearrange the rumbling universe
And ... the course of man's regeneration.
Over a pipe!

Henley's Meerschaum.

And Henley possessed a meerschaum, which he thus described:

My Meerschaum pipe is exquisitely tipped,
Shining and silver zoned, and amber tipped
In ... aromatic passages that number
The ... es of brown from cinnamon to umber.
... the rich harmonies of shank and crypt
..., and of its purple cushions ... lined.
I's dull ... I wake from slumber.
Was ever ... than these more softly lipped,
my meerschaum pipe?

Was this the pipe that Henley addressed as "Pipe of My Soul," in which he speaks of "the light that is the dark that may not be, the great Perhaps above all things impending" melting into "thine and thee, pipe of my soul."

Earnest Smokers.

This reminds us that the champion cigar smoker in Paris recently kept a cigar alight for two hours and 17 minutes. Nothing is said as to the length of the cigar. It was a California miner who wagered that he would smoke six cigars, six cigarettes, and six pipes of strong tobacco within an hour. He accomplished the task, was seized with an attack of heart failure immediately afterwards, and never smoked again. The tenor Mario smoked from 25 to 30 ordinary-sized cigars a day, and in Italy where he could not obtain Havanas, he used to smoke daily 100 Cavours. They say that Edwin Booth smoked 25 cigars a day. Mark Twain ran him close, and Mr. Edison is a good second.

The Cost of Living.

There are persons who clamor for statistics—as there are persons who can tell you the tonnage of any transatlantic steamship, men to be avoided. For the benefit of Mr. Gradgrind we quote from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"The Co-operative Wholesale Society has prepared a table showing the rise in the cost of living during the past 13 years. The statement shows that 'an average weekly family grocery order,' which would have cost at wholesale prices about 5s. 4d. in 1898, could only have been bought for a fraction over 6s. in 1910. Thus, whereas £1 would have purchased over 89 pounds weight of these groceries in 1898, in 1908 its purchasing power would have been limited to 73½ pounds, and in 1910 to 71¼ pounds. The average order under review is supposed to consist of one pound bacon, two pounds butter, one-half pound cheese, 12 pounds flour, one-half pound lard, one pound meal, four pounds sugar, one-half pound tea. Meanwhile, coal has advanced from an average price for house coal at the pit mouth of 9s. 11½d. per ton in 1898 to 13s. 3d. per ton in 1910, or an increase of 33.05 per cent."

Dec 9, 1911

New Mimi in "Boheme" Has Fine Middle Voice and Dramatic Temperament.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Boheme," performed by the Boston company Mr. Goodrich conducting.

Mimi	Mme. Ester Ferrabini
Musetta	Mme. Maria Camporelli
Rodolfo	Mr. Constantino
Marcello	Mr. Polese
Colline	Mr. Mardones
Schaunard	Mr. Pulcini
Alcindoro	Mr. Tavecchia
Benoit	Mr. Tavecchia
Un Doganiere	Mr. Olshansky
Parpignol	Mr. Cilla

Mme. Ferrabini, who is now a leading member of the Montreal Opera Company, came to the United States with Leoncavallo in 1906 and sang here at Symphony Hall in October of that year. She was then a young singer, who had won a reputation in Italy by appearing in an opera by a comparatively unknown composer. At Symphony Hall she sang music by Leoncavallo, music from "Roland of Berlin," "La Boheme"—it would be interesting for the sake of comparison to see this opera—"Zaza" and "I Medici." She then made a very favorable impression, for her voice was rich and pure, a voice of velvet that did not lose quality even in passionate outbursts. Miss Ferrabini—for she was then unmarried—was an emotional singer, one that felt the music and the sentiment and moved the hearers as she herself was moved.

Last night she sang here for the first time at the Boston Opera House. Her voice in the middle register is still of beautiful quality, emotional, even though she should sing only the alphabet, but the upper tones are shrill and wiry or spread and coarse. It is a pity, for few women have been more generously endowed by nature.

It is not surprising, then, that she was much more effective in the third act of Puccini's opera than in those that preceded. Her singing in this act was eloquent and in her scenes with Marcello and Rodolfo she acted with a sobriety of gesture, a significance of facial expression, and a quiet intensity that touched the heart. In this act she proved her right to the title of dramatic soprano, nor did she forget that the music is first of all lyrical.

There were charming moments in the first act, but the charm was chiefly in the dramatic interpretation, for her Mimi was neither too bold nor too shy. Mme. Ferrabini gave Mimi character. There was a woman on the stage, not merely a singer in the act of impersonating a woman.

The performance of the opera gave much pleasure to the audience. Mme. Camporelli, who, I believe, once took the same part last season, was a vivacious Musetta with a small voice, so small that the slow waltz was ineffective and the ensemble in the second act suffered. Mr. Constantino was in good voice. He was loudly applauded after his confession to Mimi that he was a poet, although his singing in the third act was still more worthy of applause. Mr. Polese sang and acted as Marcello with much spirit. The impersonation of Colline, Schaunard and Benoit are familiar to all and do not require attention.

The stage management was excellent and Mr. Goodrich gave a careful and effective reading of the score, careful of the rights of the singers and of the composer's orchestral nuances.

The opera this afternoon will be "Samson et Dalila," with Mme. Gay and Messrs. Zenatello, Riddez, Mardones and Lankow. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

At the concert tomorrow night an act of "Faust" and an act of "Aida" will be performed "in oratorio form." The program will also include songs by Mr. Lankow and others and also orchestral pieces.

DRAMATIC RECITAL AT CONSERVATORY

Three Playlets, One in Pantomime, Given with Success.

Pantomime acting was a feature of the annual recital of the dramatic department of the Conservatory of Music last night in Jordan Hall before a large audience. The recital will be repeated tonight.

Three playlets, the last in pantomime, were given under the direction of Clayton D. Gilbert. The first two had their first performance in this country last night. "Emily's Idol," a comedy of life below stairs in an English family, gave opportunity for excellent work by Misses Theo Goodrich, Phyllis Grey and Doris Dutton.

"Ib and Little Christina," called on the program a "picture in three panels," had a cast composed of Miss Estelle Rubin, Miss Grey, Mrs. Victoria Sordoni-Gilbert and Messrs. Morandi Bartlett, Robert Barkley and Paul Hackett.

The pantomime "Nita," written by Mr. Gilbert, with music by Frank Watson, introduced Miss Lola Villiers and Miss Marie Schafer, with Messrs. Barkley, Bartlett and Hackett.

Edward S. Curtis Tells "Story of Vanishing Race," with Native Music.

Edward S. Curtis, author of "The North American Indian," gave a lecture yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The subject was "The Story of a Vanishing Race." The talk was illustrated with stereopticon and motion pictures, and Indian music by Henry F. Gilbert was played by an orchestra under the direction of the composer.

Mr. Curtis brought before the audience the tribal customs and religious rites of the race, among which he has spent many years. He called attention to the fact that at one time the various tribal tongues, which differ widely from each other, represented 75 per cent. of the world's language.

The pictures shown were of uncommon beauty, both in the richness of their coloring and in a remarkable atmospheric vividness. Among the most beautiful were those showing "The Indians of the Palm Canons and the Cactus Plains," "Evening in Hopiland," "The Kutenai of the Lakes" and "Signal Fire to the Mountain God."

Mr. Gilbert's music was a feature of the afternoon. It was based on Indian chants and melodies as taken from phonographic records. The characteristic native themes and sharply defined rhythms were retained, while in excellence of workmanship, richness of tonal color and imagery, as well as in its varied emotional expression, the music was a continuous delight.

An audience fair in size gave repeated evidence of its appreciation, but the hall should have been filled.

The performance will be repeated Monday evening at 8:15.

A New York firm sends even to Boston—or to men of Boston dressing, as Artemus Ward put it—a little book, entitled "Christmas Suggestions." The book contain's a catalogue of gifts for men, and we turned instinctively to the list headed "Less than $5.00." This list includes many things, from vacuum mirrors to skating toques, from Swiss knives to silk hosiery. Mr. Herkimer Johnson has also received the catalogue. He writes: "I handed it over to Mrs. Johnson to aid her in the choice of a suitable gift for me, something that would be really useful, something that will be durable. I marked two articles: a beagling horn and a gold safety pin. I think I should prefer the beagling horn—although the pin would be useful if my drawer-tapes should give way."

"Of Boston Dressin'."

It was in Salt Lake City that a miner from New Hampshire told Artemus Ward this story: "A good thing happened down here the other day. A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch 'em—that's wot you do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh, no!' Says the driver, 'Oh, yes!' and he took his long coachwhip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

This was written in 1864. Pray, what was the distinctive dress of a Bostonian in that year? Correspondents kindly give a world of information about the Theatre Comique, the cancan, Mazeppa"; can, or will any one describe the dress that evidently made an impression on A Ward? Did the true Bostonian then wear a shawl in cool weather? Did he rejoice in leg boots? (By the way, who invented Congress gaiters, and were they first worn by congressmen?)

The Herald discussed Kossuth hats the other day. Artemus Ward said in his description of Brigham Young, with whom he had a pleasant conversation: "He wears in winter time a green wrapper, and his hat is the style introduced into this country by Louis Kossuth, Esq., the liberator of Hungaria. (I invested a dollar in the liberty of Hungaria nearly 15 years ago.)"

Around a Nose.

Mr. George Arliss is impersonating Disraeli on the stage and in London an actor in Mr. Granville Barker's "Pains and Penalties" is obliged to make up as Lord Brougham. The caricatures in Punch should be of aid to him. The plaid trousers are unmistakable, identifying. But there is the matter of the nose, which would have compelled the admiration of Cyrano. Motley was deeply impressed by it. He wrote to his wife that there was no resisting Brougham's nose. "It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises me, but its mobility. It has the litheness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins and scratch his back with it as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner. You are compelled to laugh when you see him, yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind."

Theophile Gautier writing his study of nasology for "Les Grotesques" would have revelled in Motley's description. Nasology should not be confounded with nosology, nor with noscology, which is a dissertation of the Intellectual Faculties, as manifested by the various configurations of the Nose. Unfortunately the learned work of Slawkenbergius has not come down to us.

Against Sea Sickness.

Here is a remedy against sea sickness taken from "The School of Salerne," and it is probably as efficacious as any other. "He that would crosse the sea must a few dayes before hee take ship mingle the sea water with his wine. This is a remedy for them that are rich; but if it be a poor man, then he must drinke sea water onely, that he may the easier eschew casting. The reason hereof is because the sea water is salt, and with its saltenesse it closeth the mouth of the stomach, and thereby avoydeth casting or perbreaking." We read not long ago that Mr. Winans, who died in England in 1897 after he had lived there 27 years, did not expatriate himself after the manner of W. W. Astor, for Mr. Winans was always at heart an American citizen and would gladly have visited Baltimore. He was so sick at sea that physicians warned him against a long voyage in his state of health. He, then, with the aid of draughtsmen and engineers, experimented, designing vessels that would not pitch or roll, on which he could sail in comfort; but he never succeeded, though some of his inventions are on the shelves of the patent office.

All Sorts and Conditions.

The question is raised whether there will now be an abolition of class distinctions in Chinese civil administration. Actors, barbers and corn doctors have been reckoned in China as the lowest, and they and their children have never become mandarins. According to the law a grandson is permitted to hold a government position, but the permission has seldom been granted. The London Daily Chronicle recalls an instance. A grandson of Cheng Chang Keng, who in his day was the most famous actor at Pekin, was appointed a secretarw of the Chinese legation at Berlin. "The appointment aroused a storm of protest among official circles—in China, and but for the support of the Empress Dowager would have been revoked."

A hospital physician in Boston says that the Italian patients are the most docile and reasonable of all that enter for treatment. They have confidence in the physician, whoever he may be. "If you say so, it's all right; go ahead." He says they have the most pluck; they are the coolest; they also have a lively sense of gratitude, a rare thing in hospitals.

"Professors" in London are protesting against the new style of dancing. One of them lifts up his voice and says: "The dances of eastern women in the low haunts of Tunis and Rangoon and Cairo are not exactly the kind of thing that we want to provide for the young men and women of English society. * * * Many of these eastern women know how to writhe and to wriggle, and to show off their beauty, but of the old and delightful art of dancing they have no knowledge whatever. Dancing is melody in movement. This eastern business is contortionism." The Rev. F. B. Meyer is preaching against oriental dances. "You have no right to put a stumbling block before the weak. You have no right in this city, where there are hundreds of thousands of unmarried men and women, to make it more difficult to do right."

In 1813, that rigid moralist, Lord Byron, published a savage attack on the waltz.

Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Display'd so much of leg, or more of neck,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twinkling to a Saxon tune.

Dec 10, 1911

SUBTLE PLAYING BY DE PACHMANN

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. de Pachmann gave the fourth of his recitals yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Mozart, sonata No. 9, A major; Schumann, Ende vom Lied; Mendelssohn, Spinning song; Moszkowski, menuet op. 17, G major; Weber-Henselt, Rondo Brillant; Chopin, Nocturne, D flat major; prelude op. 28, No. 16 B flat minor, impromptu F sharp major, etude op. 10 No 3, mazurkas, op. 67 No. 4, op. 56, No. 2; valse Brillant, A flat.

Mr. de Pachmann was at first in bad humor over the adjustment of the piano stool, and he took the audience into his confidence. He said in substance that the piano men would be the death of him. "They make me so nervous, and I have been sick for two or three days."

He was also disturbed, as were others, by late comers who were allowed to take their seats while he was playing the sonata. He did not seem to notice the incessant coughing and barking of certain too bronchial admirers.

There were times when he talked to himself, and times when he addressed himself to the favored in the front seats and expressed the liveliest admiration for the music itself and the manner in which he was playing. He said of a Mozartian variation that it was not worth the trouble of repeating it. This judgment was eminently sound. He might also have said that the piece by Moszkowski and Weber's Rondo were hardly worth playing once.

The concert was a delightful one, for Mr. de Pachmann was soon in high spirits and played in his own incomparable manner. There were moments that will not soon be forgotten; his reading of the final measures of Schumann's piece, which was a marvel of subtle emotion and the rarest poetry, one of the finest achievements of this pianist that I remember; the purity and grace of Mozart's variations; the exquisite performance of the Spinning Song; his playing of Chopin's music, especially the Mazurkas and the Berceuse which he added with two or three other pieces to the program.

It is not necessary to speak again of the peculiar spell exerted by this man. No matter in what mood he may be, voluble or so silent that he seems sullen, depressed or gay with the recklessness of a child, Mr. de Pachmann constantly reminds us, as does Mr. Copeland, that the piano may after all be a musical instrument, and not merely a curious machine of wires, sounding board, pedals and row of keys.

which serves formidably disposed and nduly intellectual pianists as a punch-ng bag serves the pugilist. There is o one like Mr. de Pachmann. There s no one that has a sense of rythm and olor so finely developed, so surely un-er control. He cannot play here too ften. To think that Chopin's music vill not be interpreted by him to fu-ure generations! Mr. de Pachmann hould be immortal.

SAMSON' OPERA IS REPEATED

OSTON OPERA HOUSE — Saint-ns's "Samson et Dalila" performed the Boston opera company. Mr. Cap-conducted.

son .....Mr. Zenatello
la .....Mme. Gay
nd Pretre.....Mr. Riddez
melech .....Mr. Mardones
llard Hebreu.....Mr. Lankow
sager Philistin.....Mr. Saldaigne
mier Philistin.....Mr. Glaccone
xieme Philistin.....Mr. Barreau

Saint-Saens's Biblical opera, with its proving moral, drew a very large audi-e yesterday afternoon to the Boston era House. The audience was as re-tive and appreciative as it was large. admired the scenery and the mise-en-ne; it found pleasure in the many auties of the orchestral score; it ap-uded the singers—especially in the cond act—and it wondered at the fall the temple—and at Mme. Gay's pas l.

The cast was the same as that of the ening night with this exception: Mr. ddez succeeded Mr. Gilly as the gh Priest. Mr. Riddez was appro-iately pontifical, and made the tra-tional and expected gestures of a lest in authority. His dress was more fective than that worn by Mr. Gilly, d probably was as near that donned the servant of the great god Dagon r the observance of sacred rites (in-uding the evolutions of the ballet), as as Mr. Gilly's. Mr. Riddez acted better an he sang. His voice is not a pleas-nt one, and it is inclined to wabble.

Mme. Gay and Mr. Zenatello were oually well disposed and sang effec-vely. The performance of the princi-als and the ensemble was excellent, perior to that of the first night. Mr. aplet conducted with a firmer hand, ith a keener sense of continuity and in more forcible spirit. The temple fell t the appointed time, and great was he fall thereof. All in all, the per-ormance yesterday was one of the most uccessful in the history of the opera ouse.

The Herald takes pleasure in publish-g today reminiscences of the theatres d the theatrical life in Boston.

The writer of the first batch of notes refixes two lines "adapted from Mat-ew Arnold's 'Bacchanalia.'"

The young but feel the Present's spell;
Their elders feel the Past, as well.

Morris Brothers' Minstrels

As I recall Morris Brothers' Minstrel Show, the audience sat on benches. Where e those benches now? Although had a grudge against them on count of their hard and cruel eatment of my person, it was with gret that I watched them go up in oke years and years and years ago. emember them as being of the same ing quality as the bleachers at the uth End grounds in Al Spalding's ne, when, cheered by the approval of at prince of baseball fans, Henry C. rnabee, the Boston pitcher pitched e Red Stockings to victory.

n Morris Brothers' day I knew a lad o was fond of gunning, and who ten went with a friend to Chelsea ach and the Lynn marshes after peep d yellow-legs. One day as they were ooting from a stand near the railroad ck, a banker on board a passing in lost his plug hat out the car ndow as the train swept by. The ys picked it up, and not meeting with y further luck they soon started for me. The daughter of the house, on ir arrival, made merry over the con-ts of their game bag, and finally red them to go to Morris Brothers t evening, the boys to wear the tile turns. They decided to do it, but ought it better to have a pair rather n a single one; so they pinched the man's beaver from the hatrack, lying bravely forth to a farewell of tially suppressed giggles from the l they left behind them. Reaching brilliantly lighted entrance to the atre, they took off their hats on pping in from the sidewalk, and stood eheaded in front of the box office as y bought their tickets. On taking ir seats they were puzzled as to what do with their embarrassing headgear. y at length decided to put the stove-es on the floor under the bench on ich they sat. In the meantime a up of sailors, on shore leave, had ne to an anchorage beside them, ded to the Plimsoll mark with hot g and other mixtures. The tars, in ir hilarious state, were pretty rest-, in fact so much so that, right in midst of a wild outburst of stamp-and merriment over some marked absurdity on the stage, the bench on which they were all sitting gave a sharp crack, and then the whole outfit came down on top of the two plugs. Imagine the boys' consternation, on fishing out the wrecked hats, at finding them, as a salvage proposition, wholly beyond redemption! Procuring in some way two bandanna handkerchiefs, with these wound around their heads, they stole home and went softly to bed without waking anybody. The story, however, leaked out, and they naturally never heard the last of it; but what the old man said, on not finding his hat in its usual place next morning, is known only to himself.

Horn, Rice and Buckley

My father used to tell me that Eph Horn was very nearly the "best ever." As an end man and as a delineator of negro character in general he certainly had remarkable talent. Johnny Pell, too, was hard to beat. His ornaments, his handkerchief, his wig, his vest, his attitudes, were altogether mirth-provoking. As for the universal favorite, Billy Morris, who that ever saw his cunning look, heard his negro voice and laughed at his whimsicalities can forget him? He was a fellow of infinite jest, a minstrel "to the manner born," if ever there were one. The pater often raved to me over Dan Rice, calling him the father of all negro minstrels. Rice held his court in the little Warren Theatre, at the lower end of Portland street. His art, as the saying is, was so consummate as perfectly to conceal itself, and many persons believed that this performer was a black man, born and bred. He flourished before my time, and I suppose few, if any, are left who remember his:

We wheel about—we turn about—we do jus' so!
An' ebery time we wheel about we jump Jim Crow.

Swaine Buckley's "Sally Come Up" was not to be sneezed at, and I also remember his "Music on the Brain." Myron W. Whitney, in his youth, sang with Buckley's Serenaders, and Fessenden, too, I think. This organization was certainly "long" on music. As a boy the singing attracted me, and it gave me many a thrill. Not so deep a thrill, perhaps, as one gets from a Beethoven symphony or from hearing the "Moonlight" sonata, but it was a real thrill just the same.

Pat Gilmore and Tosti

I remember Gilmore's band playing a dirge on the way up Beacon street at Gov. Andrew's funeral. Of course, Gilmore was not "in it" with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but the occasion lent itself to a wonderful heightening of the music's effect. I was only an ordinary, everyday boy, but I shook and sobbed then and there "to beat the band." It seems a far cry from negro minstrelsy to Chopin's Funeral March, but the world is made up of infinite variety, and there's nothing like having a good, healthy catholic taste in these matters. It makes life more enjoyable. Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Japanese Tommy as his own inimitable self, Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilles and Tosti as La Grande Duchesse all gave pleasure. Some of the students of French at the Chauncy Hall school, then in the old building in Chauncy place, went to hear Tosti in order to perfect their pronunciation. "Voici le sabre de mon pere!" sung as she sang it seemed to them a greater help in their studies than anything of Fenelon's. Several of these boys were stage-struck, and wanted to be actors, but with the exception of the late George Riddle, they, none of them, got farther than to "walk on" in spectacular plays at various Boston theatres. Arthur Pickering, however, became a public reader.

Riddle, Benson and Terry

When I think of Riddle, as I remember him in his youthful days, I recall Miss Ellen Terry's story about Frank Benson, the English actor, whom she first saw at Oxford in the Greek play, "Electra." Miss Terry says that a young woman veiled in black, with bowed head, was brought in on a chariot. Suddenly she lifted her head and looked around, revealing a face of such pure classic beauty and a glance of such pathos that Miss Terry called out: "What a supremely beautiful girl!" Then she remembered that there were no women in the cast, and that the face belonged to the young Oxonian, Frank Benson.

Speaking of "walking on" in spectacular plays, Miss Terry tells of coming down stairs from her dressing room at the close of a performance with Henry Irving and finding a small child sitting forlornly and patiently on the lowest step.

"Well, my dear, what are you doing here?" said Irving.

"Waiting for mother, sir."

"Are you acting in the theatre?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what part do you take?"

"Please sir, first I'm a water carrier, then I'm a page and then I'm a virgin!"

This was not the same little girl, but William Winter's daughter, who gravely announced that she'd "gone a mash on Terriss," and who, when everybody laughed, retorted: "Well, you can all laugh; but I wish I was hammered to him."

Love and the Stage Door

These little girls have a strange habit of growing up to bother and perplex us; but, let me hasten to add,—not from mere gallantry—to delight us also. It must have been one of the sort above mentioned whose lines I came across in an old bunch of letters, addressed to an admirer who was evidently of the higher type. They both died long ago. I gather that the recipient had been haunting the theatres where the fair one played, and had often sent her flowers and poetic effusions. Their relationship seems to have been a kind of sublimated friendship, like that existing between Strether and Maria Gostrey, as depicted by Henry James in his masterpiece, "The Ambassadors." The stanzas I unearthed run as follows:

I thank you for your verses
Which came to me last night
Together with the roses,
So lovely, fresh and bright.

I read your kind words over
When the final curtain fell,
And this is what I thought of,
As well as I can tell:

When I was but a wee thing,
In bib and pinafore,
I used to dream romances
And fairy tales galore;

I longed to be an actress
And in the front rank stand,
A necklace on my bosom,
Big diamonds on my hand;

Beside the handsome hero
I longed to strike a pose,
Then tell, in faltering accents,
My love, in perfect clothes.

'Way down before the footlights,
The lime-light on my face,
I longed to hear all swelldom
Cry: "Bravo! Ah, what grace!"

But, now that I have done it
And live my triumphs o'er—
I often wish I'd never,
Never, entered a stage door.

This was written in a despondent moment. I have every reason to believe that she cheered up and smiled again over her work.

Bloodgood and Cool Burgess

Someone asked me the other day if I remembered the Lingards at the theatre in Central court. Of course I remember them, for Dicky Lingard was a reigning favorite. I also remember Eliza Weathersby, and recall meeting Nat Goodwin one afternoon, before he went upon the stage, when he was a mere lad "taking in" the show at the Howard. Was it there I saw Harry Bloodgood in that thriller of his: "He's got to come"? He and a companion, so the skit went, had gone up together in a balloon and had had a falling out above the clouds. Harry was the first to get back on terra firma, landing all in a heap amid great excitement. During the ensuing monologue he kept easting an eye above, as if watching a speck approaching from an immense altitude; and he ejaculated, at intervals, in a tone of deep conviction: "He's got to come!" Sure enough, in the course of time, down plunged a shapeless mass from the sky, to be pounced upon with fiendish glee by the belligerent Bloodgood. A regular football scrimmage ensued, to the huge delight of numerous budding Samsons in the audience. Bloodgood was certainly a comical darkey, as was also Cool Burgess, who, in his character as a waiter at a fashionable function, could not be surpassed. What a bolsterous laugh he had! And how he seemed to enjoy the table-talk of the guests, upon whom he made only a semblance of waiting. Those who have seen "She Stoops to Conquer" will recall, in the opening scene of act 2, Hardcastle trying to instruct his thick-headed servants in the gentle art of table exercise.

Verily, as the world-weary Hebrew king is said to have said: "There is no new thing under the sun." The jests have all been made, the stories have all been told, many and many a time before; and it is a winning wager that they will all be told many and many a time again.

A CHAUNCY HALL BOY.

The Old Howard Athenaeum

Some time ago The Herald, apropos of a discussion concerning John Brougham and "Pocahontas," suggested that the history of the Howard Athenaeum should be written. We have received the following communication:

Editor of The Herald:

You say that the history of the Howard Athenaeum should be written. You are right, and if I were a younger man I might attempt it, but the labor of looking up dates is formidable to me now when the grasshopper is a burden. Here, however, are a few recollections that may recall, in part, the glory of the old playhouse. To begin with, I was born on the site of this theatre in the Howard House, an old mansion that had been turned into a hotel and which at one time was kept by my father, James Walker Ryan, a landlord of some note in his day. I have no remembrance of it, as my family moved to New York while I was still an infant. The house was burned down before I was brought back to Boston in the early forties to live in the Stackpole House, at the corner of Milk and Devonshire streets, where a part of the general postoffice now stands. The Howard House was succeeded by the Millerite Tabernacle, which fell into disuse after the worshippers there discovered that the world was not coming to an end immediately. The large, barnlike structure, without galleries, was later made into a theatre and called the Howard Athenaeum, a pretty name, but hardly a descriptive one.

Ellen Tree and "Ion"

I visited there once as a very small boy in the company of one of my father's "help" who wished to give me a treat. The leading play that night was Talfourd's "Ion," with Mrs. Charles Kean, who had been the celebrated Ellen Tree of the London stage, in the title part, and her husband as Adrastus. There was an afterpiece, as was the custom of those far-off days, when a farce nearly always concluded a theatrical performance. This, however, I cannot recall, but "Ion" left a deep and lasting impression on my memory and for years I used to imitate Mrs. Kean's walk as the foundling of the temple. Alas, when I saw her many years after at the Boston Theatre, she had become the British matron described by Hawthorne. Her husband was then the attraction, particularly in "Louis XI.," and she was what is now called a back number.

Collins and Vandenhoff

The first Howard Athenaeum was burned down and the present building replaced it. Still a small lad, my first visit there was to see Collins in "The Irish Ambassador." It was on the occasion of his benefit, and George Vandenhoff, then a popular star, especially with the ladies, volunteered to recite Collin's "Ode to the Passions." I recall that I then thought this piece of poetry was the production of the beneficiary. Vandenhoff was dressed as Apollo, and his interpretation was accompanied by orchestral illustrations that I was not mature enough to appreciate. I knew Vandenhoff well in later years, and he was a good elocutionist of the old school, but he lacked the dramatic instinct which makes great actors. The last time I saw him was when Charlotte Cushman took her farewell of the stage at the Globe Theatre in this city. When he played Macbeth she, of course, appeared as Lady Macbeth.

The Viennese Children danced at the Howard Athenaeum in my boyhood. This troupe brought over from Vienna by Madam Weiss was very successful. Another juvenile company that appeared there was called the Marsi Children. Louis Aldrich was one of its members.

Children and Grown Persons

Mme. Anna Thillon was a great attraction at the Howard in "The Crown Diamonds" and "The Black Domino." She had for her principal support the Irish Comedian Hudson, who sang well and who was noted for his acting of the Milesian hero in "The Knight of Ava." One of the stars seen at the Howard was Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, who was, I believe, the first American woman to step from what is called "society" to the stage. She published her autobiography nearly 60 years ago. Other dramatic luminaries at the same theatre at different times were Mrs. Warner, the celebrated English actress who came forward as Lady Macbeth and as Hermione in "The Winter's Tale"; the French and Spanish dancers; Lola Montez, who appeared first as a dancer, and afterward as an actress in "The Maid of Saragossa"; Edwin Booth, in legitimate characters, and W. J. Florence in a burlesque called "Lolla Rookh," in which he sang

I think I'd suit your daughter like a book,
If she'd only have me,
If she'd only have me,
Charming Lalla Rookh.

"The Octoroon" received its first presentation in this city at the Howard with a notable cast including, among others, E. L. Davenport as the Indian. "Monte Cristo" also had its first representation in Boston at this house, and Mrs. Barrow brought there a fine comedy company and had Henry Wallack for her stage manager. Many more notable things might be written about the Howard Athenaeum, not forgetting the performance of the almost gigantic comedian, Sir William Don, in "Used Up," and James Anderson, who succeeded Macready as lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, London. Macready was also at the Howard, if I mistake not, after the Astor place riot in New York, though he was first seen in Boston at the Lion Theatre, which was situated where the Bijou Dream is at present.

would say—by appearing in spotless

[illegible] delightful books in the world

A Strong Cast

"Still Waters Run Deep" was first seen in Boston at the Howard Athenaeum in the later fifties. The production had a cast of rare excellence, that I believe has had no superior in this city or elsewhere. J. M. Field was the Capt. Hawksley, Mrs. Field the Mrs. Mildmay, Mrs. W. H. Smith the Mrs. Steinfield, Browne, a sterling comedian, whose initials escape me, the John Mildmay, and E. P. Williams, good in old men characters, the Bro. Potter. Kate Field, so well known in later years as a brilliant literary woman, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Field and Mrs. Smith was her aunt. It may be said in passing that George Riddle was her cousin. His father was Edward Riddle, the brother of the two ladies just mentioned, well known in Boston in the carriage business as an auctioneer 40 or 50 years ago.

James Murdoch, who preceded George Riddle many years as an instructor in elocution at Harvard College, was one of the stars at the Howard Athenaeum in the fifties. I recall with great pleasure his artistic performance of Young Mirabel in "While Works Wonders." Augustin Daly revised this spirited old comedy long after to give John Drew an opportunity to appear as the hero. Mr. Murdoch gave readings for patriotic purposes during the civil war. He was the uncle of Harry Murdoch, who lost his life in the Brooklyn Theatre fire, and of Frank Murdoch, who wrote "Davy Crockett" for Frank Mayo.

JOHN W. RYAN.

To the Editor of The Herald:

A Correction About Mrs. Sedley Brown

Mrs. Sedley Brown's debut on the stage was not in the "Daughter of the Regiment" as stated in your Sunday issue. She first appeared on the evening of Monday, May 12, 1862, for the benefit of E. L. Davenport, playing Margery in "The Rough Diamond." Emma Taylor played Lady Plato, and John E. Owens, Cousin Joe. The entire bill for the evening consisted of "The Love Chase," "The Rough Diamond" and "A Tragedy Rehearsed." We got our money's worth in those days, for the performance lasted from 7:30 until after 12. It may be of interest to note that on the same evening, at the Boston Museum, John Wilkes Booth made his first appearance in Boston, playing "Richard III."

John Brougham first played Pocahontas in his "Original, Aboriginal, Erratic, Operatic, Semi-Civilized and Demi-Savage Extravaganza of Pocahontas" at the Lyceum Theatre, Broome street, New York, on Christmas Eve, 1855.

WILLIAM H. LEE

Dickens Again in Paris

The centenary of Dickens has been observed in Parisian theatres. "Monsieur Pickwick" has been crowding the Athenee and "David Copperfield" was produced early in November at the Odeon. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote of the latter play:

"'David Copperfield,' after Max Maurey's stage version, is a brilliant success at the Odeon. The dramatist, who is the well-known director of the Grand Guignol, has extracted a particularly pleasing and particularly affecting play from the novel. Since it was scarcely possible to give us David as a child and David as a young man, he has preferred to stick at school days. The sad little story of the immortal child is shown in its misery, but when the final curtain falls on a scene which evokes tears as well as laughter, David is presented as a happy little boy for once in his life.

"The piece is very well played by the Odeon company. The hero is represented by the clever child actress Mona Goudra. The press welcomes with enthusiasm the admirable effort to introduce the great English classic to Parisians, and seems to look upon it as a wholesome reaction from certain other tendencies represented by playwrights in vogue. 'This is a play to which we can take our children,' murmurs paterfamilias, 'with a comfortable conviction.'"

In the fourth act David is a runner in Fagin's den. Fagin is transformed into Mr. Creakle, who keeps a school for young thieves. Micawber rescues him from the dark hole. Micawber in the play is a schoolmaster.

"The Cricket On the Hearth" is playing at Brussels in a French version.

From Theatre to Music Hall.

It is a little sad to remark that Rejane is mounting a "revue" at her theatre, the home of comedy in the first instance. A "revue," full of quips and cranks, and the chaff, more or less good natured, of Parisian personalities, on the stage of Mme. Sans-Gene and the "Course du Flambeau"! It seems like sacrilege. Yet it is evidently in the spirit of the hour. The drama wearies; salvation is sought in the sketch and pantomime. Just as London does, Paris turns to music hall for entertainment. Blaire is playing in a lightsome and varied piece of stagecraft at the Cigale. Beginning with masculine attire, she ends in tights of aggressive red, which symbolize the dance, wild as poppies and about the same color. Andre Brule, the darling of the matinee girl, was playing in a sketch the other day. Every actor of repute is heading toward the music halls. Meanwhile, the unfortunate comedian is driven to clothe his characters in strange raiment to raise the laughter of the house. A sartorial success was scored last night by a young actress who appeared in an amazing robe, striped like a zebra—like a zebra who had doubled his stripes. The house roared its appreciation of the joke. Lo! the poor drama.—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 23.

Notes Taken at Random

Mr. Bourchier will return as manager to the Garrick Theatre, London, early in February to produce Alfred Sutro's new play, "The Fire Screen."

The Swansea Town Council has decided to confer the honorary freedom of the borough on Adelina Patti, in recognition of services which she has rendered to the town.

Stella Carol, who was discovered by Mme. Amy Sherwin singing carols in a Hampstead lane, made her debut in concert Nov. 13 in London. The critics agreed that she was wholly unprepared; that too much had been said about her in advance.

Robert Hichens states that the play "Bella Donna" has been constructed and written by James Bernard Fagan without any assistance from him. Mr. Hichens merely made over to him the right to dramatize the novel.

Novelli has gone and, with him, an illustrious exponent of the Italian art of acting. His indifference to pose is a little disconcerting. For instance, he turns his back upon the audience, and sometimes hides the scene from view. This is never the French way. Convention was unbending here until the Theatre Libre arose, and Antoine dared to break all the rules of the Comedie Francaise, which insisted on an actor making his speech facing the footlights. At a "repetition generale" last night a "jeune premier" addressed the lady to whom he was making love on the wrong side, an attitude more suitable to a stage in the back than to a declaration. But this, of course, was due to that rare fault in a French actor: imperfect stage training.—Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 23.

A version of "Die Fledermaus," entitled "Night Birds," succeeds "The Chocolate Soldier" in London. "The book has been very materially altered by Miss Unger, who has eliminated some of its more prominent features and introduced others of a novel nature." Was not the old libretto, based on "Le Reveillon" of Meilhac and Halevy, sufficiently amusing?

Tristan Bernard's "Le Petit Cafe" has met with great success at the Palais Royal, Paris. It tells the story of a poverty-stricken waiter who comes into a fortune. The proprietor of the cafe in which he waits learns before he does of the heritage and secures his services for a number of years on the condition that each shall pay the other a heavy forfeit if he should break the contract.

Pierre Veber admits that he and Michel Provins put a lot of pepper into his new play. "Les Berceuses" opens with a comic scene about a certain M. Raphael, not a talented writer, by the way, whom we all know here, but an imaginary M. Raphael, who is president of La Voliere, a benevolent society of which all the members are ladies except the president. All the ladies naturally fall in love with their president, who, toward off such an overwhelming tide of affection, calls to his aid a professor of energy. The professor of energy finds that the president of the club has handed all his members over to be treated by him in order that he (the president) might have a confidential interview with Norette, the professor's favorite. Of course, the trick is discovered in the third act, and M. Raphael returns to make up with the lady members of the benevolent society, who are all still love with him. The play is meant only for real, bona fide Parisians, and was written before the new conventional blast was blowing over the stage." Thus writes the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. George Moore gives in his "Ave" an entertaining account of a rehearsal of "The Countess Cathleen." Mr. Martyn arrives to tell Mr. Moore that Mr. Yeats was explaining at rehearsal his method of speaking verse to the actors, while a lady in a green cloak gave illustrations of it on a psaltery.

"At such news as this a man cries 'Great God!' and pales. For sure I paled, and besought Edward (Martyn) not to rack my nerves with a description of the instrument or of the lady's execution upon it. I hurried into the theatre, seeking till I found Yeats behind some scenery, in the act of explanation to the mummers, while the lady in the green cloak, seated on the ground, plucked the wires, muttering the line, 'Cover it up with a lonely tune.' And all this going on while the mummers were wanted on the stage, and while an experienced actress walked to and fro like a pantheress. The experienced actress walked up the stage, and stood looking contemptuously at Miss Vernon (the stage manager), who laid herself down on the floor and began speaking through the chinks. Her dramatic intention was so obscure that perforce I had to ask her what it was, and learnt from her that she was evoking hell. 'But the audience will think you are trying to catch cockroaches.' Yeaths whirled forward in his cloak with the suggestion that she should stand on a chair and wave her hands. 'That will never do,' Yeats; and the lady interrupted, asking me how hell should be evoked."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 23 reviewed a new chamber work by an English composer who has visited Boston. "Mr. Arthur Hinton's new quintet for pianoforte and strings, played for the first time last night at the Bechstein Hall, proved to be an extremely interesting work. It arrested the attention at the very beginning and would have held it firmly to the end had not the last movement suggested too much the influence of other writers. Even if a closer examination of the music might make one feel the lack of high distinction in the subject matter, there could be no doubting of the fine treatment and beauty of effect, especially in the opening allegro. The strenuous mood is indeed most successfully carried out, and while there is a happy contrast of theme, this has not been brought about with any feeling of irrelevance; indeed, the music is remarkably homogeneous in its structure. If, as said, the finale is less original, it has its share of boldness and vigor, and the middle movement, a scherzo, is vivid and piquantly characteristic, affording an excellent relief. Altogether, a very good example of the strength and vitality of the native school of composition, and probably the best work Mr. Hinton has done. It was played with much brilliance by the Wessely quartet, the givers of the concert, with the composer's wife, Miss Katherine Goodson."

MME. CERUTTI'S LECTURES

Mme. Cerutti will give lectures on antique dances at the Tuileries on Thursday mornings, Dec. 14, 21 and 28 at 11 A. M. The first will be "The Byzantine Dances of Alexandria," and she will dance her own ballet "Thais and Alexandria." In story form with music by Paul Vidal. On the 21st the subject will be "Original Dances of Ancient Greece" with music by Vidal. On the 28th the subject will be "Dramatic Dances, Interpretive of Classical Music." She will be assisted by the Dodge trio, directed by W. F. Dodge, second concert master of the Boston Opera. These programs are an introduction to Mme. Cerutti's series of dances, "The Evolution of Dancing from the Beginning to Modern Times."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Concert by the Russian Balalaika orchestra and a Russian quartet. See special notice.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M.—Concert by the "Kilties" Band of Canada.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.—Grand operatic concert. See special notice.

MONDAY.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Henry F. Gilbert's music to Mr. Curtis's illustrated lecture on the North American Indian.

TUESDAY.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Concert by the Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago; Frederick Stock, conductor. Albert Spalding, violinist. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—Miss Kathleen Parlow's violin recital. Tartini, Devil's Trill Sonata; Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor; Bach, Chaconne; Kreisler, Caprice Viennois; Brahms-Joachim, Two Hungarian Dances, Nos. 20 and 21.

THURSDAY.

Fenway Court, 3 P. M.—Concert by Miss Alice Nielsen of the Metropolitan Opera House, Edward Lankow of the Boston Opera House and George Proctor, pianist. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—First piano and violin sonata recital by Clara and David Mannes (fourth season). Mozart, Sonata in B flat major; Reger, Suite "In alten Styl", F major, op. 93; Brahms, Sonata in G major, op. 78, No. 1.

FRIDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Ninth concert of the Boston Sypinhony orchestra. See special notice.

CITY CONCERTS

The music department of the city of Boston will give four concerts this week.

TUESDAY—Chapman School, 8 P. M.: Orchestral concert, conducted by William Howard; Boieldieu, overture to "Jean de Paris"; Lanyi-Erno, "Ungarn's Trauer," for strings; Wagner, Fantasia on "The Flying Dutchman; Gounod, "Funeral March of a Marionette"; Tschakoff, Marche Grotesque; Mrs. Huston Stevens, soprano, will sing aria from "La Traviata" and Mrs. Black "Ah, Love but a Day." Frank H. Eaton will play Boehm's variations for flute on Tyrolese air. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Lowell School, 8 P. M.: Orchestral concert, led by Mr. Howard. Boieldieu overture to "Jean de Paris"; Lanyi-Erno, "Ungarn's Trauer" for strings; Verdi, Fantasia on "Aida"; Drigo, serenade from "Les Millions d'Arlequin"; Schubert, March Militaire. Miss Helen Cecilia Diyver, soprano, will sing Salome's air from Massenet's "Herodiade" and the waltz from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Howard will play Hauser's Hungarian Rhapsody for violin. Mr. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY EVENING—South Boston high school, 8 P. M.: Chamber concert by Miss Mary H. Sheedy, pianist; William Howard, violinist, and Carl Dodge, 'cellist, assisted by Miss Mary R. Tracy, soprano. Beethoven, Allegro con brio from trio in B flat, op. 11; Songs, Whepley, "I Know a Land"; Schaefer, "The Wind Speaks"; A. L., "Come Sweet Morning" (Miss Tracy); piano, Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Miss Sheedy); trio, Block, Serenade de Milenka; Arbos, Bolero, op. 1, Strauss, Walzer-Scherzo, op. 43; songs, Huhn, "Back to Ireland"; Lynn Forge, "Like the Rosebud" and "To a Messenger" (Miss Tracy); 'cello solo, Servais, "O Cara Memoria" (Mr. Dodge); trio, Bargiel, Allegro energico from op. 6.

FRIDAY EVENING—Roxbury high school, 8 P. M.: Orchestral concert, led by Mr. Howard. Mendelssohn, overture to "Ruy Blas"; Boisdeffre, Adagietto for strings; Wagner, Fantasie on "The Flying Dutchman"; Drigo, Serenade from "Les Millions d'Arlequin"; Tschalkowsky, "Le Chasse" from "The Seasons." Albert C. Orcutt, tenor, will sing the Prayer from "Rienzi" and Allitsen's Song of Thanksgiving. Walter E. Lond, violinist, will play the first movement from Mendelssohn's Concerto. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

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There is a feeling which street-walking and public-meeting men improperly call loyalty; a feeling intemperate and intolerant smelling of dinner and wine and toasts which swells their stomachs and their voice at the sound of certain names reverberated by the newspaper press. As little do they know about the proprietary of these names as potwallopers know about the candidates at a borough election, and are just as vociferous and violent.

Twenty Greatest.

Illinois women, members of the State Equal Rights Association, have announced a list of "the world's 20 greatest women." It is a curious list, remarkable for its omissions and inclusions. No one would dispute the right of Mary Baker Eddy to a place in this hall of fame, but is there no room for the late Empress of China? We miss the name of Sappho. That of Carrie Chapman Catt, or Ella Flagg Young does not console us. Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Bronte have just claims for consideration; but are George Sand and Christina Rossetti to be ignored?

Another list might easily be drawn up. Another? A half-dozen.

Arthur Rimbaud at some nocturnal festival in a city of the North met all the women of the ancient painters. And among them he talked, no doubt, with Judith, the daughter of Herodias; Eve, Venus, fell on his knees before Mary, and gazed long on the Magdelen.

Without being fantastical, a man might draw up this list: Eve, Jael, the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Catherine II. of Russia, Sappho, Ninon de l'Enclos, George Sand, Florence Nightingale, Catherine de Medicis, the Empress of China, Mrs. Eddy, Mary Wortley Montague, Sarah Bernhardt, Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Messalina, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Browning.

Lady Macbeth might be substituted for Mrs. Browning, and some might object to Messalina on the ground that Juvenal, slandering her, had given her undue prominence. The list should not be of 20 but of 100. If it were of fictitious characters, Eustacia Vye, Beatrix, Valerie Marneffe, Sophia Western, Hester Prynne, Gretchen, Nora, Hedda Gabler, the Duchess Josiane are names that would at once rush into the minds of many.

Late Whitewashing.

Sappho has recently been whitewashed by some deep thinker, who asserts that she was the principal of a young ladies' refined seminary, and a founder of women's clubs. His discovery has obtained wide publicity through the press—the "Arkymedian leaver which moves the world"—as Artemus Ward's friend the editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty, remarked in a fine burst at a war meeting as he wiped his auburn brow with his left coat tail—"Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch."

But this discovery was long ago anticipated. Prof. Friedrich Gottlieb Welcker of Goettingen published a little volume of 150 pages at Goettingen in 1816. The title, if translated into English, would read: "Sappho Freed from a Prevailing Prejudice." It is a learned and interesting work, well worth reading in spite of the wretched paper used by the printer and common at that period in Germany.

A Light Pie.

As this month, with the exception of the latter part of November, is preeminently the season for pie of the more substantial order, let us consider a recipe given by Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald in her book, "The Experienced English Housekeeper—Wrote Purely from Practice." It is true that Alibone does not mention her in his Dictionary of Authors, but Mrs. Raffald was housekeeper to the Hon. Lady Elizabeth Warburton. This pie, to our mind, is inferior to the old-fashioned chicken pie when cold and with the juices jellied. And when pie is mentioned we think instinctively of the deep apple pie, baked in a nappy, without bottom crust and with an inverted teacup in the centre. Here is Mrs. Raffald's recipe. This pie

not for weaklings, not for vegetarians, fruitarians, Grahamites, those who ibsist chiefly on nuts or are subject to "sinking feeling at the stomach."

"Take two or three good fresh lobsters, take out all the meat and cut it large pieces, put a fine puff paste ound the edge of your dish, then put n a layer of lobster and a layer of ysters, with bread crumbs and thin slices of butter, a little pepper and salt, then a layer of lobster, etc., till your dish is full; then take the red part of the lobster, pound it fine with chopped oysters, crumbs of bread, and a little butter; make them into small balls and fry them, then lay them upon the top of your pie, boil the shells of your oysters to make a little gravy, put to it a little pepper and salt and the oyster liquor; strain it through a sieve and fill your pie with it, then lay on your crust and stick a few small claws in the middle of your pie and send it to the oven. It is a genteel corner dish for a dinner."

Poor Tubers.

Some fear a potato famine. There is no doubt that the last potato crop was a poor one, and few of the tubers are fit for baking. William Cobbett would have rejoiced at this, for he was never weary of inveighing against the potato as food for the laboring man. Those who are warned by the physician against them will hear the news and smile. It was about 1845 that a Duke of Norfolk at the time of a potato famine wrote a letter to the London Times advising the half-starved agricultural laborer to swallow just before going to bed a pinch of curry powder. "At all events," wrote the duke, "it will send him to bed warm and comfortable."

There has long been discussion over the question whether potatoes are good or bad for a nation. Samuel Laing in his "Journey of a Residence in Norway" (1837) argued: "The food best for a country is clearly that which it requires the greatest exertion of industry and skill to produce. That which can be produced with little of such exertion, as potatoes, would undoubtedly reduce a nation to a low state of industry and skill." Malthus pointed out that potatoes stimulate population and lower wages. Thornton insisted that the use of the potato is rather the effect than the cause of Irish misery.

"Fiddles Like a Man."

A distinguished violinist of this city was talking recently about women who fiddled and now fiddle. He complained that nearly all of them classed as great erred in this: they tried to play like a man; they wished it said of them that they had a virile tone. He did not except Lady Halle, Maud Powell or Miss Farlow. "The only great woman violinist, I remember, was Teresina Tua, but her greatness consisted in the fact that she always played like a woman; it was womanly and fascinating." Some of us remember this beautiful apparition—her real name was Maria Felita Tua—who took the first prize at the Paris Conservatory, made a great reputation in Europe in the eighties and married Count Franchi-Verney, who was 19 years older than his bride. Saint-Saens once said, apropos of Augusta Holmes, that when a woman wrote for the orchestra, she was noisier than any man because she wished to show that she was not a poor, weak thing on account of her sex.

BALALAIKA CONCERT AT SYMPHONY HALL

Series of Excellent Numbers Played by Orchestra.

Though people went to Symphony last night, even though it was May, to show that the Balalaika Orchestra, under its inventor and leader, W. W. Andreef, was pleasantly remembered from its previous appearances. Among the many short numbers, too many to list here, a serenade by Drigot, "In Memorial of Chaikowsky," and two folk-songs, "The Princess Walked Round Down" and "The Volga Boatmen," pleased especially.

All the numbers by the orchestra were excellent in showing to what a degree delicacy and smooth shading an instrument can attain. But when the balalaika is played as a solo instrument it very plainly appears that one of them alone is too many, although several of them are not a bad idea. All that was to be got from Fortunate M. V. Pogoreloff's virtuosity with his bare fingers was that he could probably sew very well without a thimble.

The mediocre singing was interspersed between the numbers. The encores were very frequent.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE CONCERT

Second of Sunday Entertainments Held—Two New Singers Introduced.

The second of the Sunday evening concerts at the Boston Opera House last night served to introduce two singers in Boston, each of whom won the favor of the audience. Raoul Romito, a young Neapolitan tenor, sang the aria from "Boheme," which so met the approval of the audience that he was compelled to repeat it.

The other newcomer was Miss Elizabeth Amsden, a Boston girl by birth, who sang the role of Aida in the pageant scene from that opera. The other singers were Mme. Claessens as Amneris, Gaudenzi as Radames, Polese as Amonastro and Lankow as Ramfis.

The opening number was the prelude to "Faust" by the orchestra, followed by the second scene of the third act of that opera, which includes the soldiers' chorus. The soloists were Miss Fisher as Marguerite, Jeska Swartz as Siebel, De Potter, the new French tenor, as Faust, Mardones as Mephistopheles and Barreau as Valentin. The chorus singing and the solo of Mr. Mardones were enthusiastically received.

Edward Lankow, the new bass, gave two songs in German, which met with so much applause that he gave as an encore, "Sail, Baby, Sail," in English.

The overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was played by the orchestra, and the aria by Mr. Romito and the scene from "Aida" closed the concert. Mr. Caplet conducted the "Faust" music, Mr. Conti the scene from "Aida" and Mr. Goodrich had charge of the orchestra during the other numbers.

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I knew him in Padua—a fantastical scholar,
Like such, who study how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what color Achilles' beard was,
Or whether Hector were not troubled
With the tooth-ache.
He hath studied himself half blear-eyed to know
The true symmetry of Caesar's nose by a shoeing horn; and this
He did to gain the name of a speculative man.

Mr. Rothenstein Perplexed.

Mr. Will Rothenstein, the London artist who is now visiting Boston, was probably first known here by his pictures in the Yellow Book. His Portrait of a Gentleman and Portrait of a Lady were published in the first number of that quarterly (April, 1894), a brilliant number with prose articles by Henry James, Max Beerbohm, George Saintsbury, Hubert Crackenthorpe, Henry Harland, Richard Garnett; an act of a comedy by John Oliver Hobbes and George Moore; poems by William Watson, Arthur Symons, John Davidson, Edmund Gosse, and pictures by Beardsley, Leighton, Pennell, Sickert and others. Mr. Rothenstein was then in good company, and now he is good company, for he is an entertaining talker and—still rarer apparition—an amiable listener.

Talking with some artists of this city, Mr. Rothenstein was perplexed when a Bostonian alluded to an absent colleague as having "bats in his belfry." "Just what do you mean by that?" asked the visitor. "Why, he has a slat loose." The light began to dawn. "Oh!" said Mr. Rothenstein, "we say, he is balmy on the crumpet." Then there was wise talk concerning the history of this phrase, unknown to the Americans.

"Balmy in the Crumpet."

This phrase, however, is tautological. "Crumpet" is a common slang term in England for head; it is synonmous with mazzard, cabaza, dome, gable, pumpkin, calabash, onion, nob, block, cocoanut, garret, jazey, turnip, nut—there's a long list, but not so long as in French slang. When did "crumpet" first appear with this meaning in English? It is not in John Camden Hotten's "Dictionary of Modern Slang" (second edition, 1860). Capt. Grose knew it not in the 18th century.

But "balmy" itself covers the whole idea. We quote from a book that has often helped us.

"Balmy: Dull-witted; thick-skulled. In this sense 'balmy' is used up and down the whole gamut of imbecility from mere stolidity to downright insanity. Popularly used it signifies in most cases little more than shallow-brained or muddle-headed; or to use slang equivalents in their most familiar sense, 'to be touched,' 'to be wrong in the upper story,' 'dotty.' Among thieves, however, it is usually applied to insanity, 'to put on the balmy stick' being among convicts to feign madness." A quotation is given from Henry Mayhew's "London Labor and London P-

the list of patterer's words: "Balmy—insane." So "balmy" is an equivalent of "to have a slate off," "to have a tile loose," "to have apartments to let." But should not Mr. Rothenstein have said "balmy in the crumpet" and not "on the crumpet"? We ask not in captious mood, but in a spirit of love and scientific investigation.

"Barmy" In Dialect.

Perhaps one reason why balmy" does not appear in the slang dictionaries of the sixties is that it was then a dialect word, but the preferred form in Scotland, Yorkshire, Lincoln, Warwick and elsewhere was "barmy." "Bawmy" was a variant. Here is a quotation from MacMillan's Magazine (1879): "What with the trips and the drink I very near went balmy." A character in Scott's "St. Ronan's Well" is described as "a wheen cork-headed barmy brained gowks." Dr. Wright suggests this derivation: from "barm," meaning yeast, plus "y." "The literary meaning is frothing like barm, hence full of ferment, flighty, empty-headed."

Derivations are not to be taken too seriously. John Wilson and DeQuincey once travelled in the same post chaise with an agreeable madman, who informed them that the Saxons, though brave, were poor. They had no breeches, no silk stockings, but they had sacks which they mounted on their backs—whence, of course, their name, Sax-on. "Sacks-on! was the one word of command; and, that spoken, the army was ready. In reality, it was treason to take them off."

Pierce Once More.

A note on the pronunciation of the surname Pierce. Some time ago a man named Pierce living in Lowell was summoned into court as a witness. A lawyer, examining or cross-examining, asked: "Do you pronounce your name Pierce or Purse?" To which the highly respected citizen answered: "Eether or ayther."

Two Gentlemen of Woodbridge.

The Herald spoke recently of the resentment felt by one of two homonyms toward the other. Curious story bearing on this well-known and acknowledged fact is told by Mr. Justin McCarthy in his "Irish Recollections" recently published in London. A young Protestant teacher, Grace Fitzgerald of Cork, was disappointed in love, for her sweetheart was a Catholic and the families objected. She then went to live with an uncle, Edward Fitzgerald, in Suffolk. Years went by. The quondam lover, who had not heard of Grace, read the quatrains of Omar Khayyam and came to the conclusion that the translator was her uncle. Later he read that a row had been suppressed by the district chief constable, Edward Fitzgerald. Wondering whether the poet and the policeman were one, the same and indivisible, he made inquiries and learned that the two had lived for many years in Woodbridge; but the admirer of the poet, had no interest in the deeds of the constable; and those who held the constable in high respect, did not care whether the poet translated from the Persian or the Bulgarian. Is there any allusion to this in the poet's correspondence?

Sundry Questions.

The Herald has received the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald.

Does Mr. Herkimer Johnson's "colossal work (elephant folio; sold only by subscription)," contain any reference to a theory that Christopher Columbus' voyage which revealed a new world was financed by a Jew? My Sunday school teacher, or my wife's—'tis all the same—declares the Isabella and her jewels story a myth and says Hebrews claim the honor of furnishing the funds. Has the claim any foundation?

An English novelist (Jan Hey) describes a homely scene in which a little girl, locked out of the room by a sister and seated on the threshold, is advised by another sister "to abandon her eleemosynary vigil." Why eleemosynary?

A magazine writer, describing southern mountain women (whites calls them "sloe-yed." Ordinary dictionaries give "sloe" only as the "blackthorn." Does "sloe-eyed" mean merely black-eyed?

J. M. H.

Boston, Dec. 11, 1911.

Girls are often said to have eyes as black as sloes. We are told by drinking men that sloe gin is paradoxically quick in searching out the centres of life.

"Eleemosynary" also means dependent on charity, and as a noun "a recipient of charity."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, as an eminent sociologist, is not strong in his story, and we do not know where he is at present. Columbus met at Malaga one Isaac Abravanel, who was the first to assist him financially. It is not known whether Columbus was aided at Lisbon by Jews.

'THE PINK LADY'

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "The Pink Lady," adapted from the French vaudeville "Le Satyre." Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan; music by Ivan Caryll. Produced by Klaw & Erlanger Frederic Solomon conducted.

Serpoletto Pochet.....Florence Crosble
Desiree.....Aileen Flavin
Pochet .....F. Newton Lindo
Benevol.....Fred Wright, Jr.
Lucien Garidel.....Jack Henderson
Angele.....Alice Dovey
Maurice D'Uzac.....Craufurd Kent
Bebe Guingolph.....John E. Young
Claudine, the pink lady.....Hazel Dawn
Crapote .....Harry Depp
Mme. Dondidier.....Alice Hegeman
Philippe Dondidier.....Frank Lalor
Theodore Lebec.....A. S. Humerson
La Comtesse de Montanvert.....Louise Kelley
Dr. Mazou.....Maurice Hegeman
Ywaxy, a violinist.....Violini

"Le Satyre" by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, which was produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, Dec. 4, 1907, was characterized by even easy-going French critics as "tres gaulois." It had a long run in Paris and "The Pink Lady" met with even greater success in New York.

Mr. McLellan has accomplished the task of chastening the original without making it incomprehensible or dull. His lyrics have sentiment and point and are a relief after the balderdash of the great majority of the musical comedies that come to us from London, or are manufactured in this country.

It is not necessary to tell the story. A young rounder, about to marry, invents a friend, Dondidier, to account to his betrothed for neglect of her. Some one known as "the Satyr" has been frightening the women in the forest of Compeigne. Benevol, a detective, is sure that Dondidier is the wretch. There happens to be a Dondidier in the flesh, a seller of antique furniture, as blameless as the Ethiopians whom the gods of Homer used to visit. Amusing complications follow logically from the fact that there is a Dondidier.

It is easy to see that "The Pink Lady" is an adaptation, for the story is closely knit and the incidents enter naturally. Even the lyrics do not impede the progress of the action. They are derived from it and lead to further complications. The lyrics, furthermore, are sung so clearly that they are fully appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Caryll's music is agreeable even when it is conventionally tuneful. Two or three numbers have distinction either by graceful melodic contour or through emphasis of the dramatic situation. "The Girl by the Saskatchewan" and "Beautiful Lady" are melodically conspicuous, and the ensemble "Donny Did, Donny Didn't" is worthy of the Offenbach of the better operattas.

Here we have then an amusing book and pleasing music, a rare combination. Here we have a musical comedy that does not depend on the antics of an acrobatic comedian, on clowning or the impudent display of brazen-faced show girls.

Let it be added that the stage setting and the costumes are rich but in the best of taste. The scene in the antique shop shows furniture that might well tempt an amateur, and the scene of the cafe in Paris is beautiful in every way. The costumes are remarkably handsome in design and in color.

The company is an unusually strong one. The cast is a long one and we give the names of only the principals, but all on the stage are worthy of notice, however little they may do or say. The groupings and the evolutions of a chorus of girls that for once do not turn advance notices into mockery are admirably contrived.

Mr. Lalor takes the part of Dondidier, the Satyr. He plays it in true comedy vein. He is not merely Mr. Lalor in a part. He creates a character. How refreshing his quiet methods after the slap-stick performances of so many heroes of musical comedy. In the second act he is delightful throughout; witness the scenes with the clerk, with the rounder who tempts him to assume the manners of a satyr by promising him the 20th snuff box which would complete the collection he hoped an American would purchase; with the women who tempt or are indignant. If in the third act he is at times frankly farcical, he does not exceed the demand made upon him by the situations. A fine piece of work, which promises much for Mr. Lalor's success in higher fields than those in which he has amused thousands.

Mr. Wright is also amusing in a more mannered way, and Mr. Young is funny according to the traditions of "farce comedy."

Miss Hazel Dawn is a fresh, wholesome girl, who sings without affectation and fiddles the waltz tune to the delight of the audience. Miss Dovey sings and acts effectively and without self-consciousness, which makes her performance all the more agreeable. One of the chief features, however, is Miss Louise Kelley in the ensemble "Donny Did," and another is the grotesque and irresistibly funny impersonation of Dondidier's wife by Miss Hegeman.

music, the toreador's song, and

exclusive function, as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

Portsmouth, N. H.

few more delightful books in the world

14/10

[illegible] has musical comedy of so great merit been acted so well and staged so sumptuously in this city. "The Pink Lady" deserves a long run and a prosperous one.

MME. SIMONE IN "THE THIEF"

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Liebler & Co. present Mme. Simone in an English version of "The Thief," a play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. Cast:

[illegible] Voysin	Edwin Arden
Raymond Lagardes	Emmett Corrigan
M. Zambault	Sidney Herbert
[illegible] Lagardes	C. Francis
Marie Louise Voysin	Mme. Simone
[illegible] Lagardes	Grace Halsey Mills

To picture on the stage the alternating currents that agitate the soul of a woman who steals to get pretty gowns that she may keep her husband's love; who robs the family whose guest she is, and sees the son of that family confess the thefts to spare her because he loves her with a boy's infatuation, who has her adored husband find out her crime and then unjustly accuse her of an intrigue with the youth who sacrificed himself to save her—to indicate her mental and emotional states without either tatters of passion or flat dulness requires a power of suggestion, a subtlety of method and a restrained force at supreme moments that are rarely seen in one actress.

In "The Thief," however, Mme. Simone meets the test, if not with unalloyed mastery, at least with a success that gives intense pleasure—the enjoyment that comes from watching a difficult work of art well done. She shows her abject, unstinted love for her husband convincingly and charmingly. She repulses the calf love of Fernand with kindness, but with sufficient dignity. With remarkable suggestiveness she lets you know there is something hidden in her life that keeps her inner soul on the watch without your suspecting what it is.

With excellent clarity and power, after her husband discovers her guilt, she shows that her terrible fear of exposure comes mainly from her dread that she will lose her Richard, and she fights to save his love with the resource and fierceness of a tigress. You are ready because of her savage sincerity long before her husband is to forgive her and to realize that there is nothing against her in the affair with "little Fernand," and it seems perfectly natural for Richard to see it at last without any proof when she proposes that they go away together where she will never see the boy.

Mme. Simone is admirably supported by all the rest of the cast. Mr. Arden is properly doting at first and sufficiently rampant later without overstepping the bounds of good taste. Mr. Francis enacts the extremely difficult part of Fernand with rare skill and judgment. The others so conduct themselves that the performance is unusually well proportioned and satisfying.

All without exception, however, make one mistake; they talk so fast that the attention of their hearers is seriously strained in trying to follow the lines. This is unfortunate on general grounds, but is particularly so in this case because it prevents the spectators from seeing and appreciating some of the finest points of the dramatic skill displayed.

The audience last night was enthusiastic and called the actors out repeatedly after each act.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet, conductor.

Don Jose	Mr. Clement
Escamillo	Mr. Riddez
Zuniga	Mr. Barreau
El Dancaire	Mr. Leo
El Remendado	Mr Giaccone
Morales	Mr. Letol
Lilas Pastia	Mr. Jullien
Carmen	Mme. Gay
Micaela	Miss Fisher
Frasquita	Miss Scotney
Mercedes	Miss De-Courcy

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Are You a Mason?" A farce comedy in three acts adapted from the German by [illegible]stein.

[illegible]	John Craig
[illegible]	Donald Meek
[illegible]	George Hassell
[illegible]	Morgan Wallace
[illegible]	Walter Walker
[illegible]	Robert M. Middlemass
[illegible]	A. L. Hickey
[illegible] Bloodgood	Mabel Colcord
[illegible] (Perry)	Mabel Montgomery
[illegible]	Henrietta McDannel
[illegible]	Grace Lothrop
[illegible]	Laura Leon
[illegible]	Maud Richmond
[illegible]	Sylvia Blader
[illegible] Armitage	Florence Leach

OLD-TIMERS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Interesting Entertainment Given by Favorites of Former Days.

Borrowing an expression from sport and applying it to the stage, they do sometimes "come back" and with a vengeance. At least that was the unanimous sentiment of the big house that assembled at B. F. Keith's last night to witness an "old-time variety show," as the program had it.

First and foremost was Mrs. Annie Yeamans, now rounding out her 66th year—by her own confession—upon the stage. Mrs. Yeamans was a success last night. The audience accorded her, when she stepped in front of the footlights, one of the most enthusiastic receptions ever given a performer at B. F. Keith's. And Mrs. Yeamans was visibly moved thereat.

Then there was Gus Williams, famous as the father of the German dialect comedian and also as founder of the Boston Lodge of Elks. Many of his brethren of the B. P. O. E. were on hand last night to join in the general applause that marked his appearance upon the stage and, again, his departure. Mr. Williams ran Mrs. Yeamans a close second on the popularity proposition last night.

Maggie Cline had a place upon the old-timers' bill, although she declares that she is yet far from really being an old-timer and that the Haverhill records are all at fault in making it appear that she is on the other side of 50. Maggie is not by any means the lithe, shy little maiden that made her metropolitan debut at Tony Pastor's 30 years ago. Of course she favored with that very robust ballad "Throw 'Em Down McCluskey" that she has been hurling into the hearts and nerves of a nation for more than a score of years.

Probably the youngest member of this week's card is Miss Lottie Gilson, and yet it was more than a score of years ago that "the little Magnet" first wanted the boys to join in the chorus of "Paradise Alley" and "The Sidewalks of New York." Miss Gilson still retains her voice and has considerably more rotundity of figure than of yore. She insisted that the audience, especially the gallery, should join in the choruses and all willingly consented.

Ward and Curran made the hit they have ever scored in their famous classic "The Terrible Judge," and Fox and Ward, the record vaudeville team of the world, having been continuously together in blackface since 1868, were enthusiastically encored. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thorne and company in "An Uptown Flat," portraying the marital trials of the Potts family, and Allen and Clark, comedy handbell ringers of ye ancient vintage of the '70's, comprise a bill that is at once unique and interesting.

Christmas Drama 'Eager Heart' Given Without Its Early Attributes.

The English Christmas mystery play, "Eager Heart," which has previously been seen in Boston only at a private dress rehearsal, was given for the first time last night to a large audience which filled Copley Hall.

The play is presented under conditions that so remove it from the realm of the ordinary theatre that criticism is difficult. Just how the old mystery plays of which it is a revival were acted in the middle ages is a moot point, but tradition agree that an intense naturalism, approaching in parts to buffoonery, was the keynote of the performance.

As given last night to a curious and attentive audience, "Eager Heart" proved little more than a series of what might be called moving tableaux, connected by incidents from which gesture and dramatic action were practically banished. The result, for all the sacred music and incense, was a performance which had perhaps necessarily the self-consciousness which Thomas Hardy has noted as differentiating revivals from survivals of old-time folk plays.

The play's motive is the well worn but ever fresh theme of the passing of the Christ-child, at the very time of his own feast, unnoticed and ignored, through a people which has forgotten that the lesson of Christmas as well as its memory was meant to endure. Eager Sense has prepared a banquet in expectation of His arrival on earth; Eager Fame waits for Him at the city gate with her cohorts under arms, ready to pay Him fitting honors.

The wise Kings, with their gifts ready as of old, wander about the countryside seeking him, but are busied with intellectual problems that distract them from hearing the celestial music which heralds his coming. Even the shepherds upon the hill-side nave lost patience, and in their revolt against the harsh conditions of life turn against the old story, whose only message for them seems to be one of indefinite submission to dearth and social injustice.

In the middle of the expectancy the infant Saviour, with his mother and foster-father, descends upon earth. Only one old shepherd, who is waiting on death after 70 uncomplaining years, recognizes the Holy Family in the workless tramps who beg for crusts and a little goats' milk, and only Eager Heart, who gives up her own poor chance of receiving the sacred Guest, and harbors the houseless wanderers in the chamber she has prepared for Him, finds that she is entertaining Heaven unawares.

None of the performers were named on the program of the Christmas mystery play, but all spoke their lines with dignity and reverence. The costumes, more especially those of the lady who represented Eager Sense and of the shepherds, were of real beauty, and the grouping of the tableau of the Nativity at the end recalled some of the pictures of the early post-Raphaelites.

During the performance music from Bach's Christmas Oratorio, pastoral symphonies, chorales and an old Manx carol were given by an unseen orchestra and choir. The performance will be repeated in the afternoon today and tomorrow.

TREMONT THEATRE—Return of Ralph Herz in "Dr. De Luxe," by Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschua.

John Truesdale, otherwise known as Dr. De Luxe	Ralph Herz
Dr. De Paw	Taylor Williams
Miss Barker	Miss Rena Santos
Miss Ada Houston	Miss Mariou Ballou
Sadie	Miss Polly Prim
Dennis	Harry T. Delf
Kittie Melville	Miss Sylvia De Frankie
Mrs. Dorothy Melville	Miss Cordelia MacDonald
Dr. Robert Melville	Harry Stone
Mrs. Clara Houston	Miss Georgia Kelly
Margie Melville	Miss Harriet Standon
Donald Houston	Edward Earle
Toodlums	Master Wilfred Morison

This musical comedy is an abundant laugh-getter and an excellent house filler—at least the vacant seats were rarer than the really witty lines, and the intervals between laughs were short. The first act is very slow and conventional to the vanishing point of interest. All the comedy there was turned on the age-old burlesque trick of saying things to people that should have been said to the dogs these not badly gowned people carried, trailed, dragged and toted into the dog-doctor's parlor.

The curtain of the second act falls on a pandemonium, the audience nearly drowns out the actors' shouting and the orchestra's scraping, tooting, booming. Dr. De Luxe, the promoted dog doctor, makes a multiple exit, coming back time after time to get forgotten articles. His coat is whitened by the dog powders that he has given to all the unsuspecting patients that arrive in the real doctor's office, where he has come to treat a household pet and by mistake been installed as a genuine assssissst'nt. This assssissssst'nt asssssissssts after the somewhat finer than low comedy methods of Ralph Herz.

The curtain of the third act rises on a very pretty set showing the court yard of an apartment house. Charming, "cute," Miss De Frankie leads a "Harum Scarum" dance. Except for Miss De Frankie and the two following songs, "When the Old Top Hummed," by Miss Santos and chorus, and "Skeletons in the Closet," by Miss Prim and Mr. Delf and chorus, the evening's music and dancing were extremely mediocre. "Skeletons in the Closet" was done at top speed with appropriate green lights, while the chorus swung and jerked, dimly, vaguely, in black suits painted with white bones. The slow transition from the whirlwind darkness of this scene to the full light of the later ones gave the effect of a slow return to sanity after an enjoyably vivacious nightmare.

From this point on Dr. De Luxe lapses into the mechanical stringing of clumsy gags on a slender thread of hackneyed plot that is natural to nine comedies out of 10. After all, the trouble with musical comedies is not that they are only or merely what they are (the high-brow should be made to produce one and then act in it), but that their music is unusually flat and their comedy generally poor.

All of Mr. Herz's songs were declaimed smoothly and with humor. He does his part in the English manner that mercifully does not call for knockabout work, and that gives him a chance to make the most of his facial dexterity. He was always amusing and never extravagant.

The rest of the company were all of them like most of the songs, dancing, scenery and chorus manoeuvres, only "fair to middling." Mr. Herz deserves a better chance to exercise his engaging personality, and Miss De Frankie did all in her power to give the audience a real reason for its having come in such numbers and for being so easily tickled into laughter.

Eddie Foy in his latest musical comedy, "Over the River," will come to the Tremont on Monday, Dec. 25. The comedy is based on "The Man From Mexico."

serenade from Schubert, March [illegible] Diver, [illegible] air from [illegible]

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"A Little Outcast," by Hal Reid. Cast:

Paul Weston	H. R. Macy
William Harcourt	W. A. Moriarty
George De Voe	Jack Havlin
Teddy Forrest	Butler Powers
Thomas Quinn	W. N. Tyler
Madeline Harcourt	Mildred James
Ethel Byron	Miss Belle Bennett
Maggie Foley	Hermie Le'Duc
"Bob"	Eddie Merrigan

NATIONAL THEATRE

Louise Agnese and her Irish players scored a decided hit in their first appearance in this country at the National Theatre last night with Irish songs and dances. The auditorium was decorated with American and Irish flags, and the Emerald Isle was well represented in the audience, as was shown by the number of encores that were given these players. They introduced for the first time in this country the latest song rage of Ireland, "Come Back to Mallow, Mollie."

Bud Fisher, the cartoonist, amused all with his comic drawings of "Mutt and Jeff." Munroe, Mack and Williams in their latest sketch, "The New Recruit," were exceptionally funny. The rest of the well balanced bill included Gere and Delany, novelty roller skaters; Frank Gordon and Rose Kinley in a silent dancing set, Leona, the double-voiced singer from Siberia, and the Lola Milton company in a clever sketch, "A Course Dinner." Bert Melrose kept the house in a continuous [illegible]

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The Herald has received a card which is at the same time a calendar and a list of "Social Fixtures." It appears that one of these social fixtures is Easter, which we were taught in our youth to consider a movable feast. Another social fixture is Lincoln's Birthday.

The London Daily Chronicle occasionally publishes what it is pleased to regard as a joke. Here is one: "A traveller, on leaving the through train to the North at Newcastle, forgot his macintosh and ran along the train asking for it. 'Have you seen a black macintosh?' he inquired of the occupant of a compartment. 'No,' came the reply, 'but there's a red Mac Kenzie here.'" The negro Hannibal at Yale College used to tell the students marvelling at his eloquence that every now and then he would crack a joke which would make a man laugh if he were alone, all by himself, in the woods. The Chronicle has not yet attained this standard.

And the Chronicle spells mackintosh without a "K." The variant "macintosh" is allowed by dictionaries, and thus the inventor is slighted, for it was Charles Mackintosh who invented and patented in 1823 the waterproof material named after him.

Men to Have Seen.

This making a list of the best or the greatest is by no means a modern amusement. There were the seven champions of Christendom, the seven wonders of the world, the seven wonders of Wales, the seven wonders of the Peak. One of Hazlitt's most entertaining essays is entitled "Of Persons One Would Wish to Have Seen." Lamb is represented as inquiring if there was any one that was hanged that any one would choose to mention, and Hazlitt answered, Eugene Aram.

If a man were to name honestly and without any wish to act the poseur persons whom he would be glad to have seen, a fair idea of his taste and character could be gained. Suppose a man were to draw up this list: Hannibal, Alcibiades, John C. Heenan, Verdi, Poe, Dumas the Elder, Peter the Great, Jehu the son of Nimshi, Gen. George Washington, Burns, Fielding, Balzac, Capt. Kidd, Swedenborg, Walt Whitman, W. E. Henley, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, Cagliostro, Artemus Ward, Herman Melville; would his family be alarmed and summon an alienist?

After Eight Years.

The Herald is permitted to quote from a letter writen from a Bostonian now in Europe who visited this city after an absence of eight years.

"O ye City Fathers! Why did ye not make a beautiful, broad boulevard behind Beacon street, with a magnificent sweeping curve round behind Brimmer street? Then a handsome balustrade of granite with broad steps going down to the water at short intervals. Instead of which you have merely widened a little the Beacon street alley-way, and made at the intersection of your cheap iron rail fence a homoeopathic curve; I should say, the highest dilution of a curve that it is possible to make.

"Per contra, how very handsome some of the new down town buildings are! Then there are the Harvard medical school, and the Art Museum—except for the narrowness of its front entrance, which is out of all proportion to the size of the building. Why, instead of its having only four columns, shouldn't it have had eight or ten? It looks so insignificant as it is. The interior of the Opera House seemed large and comfortable, is somewhat dull in coloring, and its exterior goes hand in hand with Symphony Hall. Words fail. Here is Mrs.

ever, to express how terrible to is the Phillips Brooks monument! y should he have standing behind such an unutterably sad and antic Christ bearing a gigantic ss and looking very much dis- ased with Phillips Brooks, Boston's l? It is too bad. Why should not ist and the cross be removed, and llips Brooks placed a little farther k in his niche, to stand alone, red by all?

I forgot the new Cambridge bridge, th its four antique sugar-shakers; very well, were they at least twice ir size, to be in proportion with massiveness of the rest of the dge."

A Sound English Dish.

oes any one eat marrow bones in ston? Mr. Frank Schloesser, who ites entertaining articles about cook- for the Pall Mall Gazette, has re- ntly considered the marrow bone. He mmends this old fashioned sort of a nner: Scotch broth, grilled sole, eak and oysters, marrow bone, pan- kes. Any waiter in one of the ten st class restaurants of London would arc at the order. Mr. Schloesser thinks a pity "that this straightforward, wnright, up-to-name sort of good und English cookery should be neg- ted in favor of "souffle decrivisses la misericorde" and such-like hope- ss misrepresentations of the culinary t." He admits that it is not easy to d the marrow bone, "a pillar of Brit- cookery," at more than one reputable l English dining place.

He prefers the marrow bone in the ilverside" of the round of beef, and cold weather the marrow from the tock shin." And this is the way he ould cook it: "Make a paste plug of our and water about half an inch in ickness, and therewith plug up each d of the bone. Tie the bone in a pud- ng cloth and put it into absolutely oiling water for one half to three- uarters of an hour, according to the ze of the bone; then remove the plugs d serve on a very hot dish with pieces well done toast." He quotes from r. Venner's "Via Recta": "Marrow is uch more laudable than the braine, r it is sweeter and pleasanter, of a mer substance, and of an hot and oist temperature; it maketh much od and pure nourishment, and excel- ntly sustaineth and restoreth the vi- l moisture."

A Note on Marrow.

Mr. Schloesser might have quoted rom the time of Chaucer to the present; ow Morton in 1632 praised the bass of e New England Canaan by saying that or daintiness of diet they excel the arybones of beef," and from Tucker ho declared that "there is no reason hy the sight of a human skull and ones in a charnel-house should shock s more than the sight of a calve's head r a pair of marrowbones in a dish."

Marrow and marrowbones have passed to slang. The latter is used as mean- g fists as weapons, also pugilists. Mar- owbones meaning knees has been in ommon usage for nearly four centuries. singular meaning of marrow is a artner, an equal; in old Scots, a lover r spouse, and amongst colliers a mate. loves that did not match were de- cribed as "not marrows." In dialect, he marrow truth is the simple or very ruth. Marrowless may mean incom- arable, or solitary, and the verb, "to harrow," to join, mate, or to lend men r horses for labor to a neighbor and o receive a similar loan in return when eeded.

Mr. Schloesser does quote this recipe rom the Right Honorable Lady Llan- ver's "Good Cookery Illustrated": "To ake a dish of marrow—Take the mar- ow of two or three marrow-bones; cut into pieces like great square dice, and ut to it a penny manchet, grated fine, ome slic't dates, half a quartern of urrans, a little cream, roasted war- ens, pippins or quinces, slic't, and two r three yolks of raw eggs, season them ith cinnamon, ginger and sugar and ingle all together."

A manchet is here a small loaf or oll of the finest wheat bread, thicker n the middle than at the ends. War- en was a kind of cooking pear. Rob- rt Sherwood in his "English and rench Dictionary" (1672) gave as the rench equivalent "poire de garde," and orgrave, translating the French into nglish, wrote: "A warden or winter ear, a pear which may be kept very ong." The Clown in "The Winter's Tale" declares he must have saffron o color the warden ples.

THE NIGHT RIDERS" IS STRONG DRAMA

ven Initial Production by Harvard Dramatic Club.

o say that "The Night Riders," Ed- rd Carty Rancke's first play, which s given at the Brattle Hall last night the Harvard Dramatic Club, is as d as many a play that is acted in l theatres and taken on tour by paid ors, is not lofty nor very intelligent ticism, but it has the advantage of ering a middle course between con- ension and over-praise. This may said for it at once, that in reviewing piece and its performers, the soft pedal is quite uncalled for. Stripped of a few crudities that a less indulgent audience would not let pass so lightly, and with a little more sophistication in the central love episode, "The Night Riders" is strong drama, of a familiar but telling type.

All the acting was good, but that of W. C. Woodward and E. W. Hammond, who played the leaders of the "Night Riders," deserves special praise. Mr. Sturgis, as the young lawyer, acted intensely but unsympathetically, and there was a hint of vindictiveness in his scenes with the law-breakers. Miss Marjorie Smith acted Mary Floyd effectively, but was hampered both by physique and voice in the more emotional moments of the play. R. D. Whittemore, as the half-murdered "dumper," gave a grim performance of the "Grand Guignol" type. With R. C. Benchley, the comic relief was in good hands.

STOCK PLEASES WITH THE BATON

Conducts Theodore Thomas Orchestra of Chicago for the First Time in Boston.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago, Frederick Stock, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. This was Mr. Stock's first appearance in Boston as a conductor. Albert Spalding was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven; tone poem, "Don Juan," Strauss; violin concerto, Elgar; symphony No. 2, D major, Brahms.

Theodore Thomas gave his first concert in Boston with his New York orchestra Oct. 29, 1869. The program, interesting to any one that has studied the growth of musical taste in this city, included pieces by Wagner, Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, Liszt, Rossini, Schumann's "Traeumerei," Stigelli's "Tho Tear" (trombone solo, F. Leetsch), Johann Strauss's polka mazurka, "Lob der Frauen," and polka Schnell, "Jocus," and Meyerbeer's Fackeltanz, No. 1.

The Chicago orchestra conducted by Theodore Thomas gave three concerts in Boston and in the same hall on March 22, 24, 26, 1898. The soloists were Mme. Nordica and Messrs. Ysaye and Hofmann. The symphonies played were Mozart's in G-minor, Beethoven's 5th and Brahms'. The other composers of purely orch tral works were Richard Strauss, Cesar Franck, Bach and Wagner.

Chicago may still be proud of this orchestra and its conductor.

The orchestral performance is distinguished first of all by the perfect balance of the choirs. The strings have a warm quality and an incisive bite according to the demands made upon them. The wood-wind instruments are excellent; the bassoons unusually good. The horn quartet is incomparable, the finest that has been heard here for 20 years. And this may be said of the brass choir: In the stormiest passages there is no blatant tone; the instruments are not goaded till sonorousness degenerates into mere noise. The same may be said of the kettle drums.

This orchestra, then, is homogeneous; it is also elastic. Its technical proficiency is as marked as it was in the days of Thomas, the finest drillmaster, with the exception of Mr. Gericke, that has ruled in American concert halls. But this orchestra is not simply a polished machine; it has spontaneity, life, a passionate voice.

The performance of Strauss's "Don Juan" was the most brilliant that I remember. It was remarkable as an exhibition of "virtuosity"; it was also remarkable for its highly imaginative and rhapsodic quality. Yet there was no extravagance, no sensationalism in the interpretation. There are the notes for anyone to read as best he can. Mr. Stock, fortunately for Chicago, happens to be a man of artistic temperament, as well as an enthusiast. He was content to let Beethoven speak in the overture; he realized that the nature of Brahms was not that of Richard Strauss.

Elgar's violin concerto, brought out in London a little over a year ago by Mr. Kreisler, was performed for the first time in America, the 8th of this month, at Chicago, when Mr. Spalding was the solo violinist. This concerto, we are told by admirers of Elgar, is another revelation of the composer's soul, for Sir Edward now expresses in music "the workings of the human mind," presumably his own. If this concerto is a faithful translation of Sir Edward's mental processes, there is the saying of Louis Ehlert to console us: "A man may say that he likes Hummel's music and be a fine fellow in his way, but I should not like to sit down and drink wine with him."

The concerto is for the most part wholly notes, notes, notes. The themes are inconspicuous; the development is as dull as it is pretentious; there is no emotional appeal; there is nothing sensuously beautiful or thoughtfully noble. The architecture is not impressive; the ornamentation is commonplace. The most interesting feature, the oasis, is the cadenza in the finale, and that is much too long.

Mr. Spalding has improved greatly since he was heard here in recital two years ago, when his intonation was often impure and his interpretation crude and jejune. Last night he displayed an advanced technic and thoughtfulness in phrasing. He was applauded heartily. He deserved this if only for his courage and endurance in a thankless task. The orchestral accompaniment was delightfully sympathetic.

The audience was a small one, whereas the hall should have been crowded. It is to be hoped that this orchestra will visit Boston again. The enthusiasm of the hearers last night should be a consolation to Mr. Stock and his valiant players.

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By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House: Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Faust ..... Edmont Clement
Mephistopheles ..... Leon Rothier
Valentin ..... Jean Riddez
Wagner ..... Gaston Barreau
Marguerite ..... Zina Brozia
Siebel ..... Madeleine D'Olige
Martha ..... Elvira Leveroni

Mme. Brozia, who appeared last night as Marguerite for the first time in Boston, made known her views concerning the character of the heroine before the performance so that there might be no doubt concerning the nature of the impersonation on the stage.

She was reported as saying: "As I see Marguerite she was by no means a simpleton. At least that is how she appears to me in Gounod's opera, for it must not be forgotten that the opera and Goethe's tragedy have very little in common. "The little country maiden of the French opera was very wise in her own way. Otherwise there could not have been the denouement the librettists wished. Not until the third act does Marguerite become anything but a shallow flirt. It is with the death of her brother that she rises to the heights of true sorrow. My Marguerite may not coincide with the usual conception formed by American operagoers, but I have endeavored to make her interesting from a broad human point of view."

And Mme. Brozia was also reported as saying that she should play the part according to the tradition of the Paris Opera.

The "conception formed by American opera-goers" has been derived from performances of the part by the Clara Louise Kellogg of the earlier years, Christine Nilsson, Pauline Lucca, Emma Calve, Mme. Melba, Mme. Eames and other more or less distinguished singers. Mmes. Nilsson, Melba and Eames were probably acquainted with the traditions of the Paris Opera. Did it occur to any one of those I have named to portray Marguerite as "Very wise in her own way," or "a shallow flirt"?

The woman that created Gounod's Marguerite was Mme. Miolan-Carvalho. It is true that "Faust" was first performed at the Theatre Lyrique, but the impersonation of Mme. Miolan-Carvalho established traditions and is still regarded by the oldest operagoers in Paris as inimitable, never to be forgotten.

It was said of her in 1859 by one of the leading critics: "Yesterday she was the first of our singers; today she is the most moving and dramatic actress we know. It is not possible to give an idea of the chastity, the grace, the ineffable tenderness, the ideal purity, the melancholy, the charm which she has put into this role of Marguerite. It is not a woman; it is a soul."

And if it be said that Mme. Miolan-Carvalho created the part at the Theatre Lyrique, the answer is that she also sang for several years at the Paris Opera.

If any were in a state of perturbation last night, fearing lest Mme. Brozia might by her impersonation recall the criticism of Emile C. de Rubempre—that Gounod had reduced Goethe's tragedy to "a vulgar seduction of a grisette by a student"—they were soon at ease, for Mme. Brozia walked in the old and approved path with the exceptions of a slight straying to the left or right in search of new business, as in the Kirmess scene where she chatted amiably with the neighbors before she was accosted by the "grand seigneur."

She sang much of the music in an agreeable manner. Her tones were of beautiful quality in the Ballad of Thule's King, and her interpretation with the accompanying facial play was charming. So, too, there were many passages in the love duet and in the concerted music of the Garden Scene that were effective by reason of the natural voice, the phrasing and the amorous warmth of the controlling mind. When Mme. Brozia strives to be effective; when she wishes to be dramatic instead of lyrical, she forces tone until it becomes shrill and pinched. If she would only be content with the natural force of the voice, her singing would be more generally appreciated, for the voice, when it is not abused, is fine, pure and sufficiently emotional; she phrases intelligently; she has ideas and endeavors by her singing to depict character, moods and sentiments.

It might be said that her Marguerite was sophisticated; that she was too ready to fall into Faust's arms; but this reproach would be hardly just. Her Marguerite was warm-blooded, but even when she was almost ready to surrender, the sudden recoil and the sense of shame were naturally and effectively expressed. In many ways the impersonation was interesting, but the most commendable features were not those that arouse the enthusiasm of the crowd.

Miss d'Olige has a light and pretty voice and apparently little experience.

Mr. Clement acted with fervor in the Garden scene. He is one of the few Fausts we have all looked at whose costumes were not grotesque. His diction was tasteful and he was, as ever, the skilled musician, but the music of the first act and the duel scene is not for him. It is not too much to say that he was miscast. Mr. Rothier sang with authority and acted with considerable force.

Mr. Riddez learned recently of the unexpected death of his father to whom he was deeply attached. Criticism of his Valentin may therefore well be deferred. Mr. Barreau was a capital Wagner and actually made him interesting.

Certain features of the stage management of this opera enhanced the general effect. Thus there was more animation in the Kirmes scene and the dance of the villagers was realistic. The audience applauded generously and there were the customary curtain calls.

On Friday night Mme. Tetrazzini, and Messrs. Constantino and Polese will sing in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

"Mignon" will be produced for the first time at this opera house at the matinee Saturday, the 23d. The chief singers will be Mmes. Derenne and Tetrazzini and Mr. Clement.

MISS PARLOW GIVES ENJOYABLE RECITAL

Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall, assisted by Harold Osborne Smith, pianist. The program was as follows: Tartini, Devil's Trill Sonata; Saint-Saens, concerto, B minor; Bach, Chaconne; Kreisler, Caprice Viennois; Brahms-Joachim, two Hungarian dances, Nos 20 and 21.

K.W.

An enthusiastic audience of fair size gave frequent and warm expressions of its admiration for Miss Parlow's remarkable display of virtuosity.

A brilliant player, she is musically gifted, as well as the possessor of an impeccable technique. Her toning is skilled, she has at her command a variety of tonal color, she is sensitive in the matter of nuances and her performance is for the most part virile, although there is at times in her interpretation a certain feminine aggressiveness and an inclination to overemphasis.

Her successive trills in Tartini's Sonata were remarkable for evenness and rapidity and marked brilliance and distinguished her playing of the concerto. For this, the orchestral accompaniment appeared sorely lacking.

Miss Parlow's double stopping was particularly fine, and she was heard to great advantage in the Chaconne and shorter pieces.

There will naturally be curiosity to see and hear Mme. Eames again in opera. She last visited Boston as an opera singer in April, 1908, when she appeared as Iris in Mascagni's opera, and as Donna Anna at the Boston Theatre. Her first operatic appearance in Boston was at Mechanics' building March 16, 1892, as Juliet. She was then a vision of radiant beauty. Her companions in Gounod's opera were the De Reszke brothers.

An Opera and a Singer

Many remember Mme. Eames as a young girl, studying here, ambitious, frolicsome, coquettish, singing in church and concert and at one of Charles R. Adams's exhibitions of pupils in opera. Among those who took her seriously was the late John K. Paine, who believed, who knew, that she would be famous. He frequently spoke of her as "The Voice." It was his fondest wish that she should take the part of the heroine when his opera "Azara" would be produced. He wrote the heroine's music with the voice of Emma Eames in his ears. When she was living in a pension at Neuilly and taking lessons of Mme. Marchesi—this was in 1886-87—he used to write letters of encouragement to her and inform her about the progress of "Azara." His opera was published; it has been performed in concerts; but no manager has been persuaded to put it on the stage. Appeals were made to Mr. Conried, who had much to say about his devotion to art, he answered softly and speciously. There was talk of a production at the Berlin Royal Opera House; but the talk was chiefly on this side of the Atlantic. Certain dwellers in Cambridge were convinced that this production should be a subject

r music, the toreador's song, clusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

Portsmouth, N. H.

few more delightful books in the world

for diplomatic zeal; that "Azara" should be an international affair. This was the tragedy to the otherwise happy life of John K. Paine, who received many honors.

Mme. Eames and Her Costumes.

Mme. Eames has played many parts in Boston. She was most successful as Juliet, the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," Desdemona, Mistress Ford in "Falstaff" and Pamina. It is a question whether, when her beauty was full blown, she was more resplendent as the Countess or as Hero in Mancinelli's opera.

She took the part of Santuzza once—it was in 1892—but it was not for her. Her costume was singularly rich for the betrayed peasant girl, ornate and wholly incongruous. It is said that her answer was: "Santuzza put on her best clothes, for it was Easter." This idea never occurred to Mme. Duse or Mme. Aguglia, or to the dramatic singer whom Mascagni brought to Boston. Perhaps it was the fault of Mme. Eames's first husband, who designed costumes for her without much thought concerning their appropriateness. As Aida she was dressed in a manner to provoke the envy of the Princess Amneris, and the costume of Sieglinde might have been planned for a fancy ball given by the Empress for the pleasure of Louis Napoleon, the Duke de Morny and other connoisseurs.

Other parts taken by Mme. Eames in Boston were Marguerite, Elsa, Donna Elvira, Elisabeth, Floria Tosca.

Good Old Days

It was recently said that Mme. Eames was first seen here as Floria Tosca with the tenor, De Marchi. The statement is erroneous. De Marchi, a manly and brilliant tenor, who created the part of Cavaradossi when "Tosca" was first produced at Rome in 1900, was seen here in the role (March 11, 1902), but the Floria Tosca was Milka Ternina, whose laurels did not allow Mme. Eames to sleep.

When Mme. Eames impersonated Floria at the Boston Theatre (April 2, 1907) her associates were Caruso and Scotti. She did sing with De Marchi in 1902, but it was in "Aida."

And what a company was the one that came to the Boston Theatre in 1902! Among the women were Ternina, Calve, Eames, Sembrich, Lucienne Breval, Suzanne Adams, Schumann-Heink, Homer and Gadski. Among the men were De Marchi, Van Dyck, Alvarez, Dippel, von Bandrowski (engaged for Paderewski's "Manru"), Salignac, Scotti, Van Rooy, Campanari, Bilibert, Bispham, Ed. de Reszke, Journet, Blass.

Mr. De Gogorza, by the way, first visited Boston with Mme. Sembrich. It was in November, 1897.

Tight Musical Boots

It was stated in the obituary notices of Thomas Ball that he was the first to sing in Boston the music of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio. Mr. Ball, who joined the Handel and Haydn Society in 1847, first sang a solo part in performances of "Judas Maccabaeus" that year. The first performance of "Elijah" was on Feb. 13, 1848. A local critic then said of him that he sang with "feeling, power and dignity; but in 'Is not his word' he wanted fire; in a word, his musical boots were a little tight."

Mr. J. W. Ryan of Dorchester sends to The Herald an advertisement of a performance of "Elijah" in 1848.

"Elijah, a new sacred oratorio composed by Doct. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, will be performed (fifth time in Boston) by the Handel and Haydn Society on Sunday evening, March 5, commencing at half past six o'clock, at the Melodeon, under the direction of Mr. C. E. Horn. Mr. A. U. Hayter will preside at the organ. Solo performers: Miss A. Stone, Miss Cammett, Miss Emmons, Mr. T. Ball as Elijah, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. E. Taylor. Tickets, fifty cents each, to be had at the Tremont, Revere and Adams Houses, United States Hotel, and all the usual places."

Apropos of a sculptor, why should the proposed statue of Hawthorne at Salem represent him as "looking out to sea"? Did his experience at the Custom House warrant this attitude? In his romances he was essentially a man of the land.

Taken at His Word

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis having said that if he should take a vacation he would be willing to leave the affairs in charge of one of the Restricted Equal Suffrage Association, that body named Dr. Hannah Graham. And now the Mayor says he will have to consult his wife about it. All jokes on Shanks' mare are barred.

A Retort Courteous

Mr. Philip L. Hale, the artist, was talking recently with an Englishman who complained because many Bostonians, as he said, had asked him, immediately after introduction, "Well, what do you think of our country?" or "Would you mind giving me your impressions of America?" The Englishman added: "It happens to all of us." To which Mr. Hale answered gently: "No, we don't often have to ask."

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ALICE NIELSEN

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Alice Nielsen of the Metropolitan Opera House, Edward Lankow of the Boston Opera House and George Proctor, pianist, gave a pleasant concert yesterday afternoon at Fenway Court.

Miss Nielsen sang these songs: Mozart, Voi che Sapete; Chabrier, spinning song from "Gwendoline"; Debussy, Mandoline, Hahn, L'Heure Exquise; Wolf-Ferrari, air from "Il Segreto di Susanna"; Converse, air from "The Sacrifice"; Chadwick, Sweetheart, Thy Lips Are Touched with Flame; Ronald, Down in the Forest.

Mr. Lankow sang "Ombra mai fu," from Handel's "Serse"; Schubert's An die Musik, "O Isis," from "The Magic Flute," and Reissiger's "The Toper and the Devil."

Mr. Proctor played these pieces: Bach, Gavotte; Rubinstein, Barcarolle; Schumann, Toccata; Debussy, Serenade dans Grenade; MacDowell, Rigaudon, and Stscherbatscheff's waltz in F from "Marionettes."

Miss Nielsen was in excellent voice. She sang with her well known purity of tone and showed a technical proficiency that was as a second nature. In these days when few operatic celebrities can afford to submit themselves to the test of interpreting songs in a concert hall, it is a pleasure to hear a singer who, having made a reputation in opera, does not confound legato singing with spasmodic bursts and does not seek to turn lieder into themes for high flown and incongruous declamation. Miss Nielsen's command of breath and maintenance of melodic lines was noteworthy. It was highly appreciated by the audience. The song that Gwendoline, the Saxon maiden at the spinning wheel, sings to Harald, the chief of the invading Danes, was unfamiliar and inherently charming. The air from Wolf-Ferrari's opera is much more commonplace in the invention and the workmanship.

Mr. Lankow, as opera-goers now know, has an uncommonly fine organ, rich, sonorous, well-trained. He sang Schubert's song with true eloquence and showed in his performance of "The Toper and the Devil" a dash and a grim humor that are not usually associated with such a pontifical voice. His interpretation of Handel's air was surely ill-considered. This melody known to many as "Handel's Largo" is sung by Xerxes, and the words are these: "There never was a sweeter shade of a dear and lovely plant." It's a simple little song, written for a male soprano or mezzo-soprano. Hearing Mr. Lankow one would have thought it of heroic character, a lament of one fallen from his high estate, or the resolve to commit some noble deed.

The program was agreeably diversified by the piano pieces played by Mr. Proctor. He was especially fortunate in his performance of the Barcarolle, the Rigaudon and the waltz by Stscherbatscheff.

The artists were all heartily applauded and they responded by adding to the program.

THE MANNES RECITAL

First Concert of Their Fourth Season in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave a violin and piano sonata concert in Steinert Hall last night. The program included Mozart's sonata in B flat major; Reger, Suite "In alten Styl," F major, op. 93, and Brahms's sonata in G major, op. 78.

This was the first concert of Mr. and Mrs. Mannes's fourth season in Boston. There was an audience of good size that evidently enjoyed the music and the manner in which it was played. Mrs. Mannes is, indeed, an accomplished pianist in chamber music. Her touch is agreeable, her technic adequate, and her interpretation is characterized by clarity and a fine sense of proportion.

Reger's suite is more attractive than other works of this class by him that have been heard here. There is less contrapuntal brushwood; there is a more direct appeal. The second movement, a Largo, is of well sustained emotional quality. The first movement, while it is written after the old formula, is fresh, and the Finale, a fugue, is interesting throughout.

The Herald has received the following letter from a valued correspondent:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Can you inform me why it is that at a time of life when all other evidences of bodily vigor and vitality are declining to extinction the growth of the whisker should increase in luxuriance, making it necessary to shave twice a day where in one's greatly regretted youth a single shave sufficed?

We are daily confronted with the spectacle of a man wholly without hair upon the top of his head, but sporting upon his face a tropical growth of whisker. Are you personally aware of any especial favorite of the immortal gods to whom it was granted that he might become bald upon his face, retaining the while upon his poll an adorning thatch? I do not recall that any of the many to whom three wishes have been given by fairies and other benevolent sorcerers have expressed the very natural wish to be rid of the daily drudgery of shaving; no doubt this good fortune has befallen only the young, to whom the beard seems desirable as a sign and symbol. Had such a boon been offered to a man of 50, there is little doubt but this would have been his first choice.

GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston, Dec. 12.

A Note on Whiskerage.

But why does not Mr. Quex let his whiskers grow? Has he read Dr. Wiley's reply to the Chicagoans protesting against his demand that all men be clean shaven? This physician who, like one of the 20 greatest women of the world, signs himself "Yours for health," answered the dwellers in the wind-swept city: "The arguments presented are not real arguments. The Chicagoans plead for their whiskers on the ground of beauty—and beauty must be sacrificed to health."

Whiskers, we take it, is here a general term, including all varieties of beard, imperial, goatee, mustache, and not merely a specific mutton chop, Piccadilly weeper, Galway slugger; not only zymos, but also a chin beard. And so rum used with reference to the Demon includes all intoxicating beverages from beer to a Bronx cocktail. Yet the question might be asked whether "Hallo, Whiskers!" or the noun, "Whiskerando," could be justly applied to a man with a mustache, even though it be drooping so that he bears a resemblance to the learned seal, or bristly like a blacking brush, a mustache to which soup clings, like dew on a shrub. Take the slang term, "whisker-bed," for face, as in the sentence from "Verdant Green": "His ivories rattled, his nozzle barked, his whisker-bed napped heavily." Should the intelligent foreigner pondering this example of early Victorian English understand that the gentleman in question was bearded like a partner or decorated with whiskers, a side ornamentation?

Famous Beards.

Some may envy Mr. Quex and remind him of the pride that men have taken in long beards. In 1902 the beard of M. Jean Coulon of Montlucon in the department of Allier, France, was 10 feet 10½ inches long, while his mustache was over a yard and a half in length. He was then 76 years old and had been many years in growing his joy and pride. On Sundays he exhibited his beard, but for the rest of the week he kept it rolled in a bag. That was nine years ago. We have not heard from him since.

Mr. John Staininger, an Austrian gentleman who died in 1567, had a beard so long that it reached the ground, and a representation of it is in bas relief on his tomb. There was Franciscus Alvarez Semedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, a man of singular sobriety, whose beard reached down to his feet, and he would gird it about him to serve as a belt.

Mr. Quex should read Leigh Hunt's essay, "Getting up on Cold Mornings," and Southey's reflections on the time wasted in shaving. The latter by an elaborate calculation arrives at the conclusion that a man of ordinary intelligence and average length of life could in these vexatious hours master seven languages. He might also have time to make some progress in the study of American hotel French.

"Barmy" and "Balmy."

The Herald has also received this letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Will you permit a correction? In your "As the World Wags" column of today you say: "A character in Scott's 'St. Ronans Well' is described as 'a wheen cork-head barmy brained gowks.'" There seems to be a mistake in the quotation. "Wheen" means "several" and "gowks" is plural, so that "a character" would not thus be described! I should like to add that the "barmy" here used is scarcely likely to be the dialect form of "Balmy"—"Barmy" for "Balmy" is pure cockney. In the dialect of the lowland Scotch the word for "yeast" is "barm," and I take it that Scott meant his description to convey the idea that the "gowks" in question were "yeasty brained," rather than "balmy" in the comment or (Covent) garden sense of the word.

JAMES KEDDIE.

Boston, Dec. 12.

We refer Mr. Keddie to "The English Dialect Dictionary," edited by Dr. Joseph Wright, vol. 1, p. 169 (London, 1898). Dr. Wright entertains an opinion different from that of Mr. Keddie. "Barmy," meaning silly, half-witted, weak-minded, is a dialect word in Scotland and several English counties. "Balmy" is a slang form of it.

We did not say that "barmy brained" in the quotation from Scott meant "dotty"; on the contrary, we gave Dr. Wright's derivation of the term, which here probably means flighty or empty-headed. The learned doctor defines "barmy brained" as foolish, giddy, and "barmy faced" as having a foolish expression. But with all due respect to Mr. Keddie, "barmy" for "balmy" is not "pure cockney." "Balmy" is the London slang term (see Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues"). "Barmy" is a highly respectable dialect and provincial word.

Dec 16 1911

SYMPHONY'S 9TH REHEARSAL

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schroeder was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4, B-flat major..Beethoven
"Kol Nidrei".....Bruch
For 'cello with orchestra and harp.
Symphonic variations for 'cello and orchestra.....Boellmann
Love scene from "Feuersnot" .....Strauss
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".Strauss

While this concert evidently gave the audience great pleasure, it was one that does not call for extended comment. The fourth symphony might lead one to inquire into the identity of Beethoven's "unknown beloved," for the music has long been associated with the remembrance of her. Bruch's melancholy piece for 'cello might easily provoke a discussion over the origin of the majestically mournful melody "Kol Nidrei." The variations by Boellmann might be an excuse for an attack on the introduction of any composition for 'cello in a symphony concert, no matter how skilful the 'cellist might be. For the literature of this instrument used solo in a dignified concert is slight. There is Saint-Saens's first concerto, a charming work; there is Loeffler's fantastical composition which has not been heard of late years, and then——? 'Cellists enjoy playing these variations, which "play easily," to use a professional slang phrase, and are put together with considerable skill. The fact remains that a little of the 'cello as a solo instrument goes a long way. Mr. Schroeder's tone in Bruch's piece was rich, and he played with the appropriate breadth of style. He was warmly applauded.

There have been better performances of the music from Strauss's opera at these concerts. Yesterday there was a technical slip that ruined an otherwise charming effect. Nor was the pervading spirit of the performance so irresistible as on former occasions.

How many can relate the various adventures of the rascal Till, a lover of coarse jokes and malicious tricks? How many knowing them can recognize them in Strauss's musical version? It matters little; the music, as absolute music, is entertaining from beginning to the end, from the strains that might be taken as saying: "Once on a time, long ago, there was a queer fellow and his name was Till Eulenspiegel" to those that are as the concluding words of the narrator: "And now I have told you the story of Till." There are some of us who think that the most artistic and musical of Strauss's tone poems are this Rondo, "Death and Transfiguration" and "Don Juan," although there are higher and nobler flights of imagination in "Don Quixote."

The performance of the symphony was thoughtfully considered and finely expressed. The work itself is not among the greatest of Beethoven's, but there are a few pages which only he could have written.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Gluck, overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"; Haydn, symphony in G (B. & H. No. 13); Debussy, "Iberia"; Berlioz, Minuet of Will o' Wisps, Dance of Sylphs, and Rakoczy march from "The Damnation of Faust." There will be no soloist. The soloists of the concerts Dec. 29 and 30 will be Mme. Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House.

ETRAZZINI IS UNABLE TO SING

with Cold and "Samson et Dalila" Is Substituted for "Lucia."

uch to her own regret and to the disointment of an audience that would re crowded the Boston Opera House, ne. Tetrazzini, in obedience to the or- of her physician, did not sing last ht. The announcement was made in e Herald of yesterday evening. The tinguished singer contracted a cold on journey to Boston and the weather the last two days aggravated it.

Dr. Reardon, who is in attendance on ne. Tetrazzini, is sure that she will able to sing next Wednesday night in Lucia," and at the matinee performce of "Mignon" a week from today. me. Tetrazzini has telegraphed to the etropolitan Opera House cancelling her st appearance of the season in that eatre.

A large audience applauded the perrmance of Saint-Saen's "Samson et alila," which was substituted for Lucia." Mr. Caplet conducted. The st was as follows:

mson	Mr. Zenatello
alila	Mme. Gay
and Pretre	Mr. Riddez
blinelech	Mr. Mardones
ieillard Hebreu	Mr. Lankow
essager Philistin	Mr. Saldaigne
remier Philistin	Mr. Giaccone
euxieme Philistin	Mr. Barreau

The performance gave much pleasure. Ime. Gay and Mr. Zenatello were in exellent voice and sang effectively. Lanow again made a marked impression by he solidity and fine quality of his tones.

Again the stage settings, the grouping f the masses, the beautiful coloring of he costumes, the lighting, especially the xquisite effects in the first act, and the 'truc' of the Temple's fall, provoked ively admiration, as did the solo dance y Miss Galli.

Another marked feature of the performance was the superb singing by the horus, which in this opera has a thankful if more than ordinarily difficult task. Mr. Caplet conducted with spirit and taste, and with the utmost consideration of the niceties of Saint-Saens's score.

The opera this afternoon will be Massenet's "Thais," with Mme. Brozia, Mr. Riddez, Mr. Clement, Miss Swartz, Miss Fisher and Mr. Lankow as the chief singers. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

There will be an interesting concert on Sunday night.

The New York Tribune asks passionately in an editorial article "Where do the Christmas neckties come from?" and "Where, oh where, do they go?" "The haberdashers' windows glow and men dash by them with face averted, covered with shame, for the display is a libel on their sex, conveying the impression that they are gaudy creatures, delighting to deck themselves out with the colors of the sunset sky."

We are sorry to find the Tribune using the vile term "necktie." We are sorry that it is opposed to gladdening colors. A drab cravat is not necessarily the mark of respectability and worth. There was a time when all gamblers of the first class wore suits of solemn black.

Treated Seriously.

There was a time when the character and the taste of a man were known by his cravat; not by his choice in purchase, but by the manner in which he tied it. Mr. Barrett Wendell, it is said, once remarked: "No gentleman wears cuffs that are not firmly attached to his shirt." In days when men dressed thoughtfully no gentleman wore a "made tie." There were complaints, to be sure, about the inconvenience, the nuisance. Some one in Etheredge's "Man of Mode" exclaimed: "That a man's excellency should lie in neatly tying of a ribbon or a cravat!" But for years no self-respecting person could have been persuaded to wear a cravat manufactured indifferently for Tom, Dick and Harry, likewise Bill. The cravat had great significance in the earlier half of the 19th century; witness the treatise "Cravatiana," in which the political, physical and moral influence of the cravat is shrewdly considered. This treatise reached at least an eighth edition and a translation into French was published at Paris in 1823. Fourteen varieties of cravat are pictured and they are masterpieces. There is the Oriental, the Byron, the Bergami, the Gordian—and, a sop to our national pride, one of the most superb is named the American.

Masters of the Tie.

England has been fortunate in this: A long line of creators have given importance to the cravat. The fop in Punch, when he was asked how he achieved "a miraculous tie," answered: "I give my whole mind to it." This speech was applauded at the time, but a greater than he, Brummell the Magnificent, once said: "A dandy gives care to his cravat, but never extreme care."

The first husband of Mme. Simone, who is now playing in Mr. Bernstein's agreeable drama in which the terrible results of longing for expensive underclothes are depicted with a master's hand, was Charles Gustave Antoine Le Bargy, an accomplished play actor, and for a long time the glass of fashion for the gilded youth of Paris. When he created a role on the stage, the fashionable world looked first at his cravat, which then became the rage. Even M. Sarcey was satisfied, and considered the cravat as a truly dramatic touch, beyond the inventive power of foreigners, as Ibsen, the loathed and dreary Scandinavian. M. Le Bargy's cravat was sure enough "du theatre." When he appeared as the Marquis de Priola, the Priola cravat was the thing.

M. Le Bargy's Proudest Triumph.

It was during the season of 1905-06 that M. Le Bargy made an important discovery. We quote from a Parisian journalist of that time:

"Hitherto it had been supposed that provided your evening tie was clean, its exact shape and style was a matter of more or less indifference. London perhaps knows better, but Paris was profoundly ignorant on this point. Men of unblemished character went into society with their evening bows tied with perfect symmetry. If some one had accused them of buying them ready made I verily believe they would hardly have been ashamed. It has been left to our great histrion, to our priceless Le Bargy, to point out the error of our ways. For a tie to be symmetrical is vulgar; it is worse—it is bourgeois."

M. Le Bargy selected a piece of muslin with due regard to the shape; then, without looking in the glass, he attached it to the base of the collar with a few deft movements. "The Le Bargy tie ties itself. There is a picturesque air of confusion about it. It seems to have grown there by accident. It is 'neglige,' it is almost nonchalant, it has the smallest strain of impertinence. Such is the Le Bargy tie in the full flower of its beauty—a hothouse plan surely, but growing with the wild freedom of the dog rose."

Alas, there is no Le Bargy in Boston, or for that matter in New York. The name of Mr. John Drew has been mentioned. He is a careful dresser, but conventional, without imagination. In Boston we are hardly beyond the evening shawl period. There is hideous uniformity in manufactured, prearranged cravats. If some daring soul sports a cravat that suggests a kaleidoscope or a sunset scene on Heligoland citizens look on him with suspicion and rude boys laugh.

Mrs. Vincent's Marriage.

Editor As the World Wags:

As your department publishes considerable information relating to old plays and players of Boston, its readers may be interested to know that the date of the marriage of Mrs. J. R. Vincent to John Wilson has at last been discovered. For several weeks an energetic search has been made, as there was no record of the marriage in Suffolk county. Even Mr. Frank E. Chase, with his vast fund of information relating to the Boston stage, was beginning to despair of settling the question as to this date, when a reference to the marriage in a Boston Sunday Herald of 26 years ago gave me a clue, and after interviewing nearly two-score ministers and merchants, religious workers and profane clerks, I found the desired date. John Wilson, Jr., was married to Mary Ann Vincent on Dec. 16, 1854, exactly 57 years ago today, by the Rev. Rollin Heber Neale, D. D., (Harvard and Brown), pastor of the First Baptist Church on Somerset street for 40 years. Those interested in the historic Boston Museum will recall that John Wilson, Jr., son of John Wilson, a Boston constable, was an actor at that playhouse who began his career there while serving as messenger for Fiske & Co's. Express, the predecessor of one of the great express companies. An arrangement was made with the other messenger of the company by which the young actor, who lived at the West end, was always in Boston on Wednesdays and Saturdays, so that he could appear at the matinees. Wilson was a very handsome man. He was kindly, fond of children and animals, well liked by his companions, and in no sense the stamp of actor who would be supposed to stoop to the act of folly which marred his career. J. B. CLAPP.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1911.

Dec 17 1911

REPEATS 'THAIS'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Thais" performed by the Boston opera company. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Nicias	Mr. Clement
Athanael	Mr. Riddez
Palemon	Mr. Lankow
Un Serviteur	Mr. Barreau
Thais	Mme. Brozia
Crohyle	Miss Fisher
Myrtale	Miss Swartz
Albine	Mme. Claessens
La Charmeuse	Miss Scotney

While "Thais" is not among the best works of Massenet for the stage; while it has not the freshness and color of "Le Roi de Lahore," the Dresden china charm of "Manon" or the superb brutality of "La Navarraise," it is undeniably popular. The operetta music in the second scene of the first act and the scene of the square in Alexandria; the languid eroticism of the music given to Thais the courtesan and the sugary sentimentalism of that given to her repentant; the tune of the "Meditation"; the opportunity for scenic display and the bold unrobing of Thais, the slaves of Nicias and the hired revellers please an audience.

Many enjoy the opera who would fail to appreciate the irony of M. Anatole France's romance on which the librettist built his meretricious book. Nor would they he disturbed, if it were pointed out to them that Massenet's music is better suited to the characterization of a Parisian cocotte than to a grand courtesan worthy to be ranked with Lais and Phryne of antiquity and La Belle Imperia before whom potentates humbly bowed.

Yet there are instances of the better Massenet in "Thais"; as the delightful orchestral music of Athanael's vision in the first scene; the dialogue between Thais and Nicias, which is refreshing after the circus music of her entrance; the little quartet when the slaves perfume Athanael, although it is frankly operetta like; the song of Thais to the statuette of Eros, and there are fine orchestral touches in the scene where Athanael hands over Thais to the nuns. But in the scenes where Massenet should be dramatic and impressive he is blatant or banal.

Mme. Brozia's Thais is an amiable "petite femme" of Paris, piqued because Athanael does not at once yield to her. Portraying a woman famous for her plastic grace, Mme. Brozia in posture and in gesture, walk and carriage, was often and unnecessarily awkward. Mr. Riddez acted conventionally, after the manner of old-fashioned grand opera, with gestures that seldom had true significance. Nor did he enter deeply into the psychology of the part, nor did he show the gradual degeneration of the monk who, starting with a pious resolve, ended in a state of acute erotomania. But he was earnest, he was sincere in his own way; in a word, he did his best.

Mr. Clement in his first scene sang with the appropriate lightness and acted with the appropriate spirit. Miss Scotney made little of La Charmeuse's music, which, with the ballet, delays the action of the opera. The other characters were played as before, but Miss Swartz had made changes in her costume which were sadly needed.

The chorus sang in a spirited manner; the stage pictures and the animation of the Alexandrian crowd delighted the eye; and Mr. Caplet conducted as though he had persuaded himself that "Thais" was really an inspired work. There was a large audience.

The Herald has received the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:

Two Rices and a Song

"A Chauncy Hall Boy" in his interesting theatrical recollections in last Sunday's Herald made a not uncommon mistake in giving Dan Rice, the celebrated clown, the credit for introducing negro minstrelsy upon the stage. The Jim Crow song and dance was famous long before Dan came into notice, and owed its public existence to Thomas D. Rice. This was the actor that your correspondent's father saw at the Warren Theatre. I did not see the Ethiopian comedian there, but remember him well at the old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Travers streets, in "Jumbo Jum" and other pieces.

Thomas D. Rice was a member of the stock company of the Louisville Theatre company when an original local piece was got up, and he was persuaded, much against his will, for he was quite a dandy, to assume the character of a negro. In accepting the part he stipulated that he should have permission to introduce a song of his own. Rice, according to Theatrical Anecdotes, was fond of riding, and frequently visited a stable in town where there was a droll negro hostler who used to dance grotesquely and sing old fragments of a song about Jim Crow. From him Rice took the principal points for his interpretation, to which he added a few verses with witty local allusions. The play began, and, according to the authority quoted, "went on dragging heavily and lamely, Rice himself failing to stir up the drowsy audience with his clumsily written negro part, until the third act, when the song came in. Bitter condemnation was lowering over the piece, and the actors had already pronounced it a dead failure when the hitherto silent and gloomy greenroom was startled by a tumultuous round of cheers. "What can that be?" said the manager, pricking up his ears. Another verse of the song, with an extravagant dancing accompaniment, and the house shook with still more violent applause. "What is that?" said the manager. "Who's on the stage?" "Rice is singing a negro song" was the reply. "Oh, that's it, is it?" said the manager, who was a stickler for the "legitimate," and concluded that an audience which could applaud such a thing would be just as likely to hiss it the next moment. But the new song continued to call down expressions of pleasure that could not be by any means mistaken, and at its conclusion the manager bounced out of the greenroom to listen to the loudest encore he ever heard in his theatre. The play was announced again, but after two or three representations it was discovered that the song was all the audience wanted, and so Jim Crow emerged triumphant from the ashes of a damned play to delight Europe and America. Thomas D. Rice was born in 1808 and died in 1860. BAIZE.

Origin of "Jim Crow"

The story of "Jim Crow" is told at length in N. M. Ludlow's entertaining reminiscences entitled "Dramatic Life as I Found It" (St. Louis, 1880. It appears that Rice in 1828 was engaged by Ludlow to make himself generally useful on the stage at Mobile, Ala., to assist the property man in making articles for the pieces that were produced, etc. A novice as an actor, he appeared in Mobile as Wormwood in Buckstone's farce "The Lottery Ticket." In this and in other farces he imitated comedians whom he had seen in New York. Ludlow remarked that he had more talent than genius, and this talent consisted in his ability to imitate "broad and prominent peculiarities of other persons." Rice was for some time a member of Samuel Drake's dramatic company, but early in 1832 he rejoined Ludlow's company, and with Drake stood one day in the stage back door at the Louisville Theatre. This door looked out on the rear of a stable yard, and it was there that Rice saw a very black and clumsy negro rubbing down a horse and Rice heard him singing in a melodious voice the original version of "Jim Crow." He paid the negro for teaching him the song. A local drama, "The Rifle," was brought out, in which Rice played the part of a Kentucky cornfield negro, and he persuaded the reluctant Drake to allow him to introduce the song and dance.

Rice finally went East, succeeded in Philadelphia, and on Nov. 12, 1832, delighted the Bowery audience in New York. Ireland said of him: "His popularity was unbounded and he probably drew more money to the Bowery theatre than any other American performer in the same period of time."

Rice took the part of Uncle Tom in H. E. Stevens's dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's novel at the Bowery on Jan. 16, 1854, and later in the same year appeared at Niblo's Garden as Jumbo Jum. In 1857 he gave a comic version of "Othello" at Wallack's Lyceum.

Rice and Crow in London

Some years ago Mr. George R. Sims of London found a copy of "Jim Crow," "the first version as it was sung at the Adelphi in 1836." He then wrote: "There are songs that take the town today, but I question if any of them ever take it to the extent that 'Jim Crow' did. This was probably the first of the big 'nigger songs' and the beginning of the cult of the 'coon.' It was sung at the Adelphi by T. D. Rice in a sketch written for him by Leman Rede, and called 'Twelve Hours in New York.' Rice was a nigger, Yates was a Frenchman, and Mrs. Stirling, Buckstone, John Reeve and Miss Daly were in the cast. But it was Rice's coon song, 'Jump Jim Crow,' that was the feature of the show."

Rice sang and danced this song in London for 21 weeks, a noteworthy run in those days, and for a long time he did "two shows a night," for he appeared at the Adelphi and at the Pavilion. He sung the song 1260 times and cleared £1100. The song itself became a topical one. Leman Rede and Buckstone wrote verses for it and Rice paid for them at the rate of a shilling a line.

Mr. Sims gave three of the "original" verses:

How are you, Massa Gemmer,
An' de ladies in a row,
All for to tell you whar I'm from
I'se going for to go.
For I whirl about an' turn about an' do just so,
And ebery time I turn about, I jump Jim Crow.

'Twas down in ole Wurginny,
About thirty years ago,
Dat dis hansom piccaninny
'Gan to jump Jim Crow.
So I turn about, etc.

'Twas wid ole Massa Jackson,
In de state ob Tennessee,
Dat I fuss larn de rudiments
Ob trahbling joggafree,
When I turn about, etc.

But were these verses in the original version? I doubt it. "Wurginny" is enough to excite suspicion.

I have a copy of "Jim Crow," published by E. Riley, 29 Chatham street, New York. The song has 44 verses, some of which were evidently invented for the New York audience.

The singer goes to Hoboken to see pretty girls drinking lemonade.

Dat sour and dat sweet
Is berry good, by gum,
But de best of lemonade is
Made by adding rum.

At de Swan cottage,
Is de place I mug,
Whar dey make dis licious
An 'toxicating drink.

These local and political allusions

er music, the toreador's song,

clusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

Portsmouth, N. H.

few more delightful books in the world

could ... the date of the ... ion. The singer speaks of sightseers:

To go to de museum
I ... [illegible]
If ... nothing else,
And ... see de sleeping beauty.

... ...
... ...
... ... Broadway dandy
... ...

The Broadway belles were then wearing "a funny thing"—a boa, "just like a foxtail."

There was a great fuss about nullification, but there was every prospect of a peaceable adjustment, for Jackson was "at de head."

Should dey get to fighting
Perhaps de blacks will rise
For ... wish for freedom
... shining in their eyes.

Now Andrew Jackson was President in the years 1829-1837.

No one of the verses quoted by Mr. Sl... is in this old New York version. In all probability the first 10 or dozen verses of the New York version were those used at the beginning by Rice. The singer asserts that he is a carpenter who earns a living by sawing wood, he is not a cornfield negro, he is not a roustabout. Here are the first two verses:

Come listen all you galls and boys
I's just from Luckyhoe,
I'm going to sing a little song,
My name's Jim Crow.
Weel about and turn about and do jis so,
Eb'ry time I weel about and jump Jim Crow.

Oh, I'm a roarer on de fiddle,
And down in old Virginny,
They say I play de skyentific
Like Massa Paganini.
Weel about, etc.

Does any one of The Herald readers know an early and different version? The name of the hero is preserved here and in England. There is the Jim Crow car. In England a Jim Crow is a species of street Merry Andrew, just as "Billy Barlow" dressed in a cocked hat with red feather, a soldier's coat, white trousers with legs tucked into Wellington boats, with a huge tin eye-glass and an old, shabby, broken umbrella is supposed to be intensely amusing in the street. There was a Billy Barlow, a half idiotic person, who thought he was a swell of the first water, although his home was in the East End of London and he was ragged and dirty.

About the Continental Theatre

The Herald has received this letter, which should have been addressed to our various contributors rather than to the editor of this column:

"Reading your notes of the old-time playhouses in Boston, I would like to have you discuss the old Continental on Washington and Harvard streets. If my memory serves me right there were three names for that theatre—the first Olympic, second St. James, third Continental, and previous to the third I think the place was a German lager beer garden called the Aquarium. I take great delight Sundays reading your articles of the old-time plays, and hope they will continue. J. C. BUNNER.

South Boston, Dec. 13, 1911.

No one has yet answered the question whether Mme. Morlacchi and her nymphs danced the cancan at the Continental Theatre in Boston, before they went to the Theatre Comique.

Mme. Morlacchi came to this country in 1867. Col. T. Allston Brown states in his "History of the New York Stage" that Mr and Mrs. Howard Paul coming to America in the fall of 1866 danced the cancan "in an entertainment at Philadelphia, at Concert Hall—the first time it was ever done in this country."

The Cancan Again

Let us add to notes about the cancan that have already been published in The Herald.

Chicard, who, they say, invented the dance, the rosy-faced and jolly Chicard, "a creature of plumes, red waistcoats and high sounding phrase," was the rival at the Bal Mabille of the singular Pritchard (Auguste Mabille, by the way died in 1855). Pritchard, an enigmatical person, always dressed in black, he was ominously silent; nervous persons shuddered seeing the sepulchral apparition. He was extravagant only in his dancing; and once when he was too extravagant at an Opera ball and was put out by the police words found their way at last through his false teeth; he claimed damages.

Pritchard wore spectacles and had a large nose. Some said he was an apothecary, but many believed him to be an undertaker's coachman. He was eccentric in this: he would ask an ugly woman to dance with him, and then when there was sufficient room on the floor he would give himself up to the delirium of a terpsichorean improvisation.

Student and Grisette

The cancan was at first danced in Paris by students and grisettes. Here is an admirable description by a Parisian of the early forties:

"As the music strikes up, the student falls academically into position—left foot forward, head on one side, back curved, right arm around his partner. She, her left hand on his shoulder, clings to him like an amaranth to a palm tree. With the right hand she pulls forward a fold of her dress, while her scarf, drawn tightly round her figure, defines its contours with provoking exactness. It is a helter-skelter of bewildering dash, of electrifying enthusiasm. One dancer leans languidly over, straightening himself again with vivacity, another races the length of the ballroom, stamping with delight. This girl darts by as if inviting a fall, winding up with a coquettish, saucy skip; that one passes and repasses languidly, as if melancholy and exhausted; but a cunning bound now and then, and a febrile quiver, testify to the keenness of her sensations and the voluptuousness of her movements. They mingle, cross, part, meet again, with a swiftness and fire that must have been felt to be described. Plutarch defined the dancing of his time as a silent assembly, a speaking picture. What, then, shall we call the cancan? It is a total dislocation of a human body, by which the soul expresses an extreme energy of sensation."

And students that grew up and lived soberly as physicians or notaries in the provinces or were famous in Paris remembered those nights at Mabille and the Chaumiere. "The memory of that joyous Bohemian time haunts them like a dream; it warms them more than the sunshine that plays about their white hair."

Sic Transit Gloria

When George Augustus Sala visited Paris in 1867, Mabille was still one of the sights, but students and grisettes no longer danced there. He described the scene: "The most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest bonnets that Lucy Hocquet could build—Valenciennes lace, poult de soie, cashmeres and diamonds—the greatest dandies from the clubs, millionaires from Brazil, from Mexico, from California, English peers and members of Parliament, senators, deputies, diplomatists, bankers, notaries, adventurers—all the Coras, the Theodoras, the Delphines, the Faustines, the Messalines, if you will, of this sparkling, profligate city."

Ten years later these women had dropped out of the procession. Their successors were the poor relations and discharged chambermaids, a shabby lot of painted women, who paraded the circumference of the dancing platform, while the dancers were semi-professionals, coryphees from queer theatres, hairdressers' apprentices. The women were on the free list. The native males were palefaced shrimps in billycock hats, slopshop dress and dirty collars. The foreigner paid five francs to see the show.

Morbid Dances in London

The gayety of London is scarcely being enhanced by some of the entertainments from the continent now being presented at our music halls. For instance, on one very popular stage a Viennese danseuse is showing how a sort of hystero-epileptic danced a furious dance round the dead body of her lover; and on another we are being shown, in a series of tableaux vivants, the career of a Queen of the Apaches and her brutal lover, ending up with the murder of the pair by a far from charming marquis at whose ruin they have been conspiring. We are told that the one exhibition was "the rage of Vienna," and that the other is "a realization of the unconventional ideals of the new impressionists of the Bavarian school." It seems a pity to have deprived either Vienna or Munich of such seemingly popular attractions for the sake of appealing to the morbid tastes of the few Londoners who really enjoy such things.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sahary Djeli has introduced new dances into her spectacle "Syria" at the Hippodrome, London. "They are intended to display the extraordinary flexibility of her arms. The over-development of these limbs is, however, such in her case that they too often lose all human semblance and suggest the writhing of a pair of unnatural snakes, whereby the canons of sane art are at once transgressed with unpleasant effect."

Micawber on the Stage

Louis Calvert impersonated Wilkins Micawber at the Empire Theatre, Nov. 27. The play was by Metcalfe Wood, and Mrs. Micawber, the Orfling, Traddles and a bailiff were introduced. The Pall Mall Gazette's critic wrote: "A comic actor could scarcely attempt anything harder, for the simple reason that Dickens has made the figure so intensely, completely and drolly alive in the novel that any other adumbration of it must almost necessarily fail in force by comparison * * * We have seen a good many Micawbers at one time and another, and more than one eminent actor in the part, but we cannot recall any that gave so much of the large, windy dignity, the smooth-flowing rhetoric the sudden unplumbable dejections, the no less instantaneous soarings to the topmost heights of optimism, and the placid and yet concentrated notoriousness of this immortal person." On the other hand, the London Times found Mr. Calvert was "too robust, too nosed and too loud for Wilkins Micawber."

The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of various dramatizations of the novel. "The first important dramatization of the novel in which he appeared was Andrew Halliday's, which was acted for the first time at the Olympic on Oct. 9, 1869, and had a great success, and George F. Rowe made the hit of his career as Micawber. When the piece was revived in 1873 Joseph Eldred played the part, and in 1875 James Fernandez acted it. In 1880, in a version called 'Little Em'ly' at the Standard Theatre, Charles Collette played the part, and afterwards he wrote a comic play in five scenes, which he called 'Micawber,' and toured through the provinces. Off and on he has been playing it ever since. Among other comedians who have impersonated this immortal person have been Edward Terry, John Brougham, H. J. Turner, Henry Widdicombe (who is said to have doubled the part of Miss Mawcher with it!), Arthur Wood, Fred Storey and Harry Nicholls."

Spoken Journalism in Paris

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette sends this theatrical gossip:

"The Athenee has inaugurated a new form of theatrical entertainment which is bound to have great popularity this winter. It is the spoken journal. A fresh edition is spoken each evening. You have all the departments of the modern press: politics, literature, art and science, sport and general news. These several sections are represented by actors and actresses, and their 'lines' consist of couplets 'turned off' in the wings by the editors of the week. For instance, M. Lepine's letter, the latest achievement of the Ouest-Etat, the Chinese revolution, and other features of the daily pabulum, are treated in merry, jingling, witty verse.

"Are we to have poetic journals in the future? It is to expect too much, no doubt, that every journalist shall be a poetaster. But, obviously, the first requisite in the present game is a ready pen for finding rhyme. One may pity the author harnessed to his nightly task. Pegasus will some time prove a weary jade.

"This new 'revue' that seems so new is not really so. Years ago, before ever Nord-Sud had assailed the 'Butte' or such profanation was ever dreamed of, there was a famous cabaret called the Chat Noir, where nightly the poets of Montmartre rhymed upon every mortal subject. Two words that rhymed were given by the 'house' and forthwith, in the twinkling of an eye the couplet was completed. Today the idea is very much the same, save that the spoken journal deals with incidents that belong to the journalistic field. Doubtless the popularity of the scheme will inspire a hearty imitation, and every pretty actress will add journalism to her other charms. There is something agreeable in the reflection for our weary brethren of the pen."

Sarah and Her Young Man

"Percival," the Paris correspondent of the Referee, gossips pleasantly about the report that Mme. Bernhardt was about to take to herself a husband:

"Many years ago, on a damp evening in early July, Percival might have been seen sitting in a Paris cafe listening to the words of wisdom which fell from a fledgling of Carmelite House. He was a young man of the type whom a barber would ask whether he shaved down, sir, with the accent on the down. And I had been looking at him and wondering what there was in him which made him capable of earning a couple of thousand a year instead of a hundred and fifty. He hadn't any education worth mentioning; he had never been anywhere, and knew nothing, but he must have been worth his two thousand a year, or he wouldn't have been getting it. Then he suddenly said something. 'The next best thing to an exclusive piece of real hot news is the old bit of news which everybody knows and nobody has dared to print before,' he said.

"I thought of that Carmelite House fledgling the next day when I read in a London newspaper that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was going to marry a young man of 28. She isn't going to do anything of the kind at present, let me tell you, but that fact is of comparative unimportance. A newspaper printed the rumor and Fleet street was set a-buzzing. Everybody in stageland had been banging those two names on one peg for months. I heard and laughed at the idea of the marriage weeks ago when Sarah Bernhardt was playing in London. It was so ridiculous a story that nobody printed it until the last man to hear it put it on to the wire. * * * By the mere fact of its being printed it became news and brought in quite a comfortable little sum to the French telegraph department. And then something else happened and Fleet street calmed down. It's a wonderful world."

"It is a very difficult thing to ask a charming old lady, even one who has the secret of eternal youth, though she will be 70 presently, whether she intends marrying a young man who is younger than her grandson by marriage, and so making herself a world's laughing-stock, but I put on metaphorical gloves and inquired. The Divine One was busy rehearsing. She had just made a number of her guests uncomfortable by the announcement, 'Gentlemen, you are poisoned,' when I ventured my question. Lucrezia Borgia burst out laughing. 'He is a very nice young man,' she said, 'a clever actor, and if I hadn't a son who is old enough to be his father I might have adopted him. But I am just as little likely to marry now as I am to drop the stage and take to selling violets at Piccadilly-circus. Do go and catch Borgia, I know he'll fall into the orchestra.' So you see what truth there is in the story that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is to marry Mr. Lou Van Tellegen tomorrow, don't you? Besides, unless I am very much mistaken, the young man is a husband and a father already.

"Borgia is the black Angora cat which Mr. Willy Clarkson brought from London to bring luck to Mme. Sarah's new production. Both Borgia and Lucrezia are going very strong, and while we are on the subject of rumors, let me assure you that there is no truth in the one which was busy with a coming duel between M. Maurice Bernhardt and the Paris correspondent of the London daily paper which dropped for a moment from its high standard of veracity and was led into stating that S. B. and L. Van T. were going to be married."

Two Repertory Theatres

The following is taken from the 12th annual report of the Stage Society, just published:

"From Australia come reports of 'The Adelaide Literary Theatre,' with objects similar to those of the Stockport Society. This active society has already given its members plays by Arnold Bennett, Laurence Binyon, Granville Barker, Lady Gregory, John Galsworthy, St. John Hankin, Laurence Housman, John Masefield, Charles McEvoy, Maurice Maeterlinck, Stephen Phillips, Gertrude Robins, August Strindberg, Bernard Shaw, J. M. Synge, Ivan Turgenev, Oscar Wilde, W. B. Yeats, in addition to plays by local Australian authors. It is a deliberate attempt to organize audiences for a new type of theatre. Its director, Mr. Bryceson Trenarne, states that they are 'paving the way' for the establishment of an endowed repertory theatre in Adelaide."

The opening of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre marks another and very important step forward in the crusade for the recovery of the provincial stage to original work, in place of its present deplorable dependence on London "productions." There are 1100 shareholders in the company, and, as Mr. Baughan very truly says in the Daily News today, that is a more healthy thing than an endowment by one or two very rich men, for it shows that a large section of the Liverpool public wants such a theatre, and believe in it. A beautiful playhouse has been erected, and a hearty welcome given it by the press. In a leading article on Saturday the Liverpool Daily Post said:

"While looking to the theatre for the lightening of life, let us always recognize the need of fine qualities, of artistic enthusiasm, of literary and moral purpose."

Judging from its announcements for the season, the Liverpool Repertory Theatre intends meeting these requirements. It opened with what seems from all the accounts to have been a very finished performance of one of the finest of our modern comedies, "The Admirable Crichton."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Stray Music Notes

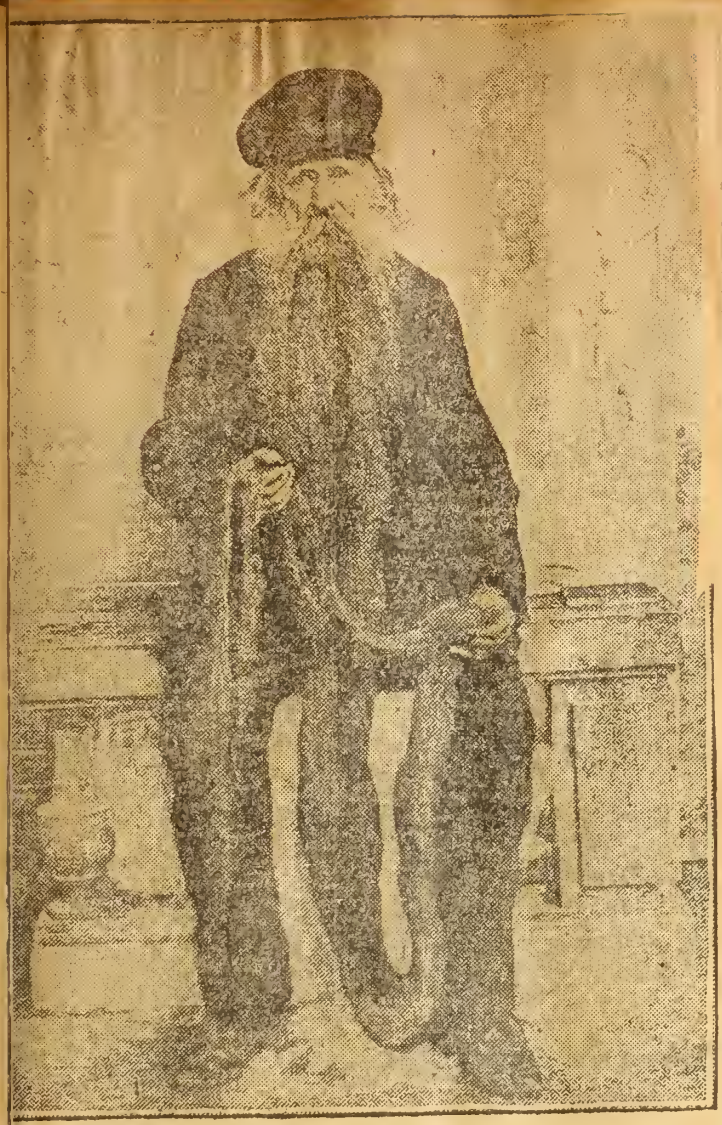
The London Times thus spoke of an Italian singer who was at the Hippodrome at the end of last month:

"In order to appreciate Pasquariello, the new Italian singer, it is not at all necessary to understand his Neapolitan dialect. All that is needed is the average human susceptibility to pantomime, and by this word is meant not the game of propounding a series of riddles in gesture, but the art of rendering face, hands and body transparent media of emotion. It is by this art, in which, though a singer, he has no superiors even in the Russian ballet, that Pasquariello grips the attention of a huge audience to whom his words mean nothing. He has discovered that it is what Arthur Symons called it in a remarkable essay, the universal language, and he uses it with equal perfection to portray the raptures of a triumphal suitor, the misery of a hopeless lover, or, by an instantaneous bewildering change, the mature charm of an Italian lady of fashion. This wonderful gift, added to his considerable vocal qualities, makes Pasquariello a rare and fascinating artist, perhaps the finest at present on our variety stage."

Sonzogno, the publisher, purposes to have an opera season at Milan next fall, when he will bring out four operas, as yet unpublished. They are one by Giacomo Orefice, Serpelli, Gianetto, and an unknown.

Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde; a symphony for a solo tenor and a solo contralto (or baritone)," was produced at Munich Nov. 19 and 20. It is said to be practically six songs for orchestra with an obbligato solo singer. It is also said to be an enormous, yet often interesting, composition.

Walter Braunfels of Munich, whose piano concerto was performed recently at Berlin, is characterized by Dr. Leichtentritt "talented but unripe."



Dec 18 1911 Louis Coulon.

s Coulon's Mustache Is nly Half That—Unfurled Every Sunday.

E OTHER NOBLE BEARDS

By PHILIP HALE.

Herald last Friday morning de- d the noteworthy whiskerage of ouis Coulon of Montlucon in the tment of Allier, France, whose In 1902 was 10 feet 10½ inches while his mustache was over a and a half in length. On Sundays hibited this beard, unfurled it to eeze, and great was the joy of the orhood, but on working days he t rolled in a bag.

ough the courtesy of a reader of Herald who visited Montlucon two ago, we are enabled to publish ortrait of this remarkable man. He the full glory of his beard was graphed on Aug. 16, 1905. The was then 3.30 metres in length. M. n. was born at Vandeness, in the rtment of Nievre, and was by trade nder.

Herald also alluded on Friday to iscus Alvarez Semedo, a Portu- , father of the Society of Jesus, rator of Japan and China, "whose reached to his feet, so that for nience sake he used to have it girt him with a girdle." His effigy is ted to his learned "History of t."

ortrait of John Staininger, a worthy town councillor of Braunau, who died in 1567, shows a beard that reached to the ground. This beard is pictured in bas-relief on his tomb.

We regret extremely that we are unable to find a portrait of the French consul at Alexandria in 1652, whose beard was shaved as a mark of ignominy, for he was charged with having done some unhandsome thing. "His beard had such a natural graceful curl and was of so fair a flaxen color that some Turks would have given him a considerable sum of money for it and kept it as a rarity, but he chose rather to bring it along with him to France."

We also are unable to find a portrait of the Spanish country woman, Brizida de Penheranda, who had a beard from her youth, and this beard when she was 60 years old reached down to the pit of her stomach. Zacutus Lusitanus, a learned leech of Lisbon, remarked (Prax. Adm. l. 3, obs. 92, p. 394): "My ancestors, who were persons worthy of credit, have seen this woman, and I myself have seen her picture." Zacutus died at Amsterdam in 1642. Where is this picture now, this picture of Brizida worthy to be named with Esau, Absalom and the Sutherland sisters?

Truly this is a little world of great wonders, and as Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity Parish, Coventry, observed: "Though all human bodies are framed of the same coarse materials, yet some of them are endowed with such peculiar properties and qualities so removed from the constitution of others, that man need travel no farther than himself for a sufficient theme, wherein he may at once enlarge his thoughts to the praises of his Maker, and admiration of his own wonderful composure."

EARS 'MESSIAH'

Last night an audience that filled mphony Hall heard the 124th performce by the Handel and Haydn Society Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," th Emil Mollenhauer conducting, H Tucker, organist, and Miss Florence inkle, Mrs. Pearl Benedict-Jones, Reed iller and Frederick Weld, soloists.

MISS SCOTNEY

t night's concert at the Boston a House turned into an ovation to Evelyn Scotney, who made her first arance in Boston. Miss Scotney the Mad Scene from "Lucia." The r was in rare voice and was re- d time and again, repeating the closing passages with flute accompaniment.

Miss Scotney, who is a native of Australia, justifies the predictions of her countrymen that she is a really great soprano. Her notes, especially in the upper register, were of remarkable purity and sweetness. The audience of fair proportions was prompt and unstinting in its appreciation.

The opening number was the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" by the orchestra, with Mr. Goodrich conducting. Pierre Henrotte was excellent in his violin solo, "Havanaise," by Saint-Saens.

Mr. Lankow sang Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers" in the first part of the program, and later sang "The Palms." He followed the generous spirit of the other singers, responding to two encores. Alfredo Ramelia sang the aria from "Mefistofele," meeting with such favor that he repeated the song.

Mmes. Swartz, Fisher and De Courcy sang the second scene from "Haensel und Gretel," with Mr. Goodrich conducting.

The closing number was the sextet from "Lucia," with Miss Scotney and Mme. Morella and MM. Ramella, Giaccone, Polese and Sillii. The music was excellently given.

Mr. Moranzoni was in charge of the estra.

Mr. John Galsworthy in "The Man of Property" speaks of "a daverdy woman." Can any one of our readers interpret the phrase? The London Chronicle, commenting on the deadness of dead slang that offends the nostril, refers to "daverdy" and says it is a term of contempt, an expression of the 80s. But just what does the word mean? It is not in the largest and latest English slang dictionary. Was it originally a dialect word? We find "davered," wandering in mind, silly; also "davered," meaning withered, or languid, torpid, from another verb "daver," to fade.

Adv.

Some New Yorkers, among them Mayor Gaynor, object to a display of a fine line of shoes or any other article on Benjamin Franklin's statue in Park Row. There is window dressing, and experts are in demand; but statue dressing in New York is for the time discouraged.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin was a thrifty soul with a keen sense of business. If it be permitted him to look occasionally at the country which he served so shrewdly, or if he could leave for a moment the French court beauties with their patches and exquisitely painted fans, it is doubtful whether he would be seriously offended at the use made of his statue. If he could visit Park Row, it is more than probable that he would invent something that would display boots or cravats to their greater advantage—something with a pulley.

It is a pity that Herman Melville's "Israel Potter" has not been reprinted with its entertaining account of Franklin and John Paul Jones together in Paris, an account that is fantastically realistic. Poor Israel did not know which one of the two was the more to be wondered at. And Franklin's advice to Israel concerning French brandy and French chambermaids was worthy of King Solomon. Melville's romance is fascinating throughout, with its vivid portraits or George III., Horn Tooke, Ethan Allen, and the description of the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis is almost worthy of being put by the side of Walt Whitman's.

Intermezzo.

Some time ago Lady Constance Foljambe failed to appear in church at the time appointed for her marriage to the Rev. A. H. K. and-possibly-some-other-letters-of-the-alphabet Hawkins. On Dec. 13 she again astonished her parish by "quietly marrying" the said Mr. Hawkins.

Constance Foljambe! An auspicious name! What might not be expected of the bearer? But she is in all probability only a fair Laodicean, like Paula in Mr. Thomas Hardy's curious novel.

Lord George Sanger.

Many anecdotes have been told about Lord George Sanger since he was murdered; butchered is the better word, for the assassin was primitive in his method, wholly without finesse. Some have said that Sanger's father gave to each one of his sons the praenomen Lord; but this is a legend. There were honest dwellers in the English provinces who believed that Mr. Sanger had been raised to the mobility. He deserved the honor, for he was a fine fellow. For example, when he was murdered he was sitting in his dining room at night and listening to a reader; yet he had his hat on. "He lived in his hat," wrote a deeply affected obituarist, "and died in it." The visitor was expected, if he were well bred, to retain his hat on his head even in the dining room, for Mr. Sanger always fondly regarded his house as a van. His own hat, we are glad to know, was a tall plug rakishly tilted. A showman of the first class should wear no other. He also smoked constantly cigars of a stupendous size, and sported an astounding ring set with 365 diamonds. This ring was given to him by King Edward VII., a judicious patron of all the arts. The skeleton head of a favorite performing elephant adorned Mr. Sanger's lawn. In the house there were silver statues of the more reputable circus horses. We say reputable, for in Artemus Ward's romance "Only a Mechanic," Bianca, the sister of the haughty Isabel Sawtelle, made a bad ending. She rode an immoral spotted horse in the circus.

An Honest Showman.

Crowned heads and His Holiness the Pope at Rome had seen Lord George Sanger's shows. When Edward was Prince of Wales he went to Astley's and asked Lord George whether the white elephant were a sacred one. Sanger replied: "A showman is entitled to practise a little deception on the crowd, but I should never think of deceiving my future King. It is a white elephant—but only because we give him a coat of whitewash twice a day."

"Kol Nidre."

Mr. Irwin Wolkowich, cantor at Temple Ohabei Sholom, recently wrote to The Herald in answer to Prof. Elson's remark that the ancient chant of the Jews is lost. He refers Prof. Elson to the chant "Kol Nidre," and says: "It is known to nearly all intelligent Jews that the 'Kol Nidre' chant is a pure Hebrew melody." We refer Mr. Wolkowich to the article on "Kol Nidre" in "The Jewish Encyclopaedia," written by Rabbi Francis L. Cohen, in which the reminiscences of Catholic plain song in this air are clearly pointed out.

Black as Sloe.

Some days ago "J. M. H." asked whether "Sloe-eyed" means merely "black-eyed." The Herald has received the following note:

Editor of The Herald:

In support of such usage might be quoted lines of Orpheus C. Kerr, written before the advent of the sane Fourth:

Tommy had a derringer,
Its barrel black as sloe;
And when the derringer went off
Went Tommy's thumb also.

Dec. 13, 1911. J. E. B.

In the Synagogue.

This jest published by the Daily Chronicle is not "half bad" as our English cousins say in their more enthusiastic moments.

Baron Gustave de Rothschild had a pleasant mixture of caution and waggery. Once while in the synagogue his neighbor suddenly plucked him by the sleeve and whispered hoarsely, "I have come away this morning without locking the safe!" "Don't worry," replied Rothschild, looking round at the vast congregation, "we are all of us here!"

With Dr. Eliot.

Kandy, where Dr. Eliot is recovering, was once described as the stone of the peach Ceylon. The Kandyans were a "desperate variety of the tiger man, agile and fierce as he, though smooth, insinuating and full of subtlety as a snake." The surrounding Cinghalese were soft, impassive cowards, "but your Kandyan is a ferocious little bloody coward, full of mischief as a monkey, grinning with desperation, laughing like a hyena, or chattering if you vex him, and never to be trusted for a moment. * * * These dangerous gentlemen in the peach stone are a more promising race than the silky and nerveless population surrounding them." Have the Kandyans as described by De Quincey in his review of J. W. Bennett's "Ceylon" fulfilled the promise?

Dec 19 1911

AMES SINGS FLORIA TOSCA

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca.....Mme. Eames
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Constantino
Barone Scarpia.....Mr. Polese
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Sillii
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta.....Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone.....Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere.....Mr. Olshansky
Un Pastore.....Miss De Courcy

Mme. Emma Eames sang last night for the first time at the Boston Opera House. Her last appearance in Boston before this was at the Boston Theatre, in April, 1908.

Many seeing her last evening indulged in pleasant reminiscences. They remembered her a vision of radiant beauty, when she first took the part of Juliet in Gounod's opera. That was 19 years ago. Alas, the fleeting years, my Postumus! They remembered her thankfully as the countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," a brilliant apparition; as Mistress Ford in "Falstaff," Pamina in "The Magic Flute," Hero in Mancinelli's opera, Desdemona, "the gentle lady married to the Moor." These parts were suited to her voice and to her personality. She was a lyric, not a dramatic singer, and although she took many parts in Boston, Santuzza, Aida, Elsa, Iris, Elizabeth, etc., it was in the roles first named that she enchanted the eye and the ear.

Like other women of the operatic stage, Mme. Eames, not content with the laurels which were justly her's, coveted those of women conspicuous in another walk of art. She longed to appear as Floria Tosca, nor was she discouraged when the criticism of those most friendly to her was adverse. She persevered. She resolved to be passionately dramatic at any cost. She wished to triumph in the music of Puccini, while that of Mozart and Gounod was more adapted to her.

The character of Floria fascinated her. Only a few days ago she was quoted as saying that she liked Floria because she was primitive, elemental in the expression of emotion. And in this Floria Tosca and Mme. Eames are far apart, for as an opera singer Mme. Eames has been distinguished by calmness, by serenity, by poise and self-control, qualities that brought upon her the charge of coldness.

It is to be regretted that, appearing again in Boston, she chose this part, in which she has never excelled, in which she never can excel. It is not in her power to portray a woman, now frivolous and now intense, adorably jealous,

"or music, the toreador's song,

clusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

Portsmouth, N. H.

few more delightful books in the world

[illegible] to live reckless in [illegible] Floria Tosca to be played in the appropriate [illegible] way—for this opera is [illegible] melodrama with italicizing music—[illegible] could be impersonated by a woman of [illegible] blood, with the passions of a woman who has the nature and the judgment of a spoiled child. Mme. Ternina gave a wonderful performance of the second act and raised it to the height of tragedy. But in it she was a woman of the north, not the Tosca of the librettist and composer, and her first act was played too seriously. Since Mme. Ternina left the stage we have seen Tosca in this raw and bloody [illegible] everlastingly stimulating emotion and [illegible] passion.

It is not necessary, then, to comment at length on the performance of Mme. Eames. It differs little from that seen here before.

It is perhaps less animated, less vivacious in the lighter moments less deliberately ferocious in the chief scene with Scarpia. The voice has still fine [illegible] the vocal art now less. There were moments, as in the church of St. Andrea della Valle and in bidding the prostrate Scarpia to die, when Mme. [illegible] tones were employed for dramatic effect, but as a rule the song was not the full expression of an emotion that should have swayed the singer.

Mr. Constantino's Cavaradossi is well known here. It is one of his best parts, one in which he is less self-conscious than is his wont, one in which he displays force and character. Mr. Polese sang the music of Scarpia effectively and acted with spirit, if not with subtlety or sinister intensity. The other parts were satisfactorily taken, and played according to the traditions of the opera rather than of Sardou's drama as known to the French.

The last time Mr. Moranzoni conducted this opera, the orchestra raged without regard to the singers, and the conductor proudly rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm. Last night the orchestral fury was not so pronounced. On the contrary, the orchestra was too often pale, almost lifeless, and in the first act it was not always in unity with the action and song of those upon the stage. There was an audience of good size and there were the customary curtain calls.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Tetrazzini and Messrs. Constantino and Polese as the chief singers.

Mme. Eames's last appearance this season will be in "Otello" on Friday night.

KATE ELINORE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Kate Elinore is the headliner at Keith's this week and contributes her share of mirth and merriment to an evenly balanced bill. Miss Elinore announces, upon her initial appearance, that she's on her way to join the Turkish army and her costume would indicate some such intention. Miss Elinore has ever been noted for her grotesque wearing apparel as much as for her short white gloves. Each and all were in evidence last night. She is assisted by Sam Williams, with whom she keeps up a running fire of original jokes, jests and [illegible], marriage and matrimonial matters getting the most of the latter.

Another big hit are the Wilson brothers, old-fashioned German comedians. Not all of their tribe win instant favor with their audiences, but the Wilsons are exceptionally clever in their dialect, and in addition, have good songs that they know how to make the most of. They were called before the curtain several times and even brought back once again after the curtain had gone up for the act following theirs.

A very pretentious musical turn is that of "Ye Colonial Septette," which introduces Charles Edwards, cornet virtuoso. While not all of the seven possess Mr. Edwards's ability with the cornet, they are an unusually clever and versatile lot of musicians.

Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, old favorites with Boston houses, furnish their original flirtation "The Dollar [illegible]." Then there is Homer B. Mason, Marguerite Keeler & Co. presenting "In and Out," in which Mr Mason takes the part of the unexpected and intoxicated guest. Earlier on the bill [illegible] Ja[illegible]s comedy circus, with dogs of various breeds and sizes as the principals; Murphy and Francis in coon songs and dances, and the Walter Sayton Trio of contortionists presenting "In the Land for the Crocodile."

The bill concludes with the great Asahi and his company of Japanese magicians, in a number of mystifying tricks. In one of the best Asahi comes down into the audience permits any volunteer to tie his thumbs together with a handkerchief then asks for a walking stick or an umbrella with which to do the trick. With his thumbs still tied he apparently slips the cane back and forth between his two thumbs and none [illegible] where'n the trick rests.

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe in "Taming of the Shrew," by William Shakespeare. Chief persons in the cast:

Baptista	W. [illegible] Harris
V[illegible]	Milando T[illegible]
L[illegible]o	Frederick [illegible]
Pe[illegible]	[illegible] Mr. Sothern
G[illegible]	France P. [illegible]nutsen
H[illegible]s	Thomas C[illegible]man
[illegible]	John Ta[illegible]
Biondello	V. L. Granville
Grumio	Rowland Buckstone
Katharine	Miss Marlowe
Bianca	Miss Norah Lamison
Widow	Miss Millicent McLaughlin
C[illegible]	Miss Ina Goldsmith

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Joseph King's "East Lynne." The cast.

Sir Francis Levison, a baronet	Joseph Henley
Archibald Carlyle, master of East Lynne	Geo. F. [illegible]
Lord Mount Severn, Earl [illegible] Castle Marling	William [illegible]
Richard Hare, a fugitive	Geo. Da[illegible]
Cornelia Carlyle, a Spinster	F[illegible] K[illegible]
Barbara Hare, in love with Carlyle	Nina T[illegible]
Joyce, maid to Lady Isabel	Harriet W[illegible]
Little Willie, heir of East Lynne	Violet T[illegible]
Lady Isabel	Margaret Du[illegible]
Madame Vine	Margaret D[illegible]

JOHN CRAIG PLAYS IN NORTHAMPTON

Castle Square Company Presents "End of the Bridge."

[Special Dispatch to The Herald.]

NORTHAMPTON, Dec. 18—John Craig and his company from the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, gave an invitation performance this evening of "The End of the Bridge" at the Academy of Music under the direction of a committee of citizens of this city interested in the advancement of the drama. A large audience was present.

This was the first performance of the play by Mr. Craig and his company outside of Boston, and also Mr. Craig's first tour with his company. In the large audience were students from Smith and Amherst colleges, and many came from Springfield.

In the cast were Mr. Craig, Miss Mary Young, Miss Henrietta McDannel, Miss Mabel Colcord, George Hassell, Walter Walker and Albert Hickey.

DRURY CLUB SINGS MESSIAH

The Drury Musical Art Club gave a performance of Handel's "Messiah" yesterday afternoon at the 12th Baptist Church. Theodore Drury conducted. The solo quartet consisted of Miss Daisy Allen, Miss Lillian Mae Collins, Arthur W. Smith and Ernest O. Banyoun. This is said to have been the first production in the world of Handel's oratorio by colored people.

The Messiah
Handel & Haydn
Mrs. Sundelius
Christine Miller
Reed Miller
Arthur Middleton

His exotic vocabulary was the fruit of the widest research. He ransacked the ancient plays for long-forgotten words. He cared not where he picked up his neologisms, so they were dazzling and bizarre. Greece, his own [illegible] age, the gutters of Rome, contribute to the wealth of his diction, for he knew nought of that pedantry which would cramp expression for authority's sake. The literary use of slang was almost his own invention. He would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings; nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror. * * * The adventurous have their reward. The prose sparkles with light and color. Not a page but is rich inlaid with jewels of fantastic speech. For Apuleius realized centuries before Baudelaire that a vocabulary is a palette, and he employed his own with incomparable daring and extravagance.

The following tribute to Boston was published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 9:

"The American."

I knew he was an American by his clothes, his boots and the keenness of his eye, and I realized that here in London was an opportunity to return the many kindnesses I had received in New York from strangers. I resolved to speak to him in his own tongue.

"Well, stranger," I said breezily, "shake. I'm real glad to meet you, sir. Put it there!"

He shook my hand in amazed fashion, but his grip was sincere.

"This is some burg, ain't it?" I said cheerfully. "Almost equals little old N' York. Some class to this village, I guess."

He nodded.

"I reckon you've seen most of our historic relics. Swell, ain't they? I see a lot of your compatriots rubbering around those days in their glad rags. Say! when you folks get the travelling bug you gotta see everything going. And then some."

He seemed about to speak, but checked himself with a smile.

"I know what you wanta say. Elegant. Fine and dandy. Though I guess you do miss lots of things—Jimmy Christmas, I bet you just weary for a good cocktail and the ice water jug. Bit slow without the red paint brass band brigade to get a hustle on the times. You don't have to keep your feet so lively on our sidewalks when you're totting around. Gee! I bet that gets you going all right, all right, kid."

He opened his lips in a golden smile, and polished his glasses.

"Been to the Tower, I suppose? Willie the Conk was some class in the masonry business, and as for history, you could take chunks of it away without it being missed. Easy money if you were to sell it by the gallon to Rockefeller. Say! Now you ain't gona miss the Abbey. All the writing and painting highbrows for a dime. Get wise to it, sir, if you ain't been. Some swell dames and a bunch of royalty put away there waiting on Gabriel. And St. Paul's. A regular training ground for tourists. You should see them chasing their tails round the old show, chewing off the dates. Seems to me you gotta get busy, friend, if you ain't seen it. Never know when some millionaire ain't gona snap it up, and set it up again as a Christian Science Museum in Pittsburgh. Now, what do you think of our Parliament House? Some wise guys there, believe me; never weary listening to their own spiels; real spellbinders, right up to time with the flossy hot air dope."

I felt concerned as he seemed to moisten his lips.

"Say, friend o' mine," I rattled on. "It's all to the merry with me today. I ain't no boozefighter, but I guess we could do a skittle of suds in this ginmill. I'm no tightwad when it comes to treating a friend. No, sir."

I led him unresisting into a convenient pub, and set a glass of beer in front of him.

"Here's how. Say, what do you think of our theatres? I bet it's leg-shows for you. None of them sob-dramas for your class. We've got some right smart actorinas under the spotlights in this town, you betcher-life we have, right there with the pearly songboxes. Some skirts, old man, even if they ain't born this side of Broadway."

He sighed gently, set down his glass, and spoke kindly in an English accent.

"I'm afraid you're mistaking me for a New Yorker. I—in fact—come from Boston, the most cultured town in the United States, don't you know."

"Good-night!" I said hastily, and retired covered with confusion. That's what comes of having a good heart. ROBERT W. SNEDDON.

"Skittle of Suds"?

This is all very well in its way, but the Londoner in his effort to be American in this gramophonic sketch should say "in'" for "ing." He should prefer "ice water pitcher" to "ice water jug." "Flossy hot air dope" is a false note. For "skittle of suds" read "scuttle of suds" or "bucket of suds."

Two Pies.

As The Herald has remarked, this is the season for hearty pies. Can any one give the recipe in full of "A London Pie" prescribed by Dr. Mayerne, the author of "Archimagirus Anglo-Gallicus"? The recipe begins with the contents of eight marrow bones and speaks of 18 sparrows, 1 pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of eringoes, but we have been unable to find a list of the other ingredients. As he was a physician to Henry IV. of France and James I., Charles I., and Charles II. of England, his prescriptions should be of value.

But here is a description of a pie made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick, in December, 1769, and shipped to Sir Henry Grey, baronet, in London. The contents were these: 2 bushels of flour, 20 pounds of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, 4 partridges, 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds and 6 pigeons. The pie was nearly nine feet in circumference at the bottom and weighed about 180 pounds. "It is neatly fitted with a case, and four small wheels to facilitate its use to every guest that inclines to partake of its contents at table."

Dec. 20 1911

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

Can you give me any information on the subject of tea—call it a refection or what you please?

About 100 years ago tea was served in the drawing room at a variable period of time after dinner. Such of the gentlemen as were not too drunk came in to drink tea and eat whatever was given with it. At present, tea is served at a variable period of time before dinner. The change in the hour allows great liberty in the choice of the place where tea is to be taken, but there seems to be little difference in the variety or the toast, muffins, cake, etc., given with it.

But what happened while the relative hours of dinner and tea were changing? Was there a period when dinner and tea were indistinguishable? Or did tea always preserve its identity, so that there was a time when tea was served in the middle of dinner? Or did the change go in a series of leaps, so that an acute observer, while at dinner one day, might have seen tea passing above his head?

If the subject turns out to be more complex and difficult than it appears to be, a pleasant excursion, profitable to your readers, would be, on the use of the conventionalized jewsharp as an architectural ornament. The latest example in Boston is on the upper part of the new hotel in Copley Square. S. H.

Boston, Dec. 17, 1911.

Tea and Botterdel.

These are hard questions, as hard as those put by Balkis, Queen of Sheba, to Solomon, by King Darius to Daniel in the lions' den, by Tiberius to the grammarians. What song did the Syrens sing? What name did Achilles assume when he hid himself among women? Who was Junius? Who struck Billy Patterson?

Frances Anne Kemble visited Belvoir in 1842, and afterward wrote that her first introduction to "afternoon tea" took place during the visit. "I do not believe," she said, "that the now universally honored institution of '5 o'clock tea' dates further back than this."

Of course, women were great tea drinkers in London and in the English provinces long before this. The leaves of the tea plant were first imported into England about 1650-55, and the common hour of dinner was then 11 A. M., but fashionable persons sat down at 12 or even 1 and it was their practice to sit for a couple of hours, and they used to go into another chamber to take dessert or "banquet," as it was called. Women fell into the habit of drinking tea after this meal. Supper was then served at 6 P. M., but some did not sup. Jorevin de Rochefort, whose travels in England were published in 1672, met many who instead of supper drank "botterdel," a drink compounded of sugar, cinnamon, butter and beer brewed without hops; this was put in a pot, set before the fire and quaffed hot. A drink more tolerable than slippery-elm tea, but not to be named with hot buttered rum, the glorious heritage of the New Englander.

The Five O'Clock Function.

S. H. is undoubtedly acquainted with De Quincey's essay "The Casuistry of Roman Meals," in which he eloquently describes the revolution in the dinner hour and holds up to contempt "the rabid animal who is caught dining at noonday, the homo ferus who affronts the meridian sun, like Thyestes and Atreus, by his inhuman meals," the wretch with a maw, but nothing resembling a stomach. De Quincey has much to say about breakfast—a meal unknown to the Romans, as he argued, luncheon, and dinner, but nothing about 5 o'clock tea, or tea as a social function at any set hour. Tea was consumed in enormous quantities throughout the day by many, for Dr. Johnson and William Hazlitt were not the only shameless ones.

Dean Swift wrote "The Journal of a Modern Lady" in 1728 and Charles Reade liked it so much that he inserted portions of it in "The Wandering Heir" and did not pay Swift the compliment of quotation marks. In this poem, the lady who had sat up all night at cards took a large dram of citron water in the morning; later her tea and cream; she was almost dressed by four, when dinner (at home) was announced.

But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her ev'ning tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the God of silence flew,
And fair discretion left the place,
And modesty with blushing face.

We have searched vainly for any reference to tea as a set and appointed function before the date given by Frances Anne Kemble.

David's Harp.

A word about the jews-harp. Does "S. H." remember John Phoenix's syllogism?

David was a Jew. Hence, "the Harp of David" was a Jewsharp. Question—How the deuce did he sing his Psalms and play on it at the same time?

"St. Ronan's Well."

And here is another letter about "barmy-headed."

As the World Wags: In your "As the World Wags," Dec 15, Mr. James Keddie is right when he says there seems to be a mistake in the quotation as per "As the World Wags," Dec. 12, when a character in Scott's "St. Ronan's Well" is described as a "wheen corkheaded, barmy-brained gowks." There were at least two characters present, Lady Penelope Penfeather and Lord Etherington, while Miss Digges had just coughed, sneezed, retched and finally ran out of the cottage almost choked with the vile mundungus vapor from the hags, jet-black cutty pipe, and further, the quotation in a way is meant to include a whole community (See vol. 2, chap. xii., p. 175, Parker's edition). Then, as to Mr. Keddie's definition of barmy-headed when he decides it means, in this case, yeasty-headed, I think he is to be complimented. Yours truly,

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

Savin Hill, Dec. 17.

e Herald never said that "barmy-ed" did not mean "yeasty-headed." the contrary, it took pains to give Wright's derivation of "barmy."—

The Unprofitable Servant.

I. D. W." kindly sends to The Her-a fable that is not in Aesop, but be applied to recent indiscriminate cks on good and bad trusts:

oriental merchant, fatigued by the dships of a long journey, lay down er a tree to rest at noonday, guarded faithful slave. A pernicious insect hat country, attracted by the shining face of the merchant's bald head, sently alighted upon it.

he zealous servant was full of indig-ion at such wickedness, and pre-ption, and having stolen a maul n a neighboring quarry, he attacked malefactor with such vigor that, al-ugh the fly escaped, the merchant's ll was crushed.

his fable shows the evil consequences zeal without wisdom.

OLLO CLUB GIVES ITS SECOND CONCERT

gram and Performance Give Much Pleasure to Subscribers.

e Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer luctor, gave its second concert of season last night in Jordan Hall. program included part songs by ton, Engelsberg, Podgertsky, Buck, man, Foote, Gruenwald, Margaret g, Haydn, Schubert, and announced ips of songs by H. Evan Williams, r. The program and the perform-e gave much pleasure to the many scribers.

enty years ago David Babcock and Morowski were perhaps the best wn second basses in the Apollo Club, George J. Parker was one of the st prominent first tenors in the club, which B. J. Lang was then conductor. the three were professional singers, many demands upon their time, resigned membership some years re Mr. Mollenhauer became con-tor. At the beginning of the present son Messrs. Babcock and Morowski ewed their membership in the club, Mr. Morowski sang a solo at the t concert. Mr. Parker has renewed membership. It is a distinct com-nent to the club and to its conductor t men of the musical standing and erience of these three singers should h to come back and sing in the rus.

HUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern Miss Julia Marlowe in "Macbeth."

can, King of Scotland..William Harris albain.....P. J. Kelly colm.....V. L. Granville beth.....Mr. Sothern quo.....Thomas Coleman duff.....Frederick Lewis ance.....Miss Eleanor Fralick Porter.....Rowland Buckstone y Macbeth.....Miss Marlowe t Witch.....France Bendtsen ond Witch.....Malcolm Bradley rd Witch.....Peter Golden

Dec 21 1911

ETRAZZINI IS HEARD IN 'LUCIA'

BY PHILIP HALE.

OSTON OPERA HOUSE: Donizetti's cia di Lammermoor." Mr. Moran-conducted.

y.....Luisa Tetrazzini e.....Miss Morella tar.....Mr. Constantino ry Ashton.....Mr. Polese man.....Mr. Diaz mond.....Mr. Sili hur.....Mr. Giaccone

Mme. Tetrazzini sang last night for first time in the Boston Opera use. She has sung in Boston more liantly, for she had not fully re-ered from the cold that caused the tponement of her appearance; but has never sung here with more rmth or greater intelligence. In the t act her tones were occasionally ied, but the hoarseness disappeared il the end of the cadenza in the ad Scene," when she was unable to e the extreme high note, and at the of the scene she was again obliged make an appealing gesture to the lience.

hese and a few other unavoidable s did not seriously mar an extra-inary exhibition of vocal art. The e and finely sustained legato of the ger, her ability to swell and dimin-a tone, the exquisite manner in ich she would launch a phrase and it, her control of breath in spite her evident indisposition, the appar-spontaneity of her bravura—all e were admirable. The voice itself a whole is firmer and fuller; it has re character throughout than it had en she last sang here in opera. The peculiarly naive quality of the middle and lower registers remains, but this quality is no longer infantile; it is womanly. Her sustained song is as effective as her brilliance in florid passages.

Her performance of the "mad scene" was not that of one singing in a concert hall. I do not refer to her acting, which was conventional, after the manner of coloratura singers mindful of the old traditions; but the phrases of Donizetti as sung by Mme. Tetrazzini were expressive of the text, and not merely an arrangement of vowels with consonants for showy vocalization. In a word, the singer showed intelligence in her management of the details; the whole scene had been carefully thought out, and for once there was not a subordination of everything to the cadenza.

Of late years "Lucia" has been considered as an opera containing a "mad scene" with a pyrotechnical exhibition on the part of the insane lady of the village. Lucia has other music to sing; there is also a sextet; and there are tunes for tenor, baritone and bass. But the opera ends for many after Lucia sings her final series of trills. Operas, as books, have their fate. "Lucia" was written for a tenor. For years it was a "tenor opera," and palpitating ladies eagerly anticipated the last act with Edgardo singing his swan song. The flowers and the bouquets, the roaring and the wreaths were for the tenor. Lucia was a secondary character.

There are many who express contempt for "Lucia di Lammermoor" with its old-fashioned formulas, its obvious melodies, its simple instrumentation. Yet there was a time when the instrumentation of the last act was thought to be original in the use of the wind instruments, and Donizetti was applauded as an innovator. The formulas of Donizetti are now no more old-fashioned than those in the earlier operas of Wagner, and formulas of Mascagni and Puccini already seem trite and of a previous generation. "Lucia" is a little over 75 years old, a highly respectable age as operas go. The question may well be asked: What will the audiences of 1975 say to "Tosca" and "The Girl of the Golden West"?

"Lucia" is an interesting specimen of the old-fashioned Italian opera. Its foundations are solidly laid; the architecture still commands respect; and although the decoration is not now in fashion, it cannot be called tawdry or gingerbread work. Like all operas of its period, "Lucia" demands skilled singers. When they are on the stage, this lyric drama is grand opera, opera according to the grand style, with all its pomp and absurdities and brilliance. And as long as there is opera in which men and women sing instead of speak, there must be absurdities, whether the composer be Mozart or Wagner, Gluck or Verdi. Debussy, by his scheme of dialogue, has done much to remove the reproach.

Mr. Constantino has been frequently heard here as Edgardo and it is not necessary to speak at length of his performance. He was in fine voice, and his tones blended sympathetically with those of Mme. Tetrazzini. Mr. Polese sang effectively. He did not find it necessary to portray Ashton as a bully or a minor Mephistopheles. Norman is always a bore, but Mr. Sili at times made him tolerable and to be endured. Alas poor Arturo! We all have seen and heard many in this role. All of them have made a mess of Arturo's music. All of them have cracked or quacked in the innocent and natural question, "Where is Lucia?" Mr. Giaccone's name must now be added to the list.

There was a very large audience that applauded heartily the chief singers, marvelled at Mme. Tetrazzini's vocal flights and smypathized with her in her few moments of distress.

The opera on Friday night will be "Otello" with Mmes. Eames and Claessons and Messrs. Zenatello and Polese.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe in "Twelfth Night."

Orsino.....Mr. Lewis
Sebastian.....Mr. Connolly
Sir Toby Belch.....Mr. Buckstone
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Mr. Bradley
Malvolio.....Mr. Sothern
Fabian.....Mr. Coleman
Feste.....Mr. Bendtsen
Olivia.....Miss Rees
Viola.....Miss Marlowe
Maria.....Miss Lamison

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe yesterday afternoon gave pleasure to a large audience at the Shubert Theatre by their delightful performance in "Twelfth Night." As is habitual with

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe present "Romeo and Juliet." Cast:

Chorus.....William Harris
Escalus, Prince of Verona..Milano Tilden
Paris.....Walter Connolly
Montague.....Malcolm Bradley
Capulet.....Mr. John Taylor
Romeo, son to Montague.....Mr. Sothern
Mercutio.....Frederick Lewis
Benvolio.....V. L. Granville
Tybalt.....Mayne Lynton
Friar Laurence.....Thomas Coleman
Barthasar.....Wm. McComas
Peter.....Rowland Buckstone
An Apothecary.....Malcolm Bradley
Lady Montague.Miss Millicent McLaughlin
Lady Capulet.....Miss Alys Rees
Juliet, daughter to Capulet..Miss Marlowe
Nurse.....Miss Ina Goldsmith

Once more the Marlowe and Sothern production of "Romeo and Juliet" was seen in Boston last evening. No role

We have received a pressing invitation to purchase a book of facts. Here are some of the questions answered in this volume, edited by a member of the Gradgrind family:

"How can you tell when the next day is going to be stormy?"

"Why are more blondes subject to insanity than brunettes?"

"Who pays the President's hotel bills when he is on a speechmaking tour?"

"The circular asks: "Do you know that the hen is a greater producer of wealth than all the mining industries of the United States?" We do, we do. Eggs at 60 cents a dozen, and as a rule the hen is recreant to her trust.

"Do you know that a piece of ground 200 yards square will raise enough food for a family of six persons?" Not at Clamport on the Cape.

Truly an invaluable book. The city should buy at least 500 copies for public use in apothecary shops, postoffices, engine houses, department stores, and leading saloons. There should be one copy—chained—on the Common—close to the thermometer.

Noblesse Oblige.

Prince Jaisina, now at Harvard, says that his father, the Gaekwar, probably wore a dress suit at the Durbar. "It's no longer 'au fait' for an Indian potentate to appear before his monarch clad like the Sultan of Sinks in a comic opera."

But neither a Gaekwar nor an Ahkoond, nor a Maharajah should wear the conventional dress of the European waiter or guest. A "Kink" may wear a crush hat, but a King wears a crown, even as Gonzago did when sleeping in the arbor.

"My father," says Prince Jaisina, "doesn't dress up in sumptuous splendor." He should. We like to think of these oriental rulers

From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed.

The prince referred to a "dress suit, if that is what is meant by casual dress." A Gaekwar should not wear casual trousers, not even if all the buttons are on and the rubber in his suspenders still alive and springy. He should cull out for a Durbar his most gorgeous vestments.

Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals.

Is the great Gaekwar to be outdone by a mere Nepaulese ambassador, the General Jung Bahawther?

Sympathetic Parts.

Miss Margaret Anglin, a true actress in these days when there are so many untrained and bubbling personalities disporting themselves on the stage, objected to playing the "repulsive part of a sinful, murderous woman."

This reminds us of William and Kate, the leading members of the troupe that visited Hamlet in Jules Laforgue's "legendary morality." The Prince reads his play to them: How Gonzago, King in Vienna, had a Queen Baptista, who deceived him with Claudius, his brother. "One afternoon, the King takes his siesta, sleeps off his wine in the arbor. The Queen pretends austerely to pick strawberries for her spouse when he awakens. Claudius enters. The two accomplices exchange a silent kiss, then they melt lead in a spoon and delicately pour it into the King's ear. Horrible! Horrible! Horrible! As I was saying, they pour molten lead (that pale liquid!); the poor King Gonzago dies in horrible convulsions and, mark you, in a state of mortal sin. Claudius then takes off the King's crown, dons it and offers his arm to the widow. The result of it is that that in spite of the most unpleasant prognostications William will play Claudius and Kate the queen, a fine pair of monsters, believe me."

"It is—" and Kate hesitated.

"It is our custom," said William, "to incarnate only sympathetic roles; this is also our preference."

A Stock-Jobbing Report.

The Herald has received the following telegram dated Savannah, Ga., Dec. 16:

"Regret to communicate Mr. Herkimer Johnson died here this P. M. at 4:34 of a malady I was unable to diagnosticate. Realizing his condition, and being lucid, he desired you notified, saying that you would inform his attorneys in State street of a mass of correspondence of which he was in receipt in his hotel room relating to an extensive literary work. He named you his literary executor, and hoped that Mr. Joseph Smith, the poet, would write an elegy in his memory. The disappointment of his life, he said, was not so much owing to some literary failures as to his being regarded by many as a nobody.—WASHINGTON LEE OGLETHORPE, M. D."

O dry the starting tear! Mr. Herkimer Johnson was in The Herald office yesterday afternoon, on his way to Herkimer county, New York, where he purposes to spend Christmas on the old farm and pay homage to the bones of his ancestors. His baggage was light: it consisted of a green bag and a demijohn. Having read the telegram, he shook his head and said in a low and trembling voice: "I did not think that any sociologist would play a colleague a trick like that. It is not witty, and it is disturbing at this moment when I am delayed in the publication of my colossal work, merely because the printer is of a suspicious nature and wishes a certain sum in advance."

A Few Personal Notes.

Does either the Czar or the Shah remember the time when the then Shah of Persia congratulated Catherine I. on her accession and gave her sound fatherly advice. Knowing that she liked her glass, he exhibited himself to her as a shocking example. He wrote that his eyes were like rubies, his nose like a carbuncle and his body like a barrel, and yet his thirst was not to be quenched by water though it were perfumed.

Mr. Karl Acton asks through the New York Sun: "Why do Vermonters always leave 'pails and pans containing water' out of doors on cold nights?" Answer: They don't.

From articles published in the London journals it is evident that Mr. Brookfield is a grotesquely unfit person to act as co-censor of plays, but he is a man of a pretty wit. He was one night in a friend's box endeavoring to listen to "Die Walkuere" in spite of the busy voice of his hostess. When the opera was over she invited him to a performance of "Rigoletto" later in the week. "With pleasure," replied Mr. Brookfield, "I have never heard you in 'Rigoletto.'"

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Princess Zim-Zim," a new play in three acts and an epilogue by Edward Sheldon. First time in Boston.

"Old Man" Mooney.....John C. Sparks
Peter Milholland.....John Barrymore
Tony Graves.....James Lounsbery
Jan Kouvenhoski.....Lee Baker
"Kid" Mooney.....Thomas Vorden
James B. Gleason.....W. H. Post
Jimmy.....Effingham Pinto
The Lemonade-man.....Paul Donovan

Albert, alias "Prince Zoroaster".....James L. O'Neill
Miss Birdie Desmond, "the Equimaux Belle".....Olive May
Miss Mignon Mulligan, "the Diving Venus".....Suzanne Sheldon
Miss Teresa Casey, "the Princess Zim-Zim".....Dorothy Donnelly

Mr. Sheldon, a young man of marked ability as a dramatist, is already known as the author of "Salvation Nell," "The Boss" and "The Nigger."

His latest play is unusual in the choice of its setting, and clever in the drawing of the types represented, if not of marked originality in the treatment of the fundamental theme. In both the first and second acts the author's knowledge of the theatre is apparent. There are in these acts no tedious periods of exposition, the action moves rapidly and the dialogue is engrossing. The last act, however, is weaker, and the almost too obvious conclusion clumsily handled, while the epilogue is merely an excuse for an effective and elaborate setting.

Mr. Sheldon delights in powerful situations, which, were this play less cleverly acted, might become anti-climactic in their constant recurrence, and at times even frankly melodramatic. He delights, too, in the use of the vernacular, his intimate knowledge of which he has shown to a remarkable extent in the vocabulary of the dwellers on Coney Island, but the constant naming of the Deity and the continuous profanity in the mouths of those on the stage cause the dialogue to lose force. He has abused somewhat too freely the play on names of local and general fame.

The story is of Tessie Casey, "the Princess Zim-Zim," a snake charmer in "The Turkish Dream," and the first act opens upon her performance. At the close of the performance "the Diving Venus" and "the Esquimaux Belle" visit Tessie. In love with Jimmie, the piano player, they demand explanations. After a physical encounter with him they are put to flight by old man Mooney, who shouts at them: "Get out that door ye mischief-making bogtrotters before I forget the riverence due your sex!" Jimmie has already fled.

Pete Milholland, a young man of wealth and position, climbs through the window. They make friends. He is low-spirited and has been drinking. She comforts him and he accepts Jimmie's place at $10 a week. Pete has broken his engagement with the girl he loved, is in quest of adventure, and will not listen to Greaves, who bids him leave. Tessie, in a rage, dismisses Jan, a wild-eyed boatman of the "Shorts," with whom she had been keeping company.

Act 2 is in Mooney's house. The old man is a father to Tessie. Mooney's profits of the week are consigned to a stocking hidden in an armchair. Pete has become an inmate of the house. Mooney is called away. Pete declares his love to Tessie but after she has returned his embrace he realizes he can never marry her and blurts this out. The girl is stunned. Pete leaves the house. Tessie goes to her room. Jan the boatman crawls in through the window, heavy with drink. He has come for money which he knows is in the house, and incidentally for Tessie. When he seizes her she confesses the hiding place of the money. But Jan will have her also. Pete rushes in; the men struggle. Tessie shoots Jan.

Act 3. The Dream again. Tessie is famous. Milholland's identity has been disclosed. He has made a mistake and realizes it too late. He seizes the op-

r mil ic, the toreador's song,

clusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

Portsmouth, N. H.

few more delightful books in the world

portunity offered him to return to his fiancee and leaves Tessie, who in a final burst of Billingsgate expresses her contempt for him, and is at once remorseful and heart-broken.

Miss Donnelly played with the dramatic intensity and emotional powers of expression which she has displayed in other roles. She strongly characterized the part and while she portrayed Tessie's lovableness, her unselfish nature, her idealistic love for Pete, she also fully realized the inherent primitive and uncontrollable nature of the woman who when angered and wounded in her most sacred feelings resorted to the expression of her wrongs in terms that bared her origin relentlessly. Miss Donnelly's playing of the second act, her contemptuous facing of Jan, her struggle against his brutality all this was finely done.

Mr. Barrymore as Peter acted cleverly, with quizzical humor and quiet forcefulness, but the part is not a grateful one, nor was Peter impressively distinguished in bearing. The other members of the cast were excellent.

A very large audience was generous with prolonged and hearty expressions of its appreciation.

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe in "The Merchant of Venice." Principals in the cast:

Prince of Morocco	Thomas Coleman
Prince of Arragon	France Bendtsen
Antonio	John Taylor
Bassanio	Frederick Lewis
Gratiano	V. L. Granville
Lorenzo	Walter Connolly
Shylock	Mr. Sothern
Launcelot Gobbo	Rowland Buckstone
Portia	Miss Marlowe
Nerissa	Miss Norah Lamison
Jessica	Miss Millicent McLaughlin

I keep a most plentiful table; this seemeth to thee a great matter; but, indeed, it is little, and soon will be nothing. Will the worms therefore spare thee more than the hard husbandman? Or rather, will they not feed on thy softer meat the more greedily? I do neither jest with, nor mean to terrify thee: well thou knowest, although thou do dissemble it, that thou art fed preparing for that banquet. Perhaps it is now near supper time, or at least not far off, for the day is short, the guests are hungry and death, which layeth the table, is ready.

The Barmecide Room.

As the World Wags:

You were kind enough a week or so ago to make editorial allusion to the restaurant that I am planning for the use and benefit of invalids, so I am emboldened to inform you that I have considerably enlarged its scope and hope soon to be in a position to make definite announcement of the whole plan of the establishment which is being daily enlarged by the addition of novel and interesting details.

In connection with the Dyspeptic Department it had been originally planned to have a Barmecide Room in which sedulous and attentive waiters should merely go through the motions of serving an elaborate meal to those unfortunates whose condition of stomach absolutely forbade the intake of any food whatsoever. The bill of fare in this department was to be of singular richness and elaboration, indeed, as nothing was to be actually cooked or served, the only limit to its costliness and variety would be the imaginative tether of the composer of its tale. Patrons were to be given here the pleasure of ordering a meal to their mind, and of incidentally displaying the greatest taste and the most profound gastronomic knowledge, without incurring the least peril of ensuing indigestion. The pleasure of paying a large check at the end and of tipping inordinately a subservient and fawning waiter will also be theirs, their philanthropic glow unchilled by heartburn or the least sense of stomachic fulness.

Suggestion Records.

A study of this latter department has given rise to a novel idea based upon the now universally employed principle of suggestion that will, I am sure, prove equally pleasant to my customers and profitable to me. Stationed around the room, disguised by a variety of devices, will be phonographic records, artfully controlled by an electrical current so as to utter their several messages periodically at stated intervals. One will say in clarion tones, "Try Our Welsh Rabbit! It is Fine!" In a few seconds more there will peal through the room the stentorian exhortation "What's the matter with a Beefsteak Smothered in Fried Onions?" And in its turn "Don't be ashamed of Plain Old Corned Beef Hash!" These in a popular and familiar vein; but in my [illegible] and varied repertoire will be found The advice to the diners couched in As[illegible] dately dignified language and de- mag[illegible] through channels artistically tricks. For instance, a suggestion as down int[illegible] on a la Chasseur will be deliv- unteer to [illegible] rently through the mouth of a a handke[illegible] e noble head adorns the wall st[illegible] or door of entrance do the tri[illegible] for one instant the effect of he apparen[illegible] e and admonition upon the for[illegible] between[illegible] d uncertain mind of the av- [illegible] detect[illegible]. Suppose, too, that there [illegible] e kitchen an undue quantity

of some viand that has failed to recommend itself to the palate of my customers. I have only to prepare a new record extolling it, slip it into one of several unoccupied instruments that will always be available for this purpose, and almost instantly direct the plastic fancy of my guests in the proper direction. It is a cinch.

LEVERETT HYSLIP.

Bubbling Springs, Dec. 19.

New England Indians.

Mr. Marcellus B. Graves writes, asking whether there are any Indians now

in New England who wear the old costumes and sharpen tomahawks for domestic purposes, as against woodchucks or for kindling wood. He refers, of course, to the North American Indian and not to visiting Chelas, Mahatmas and other esoteric gentry who devour widows' houses and are the joy of restless spinsters rigidly reared.

The only Indians we know are in or about Mashpee on the Cape and there are very few of the pure-blooded left. The Mashpee Indian of today is a mixture of Indian and negro or Indian and Portuguese. He is peaceably inclined, and given to whooping only when moved thereto by fire-water. He raises garden truck and does odd jobs and is in many ways a useful citizen. His costume is that of any other dweller on the Cape. Indians that we have seen in Maine were without war paint. They wore leg boots and preferred a coat to a blanket. Some years ago we observed four Indians in Providence, R. I. They were loafing in Roger Williams Park. We were then told by Mr. Roy Martin of the Journal that they were the last of the Narroprats, once a fierce and haughty tribe.

Around a Neck.

As the World Wags: In one of your recent articles the subject of cravats was dwelt upon at some length. The references and ideas advanced were good and deserve commendation by us all for the thoughts brought out so clearly on this little talked of matter.

I wish to add a few remarks to those already mentioned in the articles of that morning. Authors differ widely in their modes and methods of descriptions and details. Of course that is their privilege and they have the right to take advantage of it. But to my mind the subject of neckware and cravats has been sorely neglected. I speak now of those articles worn upon the neck by men, not women, therefore I hope I will not be misunderstood.

Take the stately and well groomed Pickwick; point out a single line devoted to the neckcloth of that famous personage. His entire habit is gone over minutely on almost his every appearance in ardent and flowing language. Though whether such a thing as cravats was known or merely neglected by the author's intention is a matter of conjecture. I could cite other men of famous antiquity who have been most unwontingly slighted in this manner. And yet we hear not a single howl going up asking why!

And so it goes down the line; from the time of Miss Grace to the modern young man on the corner with his stylish four-in-hand. The neckcloth surely must play an important part in the establishment, in the eye of the onlooker—either an impression of painstaking or a slovenly and thoughtless freedom. Our Drews, Barrymores and modern novel heroes are valuable assets to our present stock of bright lights in the field of society and culture—but they cannot last forever. Their glories must be stamped on the coming generations—the fact that a gentleman is always known by the knot of his cravat!

J. WELLINGTON WILLARD.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 19.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once showed us the proofs of his exhaustive chapter on cravats ("Man as a Social and Political Beast," vol. ix.). He began by discussing in his masterly manner the focale or neckcloth known to the ancient Romans, for there were cravats long before the 17th century when Frenchmen sported cravats of lace or linen, or of muslin edged with lace and tied in a bow with long, flowing ends, in imitation of the linen scarf worn around their necks by Croatian mercenaries.—[Ed.

Dec. 3 1911

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe in "Hamlet," by William Shakespeare. Principal persons in cast:

King Claudius	V. L. Granville
Hamlet	Mr. Sothern
Polonius	John Taylor
Laertes	Mayne Lynton
Horatio	Frederick Lewis
Osric	France Bendtsen
Rosencrantz	Walter Connolly
Guildenstern	P. J. Kelly
First Gravedigger	Rowland Buckstone
Second Gravedigger	Peter Golden
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	William Harris
Queen Gertrude	Miss Ina Goldsmith
Ophelia	Miss Marlowe
Player Queen	Miss Millicent McLaughlin

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Miss Young in "The Wizard of Oz." The cast:

Dorothy Gale	Miss Mary Young
The Scarecrow	George Hassell
The Tin Woodman	Donald Meek
Oz	Walter Walker
Pastoria II	Morgan Wallace
Sir Wiley Gyle	Leslie Palmer
Sir Dashemoff Daily	Carney Christie
The Lion	Arthur Hill
The Cow	Albert Hickey
Trixie Tryfle	Miss Mabel Montgomery
Cynthia Cynch	Miss Mabel Colcord

EAMES CHARMS AS DESDEMONA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Otello," performed by the Boston Opera Company. Mr. Conti conducted.

Desdemona	Emma Eames
Emilia	Mme. Claessens
Otello	Mr. Zenatello
Iago	Mr. Polese
Cassio	Mr. Diaz
Roderigo	Mr. Cilla
Lodovico	Mr. Mardones
Montano	Mr. Pulcini
A Herald	Mr. Olshansky

Ask anyone the name of the woman that played Desdemona when he saw Salvini in Shakespeare's tragedy, or the name of the woman when he saw Booth's Iago, and 10 to 1 he can not give it. It made a difference at the time whether the actress were capable or merely gentle and lachrymose; looking backward, the playgoer remembers the Othellos and the Iagos, but the Desdemonas were speedily forgotten.

In the opera the Desdemonas are more easily named; yet Boito followed Shakespeare in his admirable libretto. It is true that he carried out Dr. Johnson's wish, and the tragedy begins in Cyprus. It is also true that he introduced a "Credo" for Iago; but Boito's libretto is marvellously Shakesperian, so that when it was translated into English whole passages from Shakespeare's text turned out to be the most faithful rendering of the Italian. Desdemona in the play is fully as important a character as she is in the opera. And yet how many can name off-hand the Desdemonas that played with Salvini or Booth.

In the opera here in Boston Desdemona has been played in Italian by Miss Tetrazzini, the sister of Luisa and now the wife of Cleofonte Campanini, Mme. Albani, Mme. Eames and Libia Drog. Mme. Eames first appeared as Desdemona in February, 1895, and although Tamagno and Victor Maurel, the first Otello and Iago at Milan, were her associates, her performance is still gratefully remembered. She was seen again as Desdemona at the Boston Theatre in 1902 with Messrs. Alvarez and Scotti.

The character and the music are suited to her, and her Desdemona is one of the roles by which she will long be remembered. Last night she was not wholly in voice. There were traces of hoarseness, and there were moments when she fell below the true pitch—a proof that she was not vocally in best condition, for few women on the stage have shown constantly so pure intonation. On the other hand, there was very much to enjoy in her performance. First of all, her voice has rare natural beauty and she is an accomplished singer, mistress of her art, still a lesson, an example for the majority of her sisters in the opera houses. The beautiful music that Verdi wrote for Desdemona seems still more beautiful when sung by Mme. Eames. Nor is there anything in the role that makes demands on her to which she cannot adequately respond.

And yet even with a Desdemona like Mme. Eames, the Othello and the Iago necessarily dominate. Mr. Zenatello gave an unusually impressive performance of the Moor. It is in this part that he excels. His voice is one to express the fatal jealousy, the bitter anguish, the wild-beast rage. His impersonation was carefully composed and well proportioned, without undue extravagance, psychologically truthful. The gradations of doubt were finely expressed, the reluctance to believe Iago's insinuations, the final acceptance of the specious proof, the wreck of a simple, trusting soul. Especially admirable were the answers to Iago questioning him concerning Michael Cassio; the farewell to the tranquil mind; the soliloquy in the third act.

Mr. Polese's Iago was picturesque and interesting. He played the frank and honest Iago, not turning him into a second-rate Mephistopheles, not being so subtle as to be ineffective as an operatic villain. He sang with discrimination, effectively, and with full, rich quality of tone.

It is not easy to think of this superb opera—one of the chief triumphs of art—as being better staged than at the Boston Opera House. The scenes and costumes delight the eye.

It is to be regretted that the orchestra was frequently too boisterous so that singers and the audience suffered thereby. There are many things in Verdi's score that have not been revealed to the hearers in this theatre.

There was a large audience, one of the most enthusiastic of the season.

This afternoon "Mignon" will be performed for the first time at the Boston Opera House. The chief singers will be Mme. Dereyne (Mignon), Mme. Tetrazzini (Filina) and Messrs. Clement and Rothier. Mr. [illegible] will conduct.

'IBERIA' FEATURE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Pastorale from the Christmas oratorio	Bach
Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis"	Gluck
Symphony in G (B. and H. 13)	Haydn
Iberia, from "Images"	Debussy
Minuet of Will o' Wisps, dance of Sylphs and Rakoczy march, from "The Damnation of Faust"	Berlioz

Bach's contrapuntally disposed shepherds gave a Christmas flavor to the program, which otherwise was without this ecclesiastical distinction. In Chicago the Theodore Thomas orchestra played a Noel by Block and a Noel by Chadwick, as well as the pastorale of Bach, and the Dance of the Angels from Wolf-Ferrari's "La Nuova Vita" was on the long program. The other pieces were by Franck, Dubois, Elgar—Mr. Stock apparently will never forsake Sir Edward—Ivanoff, Stock, Tschaikowsky and Hellmsberger's arrangement of Mayseder's "Ball Scene" was played by all the violins.

Each program would, no doubt, find assailants and defenders. A program given over wholly to specifically Christmas music would be borcsome to many and inevitably a thing of shreds and patches. It is enough that a program for a concert in the Christmas season should be for the most part joyous. That of yesterday evidently pleased the audience, and when this result is attained a program maker can cheer himself by the thought that he has not lived in vain.

Even if the overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" were performed without Wagner's ending, the music would still be nobly antique and tragic. The instrumentation of Gluck would be adequate. There would still be the classic spirit, the suggestion of bodement. A few instruments were sufficient for Gluck's purpose. Think how an ultra-modern composer would treat the subject! He would first of all demand a pompous and swollen orchestra. There would be a motive for Iphigenia, one for Agamemnon, probably one for Artemis, and there would surely be themes for the delayed ships, the sacrificial knife and a trombone phrase for Calchas. We even now in the mind's ear hear the wild dissonances, the orchestral din and fury. How fresh this overture, as Cherubini's "Anacreon" sounds today!

Haydn's gay symphony was written for the Parisians, who delighted in his music and were pleased by his finales, with their "rhythmical good nature and joyous alacrity." The finale yesterday was taken as though it were a presto.

The feature of the concert was Debussy's "Iberia," a remarkable example of ultra-modern impressionism. The performance had evidently been prepared with great care, and the many beauties of the work were brought into fuller light than when the composition was heard here for the first time toward the end of last season. "Iberia" is an answer to those who assert that Debussy has written nothing but pot-boilers since his "Pelleas et Melisande." The second movement, "The Odors of the Night," is exquisitely poetical, and the other movements are brilliant in rhythm, color and the suggestion of Spanish life.

The familiar pages from "The Damnation of Faust" were again heard gladly. The romanticism is that of the Thirties rather the Forties. It is that of Hugo and the young Gautier, but this romanticism of Berlioz is now classic in its beauty, in its form, color and spirit. Sixty-five years from now Debussy may be considered staid and orthodox.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Suite in D major, No. 3; Beethoven, "Abscheulicher!" from "Fidelio"; Enesco, Suite op. 9; Wagner, Finale of "Goetterdaemmerung." Mme. Berta Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House will be the singer.

A most detestable Recreation, a vain Exercise, and unprosperous and unhappy sport, with so much labor and watching Night and Day to rage and make War against the poor Beasts: A pastime cruel, and totally Tragical, chiefly delighting in Blood and Death. And therefore from the beginning it was accompted the chief Exercise of the worst of Men, and greatest Sinners. For Cain, Lamech, Nimrod, Ishmael, Esau are reported in Scripture to be mighty Hunters: nor do we read of any one in the New Testament that was given to the Sport, unless the Ishmaelites, Idumeans and other People that did not know God.

A Fine Old Rite.

The New York Tribune thought it worth while to devote 18 lines of its space to an account of a fox hunt on Long Island in which Miss Ethel Roosevelt, apparently an intrepid rider, "carried off the principal honors," although the fox with a deplorable lack of good breeding refused to yield up his brush and went to ground. "All efforts to dislodge him were useless." Probably the huntsmen were not adequately supplied with picks, shovels and hoes.

It would be a pleasure to know whether the heroines of the chase in New England, on Long Island, and in south-

n states, are now "blooded," accord-
:o the sacred rite. Sir William But-
in his autobiography describes a
sant incident of sporting life in
land of the early 19th century. Sir
rs Mostyn was known the country
nd as a passionate rider to hounds.
condescended to take a wife. At a
ty shortly after the marriage it was
narked by some cheerful idiot that
dy Mostyn had not been blooded.
e was at once summoned from her
wer. The ceremony of "blooding"
nsisted in drinking a cup of claret
which was put the brush of the fox
st killed. Lady Mostyn took her seat
the table. The ceremony was ex-
ained and then the cup was put be-
re her. She refused to drink. Sir
iers swore a sturdy oath, roaring at
er: "You will have to drink it; you
ust be blooded." She drank and left
e castle to which she never returned.
We find no allusion to this use of
blooded" in the larger dictionaries or
the slang lexicons. Is there any
ference to the sacred rite in William
omerville's poem, "The Chace"? We
st now happen to be out of Somerville.

Re "Barm," "Barmy," Etc.

The Herald received this letter:

As the World Wags—I send you the
merican version and the English ver-
on of the following from "Mother
ose."

American edition thus:

I.

ip upon Trenchers,
d dance upon dishes,
mother sent me for yeast, some yeast,
c bid me tread lightly,
d come again quickly,
r fear that the young men should play me
some jest.

II.

t didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
at naughty tricks they put upon me?
ey broke my pitcher, and spilt my water,
d huffed my mother, and chid her daughter,
d kissed my sister instead of me.

The first verse of the English edition
es as follows as I remember it:

p nnon Trenchers
d dance upon dishes,
mother sent me to buy some barm.
bid me go swiftly
d come again quickly
fear that the young men should do me
some harm.

The second verse is the same or near-
so as in the American edition.
n the east of England yeast is sound-
yest. This may be where the varia-
n orlginated.
n the English midlands "barm" sig-
ies the newly separated yeast from
brew, and is used for breadmaking
the householders. The inns that
merly brewed their own ale and beer
ng out a tin cup, mug or small fun-
l as a sign that fresh "barm" was
sale.
o be "barmy" was there known to
more or less "befuddled" with beer,
sumably new beer, or beer that the
arm" was not completely separated
m, not at all an uncommon expres-
n 25 years ago, probably still used in
same way. JAMES M. PULLEY.
Melrose, Dec. 21, 1911.

Intermezzo.

n the country it is not unusual for a
de to receive a neat set of porcelain
th, a full set, upper and lower. It
not considered courteous to return
gift to the sender when the porce-
n does not happen to be of Sevres.

"Pierce" and "Hearse."

The Herald has received a letter of
rticular interest to the Pierce family

of a pleasing nature to all that like
sit on a fence and observe earnest-
s in discussion.
The World Wags.
have long distrusted the smugness
which disputants cite as a peren-
certainty of the pronunciation of
verb "to pierce"—be the noun or
per name whatever it likes. "To
rce" pronounced "pers" or "purs"
just turned up unexpecedly and de-
tfully in an old sonnet, Sir Walter
eigh's "Me thought I saw the grave
re Laura lay," a vision wherein
mer's Spright" "cursed the access"
Edmund Spencer. "Pierce" rhymes
h "hearse," which is not known ever
have been pronounced otherwise.
rthermore, the rhymes in this son-
are quite accurate. The sonnet
es thus:

And from henceforth those Graces were not
seen,
they this Queen attended; in whose stead
blivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
eat the hardest stones were seen to 've
bled,
nd groans of buried ghosts the heavens did
pierce,
erc Homer's spright did tremble all for
grief,
Cursed the access of that celestial thief."

Moreover, tho' Pierce is a rare com-
n noun it is a common proper
n; and any goodly person named
rce might naturally be expected to
me agreeably with a tierce (of
brown ale or what not), but in
t case a person named Percy Pierce
uld surely get his purse pierced.
JAMES S. MARTIN.
Cambridge, Dec. 20, 1911.

The common noun "pierce" is found
Keats's "Isabella":

Like a lance. Waking an Indian
rom his cloudy hall with cruel pierce.

The huge New English Dictionary
ves only the common pronunciation
of "pierce"; that is, rhyming with "tierce"; but Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (1791) gives the pronunciation "perse" as well as "peerse" and refers the reader to a note on "fierce" ("feerse" or "ferse"). "The first mode of pronouncing this word is the most general; the second is heard chiefly on the stage. Actors who have such continual occasion to express the passions feel a propriety (sic) in giving a short vowel sound to a word denoting a rapid and violent emotion; and therefore, though this pronunciation may be said to be grammatically improper, it is philosophically right."

Dec. 24, 1911

FELY DEREYNE WINNING MIGNON

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. First performance of Thomas's "Mignon" by the Boston Opera Company. Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Philine	Mme. Tetrazzini
Mignon	Mme. Dereyne
Frederic	Miss Swartz
Wilhelm Meister	Mr. Clement
Lothario	Mr. Rothier
Laerte	Mr. Leo
Giarno	Mr. Barreau
Antonio	Mr. Letol

"Mignon" was written deliberately for immediate popularity. It is said that the librettists were inspired by the pictures of Ary Scheffer rather than by Goethe's novel which shocked De Quincey and gave Carlyle, the translator, qualms of conscience. The librettists at first asked Meyerbeer to write the music, but he had too much respect for Goethe. He said to them: "If I wrote this music I could never go to Berlin again. Do you think that I would venture to change Goethe's novel, to interpret it, to assail him? No, I thank you. They would break into my house and throw me out of the window."

Ambroise Thomas, a composer who always set his sails for a favoring breeze, made many changes in the opera after the first performance in 1866. In the original version Mignon died after hearing the trills of Philine and meeting her suddenly face to face at a lawn festival in Italy. Barbier, one of the librettists, said: "It is much better to marry Wilhelm and Mignon, and then we may make sure of 700 or 800 performances." Many cuts were made. The part of Frederic was played by a man until 1874, when Miss Ducasse took it and interpolated the gavotte which was written for Mme. Trebelli.

The French of the ultra modern school are never weary of disparaging the music of this opera. Their sneers are witty; there is truth in their serious criticism. Yet the opera lives—it reached its 1000th performance at the Opera-Comique in 1894; it has been sung in many countries; its melodies are known the world over. The lighter portions of the work, the comedy dialogue, make a pleasant appeal to musicians of catholic taste as well as to the general public. It is true that Thomas was unable to find music to express the more emotional situations, that he wrote the greater part of the work to please the bourgeois, but there is an individual flavor in a few pages, and when the opera is well performed it tickles the mass of operagoers. Thus Thomas gained his end. He was successful in commerce. He did not write a work of art.

Boston has heard Christine Nilsson, Clara Louise Kellogg, Marie Roze, Annie Louise Cary, Minnie Hauk, Mme. Lablanche (Davenport) and Geraldine Farrar as Mignon. It was in Boston that Mme. Calve impersonated the part for the first time and unaccountably failed, so that she has not repeated the experiment. Mme. Nilsson was the first Mignon in Boston—it was in February, 1872, and Capoul took the part of Wilhelm. Mme. Paola-Marie was the first to sing the part here in French (1879) and the leading tenor was again Capoul. Yesterday Mme. Dereyne took the part for the first time in Boston, and Mme. Tetrazzini that of Philine for the first time in this country, it is said. She sang in Italian.

The opera yesterday gave a large audience great pleasure. The performance was excellent in many ways. Mme. Dereyne surprised even her admirers by her expressive singing and acting. Her voice seems to have gained in compass and power since she was last here, and the quality of her tones is richer and fuller. It is not necessary to ask whether she reminded one of Goethe's heroine, for the Mignon of the opera is a very different creature from that of the novel. The librettists have sedulously attended to that; as in the scene where she dons a costume of Philine, a trick wholly out of keeping with the woman imagined by Goethe. It was said of Mme. Nilsson by an enthusiastic critic that when she swept her arm in the romance of the first act to the "cloudless heavens," her grand gesture was after the manner of Rachel or Ristori. Mme. Dereyne did not play the part in this heroic vein, but she portrayed a living being and gave her true character. Her performance was as charming as it was sincere. In the scene in the Park her singing gave emotional authority to music that in itself is soulless and common. There were times when her intonation was not true, but they were comparatively few, and it would be unjust, in fact, irrelevant, to insist on this. She may well be congratulated on having given one of the most engrossing performances yet witnessed on the stage of the Boston Opera House.

Mme. Tetrazzini sang brilliantly the amiable waltz in the first act and the hopelessly old-fashioned and dreary Polonaise in the third. She sang with enchanting lightness the music of her coquettish scenes. Her dazzling vocal flights in the Polonaise and the final chain of trills aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. Mr. Clement acted with his customary grace, and his phrasing was, as ever, characterized by perfect taste.

Mr. Rothier took the part of Lothario, the wandering minstrel. There is still dispute as to whether Wotan, King Marke or Lothario is the biggest bore on the operatic stage, while there are some who speak earnestly in behalf of the Flying Dutchman. There might well be a tie-vote for Lothario and King Marke, although Mr. Rothier's impersonation yesterday persuaded some to cast a ballot for the Harper. Mr. Rothier was vociferous, singing of his own fate, considering the swallows, sobbing violently with Mignon or shouting "Fire!" There is a short and simple word for it all: Mr. Rothier bellowed, and thus did much harm to the concerted numbers in the first act.

The minor parts were well taken. The opera was handsomely staged and the mise en scene well controlled. Mr. Goodrich with the orchestra gave an excellent reading of the score. He was careful in matters of detail, but not finical. He took the music for what it was worth and did not attempt to make it too important. He respected the singers and supported them. At the same time he encouraged the orchestra to be eloquent. Thus he was a large factor in the sum total of success.

SHUBERT THEATRE—E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe in "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare. Principal persons in the cast:

Duke	W. L. Granville
Frederick	John Taylor
Amiens	Maurice Robinson
Jaques	Mr. Sothern
Oliver	Mayne Lynton
Jaques	P. J. Kelly
Orlando	Frederick Lewis
Touchstone	Thomas Coleman
William	Rowland Buckstone
Rosalind	Miss Marlowe
Celia	Miss Norah Lamison
Phebe	Miss Millicent McLaughlin

The Herald publishes today two interesting articles from valued contributors.

The first concerns Kitty Blanchard, remembered by many who were shocked by the manner of her death.

The other article is also of a personal nature and will appeal to the older theatregoers and all interested in the drama as it was.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Memories of Kitty Blanchard

The startling announcement in The Herald yesterday of the death of Mrs. McKee Rankin in a bathtub in a Broadway hotel and at the age of 70 brings up recollections of long ago that were among my earliest and pleasantest.

The Continental Theatre, located where Osgood's furniture store now is, was built by the Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge and given that name.

It did not succeed, and was taken over by Benjamin F. Whitman, who continued the name and opened on Monday or Tuesday, Aug. 20 or 21, 1866, with a very strong company headed by E. L. Davenport as "leading actor and stage director," but who did not remain long.

Others of the company were McKee Rankin, who afterward married Kitty Blanchard; Mr. James Lewis, "from Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theatre"; Mr. W. H. Smith, H. A. Weaver, from "western and southern theatres"; D. R. Allen; T. C. Howard, John Davies, who was a barber in his "working" hours; J. Nolan, afterward for many years at the Boston Museum, and who later married Kate Ryan; J. E. Adams, J. Keefe, F. Potter, W. G. Barton, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Fisher, Mrs. L. B. Perrin, Miss May Howard, Miss Louisa Meyers, Miss Kitty Blanchard, Mrs. Louisa Morse, Miss Georgia Langley, Miss Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Sawin and Miss Adele Henriquez. Napier Lothian, who had been the leader of the orchestra for the Morris Bros. during their brief regime, continued as the leader under the Whitman tenancy.

My recollection of Kitty Blanchard with a schoolmate I went to the matinee with a school-mate I went to the matinee at the Continental, where the new burlesque of "Cinderella, or The Lover, the Lackey and the Little Glass Slipper," abounding in fun, pun, inconsistency and improbability, was being performed. I was then going to the Dwight school on Springfield street, and my classmate, Charley Waterman, and myself, "suped" for this performance, we being rather diminutive lords, in very gorgeous velvets and wigs that must have been sights.

Her Costume in "Cinderella"

A photograph of Kitty Blanchard as Prince Poppetti, now before me, shows how pretty she was at that time, and the costume she wore. It was composed of a short skirt that came to the knees, a sort of bolero jacket with red sleeves, a white waist, with a star in the centre of the breast, and a small hat with some kind of fluffy feathers. On her feet she wore green boots laced up at the side, and around the calf of the leg a red velvet something, which if it had been on her ankles, would have been called anklets, and on the wrist, wristlets, so it may be proper to call them calflets. Above them the flesh tights showed to the knee, and at times more. The costume at the present would be called modest, but then it was a little strong for any one but a circus rider or a trapeze performer.

I remember that she made sad inroads on the susceptible young heart of my schoolmate, while the large-eyed Louisa Meyer as Cinderella captured me bodily.

"Cinderella" was a great success, so much so that after a long run for those time it was revived again and again to good business.

On Monday, the 7th of the next January (1867), "The Black Crook" had its initial Boston performance, and thereafter continued for 19 weeks, or 135 performances, closing its phenomenal run on Saturday, May 18, to be followed by another revival of "Cinderella."

No one who ever heard Kitty Blanchard sing "You Naughty, Naughty Men" is likely ever to forget it. It was delightful and was one of the great hits of the production.

Kitty Blanchard's Companions

But to hark back to that production of "Cinderella." Fanny Davenport, then a mere girl, but by no means a girlish figure, as her appearance as Dandini, in tights, certainly proved, was a great favorite and proved a hit with all. She was handsome, plump, very, and sang and acted well. Louisa Meyers was the Cinderella and later the Stalacta in the long run of the "Black Crook," following which she went to the Boston Museum and remained a number of seasons and was a prime favorite and a versatile woman. She left the Museum to Marry Eaton S. Drone, who later became the managing editor of the New York Herald, and has never acted since, and is alive today, so far as I know.

Georgie Langley later married wealthy and retired. Mrs. Louisa Morse is known almost up to the present generation as the dear old lady of "The Old Homestead," with Denman Thompson. She played Clorinda, one of the bad sisters.

John Davies played Alidoro, the tutor, for a while, but later Dan Maginnis appeared in the role and made a great hit. Dan had been the gasman at Morris Bros.' minstrel house, where now is the moving picture house known as the Old South Theatre. No man ever had more friends than "Handsome" Dan Maginnis, the only living "double-lipped" cornet player in the world. Dan passed over long ago, rest his soul.

N. D. Jones, "Nat," played Buttoni, a page, and is still living to tell the tale, but I have not seen him in quite a number of years.

Adele Henriquez, curiously enough, I recall little about, but, I believe, she went to New York later and joined Wallack's company.

The Domain of True Delight

Regarding the "Transformation" scene, described as "gorgeous and beautiful," and exhibiting the "Domain of True Delight," my impressionistic recollection is of a great number of brobdignagian sticks of peppermint candy, continually revolving, by means of super power, I among the number who pulled on ropes by means of which the upright striped poles revolved. All this and the appearance of Cinderella in elaborate gowns with the Prince, Kitty Blanchard, and a number of fairies, in diaphanous, etc., who slid on at the various entrances, behind set tinsel, and looked happy now that Cinderella had come into her own, and the two bad sisters had gotten their comeuppance, and could not appear in the apotheosis, but had to go to their dressing-rooms and go home.

I can recall the music of the Transformation scene even now, and so can Napier Lothian doubtless. It was from the overture to "William Tell," the "Calm," and was to me then, and is now, exquisite.

I have all the programs of those times and many of the photographs of

r music, the toreador's song

clusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

Portsmouth, N. H.

few more delightful books in the world

portunity [illegible] m[illegible] flap[illegible] a [illegible] b[illegible] to the [illegible] were [illegible] of [illegible] was [illegible] collect them.

Of that Cinderella cast who have left us there are Fanny Davenport, John Davies, Dan Maginnis, James L. [illegible] Mrs. More. But of the others I am not certain [illegible] to depart. Kitty Blanchard, [illegible] pretty, [illegible] gay, piquant, [illegible] Fisher, Peppett, and Carlito, who died at the age of 70. Can it be possible I ask you [illegible] who saw this charming soubrette, when she was all that I have named—can it be possible that time has run so fast that it seems as if it were but last week? Seventy. Died and alone in a bath tub, by some ill failure of the heart to do its duty for a minute or two, until she could have called for help. Oh, yes, we who saw Kitty Blanchard in those days will never forget her, never.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Roxbury, Dec. 1[illegible], 1911.

Henriquez and Henriques

Did Adele Henriquez join Wallack's company in New York?

Is not Mr. Griffith thinking of Madeline Henriques, who, having appeared in amateur theatricals in New York, made her first appearance at Wallack's Lyceum, Dec. 3, 1867, as "A Young Lady," taking the part of Jeannette in "The Model Hypocrite"? She was a singularly refined and charming actress. In 1867 she married Louis J. Jennings of the New York Times, who treated her brutally. She left the stage when she was married, appearing at [illegible] "farewell" as Peg Woffington; but she returned to Wallack's Sept. 17, 1869, as Lady Teazle, and Charles Wyndham was the Charles Surface. She acted there in 1870. She was seen at the Academy of Music in a performance of "The School for Scandal," given for a charitable purpose, March 19, 1871.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Louis Aldrich and Shirley France

Mr. Ryan, in his reminiscences lately published in your columns, speaks of Macready as having been first seen in Boston at the Lion Theatre, which was situated, he says, where the Bijou Dream is now. As I remember, this must be very nearly the spot where the old Melodeon was located, which was used for many years as a billiard hall, the largest in Boston. Louis Aldrich, at that time a member of the Boston Theatre stock company, played billiards in this hall, as well as numerous parts in the theatre next door. In fact, I've seen him play billiards one hour and Horatio to Edwin Booth's Hamlet the next. I specially recall one night his playing a part in the "Old Curiosity Shop," in company with Shirley France. He and the latter, during the performance, entered the dark and deserted shop through a high side window, they descending to the floor by means of a table and chair placed directly beneath. Aldrich got there all right, but his companion made a misstep and came down—chair, table and all—in a most realistic way, amid a whirlwind of applause. Aldrich's consequent facial expression, made up of an indescribable blending of mirth, amazement, consternation, fright, pity and solicitude, was in all probability excelled by no actor who ever trod the boards. The audience was rather inclined to insist upon an encore, but the unlucky performer flatly refused to be coaxed and went through the rest of the play with a wry face and a perceptible limp. Fortunately he had had a hospital training and knew the best places to rub to get relief.

Macready in Two Bostons

Macready's first engagement in Boston began Oct. 30, 1824. He received $250 a night, the theatre being constantly [illegible], the boxes bringing at auction premiums exceeding $200. He [illegible] in his diary of having gone [illegible] the city sightseeing, and tells [illegible] of a trip he took with a [illegible] English friend to Salem. The [illegible] had a theory that [illegible] but in the [illegible] their trip, having occasion [illegible] at various times several [illegible] the natives, they found them all [illegible] uniformly polite and obliging. On [illegible] Macready's calling attention to this, [illegible] companion remarked, "Ah, you [illegible] the look to [illegible] upon the good [illegible]." The [illegible]'s own conclusion was that civility always meets with civility. One wonders what Macready would now think, if, revisiting [illegible] "glimpses of the moon," he undertook during rush hours to change cars at Dudley street.

The accomplished actor experienced "frost," as well as ardently appreciative and overflowing houses. Once in Boston, [illegible], he went to the theatre, and when ready to go on the stage was confronted by the [illegible] with a face [illegible] of dismay. "What's the matter?" [illegible] Macready. "[illegible]"

"Bad, sir, there's [illegible]."

"What, nobody at all?"

"Not a soul, sir, except the warden's party in the boxes."

"What, the devil! not a person in the pit or gallery?"

"Oh, yes, there are one or two."

"Are there five?"

"Oh, yes, five."

"Then go on, we have no right to give ourselves airs!"

And go on they did, to the applause of an enthusiastic handful. The play was "Virginius," and Macready says he never played it better in his life. This "never say die" spirit was characteristic of the man, as was also his use of the expletive on trying occasions. On the last night of the Astor place riots in New York, he went through the whole five acts of the play without a break save those made by the missiles of the infuriated mob. He had a brave man's contempt for cowards and cowardly conduct. As one of "the great family of mankind," he thanked God for the American Declaration of Independence, and for what it had done for the great cause of liberty and improvement: and the title he was proudest of was that of "the actor's friend."

The use of the expletive brings to mind Theodore Thomas, who, in this respect, is said to have been surpassingly fluent in both English and German. He was willing, he said, to go to Hell for a permanent orchestra; and he eventually landed, as all the world knows, in Chicago.

Oysters and Vintners' Stuff

During Macready's visit here in 1843, after acting "Virginius" in a manner satisfactory to all concerned, he went with Charles Sumner and Prof. Felton of Harvard to the "Oyster Saloon Concert Hall," where Hillard joined them. They supped on—what do you suppose? "Broiled oysters, with some of the ingenious and beautifully composed—I should say constructed—drinks that are conspicuous in the States." He had a very agreeable evening, but woke quite worn down with fatigue and want of sleep. Let me see—What is it Omar Khayyam says?

"I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell?"

But, did he say it at night, or in the cold gray light of the morning after? Answer me that, O ye convivial ones!

Harry Murdock and Others

Mention has been made in these columns of Harry Murdock. I used to see him frequently on his way from his home to the Boston Museum. He usually wore a Scotch cap with streamers, and had a quick, graceful, debonair manner, walking off as if to the music of some such lively Jacobite strain as "Charlie Is My Darling!" He lost his life in the Brooklyn Theatre when playing in Kate Claxton's company over there. He was last seen high up on the bridge, over the stage, looking down. Miss Claxton, I understand, saved her life by going through a little used passage, which she remembered as leading from below the stage to the sidewalk in front of the building. She knew the street door was usually locked, but in desperation she took the chance and found the door unfastened. The last time I saw Murdock was in "Our Boys" at the old Globe Theatre. The cast included George Honey, Cowper and Owen Marlowe, if my memory serves.

Joyous Old Days and Nights

Away back in the '20s and '30s of the last century they knew nothing of the "Black Crook," but they had a French ballet troupe at the Federal Street Theatre. When Pelley was manager of the old Tremont he brought out, at much expense, "Undine, or the Spirit of the Waters!" Whereupon Finn, his rival at the Federal street house, produced "Undine, or Spirit and Water." At another time the Tremont management secured the accomplished Ellen Tree, her name appearing in bold type at the top of the posters.

ENGAGEMENT OF MISS TREE!

while at Pelley's theatre, then the little "Warren," in no less conspicuous letters, stood the startling announcement,

MYS'TRE.

The spirit of competition, rivalry and jealousy must have been more rampant in those days than in these. At any rate, a somewhat softer tone is taken now.

Boston "the Enchanted City"

Macready, coming into Boston from the sea, was much impressed with the beauty of the harbor and its approaches. It is to be hoped that the dock board, while it is on the job, will see to it that none of this charm is lost, for beauty is one of the greatest of assets, even from a utilitarian point of view. In looking down upon the city the other night from Corey hill I recalled what a certain famous American novelist has said about the "enchanted city" or the banks of the River Seine. "Hanging over it from [illegible], consecrated, lamp-studded heights [one takes in] "spread below [illegible] after [illegible] pricked out, across river and bridge and radiant place, and along quays and boulevards and avenues, and around monumental circles and squares, in syllables of fire, sketched and summarized, farther and farther, in the dim fire-dust of endless avenues, the great scroll of all its irresistible story." As I gazed and gazed, and thought of these words, I said to myself "Perhaps one of these days we shall have an enchanted city, too!"

AN OLD WEST-ENDER.

Gorki's "Lower Depths"

Maxime Gorki's play "The Lower Depths," Englished for Lawrence Irving, was performed at the Kingsway Theatre, London, Dec. 2. While it is a picture of social degradation, the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette thinks it a more hopeful play than Hauptmann's "Hannele." The latter points to no happiness for the wretched on earth, while Gorki apparently argues that out of hunger, and cold, and crime the Better Man of the future will be born. If he is to come, he may come through the public performance of plays like this. (The critic is a bit of an optimist.)

"Such crews as depicted in the four long acts of 'The Lower Depths' are not peculiar to Russia or Germany or France. They are to be found in London; and misery and poverty very nearly as hopeless and as squalid may be seen in its kitchens any night within 20 yards of Covent Garden Opera House. The majority of the ladies and gentlemen who gather in their finery to see the Russian dancers know nothing of the things that may be happening just beyond the walls of the glittering theatre. If they did, and if they realized them, some of them would very probably go mad; others would be indifferent; others, again, would seek the work of upliftment and regeneration, and offer to help it. And, thanks to these last, would ultimately be born the Better Man. In this possible effect of such plays lies the one real justification for their being written. Sheer horror can have nothing to do with art, but it may be of considerable service to morals."

It will be remembered that an old man goes into a night shelter in Moscow and sees in each one of the thieving, drunken, reckless men and women "the soul of goodness in things evil." He cheers them all and infuses a touch of humanity into such as are not irredeemably wicked. "As a play it calls for condemnation under nearly every canon of dramatic art. As a picture of character and life it is profoundly and enthrallingly interesting. It lasted over three hours, and yet we found not a dull moment in it."

It appears with a few exceptions that the company overacted and bellowed. "It is really extraordinary what immense reserves of entire unimaginativeness the English stage can boast, how many men and women are upon it who can only suggest 'strength' by shouting, and how few 'producers' of plays we seem to have who can get mystery and atmosphere into a performance. * * * The final impression with which we left the theatre was that an impressive and terrible Russian play had been robbed of its very soul by unimaginative English acting."

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Two Rices Again

I am glad that "Baize" made the correction regarding Dan Rice. When Mr. Haskell was editor of the Transcript my father wrote a good many theatrical reminiscences which were printed in that paper, and in a review of negro minstrelsy he spoke of "Daddy" Rice as the founder of the whole race of negro minstrels. Through an inexcusable blunder in my communication to The Herald I wrote "Dan" instead of "Daddy," for which I beg to apologize. The error is mine, and not my father's, for he well knew that Dan Rice, the clown, and Daddy Rice, the negro minstrel, were two distinct people.

By the by, does anybody remember Jimmie Ring as "The Inquisitive Darky?" In a very hazy way I seem to see him thrusting his woolly head through a partly-opened door, his eyes shining like the twin lights on Thatcher's Island, hard by his good old summer home. Bringing up, as this does, the melancholy ocean and the stormy features of "Mother Ann," I am vividly reminded of Jimmie's Mrs. Gummidge in "Little Em'ly." "I'm a lone, lorn creetur, and everything goes contrary."

A CHAUNCY HALL BOY.

"Faust" in St. Petersburg

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gave an entertaining account of a performance of "Faust" at St. Petersburg. The letter was published Dec. 7.

"The Petersburg Opera House is smaller than Covent Garden, but the color scheme is brighter. Foreigners are always struck by the two great grenadiers who, with fixed bayonets, guard the Czar's box, even when his majesty is not in the capital. This, however, is probably done only in case any of the royal family should suddenly put in an appearance. The audience is different in several respects from an English one. On the one hand, the green and other uniforms of officers strike a gay note; but, on the other, evening dress is not only not compulsory, but little affected. The enthusiasm is also enormously greater than at home, and those who expect a coldness to match that of the snow falling softly in the Nevsky must be curiously amazed to hear the thunderous uproar which greets the last note of every favorite number, while at the final curtain the principals must have been recalled a dozen times.

"After all, the play's the thing, and its staging at Petersburg is superb, with all the old 'Faust' conventions, though, as in London, without the ballet. The acting is perhaps conspicuously better than at home. Not only the three leading characters, but even the choruses act as well as sing. Marguerite actually works at her spinning wheel, instead of forgetting all about it, and singing to the boxes. The little boys in the street really go wild with excitement when the troops march in from the wars. In the church scene there is devotion that I never saw at Covent Garden. Indeed, after seeing 'Faust' in Russian, few will admit that the canons of art are satisfied on the banks of the Neva any more easily than on those of the Thames or Seine."

Stray Music Notes

A symphony by Louis Thirion performed recently at the Colonne concerts in Paris is warmly praised. "It is a vast composition, with a clear and logical scheme, cemented with an instrumentation that is interesting without falling into the labored extravagancies that are in fashion today. The individuality of the composer has not yet completely broken through the surrounding influences—as that of the Russian school and that of our French advanced guard—nor are the motives all boldly in relief, but there is ardor, emotion, life.

Mme. Bellincioni, although her voice is much worn—"une voix blessee"—was greatly praised as Salome in Strauss's opera at the Paris Opera. "Salome is here little more than an exalted amoreuse whose crime is almost unconscious. Thus the drama gains in credibility and loses, perhaps, in artistic horror."

Next May a new tenor, Mayerski, will appear at the Paris Opera. He was a teacher of sciences at the Lemberg University, when he was persuaded to turn singer. The Austrian government granted him a pension that he might complete his vocal studies.

August Enna has finished a new opera, "The Nightingale," which will be produced at the Berlin Opera Comique early next year.

Mr. Hermann Klein's lecture at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon was in the main a defence of Manuel Garcia and of his use of the "coup de la glotte." It is quite clear that the famous teacher's method has been much abused in this respect, and he should not be blamed for what he never intended. The lecturer, all the same, did not explain very clearly what the "coup de la glotte" is. One theory says it is due to an action of the ventricular bands, or false vocal cords, and this suggests the opposition to the use of the "shock," owing to it tending to produce congestion of the vocal organism. On the other hand, it is more simply explained as being the actual closing of the vocal cords before sound emission rather than their close approximation, which seems to be the natural position, or a wider position which gives a "breathing" effect. The first theory one doubts to be what Garcia meant, and as to the second, well, it would seem that all three positions of the cords must be really used by singers, especially in opera. Garcia, whatever he meant, intended the "coup" to be applied to get rid of the abuse of the old Italian portamento method, by which one seldom heard a note cleanly taken. Mr. Klein, who was a pupil of the famous singing master, would perhaps have defended him with more force if he had cleared up this matter: yet the lecture was not without significance, while it was interesting to note that in the audience was a very distinguished exponent of the Garcia method in the person of Sir Charles Stanley.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 5.

Leoncavallo is at work on a light opera, "The Queen of the Roses," with a libretto by Edward Morton and an Italian. Mr. Morton says of the libretto: "It is just a little story of a youthful sovereign—a 'roi faineant'—who falls in love with an English lady of title who keeps a flower shop. Or a flower shop keeps her. No impropriety in that. His Majesty—no; you really must not attempt to identify him!—is deposed on his return to his native country and by a 'coup,' which I hope will please you, is restored to his throne—and his lady-love. Leoncavallo's music—so far as I can permit myself to judge by effects produced on my piano here or his piano at the Savoy Hotel—is, I should say, the very thing. It is the turn of Italians, eh? After the French school of light opera we had the English, which seems to have been, to a certain extent, snuffed out by the German. I have only just completed the scenario of another libretto which I have contracted to write for another Italian composer.

de Pietrapertosa. We call it 'The [illegible] of the Sirens'; and the song of the [illegible] itself, which is played twice by the orchestra and is sung [illegible]ly in the moments of the piece, [illegible] I fancy, of the purest ray serene. A wonderful fellow, Pietrapertosa. Why, he beat Leoncavallo—in their younger days, when they were students together—at a macaroni match, in which I am told the baron demolished a whole kilo of macaroni in lifting the fork only seven times to his mouth."

HANDEL AND HAYDN

The Handel and Haydn Society will celebrate in the spring of 1915 100 years of service to the musical art of Boston. A list of historical events in which the society has participated has been drawn up:

Commemoration service after the deaths of Adams and Jefferson.

Celebration in the Old South Meeting House of the 200th anniversary of the settlement of Boston.

In aid of the completion of Bunker Hill Monument.

At the dedication of the Boston Music Hall and at the memorial service after the death of Webster.

At the unveiling of the statue of Gen. Joseph Warren on Bunker Hill.

With the Mercantile Library Association in the celebration of the birth of Washington.

—In aid of the government.

—In aid of the sanitary commission.

—Benefit of the 41st regiment of Massachusetts volunteers.

—Inauguration of the great organ in Music Hall.

—At the memorial service for Abraham Lincoln.

—At the memorial service for John Albion Andrew.

—At the national peace jubilee.

—At the Beethoven centennial celebration June 16 in New York and Dec. 19 in Boston.

—In aid of the sufferers from the Chicago fire.

—At the concert in honor of Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

2—At the world's peace jubilee and the international musical festival.

3—First performance of Handel's "Messiah" with additional accompaniments written for the Handel and Haydn Society by Robert Franz.

2—At the 7th Regiment Armory, New York, with societies from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore, in the performance of "Israel in Egypt," under Theodore Thomas.

3—At the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther.

9—At the reception to Admiral George Dewey, City Hall, Boston.

CITY CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give two concerts this week.

Shawmut Congregational Church, Thursday, 8 P. M. Organ recital by George E. Whiting, assisted by Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano. Organ pieces: Guilmant, grand chorus in D major; Tschaikowsky, Andante cantabile; Liszt, prelude and fugue on B. A. C. H.; Whiting, sonata in A minor, op. 25; Handel-Whitney, Largo; Rossini, overture, "The Italians in Algeria"; Liszt-Best, march. Mrs. Rice will sing "Vom Fels zum Meer," Mozart's "L' Amero," from "Il Re Pastore," and Sullivan's "Orpheus with His Lute." The next organ recital will be at the Arlington Street Church, Friday evening, Jan. 5.

Faneuil Hall, Friday, 8 P. M., orchestral concert led by William Howard. Mendelssohn, overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Tschaikowsky, Andante from string quartet, op. 11; Massenet, fantasia on "Herodiade"; Delibes, intermezzo from "Naila"; Dvorak, Slavonic dance in C major. Mrs. Victoria Johnson McNally, mezzo-soprano, will sing the Page's song from "The Huguenots" and Delibes's "Girls of Cadiz." Jacques Benavente will play Hartmann's fantasia for saxophone. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Dec 25 911

Dean Swift wrote in his Journal to Stella, Dec. 24, 1711: "I gave Patrick half a crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to give him a groat more."

The True John Paul Jones.

Messrs. Charles Henry Hart and Edward Biddle assert that the body discovered in Paris by Gen. Horace Porter, which now lies in a crypt at Annapolis, is not that of John Paul Jones. The controversy that will undoubtedly arise bids fair to rival the discussion in which former Dean of Angels was hit with a chunk of old red sandstone, and Mr. Brown exercised his gift of sarcasm over the bones in question. The most satisfactory portrait of John Paul Jones is that drawn by Herman Melville.

"He was a rather small, elastic, swarthy man, with an aspect as of a disinherited Indian chief in European clothes. An unvanquishable enthusiasm intensified to perfect sobriety, couched in his savage, self-possessed eye. He was elegantly and somewhat extravagantly dressed as a civilian; he carried himself with a rustic, barbaric jauntiness, strangely dashed with a superinduced touch of the Paris salon. His tawny cheek, like a date, spoke of the tropic. A wonderful atmosphere of proud friendlessness and scornful isolation invested him. Yet there was a touch of the poet as well as the outlaw in him, too. A cool solemnity of intrepidity sat on his lip. He looked like one who of purpose sought out harm's way. He looked like one who never had been, and never would be, a subordinate."

When Jones called on Dr. Franklin in Paris his hands were half-muffled in ruffles and ornamented with rings, and he sported a small richly-jewelled lady's watch. His right arm, however, was decorated with tattooing "such as is seen only on thorough-bred savages—deep blue, elaborate, labyrinthine, cabalistic." When he left the room he switched a

gold-headed cane, "throwing a passing arm round all the pretty chambermaids he encountered, kissing them resoundingly, as if saluting a frigate. All barbarians are rakes." He told Israel Potter that Mungo Maxwell, the sailor, did not die from a flogging that he gave him.

The Missing Gambier.

It is not easy now to find a good French clay pipe, a Gambier, in the tobacco shops. The London Chronicle recently complained that common clay pipes were not to be obtained in London at tobacconists', and gave as a reason that the laboring man, the chief user, would not buy a thing he could get for nothing in every public house, demanding "Half o' four ale and a straw pipe." A correspondent wrote that Irish clay pipes stamped Hynes, Galway, were obtainable, made of soft clay, sweet but a rather heavy strain on the teeth. He recommended soaking a new pipe by stopping up the mouthpiece and filling the pipe with beer for half an hour. Tennyson, who smoked straight-stemmed Dublin clay pipes, soaked his in coffee. In London the clay is tucked stem downwards in the strap that hitches up the corduroys of dustmen and coalmen just beneath the knee.

But what has become of the French clay pipes that some years ago were sold in Boston for 5 cents a piece? The French workman used to call his pipe by a woman's name, preferably Josephine.

Tennyson at Play.

We learn from "Tennyson and His Friends," an entertaining book recently published, that the poet was fond of battledore and shuttlecock and was extraordinarily skilful. This was also Ruskin's favorite game, and thus he took his exercise. Cowper also liked the game. Why did not Tennyson write a poem to his battledore? His silly verses, "The Skipping Rope," were not suppressed by him until 1851, nine years after they were first published. They should be known to all who believe in the plenary inspiration of Tennyson and insist on having his complete works.

Sure never yet was Antelope
Could skip so lightly by.
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye.
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!
How fairy-like you fly!
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope—
I hate that silly sigh.
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die.
There, take it, take my skipping-rope,
And hang yourself thereby.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has taken the trouble to prove that Washington was not a good general; that luck defeated the British. Yes, yes. It was Artemus Ward who characterized Gen. George Washington in four words: "He never slopt over!"

Are there any old-fashioned china cigar-holders in Boston? They were often elaborately painted.

The living picture shows continue to enlarge the English language. We read the other day that someone was going to India to "film" the Durbar.

All those interested in pewter, plate, trifle and ley, whether they are collectors or merely asiduous drinkers of ale, should note the publication in London of "Causeries on English Pewter," by Antonio de Navarro.

From the Wordsworth Concordance we learn that the first personal pronoun occurs over 2000 times in the poet's works; the noun "love" 1300 times; "women" only 100 times.

Mr. George, the uncle of Messrs. Wheelwright and Stimson's Rollo, smoked because he suffered from a cruel nervous disease. Harriet Martineau smoked cigars for a time thinking she might thus remedy her deafness.

The Persia of Today.

Any one wishing to know all about Persia in view of the present political situation should consult John Ogilby's "Asia," the first volume, published in 1683. The book cannot be described as being "up-to-date" (a hideous term), but the Persians are a conservative folk and the flight of two centuries and some odd years is only as a second in the history of the solar system. Ogilby's long chapter on Persia is a mine of information. Thus at Ispahan there are two sorts of barbers; those who practise chirurgery, never shave or trim men; the others called Dellack shave and cut hair and to them there is continued resort of people, but every one takes his own razor with him.

There are three famous houses of entertainment, frequented by "pot-poets and comedians, who commonly sitting in the midst of the house on high stools tell all manner of pleasant tales and talk continually with a little stick in their hands."

The Persian army is greatly to be feared. At the siege of Iruan the soldiers had a sort of poison in little glasses which they shot with darts into their enemies' forts by which means they so infected the air that it swelled the inhabitants' arms and legs to an extraordinary thickness and by that means made them unable to resist.

There are few lawyers in Persia. The physicians are eminently successful in the treatment of those that have inflamed their blood by drinking too much of hot liquors. This treatment consists in laying a great piece of ice on the body.

The Persians have a great aversion to red hair and abhor and are afraid of

Dec 26 1911

"THE CONCERT"

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Concert," a comedy in three acts by Hermann Bahr. The English version by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced by David Belasco.

Gabor Arany	Leo Ditrichstein
Dr. Dallas	William Morris
McGinnis	James Kearney
Helen Arany	Janet Beecher
Flora Dallas	Jane Grey
Eva Wharton	Kathryn Tyndall
Mrs. McGinnis	Belle Theodore
Miss Merk	Cora Witherspoon
Fanny Martin	Agnes Barrington
Claire Flower	Juanita Owen
Edith Gordon	Adelaide Barrett
Natalie Moncrieff	Lilly Cahill
Laura Sage	Edna Griffin
Miss Roland	Eleanor Verden
Mrs. Chatfield	Julie Grey

When "The Concert" was first played in Vienna, it was said that Hermann Bahr had in mind a famous pianist who is still pursued by palpitating women entranced by his emotional performance. It is not probable that the dramatist had any particular pianist in mind. His satire is directed against the folly of women who pride themselves on being "intense"; also against the whole tribe of emotional virtuosos who maintain that they must constantly smell the incense burned under their nostrils or their performance will become soulless and dull.

Bahr's comedy, which has been well adapted by Mr. Ditrichstein, is a satire with dialogue that some might call cynical, for the unvarnished statement of truth is thus characterized by many, especially the conservative, the mealy-mouthed and the genteel. While the dramatist does not pretend to present a problem or preach a sermon, the conclusion drawn by the spectator from the scenes and dialogue is a sane and healthy one; it may well be pondered by many men and women who excuse their own selfishness and egoism by saying that they are mismated.

The fundamental idea of the comedy is not new. It is the basis of many plays. A woman married to a plain, every-day man thinks she will be happier with one of the artistic temperament. She runs away with the artist, is disillusionized and gladly returns to the prosaic Darby. The deserted husband and the deserted wife feign devotion to each other and succeeded in arousing the jealousy of their respective mates. In other words, the two couples find out that after all they were well matched; that a happy marriage is largely a matter of mutual forbearance and tact. In the fundamental idea "The Concert" resembles other plays, and "Divorcons" might be named among them.

But Bahr has adroitly varied and developed this idea. He has shown Flora, a foolish woman, infatuated with the pianist Arany. The character of this pianist is skilfully depicted. Vain, irresponsible, self-centred, living on flattery, breathing in the adoration of his silly pupils, unmoral rather than moral, captious, like a child dependent on the slavish devotion of his wife, Arany defends himself by declaring that he cannot help it if women pursue him even to his bungalow in the Catskills. When Flora arrives at the bungalow, Arany is as selfish and petulant as though she were his wife. She begins to question herself, to see him as he is, and when the conspiring, deserted ones arrive and propose that there should be a change of partners the scales gradually fall from her eyes.

It might be said that Dr. Dallas, the deserted husband, would not, as an American, have viewed the situation with such good humor and cynical good sense. Let this point be waived. The dramatist has at least made him a living creature, as he has made Arany's wife one of the most charming characters on the modern stage. Her affection and courage appeal at once to the spectators. She knows the weaknesses of Arany and does not hesitate to expose them in her advice to Flora concerning the management of her future husband, but she does this tenderly, as though she had the happiness of the couple at heart, and also displays a delicious sense of humor. Nothing could be more delightful than her instructions to Flora with regard to Arany's breakfast, or her account of her life with him when he was on concert tours.

"The Concert" is one of the best comedies that have been performed in Boston for the last 20 years. Few if any comedies of recent years have equalled it in the expression of human nature, in refreshing humor, in keen satire, in witty dialogue, or in the stagecraft displayed. It is a pleasure to add that the performance is one of extraordinary merit.

Mr. Ditrichstein gives a remarkable impersonation of the virtuoso. It is wholly free from caricature, and it would be so easy for the actor to fall into burlesque. But here is the favorite pianist drawn to the life. Mr. Arnold Bennett in his "Story of Carlotta" has made a careful study of the spell exercised by an emotional pianist over neurotic women, but his pianist is moral to the verge of beastliness, and Carlotta was fruit eager to be plucked. Arany, on the other hand, is not a deliberate seducer, and this side of his character is brought out by Mr. Ditrichstein. We see the virtuoso as he is, the poseur, the coxcomb, yet wholly sincere in his art, chafing under the remark of a critic that "he is still the great Arany," dreading the approach of the time when his fingers will stiffen and his emotions dull, hoping to maintain manly fervor by close association with the women who swoon on hearing him.

Admirable, thrice admirable, was the expression of constitutional impudence, refined selfishness, petulance and boredom when his every wish was not at once gratified, jealousy when he was convinced that his deserted wife could possibly look with favor on another man. The histrionic gestures, the affected forgetfulness of details, the petty foibles that are associated with so many artists, all these were graphically portrayed. For once the audience saw a true impersonation.

Worthy of the warmest praise is Mr. Morris's performance of Dr. Dallas. Here, too, a character was revealed, not often met, perhaps, yet not impossible. Mr. Morris played with delicious aplomb, with a humor that was not strained, with a manliness that carried conviction, with a tenderness that might well have led Mrs. Arany to wonder whether a change in husbands might not be desirable had not the constancy of Dallas forbidden the thought.

Miss Beecher played Arany's wife with rare intelligence and with still rarer humor. She did not make the mistake of representing Helen as unduly emotional, nor was she too prosaic. When she did indulge in sentiment, there was fine repression and as fine suggestion. Miss Grey was an excellent Flora, light headed in her artistic aspirations, but naturally clean-minded; a child who needed her husband's care as Arany would have been helpless without his wife.

The other members of the company acted capitally. If Mr. Kearney was conspicuous by an inimitable impersonation of a phlegmatic Irishman and Miss Witherspoon by her portrayal of the lovesick secretary, it was because the dramatist gave them fuller opportunity.

No one that cares for the art of comedy and appreciates skilled acting can afford to miss "The Concert" as it is now performed at the Hollis Street Theatre. The piece is appropriately mounted, with the attention to detail that has made Mr. Belasco famous.

John Drew will come to the Hollis Street Theatre Monday, Jan. 15, in Hubert Henry Davies's new comedy, "A Single Man." In the company are Mary Boland, Thais Lawton, Louise Drew, Ivan Simpson, Thomas Kelly and others.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Two Orphans," by Kate Claxton.

Louise	Alice Horine
Henrietta	Eugenie Campbell
Countess de Linieres	Mary Stewart Cone
La Frochard	Harriette Neville
Marianna	Carolyn Frien
Sister Genevieve	Isobel Calder
Chevalier Maurice	Ed. Travors
Count de Linieres	Arthur S. Ross
Jacques Frochard	John Fenton
Pierre Frochard	W. R. Nunn
Picard	Walter Woods
Doctor	Frank Thorne

SHUBERT THEATRE

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe started on their second and last week in Shakespearean repertoire at the Shubert Theatre last evening with a Christmas performance of "Romeo and Juliet." There is nothing new to say of their excellent performance of their respective roles. Although Shakespeare may not be considered strictly a holiday attraction the theatre was noticeably crowded last evening, as was to be expected after the remarkable record of the past week. The repertoire this week is as follows: Tonight, "As You Like It"; Wednesday afternoon, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday night, "Twelfth Night"; Thursday night, "Hamlet"; Friday night, "Macbeth"; Saturday afternoon and night, "The Taming of the Shrew."

TREMONT THEATRE—"Over the River," a musical farce in three acts by George V. Hobart and H. A. Du Souchet. Music by John L. Golden. The cast:

Madison Parke	Eddie F[illegible]
Bismark Herring	Harry Herms[illegible]
Harry Blackstone	Lester Crawford
Hudson Rivers	Melville Stewart
Timothy Cook	William Se[illegible]
Warden Vokes	David Andrara
Lizzie	Josie Sad[illegible]
Mrs. Madison Parke	Maud Lambert
Myrtle Billtopper	Lillian Lorraine

The plot of the farce is frankly taken from Mr. Du Souchet's "The Man from Mexico," played by Willie Collier some years ago. Madison Parke, an elderly

SEVERAL NOVELTIES ON KEITH'S HOLIDAY BILL

Children's Pantomime and Productive Tree Are Features.

A special feature of the holiday bill at Keith's yesterday was the panto-

r music, the toreador's song,

clusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless

sprightly memoirs?

Portsmouth, N. H.

essay to which we alluded: "There are few more delightful books in the world

taline, "The Night Before Christmas." which will be presented especially for the children each afternoon. Santa Claus and a mammoth Christmas tree, from which presents are distributed to every little boy and girl in the audience, was introduced, and many a youngster's heart was made glad. The tree and the gift distribution will be made a part of the program each afternoon during the week, instead of being merely confined to Christmas day.

As usual upon a holiday, there were capacity houses at both of yesterday's performances, and the program included several offerings that are brand new to Boston. One of these is Walter S (Rube) Dickinson, who has a rural monologue sketch that was an instant hit. Mr. Dickinson in the course of his word ramblings announces he has a little political speech to deliver, and his mannerisms and style of delivery are excruciatingly funny. He was called back again and again last night, but the audience failed to induce him to do anything more than to bow his acknowledgments.

A decidedly elaborate act is that in which Marguerite Haney and Ralph Lynn, supported by a company of many shapely young women, are presented in "The Leading Lady." Miss Haney is, of course, the leading lady, with Mr. Lynn playing most pleasingly the role of an English earl in love with the fair actress. Miss Haney does some very clever dancing, Mr. Lynn is always excellent and the show-girl chorus is at all times effectively and fetchingly gowned.

Another act that "went big"—to borrow a term from the profession—was that of the "Old Soldier Fiddlers," of which Col. John A. Pattee is the director. There are five of them, all of whom saw service in the civil war, three on the Union side and the other two as wearers of the gray. Individually and collectively they present a number of old-time selections. The combined ages of the five is 344 years, and their successful vaudeville tour has carried them from coast to coast.

Emma Francis and Harry Ladell, late of the Marie Cahill company, come to Keith's for the first time in a singing and dancing novelty in which Miss Francis sings very cleverly. Another new-comer is Fred J. Pickens and his company in "Fredôle," an amusing comedy, the fun centreing about a confusion in the identity of several ardent swains all bearing the name of Freddie. A special Christmas act for the children, in addition to the pantomime, is Lamont's cockatoos, that perform on trapezes, fire cannons, turn backward somersaults and otherwise show amazing intelligence and patient training. The McGinnis brothers, one of whom does an excellent imitation of Eddie Leonard that wasn't half appreciated last night, in clever dancing; the cycling Zanoras and the Havelocks in pantomime juggling round out the bill, with, of course, the addition of daylight moving pictures as a finale.

BOSTON THEATRE: First production in Boston of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a play in four acts, by Eugene Walter, based on the novel of the same name by John Fox, Jr. Cast:

[illegible]	Charlotte Walker
[illegible]	Burton Churchill
[illegible]	Richard Sterling
[illegible]	George Woodward
[illegible]	[illegible] Dix
[illegible]	W. S. Hart
[illegible]	Willard Robertson
[illegible]	Alice Lindahl
[illegible]	Cyrus Wood

A subscriber, amiably disposed, said the other day: "Why are you so much interested in words? I should much rather read about Mr. Herkimer Johnson and his philosophy."

Words are more interesting than deeds. And what is philosophy, whether it be Plato's, Hume's, Bergson's, Kant's, Swedenborg's or Mr. Herkimer Johnson's but words, words, words?

On One Page.

Our friend who is not interested in philology has yet to learn the intoxicating pleasures of the dictionary. Take the first page of the "Concise Oxford," for an example. "Aard-Vark!" We are informed that he is a South African quadruped between an armadillo and an ant eater. The word is Dutch for earth pig. Fortunately there is no picture of the beast to disillusionize us. "Aard-Vark" is enough. The imaginative conjure up something huge, terrible, with foaming tusks, monstrous claws and a tail with a dart at the end. His roaring is heard afar off in the dank jungles. Birds then cease their song and cattle shiver and sweat. You may say there is no such ferocious animal and smilingly point to a correctly drawn picture; we prefer the aard-vark of the mind suggested by the mere word. As for the aard-wolf, he is more to be feared than the werwolf.

On the same page are Aaron's beard, Aaron's rod, abacus, Abaddon—all delightful words. Was Aaron's beard really pre-eminent, and was its splendor due to natural growth or to the incessant use of ointment? Had he learned black and white magic in Egypt? Does the Great Mullein or the Golden Rod resemble his wand? Then there is Abaddon, the destroying angel, chief of all the demons belonging to the seventh hierarchy; Abaddon, who was thrown down from on high by Michael, Abaddon the angel of the bottomless pit—and this phrase brings to the mind Gillray's caricature of Pitt; Abaddon, a word used by Milton for hell itself. How many would pronounce "abacus" correctly the first time?

We alluded lately to John Walker's engrossing "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary." Mr. Walker's comments are still a joy, and we happen to know that Mr. Johnson has spent many hours in reading them.

Here is the note on "Asparagus": "This word is vulgarly pronounced 'Sparrow-grass.' It may be observed that such words as the vulgar do not know how to spell and which convey no idea of the thing, are frequently changed by them into such words as they do know how to spell and which do convey some definite idea. The word in question is an instance of it; and the corruption of this word into 'sparrowgrass' is so general that 'asparagus' has an air of stiffness and pedantry."

Mr. Walker tells us that irrelevant" is "one of the annual productions of the House of Commons (where new words and money bills naturally originate)."

"Envelope": "This word signifying the outward case of a letter is always pronounced in the French manner by those who can pronounce French, and by those who cannot the 'e' is changed into an 'o'. Sometimes a mere Englishman attempts to give the nasal vowel the French sound, and exposes himself to laughter by pronouncing 'g' after it, as if written 'ongvelope'. This is as ridiculous to a polite ear as if he pronounced it, as it ought to be pronounced, like the verb to envelop.' "

Two Extremes.

Ernest Benzon, a famous spendthrift once known throughout Great Britain as Jubilee Juggins, died a fortnight ago, and the London newspapers are still telling stories about his recklessness in betting and gambling. Are men and women more interested in spendthrifts than in misers? Years ago the latter were the more famous. They were painted by great masters. There were books entitled "Lives of Misers." Daniel Dancer and John Ellves, two of the "most remarkable instances of the insatiable thirst of gold recorded in the history of human nature" were household names. Children read about the trout stewed in claret sent to Mr. Dancer by Lady Tempest; how the stew became congealed and Mr. Dancer did not wish to light a fire, so he put the sauce in a pewter plate, covered it with another and sat on them in bed until the contents were warmed; how Mr. Elives once ate the undigested part of a pike which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state by a net and, eating, remarked with great satisfaction: "Aye! this is killing two birds with one stone."

The interest today seems to be centred on spendthrifts, now that Russell Sage is no more. Coal-oil Johnny is still gratefully remembered and the Westerner who periodically hires a special train to New York or floods a town with champagne is still reckoned as a worthy sucessor to Heliogabalus.

Remedies Against Fatigue.

The carnivorous and the vegetarian are now indulging themselves in friendly competitive walking. When Capt. Barclay in 1809 engaged to go on foot 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours at the rate of a mile in each and every hour for a wager of 1000 guineas, he breakfasted on a roast fowl, a pint of strong ale and two cups of tea with bread and butter; he lunched at noon, one day on beefsteaks and the next on mutton chops "of which he ate a considerable quantity." At 6 P. M. he dined on roast beef or mutton chops with such vegetables as were in season, drinking porter and two or three glasses of wine. At 11 P. M. he supped on a cold fowl. So that he took daily from five to six pounds of animal food.

On the other hand, consider the remark of Mr. James Howell Jan. 1, 1646: "In Barbary and other parts of Afric 'tis wonderful what a small Pill of Tobacco will do; for those who use to ride Post through the sand Desarts, where they meet not with anything that's Potable or Edible, sometimes three days together, they use to carry small Balls, or Pills of Tobacco, which being put under the Tongue, it affords them a perpetual moysture, and takes of the Edge off the Appetite for some days."

Gibus vs. Silker.

In New York and Boston it has been decreed that young Alcibiades should not be seen at the opera with a gibus, or collapsible crush, or opera, or accordeon hat; the plug, the silker, is the thing. Yet we read in a recent issue of the Pall Mall Gazette directions concerning the care of the opera hat; how the flat box should be used only when the man is travelling; "at all other times the opera hat should be sprung out and kept in an ordinary hatbox." The gibus is not out of fashion in London, although silk cashmere is now preferred to the corded silk which was popular a year ago. Query: If a gibus is not to be worn at the opera or theatre, where is it to be sported? Is it to be reserved for symphony concerts and Lowell lectures? or is it to disappear, as the dodo?

Can any one give information about Mr. Gibus, the inventor? Did the idea come to him suddenly in the night watches? Was he an operagoer inconvenienced by the ordinary hat in fashion? What was his home life? In the ecstasy of triumph did he persist in springing and shutting the hat until Mrs. Gibus complained of her nerves?

Dec 27 1911

"PAGLIACCI" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda	Mme. Melis
Canio	Mr. Zenatello
Tonio	Mr. Polese
Silvio	Mr. Barreau
Beppe	Mr. Giaccone

Followed by Delibes's ballet, "Coppelia." First performance by the ballet of the Boston Opera House. Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Swanilda	Dolores Galli
Frantz	Maria Paporello
Une Poupee	Grace Parker
Coppelius	Mr. Bottazzini
Le Bourgmestre	Mr. Pulcini

This double bill gave the audience much pleasure.

The revival of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci"—not "I Pagliacci," as the programs of the Boston Opera House have stated from the beginning—might give rise to remarks not inseparably associated with the performance. For example, is Leoncavallo, like Mascagni, a man of one opera? We have heard in Boston the latter's "L'Amico Fritz," "Iris," the short opera founded on "Le Passant," and extracts in concert form from "Ratcliff"; but of Leoncavallo we know only "Pagliacci," and a few extracts in concert form trom the "Medici," "Roland von Berlin" and "La Boheme." The extracts from "Medici" and "Roland" did not inspire the hearers with a desire to submit themselves to the operas in their appalling length, but the song from "La Boheme" was delightful. Might it not be a pleasure to hear this "Boheme," the scenes of which are not wholly the same as Puccini's, or "Zaza," which is highly praised by certain European critics of reputation?

It is said that the comedy scenes in the "Boheme" unknown to us are admirably contrived. This is credible, for the comedy music in "Pagliacci" is by far the most artistic in the work.

The performance last night was an effective one, an excellent one in spite of the fact that Mme. Melis was a colorless Nedda, a part that is not well suited to her. There are two ways of composing this character.

Nedda may be portrayed as inherently coarse, not vulgar; a peasant to the tips of her toes, a woman frankly animal in her desires and passions. Geraldine Farrar played the part in this manner, and gave a striking performance. Or Nedda may be portrayed as a linnet-headed soubrette, unmoral, not immoral, susceptible to flattery, reckless through a whim, not by reason of constitutional sensuality. Such was the Nedda of Sigrid Arnoldson and Fritzi Scheff.

Mme. Melis did not give character to the part. It is not easy for her to leap from tragic roles into one that calls for lightness of motion, nor is it easy to think of her, handsome as she is, as the soubrette in a strolling company. It was to be expected, then, that she would be more effective in the first act, but even there she acted with little force and left the audience in doubt as to her true nature.

Mr. Zenatello gave a powerful performance vocally and dramatically of Canio, and although the jealousy that leads to murder was the dominating emotion, he differentiated shrewdly the jealousy of Canio and that of Othello. His Canio was always the poor, strolling "Pagliacco," never suggesting the pride of the soldier who was for a time the pride of Venice. It is true that the stroller is human, knowing joy and anguish, but his expression of sentiments and emotions should not be that which we expect from Othello. There is the same difference as between the music of Leoncavallo and that of Verdi. Mr. Zenatello thus showed versatility and judgment.

Mr. Polese sang Tonio's music admirably, but his impersonation was on conventional lines. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Barreau as Silvio. His voice is manly and agreeable, and he sang with much taste. The performance of the chorus was one of the features of the evening, and richly deserved the applause that followed. Mr. Moranzoni gave a spirited reading of a score that is at times inherently and unnecessarily brutal. He also gave due attention to niceties of detail.

Miss Galli was a graceful and charming Swanilda in Delibes's ballet. The production of this pleasing work was on the whole highly creditable to the ballet master and the young women in his charge. A ballet is a plant of slow growth. The progress that has been made in this branch of art at the Boston Opera House gives promise of still more satisfactory achievement.

There is much to be done in the line of pantomimic expression, and even in the carriage of the young women on the stage when they are not in motion. Their evolutions are less amateurish than they were last season. Last night, judging from the faces of the majority, they took their task seriously.

The scene of the automatons was well managed, and the ensemble dances in the public square were interesting. Mr. Goodrich conducted with the necessary sense of rhythm and with full appreciation of the merits of the score.

The opera tonight will be "Carmen," with Mmes. Gay and Fisher, and Messrs. Zenatello and Mardones. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

Mr. Conti will conduct the performance of "Lucia" on Saturday night.

But to return to Arithmetick: Plato saith that this was first invented by some Cacodaemon, together with Cards and Dice; and Lycurgus, that great Lawgiver among the Lacedaemonians, expell'd it as a most turbulent and factious science out of his Commonwealth. For it requires a great deal of idle Labor, and diverts men from other more lawful and honest imployments, raising great and mischievous quarrels many times about the smallest matters. Some accompt the Pythogorean Inventions among the Sacraments, with many other ridiculous fancies and idle stories not worth repeating; Arithmeticians having nothing to boast of, but an insipid, inanimate and senseless Number, though they think themselves Gods, because they can only cast a Figure or can tell how to reckon. But such honors the Musicians will scarce allow them, who think them rather due to their Musick. Cornelius Agrippa

Like Lightning.

Mr. A. F. Griffith, the lightning calculator, the "Marvellous Griffith," died on the 25th. He was only 31 years old.

Some men are born Lightning Calculators as other men are born to play checkers or to serve on committees. There are boys in every large school that have a knack for mental arithmetic. There have been boys in villages who without schooling have done surprising feats with figures. America has rejoiced in illustrious examples. There was Prof. Hutchins, who afterward turned his attention to lecturing and was famous for his description of wonderful works of nature.

There was Zerah Colburn, a Vermonter (1804-1840), an educated man, who studied in France and England after he had been exploited as an infant phenomenon. He became a Methodist preacher and, after 10 years, supported himself by giving lessons in French. He died professor of modern languages at the once famous academy at Norwich, Vt. His power of mental calculation left him when he reached manhood.

There was the black slave in Maryland described toward the end of the 18th century by Dr. Rush. This negro could not read or write, yet when asked how many seconds a man of 70 years, some odd months, weeks and days had lived, gave the answer in a minute and a half. When told his answer was wrong, he replied: "Stop, massa, you forgot the leap years."

Mr. Buxton of England.

England boasts of Jedidiah Buxton and George Parker Bidder. The former was a self-taught calculator. He was not even taught to write and except in the knowledge of numbers he was throughout life as ignorant as a 10-year-old child. He glibly answered all sorts of hard questions. Here was one put to him: "In 202,680,000,360 miles, and each mile reckoned to be cubical, how many barley corns, vetches, peas, wheat, oats, rye, beans, lentils, and how many hairs, each an inch long, would fill that space, reckoning 48 hairs in breadth to an inch on the flat, as he found them to be so?" He told a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine that this question held him in a state of drunkenness from May 17, 1725, till June 16, and he would never attempt so much reckoning again. What he meant by being drunk was his being so stupified with thought as to be incapable of business. Buxton (1707-1772) was always poor and a laboring man. He once went to London on foot so that he might see the King and the royal family. They had moved to Kensington, and he did not see them, but he was introduced to the Royal Society, which he called "the volk of the siety court." He also saw "Richard III." at Drury Lane; he heeded not the spectacle nor was he moved by the action. During a dance he counted the number of steps; when Garrick spoke he counted the words the actor uttered. Buxton was glad to be back in his village; he had no desire to see London again, and held fast to the opinion that a slice of rusty bacon sured happiness. "In this sta

y, the offspring of content, he the remainder of his days."

One Bidder.

rge Parker Bidder (1806-1878) f a different kidney. At the age of showed an astonishing ability and he was about 9 years old he sur- the wise men of London. He was educated and attended the Univer- f Edinburgh. He became celebrat- s an engineer, and was of great in parliamentary committee work. lists of questions propounded to ave been preserved. Some were ed within one minute each.

e is one: "If two snails set out er from Dudley to Birmingham, es through West Bromwich, mak- e distance 10 miles, at the rate of feet in a day, the other through ry, making the distance eight and a half, at the rate of six feet ches in a day, how long will one at its journey's end before the "

ook Master Bidder one minute and onds to answer this question. "Sup- aturn to be 777,000,001 miles from rth, how many men, at five feet ches, one upon another, will reach star?"

Old Friends.

all the questions put to Buxton, r and Colburn, we find no mention ose friends of our schooldays, A, C, or X, Y and Z. How inde- ble they were! Always walking nning or working on the farm, were apparently cheerful and ready e next school day to perform her- n tasks. They were to be classed Balbus of the exercises in Latin composition. "Both you and Bal- lifted up your hands." No reason ever given why Balbus did it. was no information about his or private life. Did he belong to amily of the Ampii, the Atii, the ilii or the Octavii? The adjective us" means "stammering" unless have changed the definitions of words as they have changed the unciation since we were at school. aps Balbus lifted up his hands to en his speech, as some modern erers whistle or cut a curlicue in ir with their hand while endeavor- o talk. To us Balbus was the co- l bore of antiquity. Perhaps we im an injustice.

Dec 28 1911

ARMEN" SUNG

By PHILIP HALE.

STON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's men," performed by the Boston company. Mr. Caplet conducted.

.....Mme. Gay
.....Miss Fisher
.....Miss Martini
.....Miss De Courcy
.....Mr. Zenatello
.....Mr. Mardones
.....Mr. Barreau
.....Mr. Leo
.....Mr. Giaccone
.....Mr. Letol
.....Mr. Jullien

long ago M. Jean Marnold, one of ost distinguished European writers music, made a contemptuous at- n Bizet's "Carmen," saying that era was for the bourgeois and his family; that Bizet himself was a ois. He based the latter charge ters written by the composer in he aired his views about musical and musicians. Those who have he letters know that this attack reasonably have been expected, was perhaps inevitable; but how a critic of M. Marnold's taste, dge and judgment express him- olently against "Carmen"? Be- the opera is popular? Because s and von Buelow were fond of

ng an opera for the Opera Comique librettists and composer were to consult in a measure the taste e prejudices of the bourgeois. troduction of Micaela was a sop . The opera would be much r, more artistic without her, h in this case we should miss the g impersonation by Bernice All the pretty talk about Jose's and the sentimental duet, and that interrupts the action in the —an air composed originally for opera—these pages might well out and Micaela be non-existent only a passing hint about a girl attached to Don Jose 's story, just as there are only words about Lucas, the bull

are some who regret the pres- the Toreador's song. It all de- how it is sung. Mr. Baklan- the only one I remember from of Del Puente to the present the refrain as Bizet wished it, ness," and beginning very th the swell of the arena ming to himself as he recalled ous adventures. As it is usu- , with full voice, and straight udience, this refrain is exceed- gay, and yet Bizet was a mu- singular refinement.

arnold undoubtedly had Micaela music, the toreador's song, and perhaps the music of Frasquita and Mercedes in mind when he assailed the opera. In spite of the sops, the Parisian bourgeois of 1875 was shocked by "Carmen." He condemned it, and some years went by before he recovered from the shock and thought the opera a suitable entertainment for his smug wife and carefully guarded daughter.

One of the advantages of repetitions in an opera house is that they awaken recollection and give opportunity for comparison and digression. What is to be said, for example, of the performance last night except that the chief singers were in excellent voice and good spirits and so gave pleasure to the audience? We have seen Mr. Zenatello when he was more dramatically interesting and effective in the first two acts. Mme. Gay's impersonation was less of the vaudeville order than it was earlier in the season; she was better disposed vocally and her performance was more in sympathy with Bizet's music. Mr. Mardones is a heavy Escamillo.

The voice and the clear enunciation of Mr. Barreau gave distinction to Zuniga. It is not easy to think of a better Micaela than the one of last night. Mr. Caplet conducted admirably, and the stage settings and the stage management were of the best. There were features of the performance that M. Marnold himself would have enjoyed, yet it is not difficult to understand how an imaginative person reading Merimee's story could forget the opera and sundry impersonators of Carmen.

"Aida" will be performed on Friday night, with Mmes. Melis and Gay and Messrs. Zenatello, Mardones, Polese and Sili. Mr. Conti will conduct.

The passion for dramatizing books that have gained popularity is widespread, and the news that a gifted person in Washington, D. C., is making a play out of Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" is not surprising. As yet he has not found a "producer" who will "present" it as a "vehicle" for some young woman with decided "personality."

Purely Legendary.

Mrs. De Koven asserts that the John Paul Jones of Buell's biography is a legendary character.

Great are the myths—I, too, delight in them,
Great are Adam and Eve—I, too, look back and accept them.

There are men living who are already legendary: Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Roosevelt, M. Maeterlinck, Mr. G. B. Shaw, the Czar of all the Russias, Mr. Caruso—the list might be extended. That is to say they are known to the public not as they really are. The myth-pioneers have already been at work; the legendary mist is even now enveloping these men. A collection of (New York) Sun myths would make a bulky volume. And unless there are strange stories told about a potentate or citizen, he ceases to be interesting to the true amateur of men and might be as any occupant of a room in a huge hotel or prominent jail, merely a number.

Early to Rise.

Is Mr. E. V. Lucas to be followed in his contempt for early risers? "The day rightly begins after breakfast. Now and then, for worthy purposes, such as bathing in a Thames backwater, or intercepting the postman, early rising is desirable. But in the main it leads to self-conceit, intolerance and dulness after dinner." The Daily Chronicle of London recently quoted A. C. Buckland, whose "Letters on the Importance, Duty and Advantages of Early Rising, addressed to the heads of families, the lover of Nature, the man of business, the student and the Christian," was published about 1815 and reached a fifth edition in 1823. Mr. Buckland urged the importance of as little sleep as possible. He died at the age of 25.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

The poets are not to be trusted on this subject. Thomson exclaimed in a fine hurst: "Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?" But he used to lie in bed till noon, because, as he said, he had no motive in getting up. There is a peculiarly obnoxious early riser; the man who boasts of it at breakfast and taunts those whom he disturbed at an unseemly hour with their "laziness."

An Eccentric Pole.

We read yesterday of a rich young Pole, a dweller in Vienna, but not merely a looker-on like Duke Vicentio in the bitter comedy. This Pole lives "sumbustuously" every day, and especially at night. He does not summon his servants by pressing a button, ringing a bell, whistling, shrieking, or clapping his hands together; he winds a bugle. (And there was a time when Sar Peladan stalked to his dinner table in Paris preceded by trumpeters. This Pole finds delight in driving an omnibus and in the dress of a busman. In his house are long aisles of trousers, coats and waistcoats, but he does not don a garment until it has been worn by his valet. He once excited considerable attention at a fashionable ball—an "exclusive function," as a "society editor" would say—by appearing in spotless white, while his shirt and cravat were ebon black. (In the time of Catherine de Medici blonde and radiant women slept between black sheets, and whether they, as a rule, were without a nightshirt is still a subject gravely discussed by deep and learned thinkers.) This Pole in Vienna dines alone, and begins with the sweets and ends with the soup. In this he is not strikingly original.

The Green Man.

This Pole in white is not so interesting to us as the Green Man at Brighton in its palmy days, described by Mr. Lewis Melville. "He dressed in green pantaloons, green walst coat, green frock, green cravat, and powdered with green his ears, whiskers, eyebrows and chin, so that his face appeared green. He had his rooms painted green, and, of course, his furniture. His liveries were green, and his gig, and his whip." To carry out his color scheme he became a vegetarian and ate only green vegetables and fruit. There was a man worth knowing, certainly worth seeing.

A Mensis Non.

Many Bostonians sojourning in Paris have seen the eccentric comedian, Max Dearly, whose real name is Roland. He draws a retaining fee of about $1200 a year from a bioscope company. This company paid him half the fee early this year, but refused to pay him the second half, because when asked to do an act last August before the company's operator he did not turn up. Mr. Dearly said in court: "Everyone knows that I am not in Paris in August." The court recently decided that the company should pay him the balance of his fee for the year.

Not long ago Mr. Justice Darling said in a London court that "no respectable person stays in London in August." Long before him, Dean Swift wrote to Stella (Aug. 23, 1711) that he had dined with Lord Abercorn and had a fine fat haunch of venison, "that smelt rarely on one side. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year." And he wrote four days later: "May my enemies live here in summer! People leave the town so late in the summer and return so late in the winter that they have almost inverted the seasons." Yet Boston is usually a pleasant town in August.

Motion in Rest.

Mr. Filson Young, who has viewed America and Americans for a short time with his insular and insolent eye, has, of course, much that is disagreeable to say about us in his article published in the English Review. He inveighs against one of our most cherished institutions, the rocking chair. It seems that the American is so restless and nervous that he wishes to be moving when he is resting, so he invented this machine in which he can indulge in a continuous movement that does not advance him an inch.

Can any one name the inventor of the rocking chair? And when did it first come into use? Mrs. Trollope mentioned it in 1832.

One foreigner at least has spoken respectfully of it. Bain declared in an eminently serious work that "the rocking chair, introduced by the Americans, is another mode of gaining pleasure from movement."

It is a pity that Zeno was not acquainted with the rocking chair when he philosophized against the existence of motion. He argued that an arrow in its flight was motionless—an entertaining paradox, not wholly unreasonable. Best see Aristotle's arguments against Zeno's proposition; also the masterly discussion by the celebrated Mr. Bayle.

Dec 29 1911

The Herald has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

The other day I was looking up the word "hakim" in the American Encyclopaedic Dictionary (a book inferior in sustained dramatic interest to Webster) and under "halcyon days" my eye fell on this excerpt: The halcyones (kingfishers) are of great name and much marked. They lay and sit about midwinter when dales be shortest, and the time whiles they are broodie is called the halcyon dales: for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially in the coast of Sicilie. —P. Holland's Pliny.

Who, after reading that, would not find a fuller meaning in that pleasant word?

Now, a word about Casanova: Are his memoirs considered authentic, or are they known to have been written by Stendhal or another? Is he mentioned by other contemporary writers of memoirs besides the Prince de Signe, and if he is not wouldn't that be sufficient to prove his account of his exploits to be largely apocryphal? Has a certain Whibble (Whimble? Whemble?—one of Henley's bright young men) who, I understand, has written a critique of the gentleman in question, touched at all on the matter of the credibility of the sprightly memoirs? K. E. C.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Regrettable Omissions.

It is to be regretted that the writer of the article in the American Encyclopaedic Dictionary mutilated the fine passage in Pliny (Book 10, chap. XXXII, which was poetically translated into English by Philemon Holland, "Doctor of Physicke."

Note the omission after the first sentence. "The very seas, and they that saile thereupon, know well when they sit and breed." This is also omitted: "It is a very great chance to see one of these Halcyones, and never are they seen but about the setting of the star Virgiliae [i. the Brood-Hen] or els neere Mid-summer or Mid-winter; for otherwhiles they will flie about a ship, but soone are they gone again and hidden." Nor should the description of the nest have been omitted. "Their nests are wonderously made, in fashion of a round ball; the mouth of entrie thereof standeth somewhat out, and is very narrow, much like unto great spunges. A man cannot cut and pierce their nest, with sword or hatchet; but breake they wil with some strong knock, like as the dry fome of the sea: and no man could ever find of what they be made."

Casanova, Not Another.

Now as to Casanova, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt.

His memoirs are as authentic as those of Monoure D. Conway, John Bigelow or George Augustus Sala. Paul Lacroix suggested years ago that they were written by Stendhal, but it was proved, first by Armand Baschet and afterward by many investigators, that Casanova wrote his own memoirs. "The sagacious world—which imparts the largest dole of contempt to the pilgrim who brings back to it the largest gifts—refused to take Casanova seriously. The shrewd critic wondered who wrote Casanova just as he has since wondered who wrote Shakespeare. * * * Moreover, so far as investigation has yet been able to go he (Casanova) wrote with strict regard to truth. Wherever it is possible to test Casanova, his essential veracity has always been vindicated." We have here quoted from Mr. Havelock Ellis's article, "Casanova," published in the Savoy (London) of November, 1896.

Casanova was mentioned while he was alive by many of his contemporaries. He died as librarian to Count Walstein at Dux, near Teplitz, in Bohemia, on June 4, 1798, at the age of 68. His memoirs were taken by Carlo Angiolieri on Feb. 13, 1820, to Brockhaus, the Leipsic publisher. These memoirs were in Casanova's handwriting. Unfortunately, they were "edited." The style—not the matter—was thought to be crude and it was polished at Leipsic and made more "elegant." The best edition today is the one published by Rozez of Brussels.

Our correspondent is thinking of Charles Whibley, whose essay on Casanova is in a volume of that accomplished writer's articles.

The Immortal Memoirs.

When we are young and callow we read certain books because we have been told that they are coarse or licentious. Thus many of us read at an early age "Tom Jones," Rousseau's "Confessions," "Tristram Shandy," Smollett's novels, Rabelais, Byron's "Don Juan," or the famous romance by John Cleland. Casanova was unknown to the young in the sixties because few of them understood French. There is now an English version, but it is expensive and not easily obtained. The story of the adventurer's escape from the leads has been published in English as a boy's book.

Casanova's memoirs are much more than an unblushingly frank description of amorous adventures. If all the pages that are condemned as "objectionable" were to be omitted the book would still be engrossing and valuable. As Mr. Ellis has well said: "In the first place they constitute a document of immense psychological value as the full and veracious presentation of a certain human type in its most complete development. In the second place as a mere story of adventures and without reference to their veracity, the 'Memoirs' have never been surpassed, and only equalled by books written on a much smaller scale. In the third place, we here possess an unrivalled picture of the 18th century in its most characteristic aspects throughout Europe."

Dec 30 1911

We were interrupted yesterday in our talk about Casanova, Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, the tall, brown-skinned Venetian gentleman of various accomplishments and surprising adventures.

Prudes and Pillagers.

Mr. Havelock Ellis, who began the essay to which we alluded: "There are few more delightful books in the world

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than Casanova's 'Memoirs.' That is a statement I have long vainly sought to see in print"—added: "Every properly constituted 'man of letters' has always recognized that any public allusion to Casanova should begin and end with lofty moral reprobation of his unspeakable turpitude." When Mr. Ellis wrote this Mr. Arthur Symons and certain writers of the European continent had not published their books of research and commendation.

Charles Godfrey Leland in the story of his life tells of meeting some of the Cambridge-Boston literati at a dinner or supper. He introduced the subject of Casanova's memoirs and nearly everyone at table was ignorant or feigned ignorance of man and book, but Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes acknowledged his acquaintance and chirped pleasantly. Thackeray had read the autobiography and made use of it writing his "Barry Lyndon," borrowed, lifted, without graceful acknowledgment or formal apology. Yet in the eighth chapter of "Barry Lyndon"—which some might rank with "Vanity Fair" as his proudest achievement—he admits that the Irish adventurer knew the Venetian. "For there is a sort of chivalry among the knights of the dice-box; the fame of great players is known all over Europe. I have known the Chevalier de Casanova, for instance, to travel 600 miles, from Paris to Turin, for the purpose of meeting Mr. Charles Fox, then only my Lord Holland's dashing son, afterwards the greatest of European orators and statesmen."

Casanova's Vindicators.

For some years Casanova has attracted the attention of painstaking investigators. In the eighties La Vogue (Paris) published extracts from his manuscripts found at the castle Dux and they were dull reading. Mr. Arthur Symons discovered other manuscripts at this castle where Casanova was librarian to Count Waldstein. Italians, Frenchmen and Germans have examined into the memoirs as though they hoped to prove Casanova a liar, but they all bear testimony to his veracity and bring corroborative evidence. His intercourse with Voltaire in Switzerland and his political mission in Holland are no longer pooh-poohed as existing only in his imagination. Volume after volume has appeared. The latest is "Casanova et son Temps," by Edouard Maynial, published this year by the Mercure de France, Paris. There is now an effort to publish the memoirs exactly as Casanova wrote them, for the original manuscript still exists, and the work of the "editor" is only too apparent. It is as though some one editing Benjamin Franklin's autobiography had changed Franklin's style to that of Gibbon or Melmoth, the "elegant" translator of Pliny's letters.

Wilhelm Heinrich.

Wilhelm Heinrich will be missed by many, not only as a singer and teacher but as an example of patience, courage and cheerfulness. Blind musicians have crossed the Atlantic and visited Boston, as Alfred Hollins, the pianist, who played at a Symphony concert in 1888 and William Wolstenholme, who gave an organ recital in Jordan Hall a few seasons ago, but Mr. Heinrich lived here for many years and his indefatigable industry was known to all. Few were more interested in modern music, more curious to know the latest tendency or development. As a singer he was constantly adding to his repertory for the church and the concert hall. Did we hear the announcement of some interesting summer musical performance in Europe? He was impatient until the time of sailing came. He visited this composer and that teacher in Europe to learn something new that he in turn might be more helpful to his pupils or sing in concert with a finer understanding. His enthusiasm put others to shame. The more music he heard, the more he wished to hear. A composer was not to him a mere dabster, one to be discouraged because he was young or unknown. His own taste constantly broadened and in his mind's eye the horizon was constantly receding, while to many as they grow old and their faculties wax dull it contracts and that which is near them seems stale and unprofitable.

"The Street Called Straight."

To the Editor of "As the World Wags":

In reading the editorial paragraph in today's Herald on the opening chapter of a novel whose title is "The Street Called Straight," the thought occurred to me that probably the title was suggested by the 11th verse of the 9th chapter of Acts, but I see that an alleged "New England Saying" ("In the Street Called Straight we come to the House called Beautiful") is prefixed as an epigraph to the first chapter of the novel, and I suppose that that is equivalent to saying that the novel's title was taken from that alleged "New England Saying." Is the foregoing alleged "New England Saying" in vogue in this part of New England? OBSERVER.

Brookline, Dec. 26.

Can any Herald reader answer this question? We have never heard the saw in common speech. Mark Twain having seen the street which is called Straight, in Damascus, complimented the author of The Acts on his fine sense of irony.

"JENA" HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Berta Morena of the Metropolitan Opera House and the Munich Court and National Theatre was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"..Mozart
"Jena" Symphony in C minor....Beethoven (?)
Scene and aria from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Suite for orchestra op. 9.....Enesco
Finale of "Geotterdaemmerung".....Wagner

The "Jena" symphony was performed for the first time in this country. The parts were discovered some years ago by Prof. Fritz Stein of Jena, who was rummaging in the archive room of the university's music department. The portfolio that inclosed these parts bore the inscription "Sinfonie par. L. van Beethoven," and on two of the parts the composer's name was written. Prof. Stein, who is a firm believer in the authorship of Beethoven, arranged the score from the parts, and the symphony was played at Jena on Jan. 17, 1910. It has been performed in other cities, as Leipsic and Munich.

Prof. Stein has written a long and elaborate study of the work. He concludes that the symphony was composed by Beethoven at Bonn some time between 1787 and 1790; that Beethoven sent it to an acquaintance at Jena. It may have been performed there at one of the "Akademischen Konzerte."

It should be said that certain critics in Germany, having examined the symphony and heard it, do not share Prof. Stein's opinion. They speak of the danger of using old parts as the basis of a hypothesis; they fail to find any hints at the later Beethoven; they believe that the symphony was composed by some minor composer who followed in the steps of Hadyn.

It was natural that Mr. Fiedler should produce the symphony in Boston, for there was a mild curiosity concerning the nature of the work. It would be unnatural, inhuman in any one to ask for a second performance. For, apart from the question of authorship, the music is not interesting. There is an amiable arrangement of notes, after the manner of Hadyn in his weakest and most perfunctory mood, but without any exhibition of Haydn's technical skill. There are a few echoes of Mozart in the finale. Nowhere in the whole symphony is there a hint at the Beethoven of the first symphony which was brought out at Vienna in 1800.

Let us supose that the "Jena" Symphony was composed sometime between 1787 and 1790. Both Mozart and Haydn had written far better symphonies than this, before 1787. The three great symphonies of Mozart were composed a year later. Haydn's delightful Paris symphonies were written between 1784 and 1788. It is not easy to think that either one of these composers wrote the "Jena," with its childish prattle. In their lesser symphonic works preceding there is the promise of what was to come. Where in the "Jena" symphony is there anything that points to the first acknowledged symphony of Beethoven? It is not at all unlikely that the "Jena" was composed by some industrious and forgotten Herr Schuster or Herr Mueller, an admirer of Haydn and Mozart.

The suite by the Roumanian, who, studying in Vienna, suffered for some time from Brahmsitis and then made Paris his dwelling place, where a little chapel was built for him and maintained through the pious interest of the Princess Bibesco, was performed here last spring toward the end of the season. In spite of Enesco's early devotion to Brahms and his association with Gabriel Faure, there is a certain individuality of expression in the suite, more pronounced than in his other works that we have heard, yet not commanding. The first movement is chiefly in unison for the strings, a unison of monotony. The chief theme of the minuet that follows is clumsily announced, and if this awkwardness were deliberate in the attempt to gain antique flavor, the result is disagreeable; but the development of the theme is unusual, harmonically and by reason of the pale coloring.

There are charming effects in this movement, also in the Intermede. The finale with its ground bass is somewhat exotic in tonality. The Suite as a whole is a singular one in the blend of archaic thought and modern expression. The performance technically was not up to the high standard of the orchestra. More than once there was uncertainty in the unison movement, and later there were disconcerting slips.

Mme. Morena was pleasantly remembered here as Sieglinde at the Boston Theatre nearly four years ago. She sang at a Symphony concert a year afterward. A singer is not often the best judge of her capability and her limitations. Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles; too many contraltos are anxious to take dramatic soprano parts, that they may thus acquire a greater reputation—and a higher salary.

Mme. Morena has a fine voice of lyric quality. She sings much better than the great majority of her sisters in German opera, far better than the majority of the French and Italian singers who have been imported of late years. Her choice of arias yesterday was not favorable to her. She lacks the tragic breadth and intensity demanded for the full expression of Leonora's and Bruennhilde's emotions. As an exhibition of pure, free, tasteful singing, her performance gave pleasure. In the storm and fury of Wagner's music, she did not yield to temptation; she did not shriek; she accepted her lot and was a comparatively minor instrument in a boisterous ensemble.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bruckner, symphony in E major, No. 7; Chopin, concerto in F minor, No. 2, for the piano; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

"AIDA" SUNG AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida," performed by the Boston Opera Company. Mr. Conti conducted.

Aida.....Carmen Melis
Amneris.....Maria Gay
Una Sacerdotessa.....Florence DeCourcy
Radames.....Giovanni Zenatello
Amonasro.....Giovanni Polese
Ramfis.....Jose Mardones
Il Re.....A. Silli

Some 900 Knights of Columbus were present last evening in the large audience which enjoyed a brilliant performance of "Aida" at the Boston Opera House. The opera is in itself a favorite by reason of its melodious and spectacular appeal and there was delight expressed at the sumptuous stage settings, the processional splendor and the work of solo singers and chorus, while there were repeated curtain calls for the chief members of the cast, and the conductor received like honors.

Regarding the familiar impersonations of the singers there is little new to be said. Mme. Melis is a picturesque Aida, and from the first moment of her entrance she fully justifies Radame's infatuation. Her costumes are singularly effective and she has excellently characterized the languorous charm of the race she impersonates, from stealthy tread and trailing gait to the gracefully indolent posturing of her entire body. If her singing last evening at times was lacking in the curving amplitude and quiet intensity which marks the grand style she realized the elemental emotional demands of the music. She sank with marked purity of intonation, with dramatic fervor and, in the case of the famous aria in the Nile scene, with an exquisite sense of musical proportion. There were moments, too, in her acting where significance was intensified by her sobriety of gesture and eloquent facial play, as when she stood at the foot of the dais, a mutely resigned figure, awaiting the return of the victor and dreading the sight of her people in chains.

Mr. Zenatello's noble organ is well suited to the music allotted him in this opera. He is always something more than an admired tenor and his parts are imaginatively composed. He sang last evening with dignity and expression.

Mme. Gay was a regal Amneris. Her rich and mellow voice was heard to excellent advantage, and her passionate outburst in the second act, when bored by the efforts of her attendants to distract her, was fraught with amorous appeal.

Mr. Polese was a barbaric and vocally pleasing Amonasro, while Mr. Mardones was an impressively pontifical high priest, and Mr. Silli was satisfactory as the king.

The opera this afternoon will be Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mmes. Gay, Leveroni and De Courcy, and Messrs. Gaudenzi and Polese, followed by a repetition of Delibes's "Coppelia." In the evening Donizetti's "Lucia Di Lammermoor" will be performed, with Miss Scotney and Messrs. Constantino, Fornari and Diaz.

Owing to incessant rehearsals of "Le Donne Curiose," which will soon be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Mr. Scotti will be unable to appear on Monday night at the Boston Opera House, as previously announced, and his place as Iago in Verdi's "Otello" will be taken by Mr. Polese. The management assures, however, that Mr. Scotti will positively appear on Friday night as Tonio in "Pagliacci."

Rothier. Mr. [illegible] will conduct.

Dec 31 1911

TWO BILLS AT OPERA HOUSE

Evelyn Scotney as Lucia Shows Voice of Fine and Unusual Quality.

By PHILIP HALE.

Performances were given at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon and evening. At the matinee Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" was the opera. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Santuzza.....Maria Gay
Lola.....Elvira Leveroni
Mamma Lucia.....Florence De Courcy
Turiddu.....Giuseppe Gaudenzi
Alfio.....Giovanni Polese

Mme. Gay's impersonation of Santuzza is now more carefully composed than it was last season. While the music of the part is not wholly suited to her voice, and there are passages that she sang with effort, she was often eloquent in song. Her range of facial expression is greater than it was, for when she first took the part, her face was as a mask that portrayed only distress. Her business is more varied, and it is for the most part effective. And yet in spite of admirable moments, her performance yesterday was not wholly convincing. The spectator sat unmoved at the sight of Santuzza's anguish. There was no overwhelming burst of passion. There was not the apparition of a crushed and hopeless woman suddenly roused to frenzy.

There are few Santuzzas in opera that rival Mimi Aguglia or Mme. Duse in the play itself, and when this play is well acted, the opera shrinks in the mind of the beholder. We have seen two great operatic Santuzzas in Boston, and the greater of these was Mme Bianchini Cappelli, who came with Mascagni. The other was Mme. Calve in her first season, before she had been persuaded by the fatuous applause of American audiences that it was not worth while to be constantly and inflexibly artistic.

Mr. Gaudenzi gave marked character to the part of Turiddu and acted throughout with intelligence and force. Vocally he was unsatisfactory. Mr. Polese, as before, was an excellent Alfio. He is one of the few baritones that survive the test of the Carter's song; in fact no one has sung in Boston this ditty so well. The chorus was applauded for the performance of the "Allelujah," though the intonation was not always secure; but one or two of the chief singers erred in this respect.

Delibes's pretty and amusing ballet "Coppelia" followed, Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Swanilda.....Dolores Galli
Frantz.....Maria Paporello
Une Poupee.....Grace Parker
Coppelius.....Ettore Bottazzini
Le Bourgmestre.....Attilio Pulcini

Miss Galli was again a charming Swanilda. The ensemble dances were performed with greater confidence and abandon, and the ballet with the scene of the automatons gave pleasure to old and young.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"

Miss Scotney's First Appearance in Premier Part a Success.

Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" wa sperformed at night. It was the first performance at "popular prices" of the season. Mr. Conti conducted.

Lucy.....Evelyn Scotney
Alice.....Johann. Morella
Edgar.....Florencio Constantino
Henry Ashton.....Rodolfo Fornari
Norman.....Rafaelo Diaz
Raymond.....A. Silli
Arthur.....Ernesto Giaccone

Miss Scotney, who took the part of La Charmeuse in "Thais" and sang at a Sunday night concert, made her first appearance on any stage in an important part.

Her voice is unusual, extraordinarily pure and crystalline in the upper register. The compass is a generous one and she takes the extreme high notes, c, d flat and e flat above the staff, with ease. The middle portion of her voice has the peculiarly childish quality that is often found in brilliant coloratura singers. This part of her voice might well be fattened. While her tones are not conspicuous for color, they are not pale, and with more experience in life they will no doubt be more emotional.

She is a young woman, yet her technic is well developed in certain ways. At present she excels in florid passages, but her runs last night were not always clear, and once or twice they were slovenly. Her trill is uncommonly good for a singer of her age. Her staccato pas-

sages are clean cut and musical. In sustained passages she maintains the melodic line and her phrasing is generally musical. Her attack is not always decisive. Her intonation last evening was excellent.

It is not necessary to discuss her as an actress, for it was evident at once that she is a beginner; but although she was simply a singer in costume, there were hints at an emotional nature that in time will find adequate expression. She is a singer of more than ordinary promise, and some things that she did last night were worthy of women whose reputation is world-wide. She seems modest, and probably would be the first to admit that she has much to learn. The audience applauded her enthusiastically.

Mr. Constantino was in good voice, and sang and acted in the fine old traditional manner.

This afternoon, at 4:30, the first concert of the Boston Juvenile Symphony orchestra, Tosti Russell, conductor, will take place in the foyer of the Boston Opera House. The soloist will be Sheridan Russell, who will play Handel's "Largo" on the 'cello.

A Last Word About the Cancan

The Herald has received the following letters with reference to the first performance of the can-can in Boston.

To the Editor of The Herald:

An old scrapbook has enabled me to give the facts in regard to the first performance of the cancan in Boston. I found this clipping, taken from the Boston Post Jan. —, 1868, part of which I quote:

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

* * * The Grand Duchess rather "hung fire" until there was a whisper that there was something naughty about it and then people flocked to the theatre to see the cancan and enjoy the love-making of Fritz and the Duchess. * * * Again the press in vain told the obstinate public that one of the finest groups of dancers that ever pirouetted on Boston boards were at the Contenental Theatre. The lovely nymphs of Terpsichore exhibited their ravishing forms and graceful movements to small and unappreciative audiences; but luckily they accepted a second engagement from another manager, whose ballet master introduced a furious cancan as a finale to the ballet. That body of virtuous young men, the dramatic writers of the press, were rather shy at first of telling the naked truth in regard to the dance, but when the good people of the town were made aware of it the little Comique was jammed. * * *"

This extract shows conclusively that the cancan was danced in the Grand Duchess which came to the Boston Theatre Dec. 30, 1867, and it may be inferred with confidence that the De Pol troupe did not dance it at the Continental while playing in the "Golden Branch" the latter part of December, but introduced it in the "Devil's Auction" some time after their removal to the Comique Jan. 6, 1868. S. G. R.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The cancan was first danced in Boston at the Boston Theatre by the Bateman Parisian Opera Troupe in December, 1867. It was danced at the end of act second of the "Grand Duchess." A critic of the day characterized it as "rather extravagant," and so it was for those days.

Mme. Morlacchi first appeared here at the Continental Theatre with the De Pol Parisian Ballet Troupe in the pantomime of the "Golden Branch," opening Dec. 24, 1867. The following January the troupe moved to the Theatre Comique and there, in the pantomime of "The Black Imp," week of Jan. 20, 1868, Morlacchi danced the cancan for the first time and created a sensation. The following December she appeared with the Elise Holt Burlesque Company at the Olympic (formerly the Continental) Theatre and danced the cancan in the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia."

WILLIAM H. LEE.

Comments on the Two Letters

The cancan in the performances of "La Grande Duchesse" at the Boston Theatre by the H. L. Bateman company was a very little one. I saw this company that first came to the Boston Theatre Dec. 30, 1867, but I saw it at the Grand Opera House, New York. The cancan was danced at the end of the second act, when Gen. Boum, Prince Paul and Baron Puck were conspiring with the grand duchess against Fritz, who had been too slow in understanding the nature of the duchess's advances, for he loved his little Wanda.

Gen. Boum had sung the ballade—the "Sombre Histoire de Max, un Soldat de Fortune," with the refrain sung by the three male conspirators:

Ecoutez, race future,
La sinistre aventure,
Et l'histoire d'amour
Du Comte Max Sedlitz de Kalembourg

The four plot and are in fiendish glee at what will happen.

The cancan was danced for only a minute or two. The characters were impersonated by Mme. Tostee, Duschene (Boum), Lagriffoul (Puck) and Leduc (Paul). It was a harmless dance and no one in these days of "natural" and "interpretative" dancing would give it a thought. Mme. Tostee hardly raised her skirt to the knee, and the twistings of the body were joyous rather than indecent. There is no allusion to a cancan in the score.

"The Devil's Auction or the Golden Branch" was produced by the De Pol company at Whitman's Continental Theatre opening, Dec. 23, 1867. Another version of this entertainment had been previously given at the Theatre Comique. The De Pol company went to the Theatre Comique Jan. 6, 1868.

The cancan, as a specific feature, billed and advertised, was apparently first danced by Mme. Morlacchi and her sisters at the Theatre Comique.

It has been said that Howard Paul introduced the cancan in America at Philadelphia in the fall of 1866. Was he in Boston before January, 1868, and if so, was a cancan in his entertainment?

Notes of a Personal Nature

The Vienna correspondent of the Signale wrote enthusiastically this month about Mr. Baklanoff, who is now a member of the Vienna Court Opera. He described his performance of Tonio in "Pagliacci" as extraordinary. "A loutish, apish fellow, yet with the instincts of the comedian, whose brutal lust for Nedda sinks to brutal hatred, and at last to brutal indifference by her corpse. Nedda is still gasping on the ground and Tonio, hungry, takes an apple out of his pocket. Only the stupid peasants vex him, as they stand about and gape. 'Go home; the play is over!'" It should be remembered that in the German version Tonio, not Canio, speaks the words: "The comedy is ended." Vienna is to be congratulated. Boston mourns the loss of George Baklanoff.

Otto Neitzel's opera, "Die Barbarina," probably based on the story of the famous dancer, so highly esteemed by Frederick the Great, will be produced on Jan. 24, the 200th birthday anniversary of the monarch, at Hamburg, Dessau, Crefeld, Elberfeld and Dortmund.

Julius Major of Budapest has composed a symphony, his fifth, which has a soprano solo in the first movement, contralto solo in the second, and in the fourth the two voices are employed. Thus he follows the example given by Mahler in his symphony "Lied von der Erde."

A committee has been formed for the erection of a statue to Meyerbeer in Berlin.

Sverre Jordan, a young Norwegian composer, has brought out with great success an orchestral suite in Bergen, his birthplace.

A professor at the Geneva Conservatory had the courage to say of Beethoven's violin concerto in an article published in La Suisse: "The only concerto written by Beethoven for the violin is indeed not his best work. It abounds in banalities and long, dull pages. It must be acknowledged that there are passages of great beauty, which shows unmistakably the marks of Beethoven's lion's claw; but there is much that too often savors of bad Mozart."

A German critic recently hearing Reger's overture to a comedy conducted by Mr. Nikisch, remarked: "It is truly surprising to see the curiosity and interest excited by each new work of this composer. Here is a musician who cannot complain of being passed by unnoticed. One would say that musical Germany considers him as a new Messiah from whom the word of revelation is expected now and forever. But his overture does not bring this word. Like all his other compositions, this one acquaints us with a learned musician, capable of uniting choruses for 16 and 32 voices, of conceiving the most bizarre harmony and the most abstruse and fantastic combinations. But where is the spark that distinguishes genius from ordinary talent? Let us wait; hope, after all, is not interdicted."

Louis Godowski, a violinist, 11 years old, made his first appearance in London Dec. 14 and kindly critics said it was not easy to see why his debut was not delayed for several years.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Charles W. Clark singing in London that he sang "with plenty of expression." "Histrionic instincts, however, lead him to a somewhat indiscriminate emphasis of the dramatic ideas, so that one effect neutralizes the other, and the whole result is not more than a general keying up of the emotional tone without any salient features of interpretation."

Alfred H. Hyatt, known in this country as the writer of lyrics to which composers have set music and the editor of anthologies of poetry and prose, died of consumption at Enfield, England, Dec. 8, at the age of 40. He is mourned as "one of the gentlest and sweetest of men."

John Orth of Boston was one of the pianists and speakers at the banquet at the Hotel Marseilles, New York city, last Thursday.

George Moore's "Esther Waters"

Mr. George Moore's novel, "Esther Waters," is recognized as among the masterpieces of English fiction in spite of the fact that Mr. Gladstone spoke well of it. Mr. Moore's dramatization of the novel was produced in London Dec. 11. The majority of the London journals found it dull or treated it flippantly. The review published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 12 is by far the most thoughtful that I have yet seen. It is well worth careful reading.

"Mr. George Moore's play, 'Esther Waters,' presented by the Stage Society at the Apollo Theatre yesterday afternoon, is one of those fascinating works which defy most of the artistic conventions and yet remain exceedingly interesting for the simple reason that they strike the spectator as slices of life. It is nearly all sad; now and then it becomes full of dread; and of the comic side of life it shows but little, though that little is, at any rate, of a very fine kind. It violates the classic unities of time, place and action in the airiest way, and really presents three stories instead of one—the story of Esther and the bachelor man-servant William, that of Esther and the rate-collector, Fred Parsons, and that of Esther and her William in his new aspect of a publican, a bookmaker and a married man. It deals very little with the clash of wills, but very greatly with the drift of life.

"Things happen naturally; climaxes are followed by anti-climaxes as truthful and therefore as affecting. There is a quite notable one at the end of the fourth act, where, after Esther's bookmaker-husband has been murdered by a gypsy ruffian—a sort of thousandfold viler Blazing Bosville—and his body has been taken to the infirmary, with the widow following it, a group of his late cronies gather nervously round a tape machine and await in whispering excitement the news of the winner of a race. Strictly speaking, it is as pronounced an anti-climax as that in the third act of 'The Thunderbolt,' where, after the frenzied exit of Thaddeus and his wife, the relatives all began jabbering and abusing the couple and each other, and the curtain, instead of falling on a conventional thrill, descended on a 'situation' that appeared to have been frittered away. Yet Sir Arthur Pinero never proved himself more truly an artist than in that 'anti-climax,' and the same applies to Mr. George Moore and the end of the fourth act of 'Esther Waters.' A riot and murder are common enough things on the stage, and that little after-picture of the murdered man's friends reading the race result supplied just the touch of callowness—of the petty business of the world going on, murder or no murder—which brought out the full, stupid horror of what had gone before.

"The play is just a book placed on the stage; 10 years of the life of a humble girl—her fall (the result, principally, of ignorance), and all that follows from it; the saving of her child from a very evil type of baby farmer; her inclination, for the sake of comfort and a home, toward a respectable Plymouth brother, who falls in love with her; her return to the father of her child when he reappears; her final decision, as a widow, to remain so, and devote herself to her boy. The other characters are little more than isolated interests. There is a notable moment in the first act, in which Esther's God-fearing and pitiful mistress kneels with her on her kitchen floor, and the two women pray to heaven—the one in clear accents, the other choked with tears—for the sinner's forgiveness and a new life. It is one of the most daring things we have seen in a modern play, violently out of harmony with the chatter of others that precedes and follows it; but yesterday's audience followed it hushed, for they recognized in it a little piece of life. The old baby farmer, in the second act, killing off the illegitimate children committed to her by wretched servant girls, and justifying herself on sociological, and even theological, grounds—what a grotesque of perverted common sense and devilish benignity she seemed! And then all those dreary, voluble race-followers, in the fourth act, with their imbecile superstitions and their morbidly accurate memories for facts of no interest to any one in the world save themselves and their kind—how tragi-comic and how true! And the sudden apparition of the grosser Blazing Bosville, seeking his terrified 'Poll.' The roar and the look of him had all the ugliness of Mattern in 'Hannele'—and he, too, just rushed into the play for a moment and rushed out of it, and was heard of no more. In a word, the whole thing was a drift.

"Is 'Esther Waters' a good play or a bad one? A bad one, most judges will probably say, for they will find in it neither a shape nor a purpose. A good one, we say, for it is packed with life and truth from beginning to end, and a brave and supremely artistic one, if only for that inspired 'anti-climax' of the fourth act. Further—and here we leave Mr. Moore for his interpreters—a very finely acted one. Miss Lucy Wilson, save for a touch of consciousness that now and then affected her art, brought out the varied emotions of Esther with the ring of truth in them. Miss Esme Hubbard, in the quite small part of one of the servant girl mothers, gave a beautifully sincere little piece of acting; Mr. Herbert Bunston, as a betting-man who found 'omens' in the queerest places and acted on them, contributed a most vivid comic study, and the only fault we could find with Mr. Harvey Braban's William was that he looked a little too refined. Of the rest, Mrs. A. B. Happing as a kindly housekeeper, Miss Cicely Hamilton as the saintly mistress, Miss Clare Greet as the baby-farmer, Miss Frances Wetherall as a fashionable mother in search of a nurse, Miss Mary Brough as a genial creature who befriends Esther and helps her to start life again, Mr. Edmund Gurney as the Blazing Bosville, and Mr. Arnold Lucy in the very difficult part of the Plymouth brother, all gave impersonations full of delicate and loyal work."

1911 in Boston Theatres

The Drama League of Boston has summed up the theatrical year in this city from Jan. 1 last to Jan. 1, 1912. The Herald is indebted to Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown for the following statistics:

"It will be found that, out of a total number of 85 engagements of 2364 performances, 881 were of 33 musical pieces, 519 of 11 farces, 431 of 19 dramas, 270 of 10 melodramas and 223 of 12 comedies, including the 16 performances of Shakespeare, 21 of classical plays by Bernhardt, and the 69 performances of 'The Blue Bird' and 42 of the Irish players under the heading of drama, as being among the most interesting serious performances of the year.

"This listing does not include performances given by stock companies at the Castle Square or Majestic theatres, nor theatres performing the lower grade of pieces, but is aimed to include all the so-called first-class productions current in the regular theatres. Every endeavor has also been made to raise the average by classifying debatable plays under the highest possible rating; as, for instance, both "Nobody's Widow" and "Elevating a Husband" are included under comedy, though strictly speaking they are both more allied to farce; while in separating drama from melodrama, 'The Price,' 'The Gamblers, even 'Madame X' have gone under the heading of drama, among such plays as 'Chantecler,' 'The Fourth Estate' and 'The Easiest Way.'

"To divide the plays under the headings of their nationalities, 59 American plays received 1720 performances, 10 French plays (including Bernhardt's repertory as a single engagement) 266, 11 English plays 273, three Viennese plays 65, 21 Irish plays 42, one Hungarian 24, and one Belgian play 16 performances.

Record of This Winter

Mr. Brown has something to say about the theatrical record of this winter. After giving statistics, he makes these comments:

"These figures mean, for the Boston theatrical year, that a little more than a third of the performances were of musical comedies. If the farces are added to the musical comedies, it will be found that they compose more than half the engagements in number and 1,400 of the 2,364 performances, or considerably more than one-half of the theatrical performances given during the year. Setting aside the melodramas, but adding together the dramas and comedies, we find that the total proportion of the more polite and higher grade performances comes to 657 performances of 31 dramas and comedies, or rather less than a quarter of the number of performances of the entire year.

"Summing up the record for this winter in the same way, it is found that of the 1124 performances and 37 engagements, only 294 performances of 11 musical plays have occurred, a proportion considerably below the average for this city, being just about a quarter of the number of performances and a little less than a third of the number of plays; but the farces during the same period have exceeded the musical plays in the number of their performances! Adding the two together, we have a total of 621 performances of 18 plays, more than half of the total of performances and practically half the total of engagements played in Boston up to the first of the year. Again setting aside the performances of melodrama, and adding together the 314 performances of 11 dramas and the 89 performances of five comedies, it totals 403 performances of 16 plays, a larger proportion of the season (more than one-third the performances) and considerably more than one-third of the number of engagements, that have so far been played; while if the two engagements of "The Blue Bird" and Sothern and Marlowe and the number of performances of each are added, the total is 488 performances during 18 engagements or, for practically half the engagements so far in the season, a total of three-sevenths the entire number of performances given in first-class Boston theatres since fall.

"Of course, these final figures are for less than half the theatrical season and—as encouraging as they are—may not be accepted as indicating any permanent improvement. Indeed, the value of statistics, as such, is always a debatable quantity; yet by analyzing figures and their summing up in this way, it is possible to check one's individual feeling as to conditions in the theatre, and certainly these figures—so far as they go—substantiate the general impression that we in Boston have had rather a more interesting season thus far than is usual in our theatres!"

Mme. Bernhardt as Elizabeth

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes concerning a new play in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will

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take t[illegible] Queen Elizabeth of Eng-[illegible]

"M. [illegible] Moreau, whose co[illegible]bora-tion with Sardou in 'Madame Sans Gene' [illegible] well remembered, and whose 'Proces d[illegible] d'A[illegible]' and 'Dante' are known to English [illegible]—the one played in London by Sarah Bernhardt and the other [illegible] Henry Irving—has written a [illegible] on the moving subject of 'Elizabeth, Queen of England.' It will be played by Sarah Bernhardt in the early part of the [illegible]. It was she who inspired the author to write it. In his house, in the [illegible], in a room hung with photographs and souvenirs of Sardou, M. Moreau spoke his admiration for his [illegible] interpreter, whose artistic career he has followed to its full development. It was Mme. Bernhardt who, as a 'pensionnaire' of the Maison de Moliere, played the role of a young Racine—at the age of 15—imagined by M. Moreau. This was his first stage production.

"That was long ago, it is hardly necessary to say, but M. Moreau was too gallant to the future Elizabeth, Queen of England and the Place du Chatelet (where the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt stands) to mention a date. Joan of Arc has given Sarah Bernhardt a marvellous opportunity to display her genius; the famous Tudor Queen will give her another.

"'A marvellous woman,' observed the author enthusiastically, meaning 'la Grande Sarah,' but applying the epithet later to the Queen: When the play was accepted the reading began at Mme. Bernhardt's house in the Boulevard Pereire at 1 o'clock in the morning. The sitting, with an interlude for supper, was continued until 4 o'clock, when the indefatigable artist retired to rest, for a short space only, for at 10 o'clock the same morning she was at her theatre conducting her class of pupils. And this strenuous life continues practically the year through.

"Like Pericles, and like Napoleon, Mme. Bernhardt lives for the absorbing passion of her life. She shuns society, devoting herself to her work. She is always divided from the public as by a wall, which may be the footlights, the glass windows of her automobile or train, or the isolation of the steamer crossing the ocean. Thus, she can concentrate exclusively on her dreams and on their accomplishment.

"In this manner M. Moreau spoke of La Divine, who has found again all the resources of her youth in her incarnation of Lucretia Borgia. As to Elizabeth, she is to be a great Queen—as she really was—a patriot, and a diplomat. Her avarice is not insisted upon, nor the vanity which led her in late years to wear the trappings of youth.

"The central theme of the play is the moral punishment that befell Elizabeth after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. The memory of the lovely Stuart is avenged by Elizabeth's sufferings over the fate of Essex. To the royal disappointment at not receiving the ring, which would have saved Essex, was added the maddening jealousy which beset a woman growing old and knowing that she had a younger rival.

"M. Moreau pictures a great England, an England rejoicing in an extraordinary national explosion over the defeat of the Armada. Elizabeth shows the greatness of her soul and her statesmanlike qualities. But during a certain part of the story unfolded on the stage she exhibits dissimulation. In her youth she had suffered for her opinions, and knew how to hide them.

"This is not M. Moreau's first incursion into English history. He wrote, some years ago, a Judge Jeffreys, being much moved by the dramatic possibilities of this period."

January 1 1912

The announcement that Lillian Russell is to be married for the fourth time has excited comment, most of which, we regret to say, is of a flippant nature. Some years ago Mr. Oliver Herford was reported as asking: "Why do people marry Lillian Russell?" The question was a foolish one. To many she has been and is singularly attractive, of a clean and edible order of beauty. She is known to be generous, good natured, agreeable in conversation. She has ideas and theories and beliefs and expresses them in a lucid manner. Witness her remarks about men, women and divorce, and her published articles on health, beauty and the cosmetic art. Miss Russell should surely have been in the Chicago list of the "World's Thirty Greatest Women" (Or was it twenty? It should have been at least 250.) She is a public character with private graces and accomplishments; therefore her approaching marriage is a matter of public interest, not merely an item for the society reporters. Did not the inhabitants of Alexandria rise in revolt when the wild-eyed, long haired monk proposed to take the adorable Thais into the desert and lodge her in a secluded convent?

A Handsome Tribute.

Miss Russell's three husbands were all musicians, chock full of artistic

Can any Herald reader answer this question? We have never heard the saw in common speech. Mark Twain having seen the street which is called

temperament, no doubt, but musicians, we have been credibly informed, are restless persons, trying, not easy to live with. It is not surprising, then, that she chooses for her fourth a prosperous publisher. This publisher was divorced from his wife some time ago. There was no scandal in the case: it was a question of incompatibility of temperament. We allude to this little episode in the publisher's life simply to introduce the divorced wife's testimony to the sterling worth and integrity of Miss Russell's fourth. As soon as the divorced wife heard of the engagement, she poured out her soul to a reporter. She wished Miss Russell the happiness that for 15 years was her's as a wife. "There is no man I know whom I admire more", and then she went on to say how well the divorced husband had treated her since the separation. "I believe if I made any reasonable request, even now, that he would do whatever he could to grant it." This glowing tribute was published in the N. Y. Tribune, which for many years has been recognized as an exemplary family newspaper. We therefore do not hesitate to re-publish it.

Blest Be The Tie.

We all know by reading reports of proceedings in police courts and some of us know by personal observation that whenever a chivalric man attempts to restrain a husband from thrashing his wife, the wife turns and attempts to rend in pieces her would-be champion. It is not necessary to cite fiction, to quote from a fine scene in Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Lizerunt," one of his "Tales of Mean Streets." What a pleasure it is to find a divorced wife in real life heartily recommending her ex-husband to her successor! In that admirable comedy, "The Concert," the wife of the pianist, pretending to have the interest of his favorite pupil at heart, insidiously poisons her mind against him. This wife is, indeed, too good for the musician; an excellent woman, her price is far above rubies; but the publisher's wife is still nobler? She has not told Miss Russell that he is fussy about his breakfast.

We also have read that when a man is charged with bigamy or trigamy the wives often weep together over the husband's plight, and endeavor in every way to save him from the unsentimental law. Why should not divorced wives and their successors swear an eternal friendship? Why should not a divorced wife be expected to furnish a certificate of character, a recommendation, or to draw up a set of rules for tactful guidance?

Some years ago a literary man in New York, brilliant, known widely in Europe and in this country, took to himself a third wife. Soon after the marriage he and his wife invited her living predecessors, two in number, to luncheon, which was served at a restaurant, not at their house, lest wife No. 1 or No. 2 might find reasonable grounds for unkind criticism. The predecessors accepted the invitation, and the three spent delightful hours in discussing the husband and laughing at his eccentricities and foibles.

On the Nape.

Signora Arturo Casanuova, formerly the Contessa Carolina Ghezzi Ravano of Alessandria, Italy, recently wrote in a disagreeable manner about women of "evident wealth and distinction," seen in the boxes and the foyer of the Boston Opera House. "Really, I did not see one woman whose hair was irreproachably dressed. They all looked as though they had dressed first and then left their hair as it was when they got out of bed in the morning," and she noted "the frowsiness" of Boston women's hair when seen in the street.

The Signora does not know that this is a wind-swept city; that it is not easy for women to present an irreproachable coiffure out of doors. While her statement is exaggerated, there is too much truth in it. One of the most beautiful parts of a fair woman's body is the nape, the poll of her neck. This was recognized by the ancients. Apuleius falling in love with Fotis exclaimed:

Sometimes the beauty of the haire resembleth the colour of gold and honey, sometimes the bleu plumes and azured feathers about the neckes of Doves, especially when it is either anointed with the gumme of Arabia, or trimmely tuft out with the teeth of a fine combe, which if it be tyed up in the pole of the necke, it seemeth to the lover that beholdeth the same, as a glasse that yeeldeth forth a more pleasant and gracious comelinesse than if it should be sparsed abroad on the shoulders of the woman, or hang downe scattering behind. Finally there is such a dignity in the haire, that whatsoever she be, though she be never so bravely attyred with gold, silkes, pretious stones, and other rich and gorgeous ornaments, yet if her haire be not curiously set forth she cannot seeme faire.

Yet too many women in Boston are slack and display streamers, stragglers, loose hanks, scolding locks on a creamy nape.

CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

tion. Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles; too many contraltos are [illegible]

Jan 2 1911

Last Act of "Rigoletto" and Other Pieces Enjoyed by Large Audience.

A program of unusual excellence was given at the concert at the Boston Opera House last night. The music was drawn from the more popular operas and proved delightful to a large audience which braved the rain and slippery sidewalks on the last night of the year.

The comedy overture on negro themes by Henry F. Gilbert was well given by the orchestra under the leadership of Conductor Goodrich. Felix Fox was admirable at the piano in Liszt's Hungarian Fantaisie and the audience labored long but in vain to persuade the pianist to repeat the closing movements.

Miss Scotney sang the Aria "Caro Nome" but showed the strain of her performance of Lucia the night before. The last act of "Rigoletto" ending with the quartet was the best number on the program. Mr. Ramella sang the Duke's solo La Donna e Mobile in excellent voice. The quartet was well sung. Besides Mr. Ramella the soloists were Mmes. Scotney and Leveroni and Messrs. Silli and Fornari.

The second part of the program was the first act of Cavalleria Rusticana from the beginning to the intermezzo. The performance was marred by the evident unfamiliarity of several of the soloists with their roles, this defect being so marked in some instances as to noticeably affect the work of the orchestra, compelling the musicians to wait for the soloist. The singing of the chorus was particularly effective and Mr. Gaudenzi won applause for the opening solo sung off stage. The other soloists were Mmes. Amsden, DeCourcy and Leveroni and Mr. Fornari. Mr. Maranzoni conducted.

Jan 2, 1912

"THE FAUN" AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Faun," a play in three acts, by Edward Knoblauch. The play was produced at Erie, Pa., Jan. 9, 1911.

The Faun	William Faversham
Lord Stonbury	H. Nye Chart
Sir Ernest Craddock, K. C.	Arthur Elliott
Maurice Morris	Legal Robinson
Cyril Overton	Stanhope Wheatcroft
Fish	Herbert Belmore
Jackson	Leon Brown
Lady Alexander Vancey	Julie Opp
Mrs. Hope-Clark	Daisy Belmore
Vivian Hope-Clark	Elsie Oldham
Miss Lydia Vancey	Mabel Crawley

This play evidently gave pleasure last night to a large audience. There was frequent and hearty laughter; the tirades against the evils of civilization and the hypocrisy of society were heard with flattering attention. The adventures of the young lovers were followed sympathetically. After the second act Mr. Faversham thanked the audience and said that the play contained a message from Mr. Knoblauch, and if the message were not understood by anyone he should write to the dramatist—or was it to Mr. Faversham? The program of Artemus Ward's lecture in London stated that the lecturer would call the next day to explain the jokes if any one in the audience so desired.

"The Faun" has been successful in other cities. There are one or two reasons for this. The drama is of an unusual character. Mr. Faversham displays an amazing vitality. The denunciation of society always pleases many—even the climbers on the social ladder. Furthermore, old and familiar characters are introduced and the audience at once gives them a friendly greeting: The scheming and rich mother; the choleric and successful lawyer who loved her in her youth, but he had no money and she sighed for a title; the money lender that is finally discomfited; the eccentric young artist who loves the daughter of the rich and scheming mother.

The part taken by Mr. Faversham is not familiar in certain ways, although much of the talk given to him is as a thrice-told tale. He impersonates a faun. As the Rev. Mr. Spence describes fauns in his ponderous and stately "Polymetis," they delighted in vineyards and danced with musical instruments in their hands. "They had something of the ferine nature, as you see by their tails, little horns and pointed ears. They had all the agility and playfulness of the satyrs, but they were not so savage and horrid, in their form; nor so abandoned, in their lewdness." Thus the reverend gentleman.

The faun in this play answers in some particulars Spence's description. He is wholly unlike the faun of Mallarme whose delicious afternoon long lived in his memory. Mr. Knoblauch's faun enters the house of a London nobleman who is about to shoot himself because he has lost £70,000 on the race track. The faun's costume when he enters is not unlike that of the "meermaid" in Hans Breitmann's ballad, the "meermald, vot hadn't got nodings on." He persuades the nobleman to live and accept tips from him about horses, for the faun is on intimate terms with all animals.

This faun, by the way, had been a dear friend of the poet Shelley; nevertheless he wishes to go into society. He dones conventional clothes, gains a fortune for the nobleman, and as the Sardinian Count Silvani enters on his mission, or rather missions. He shows a suffragette the folly of her ways and by hugging and kissing her arouses in her a deep love for the nobleman. He breaks an ill-considered betrothal, and finds the right mate for a girl, having first given her a heart.

And he talks continually. He has an unpleasant way of telling the truth. To him a woman is fat and old, even though she be rich; to him a man is not successful, even though he be a K. C. and able to drink the best port. In the course of the play he does surprising things. Thus he allows the nobleman to shoot at him. The bullet goes through his body and shatters an expensive lamp. He invokes a thunder storm that a picture gallery may be destroyed. Having done his best, having made the nobleman rich and happy, he sighs for fresh air and his old companions. He tells who he is before he leaves. He is the joy of living. He is nothing because he is something. He is also something because he is nothing. Lord Stonbury and Lady Alexander are pondering these statements, and the faun is throwing the clothes of civilization on the stage when the curtain falls. It is then not too much to say that this drama is an unusual one.

The fundamental idea has been variously expressed in fiction and in the drama. The child of nature, who, coming from the country or from another planet, shows the follies and vices of an artificial life has worn many masks. Mr. Knoblauch chooses to put his tirades into the mouth of a faun. The first act is interesting by reason of the novel and fantastical presentation and from the fact that Mr. Faversham is singularly agile. After this act he is a seemingly rude person in conventional dress, suspected by some of being an adventurer. He is in reality a philanthropist at heart, fortunate in taking the part of the "deus ex machina."

The play is Mr. Faversham. He acts with unflagging vitality and uncommon virility. In the first act he creates an illusion, although his faun is acrobatic and humorous rather than fired by the poetic spark with which the dramatist must have intended to endow him. If Mr. Faversham is not so engrossing in the acts that follow it is largely the fault of Mr. Knoblauch.

Miss Opp was appropriately hard as a bag of nails in the opening act, but in the final scene, where she confesses her love, she played with true womanly feeling. Mr. Chart acted the part of the nobleman in the first act with noteworthy aplomb. After this act he and the others for the most part listen to the faun. Mr. Robinson was a sufficiently amusing Morris, the moneylender.

The piece is well staged. The thunder storm was most realistic, and the trick of shattering the lamp was ingeniously executed.

Some time ago The Herald quoted the remark of a distinguished violinist in town apropos of Miss Parlow's performance at a Symphony concert: that women fiddlers all try to be virile, to play like a man; they thus lose their heritage and charm; and he named Teresina Tua as the one great exception.

The Herald has received an answer to this statement. The writer is one of the most celebrated woman violinists now before the public.

A Bunch of Fiddlers.

"Why these cavillers confine their criticisms to fiddlers is more than I can understand. Is Mme. Carreno a Rubinstein, or Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler a Paderewski? Methinks not. Furthermore, Mme. Carreno doesn't try to be virile—she obeys the inner impulse. Mme. Zeisler doesn't try to be electric; she just is. Mme. Urso was the sincerest of artists—and never tried to ape 'mere man.' No one would have admitted sooner than she that she was not a Joachim; but she could play a downward scale without his flop in changing positions and she could draw a steadier bow than he. Moreover, her ear remained true to the last. Lady Halle was a cross old patch, but it is safe to say that any woman playing as well as she did must have been sincere and have had convictions. She was not a Vieuxtemps, but she played better than any local man in London, when I lived there. Miss Parlow is far and away more interesting than the Spaldings, MacMillens and their ilk. Whether it is all imitation in her case, as she says in her interviews, and as her St. Petersburg colleagues declare (perhaps through jealousy!) and whether she will

levelop on individual lines, still remains o be seen. Teresina Tua was the most delightful and fascinating woman violinst I ever heard; but she was much too retty and fascinating to keep up the rind. It is doubtful whether her talnt could ever have developed much beond the Bruch G minor concerto, Mendelssohn E minor concerto and Vieuxtemps' Polonaise stage.

Woman's Lack and Handicap.

"What we women lack in art is that infinite and wonderful tenderness that speaks through the tone of Ysaye and Kreisler. We mother the whole race, our children, fathers, brothers and husbands—and with quick intuition the stranger at our door—but the quality does not as yet express itself in art. The lack, however, is not in the fiddling tribe alone, and why should we bear the brunt of that everlasting and overworked criticism.

"It would be a lark if the men could occasionally read our innermost thoughts when they are chanticleering around. I certainly think we are more clearly aware of our shortcomings than they are. And oh! our sorriest wail, the question of health and physical endurance! They little know how much more it costs us in will power to achieve than it does them. And then the discomfort of our clothes, the time and trouble it takes to keep oneself looking respectable, etc., etc., etc."

There is an old Bohemian proverb: To some men God gives brains; to others to play on the fiddle. It seems that there is at least one woman that can fiddle with the best of the men and at the same time express herself forcibly and well in writing.

Over the Threshold.

This month drink you no wine commixt with dregs;
Eate capons, and fat hens, with dumpling legs.

We have omitted the customary jests and wheezes about beginning diaries and making good resolutions. The fact that an orange stuck with cloves was once a New Year's gift leads to an easy joke based on the symbolism of the lemon—but again we forbear.

Here is an improving New Year's anecdote that should be pondered by all malt-worms, physicians, and the rheumatic. We quote from a note by the minister of Tillicoultry in the county of Clackmannan, published in the Statistital Account of Scotland (8vo. Edinb. 1795, vol. xv. p. 201): It is worth mentioning that one William Hunter, a collier, was cured in the year 1758 of an inveterate rheumatism or gout by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yeast. The poor man had been confined to his bed for a year and a half, having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs. On the evening of Handsel Monday, as it is called (i e., the first Monday of the New Year, O. S.) some of his neighbors came to make merry with him. Though he could not rise, yet he always took his share of the ale as it passed round the company, and, in the end, became much intoxicated. The consequence was that he had the use of his limbs the next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than 20 years after this, and never had the smallest return of his old complaint."

Our philological contributor should note the use of the word 'barm."

If any scientific gentleman shakke his head at this seeming recommendation of drunkenness, we refer him to Grant Duff's diary: "Hooker (the late Sir Joseph) amused us by saying that Darwin had told him that he had got drunk three times in early life, and thought intoxication the greatest of all pleasures."

Poor Persia! There was a time when the Persians ploughed on the first day of the year.

We read in a Sunday newspaper a letter from a correspondent in Switzerland. He dilated on the joys of coasting. In the same newspaper was a note from Switzerland that the peasants were praying for snow, as there is not enough of it for sleighs to bring down the winter supply of wood cut last October.

RUDOLPH GANZ'S PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Rudolph Ganz gave a piano recital esterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. is program was as follows:

Liszt, variations on a theme by Bach, Weinen, Klagen"; Beethoven, sonata in F minor, "Appassionata"; Blanchet, Prelude and renada; Mendelssohn, Song Without Words and herzo, in E minor; Ganz, Marche Fantastique, . 10, Melodie in G, op. 10, Etude Caprice, op. : Chopin, Fantasie in F minor; Chopinliszt, two Polish songs, "Maedchens Wunsch" nd "Meine Freuden"; Liszt, Rakoczi March

Liszt's Variations are not often played ncre even by pianists characterized as "formidable." The composition naturally tempted Mr. Busoni, and no doubt the granitic Mr. Friedheim delights in it. These Variations on the basso continuo of the first movement of a cantata by Bach were composed in 1863 for the organ, and although Liszt made some sketches for the piano earlier than this, the piano version dedicated to Rubinstein was not composed until 1870 and not published until five years later. Liszt himself described the Variations as "more than serious." They are a strange mixture of bombast and fine musical thought. Perhaps the most impressive portion of the work is the introduction of the choral, "Was Gott thut," at the end, which is, indeed, celestial music.

I am told that Mr. Blanchet, whose name is unfamiliar to most of us, is a Swiss composer, a friend of Mr. Ganz, his companion in mountain climbing, and it is said that he is about 34 years old. His Prelude is an effective concert piece, though the style if somewhat mannered, and the Serenade, a pretty piece, will surely be popular, hough it does not make too open a bid for applause.

The three compositions of Mr. Ganz are fanciful. The March is ingeniously contrived, the Melodie will please as it pleased yesterday, and the middle section of the Etude Caprice is sufficiently romantic for the sake of contrast. There is, however, a tendency in these pieces to surprise the hearer, by a sudden whimsical twist of thought or by an unexpected and almost disconcerting ending.

Mr. Ganz is well known and esteemed here as a modest, sincere musician who as a pianist has indisputable gifts. He is primarily neither an emotional player nor a gorgeous colorist. Yesterday he miscalculated the acoustic properties of the hall or he was in a particularly heroic vein, for too often his strength was overpowering. This is a pleasant juggling with words. The homely phrase would be: "He often pounded." Nor were there marked dynamic gradations between his fortissimo and his piano. When he was in gentler spirit he gave much pleasure by the clarity, grace, and above all the elegance of his performance, an elegance akin to that of Saint-Saens or that of a pianist who never visited America, Francis Plante, whose playing was the quintessence of elegance.

In Mr. Ganz's performance yesterday there was also unaffected simplicity in the treatment of melodic passages; there was also, with the exception of the mistake in values referred to, a display of fine taste. He is more than a brilliant pianist, more than a man of great fleetness. The chief regret is that he does not seem to value of late true tonal beauty. His tone is seldom emotional, it is hardly ever sensuous. His greatest success at this stage of his career is as a skilful draughtsman in black and white, especially skilful in feats of bravura.

There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

LONGY CLUB GIVES SECOND CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Three Compositions Are Heard Here for the First Time.

The Longy Club gave the second concert of this season last evening in Jordan Hall. The assisting artists were Mrs. R. J. Hall, Messrs. S. Noack, A. Bak, E. Ferir, J. Keller and E. Huber.

The ensemble playing, as is customary with this organization, was of a high order as regards precision of attack, volume of tone, unfailing unity and musical interpretation, while the program was one of interest, being made up of three compositions which were performed in Boston for the first time.

The first of these, an octuor for saxophone, oboe, clarinet and string quintette, by Henry Woollett, was for the most part disappointing, of slovenly construction and colorless, save for certain passages in the second movement. Mrs. Hall played the music allotted to the saxophone with taste.

The five pieces, op. 83 for clarinet, viola and piano by Max Bruch, in themselves commonplace and of a placid beauty, were made enjoyable by the admirable playing of Messrs. Ferir, Grisez and DeVoto.

The concluding number, Three Aquarelles Hollandaises, by Christiaan Kriens, were interesting and not without originality. Mr. Kriens is a member of the New York Symphony Society and a composition of his has recently won praise in Europe.

An audience fair in size was warmly appreciative of the performance of the artists.

The third and last concert will be on Monday evening, Feb. 12.

THREE PLAYS GIVEN AT THE TOY THEATRE

Dainty Little Playhouse Receives Its First Regular Audience.

The dainty little playhouse at 16 Lime street, which has been created out of a stable and christened the Toy Theatre, received a regular audience for the first time last night, when three one-act plays, never previously seen in Boston, were given.

The first playlet was a dialogue in verse, written by Oliver Herford, called "Two Out of Time," in which the parts of Corydon, a shepherd, and Madelaine, a "leading lady," were taken by A. S. A. Brady and Mary Gray. Following this came "In His House," a play of Washington political life, taken from a book of one-act pieces written by George Middleton, the husband of Fola La Follette.

George Bernard Shaw's skit on contemporary English manners and statesmanship, "Press Cuttings," was last on the bill. Mr. Shaw's characters were distributed as follows: Gen. Mitchener, S. A. Eliot, Jr.; Balsquith, W. O. Safford; orderly, W. W. Glidden; Mrs. Farrel, Jane Gale; Mrs. Banger, Georgie Lee; Lady Fanshaw, Margaret Collins.

The settings were extremely handsome, and the forest scene in Mr. Herford's dialogue would be a credit to any theatre priding itself on artistic truthfulness. The two later sets, representing house interiors, were fully up to the high standard that L. Platt and A. C. Alley achieved in their realistic tree trunks and bathed in fading sunlight.

Tonight the first subscription performance will be given, and Thursday will again be subscribers' night. The second cycle of plays will not be mounted until a fortnight from yesterday. In the intervening week the little house will be given up entirely to rehearsals.

MAKES A HIT AT B. F. KEITH'S

Frank Fogerty, with a full line of his famous O'Brien stories, most of them brand new although a few have seen service in the past, head-lines this week's bill at B. F. Keith's. Fogerty has ever been famed for his popularity and in this respect he has plenty of friends here in Boston who applauded enthusiastically the moment he appeared upon the stage, while at the conclusion of his act at each of yesterday's performances a mammoth floral piece was handed over the footlights to him.

That in the evening was especially massive, being an immense horseshoe nearly six feet in height, and made entirely of pink roses. In recognition of his reception in the evening Mr. Fogerty made a short curtain speech in which he referred to the warmth of his welcome and also to the fact that there were more Irish here is Boston than in Dublin.

But Frank Fogerty, clever as he is, was by no means the only hit of the bill. J. C. Nugent in his own original oddity "The Squarer," and Edgar Atchinson-Ely Company, presenting Billy's Tombstones, found plenty of applause awaiting them. Billy and his tombstones have frequently visited Boston in the past, with Sydney Drew upon those occasions playing the part of Billy. Now, however, the title role is looked after by Edgar Atchinson-Ely, and he does it well, while Miss Ruth Allen, playing the part of his sister, is just exactly as competent.

Something entirely unusual in the vaudeville line was the "Great Wonder Kettle," manipulated by Frederick Andrews. That it is a much travelled pot is indicated by the program announcement, which states that the act is "direct from England, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Tasmania and the Continent." It is apparently an old-fashioned tea kettle of boiling hot water, resting upon a 200-pound cake of ice. But by the assistance of the kettle everything with which the substance within comes in contact becomes cold, even frozen and rigid. Ice cream is made by application of the seemingly seething solution; whiskey is even frozen thereby.

Of the others upon this week's bill there are Hoey and Lee, Hebrew comedians, one of the first pairs in the business, by the way. They always carry a clever line of song and dialogue, nor are they poorly equipped upon their present trip. Then there is Bowers, Walters and Crooker in their old-time favorite "Fun On the Village Green." The College Trio, comprising Messrs. Fish, Crumit and O'Rell, sang a number of catchy 'varsity songs with characteristic college exuberance. The rest of the program includes Edwin George, a clever comedy juggler, and the Stanleys in silhouette fun.

Boston Opera House—Repetition by the Boston Opera Company of "Otello," an opera in four acts by Verdi. Mr. Conti conducted. Cast:

Otello .....Giovanni Zenatello
Iago .....Giovanni Polese
Cassio .....Rafaelo Diaz
Roderigo .....Luigi Cilia
Lodovico .....Jose Mardones
Montano .....Attilio Pulcini
A Herald .....Bernard Olshansky
Desdemona .....Carmen Melis
Emilia .....Maria Claessens

Oby .....Harry Dull
English Edwards .....Robert Reid
Silver Dollar Joe .....Albert Dunstan
Diamond Dot Williams.....James DeKoven
Bill Turner .....Albert Livingston
Kate .....Julia Wilkie
Graham Clarke .....Claude E. Kimball
Doris Wendell .....Cecile Holmes
Moll .....Margaret Keene
Dick Weed .....W. Trevor
Peter Gardner .....Charles R. Wilkinson

True western drama, the kind that touches the heart and makes the blood tingle with excitement, was presented in "The Strugglers" at the Grand Opera House last evening. The scene of the first act, which showed Clarke's claim in Boiseville, Idaho, surrounded by mountains and forests, was a beautiful and skilful piece of work. Claude E. Kimball, who took the part of Graham Clarke, the "Easterner" who had an hereditary passion for gambling, played his part with remarkable skill. His passion comes on him while he is in the West, but he overcame it and keeps his promise to Moll to stop gambling for a night. The part of Moll, the keeper of the gambling house, who turned out to be Clarke's mother, was one which involved both the love and tenderness of a mother and the coldness of a gambler, and was played very effectively by Margaret Keene. Others who played well were Harry Dull, Albert Livingstone, Julia Wilkie and Cecile Holmes.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Baby Mine," a farce in three acts by Margaret Mayo. The cast:

Alfred Hardy.....Ernest Glendinning
Jimmy Jenks.....Walter Jones
Michael O'Flarety.....Frank Hartwell
Finnigan .....Sydney Anderson
O'Gurk .....Jack Darlington
Zoie .....Miss Marguerite Clark
Aggie .....Miss Agnes De Lane
Rosa Gatti.....Miss Marie Falls
Maggie O'Flarety.....Miss Holly Haines

The idea for "Baby Mine," as frankly admitted by the author, was drawn from a newspaper story that in Chicago fully 3000 husbands were happy in the delusion that they were fathers, whereas the children were really adopted by the wives for some ulterior motive or other.

The plot of the play revolves about a young wife who, by the indiscretion of taking luncheon with a friend of the family and endeavoring to cover it by a series of falsehoods, had lost the confidence of her husband and thereby his companionship, and who seeks to regain his love by playing upon his love for children.

Accordingly, some time after the separation, she sends him a wire that he is a father, and has arranged through the friend of the family and his wife to buy an infant. Unfortunately the mother of the infant repudiates the transaction, and the happy father, instead of waiting for a morning train, hires a special, arriving some 12 hours ahead of schedule, and further complicating the situation.

The friend of the family steals one infant from the asylum, and when traced by the mother borrows half of a set of twins. But before he can smuggle out the first infant the deluded husband sees both, and, to lull his suspicions, he is informed that he is the parent of twins. In order to return the first infant, the second of the team of babies is borrowed, and again the husband turns up only to be told that triplets is the state into which he has launched himself.

As is evident, the play is a broad farce, rather frothy and a bit overdrawn. Its situations are ludicrous rather than humorous, and in some instances the author, skating, as she must, on thin ice, has broken through into at least the indelicate.

Mr. Glendinning as the hot-headed husband gives an excellent conception of his role, and his delight at finding himself, as he supposes, a father is well done. He is genuinely funny in his insistence upon taking the babies upon his knee, though one would look for more timidity on the part of a newly made father and the exercise of greater care in trotting day-old infants on the knee.

Miss Clark makes a pretty picture, especially in the bedroom scenes. Her role as a well intentioned but flighty butterfly is one calling for much ability, but she is aided greatly by her personal attractiveness and diminutive mold.

Mr. Jones as the scapegoat has a difficult task, and in the first two acts is more of a booby than even his role demands. In the last act, where the worm turns, he is more happy and furnishes the real comedy hit of the evening.

The minor parts are well taken care of, especially Mr. Hartwell as the real father of the twins. The audience was large and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the play.

Jan 3 1912

The Herald has received letters with reference to the veracity of Casanova. We do not publish them, for the writer forgot to sign his name.

Leblanciana.

To A. C. W.: Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck made her debut in Paris as an opera singer at the Opera Comique, Nov. 23, 1893, as Francoise in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin." She had studied singing with Bax. She has never taken the part of Melisande in Debussy's opera. That part was "created" by Miss Mary Garden.

Twice has Mme. Maeterlinck, adored by her husband, been the means of disturbing his philosophic calm.

When the manager of the Opera Comique, Paris, preferred Miss Garden to Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck as the first Melisande in Debussy's opera, the poet dramatist protested in a violent, not to say foolish letter. When Fevrier's opera "Monna Vanna" was produced at the Opera, Mlle. Lucienne Breval was chosen, and not the wife of the dramatist. He raged, appealed to the courts for an injunction and threatened to demand 10,000 francs for every performance without his permission.

However, Mme. Leblanc did create the part of Ariane in Paul Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe Bleue" at the Opera Comique May 10, 1907. There were 12 performances that year.

When "La Mort de Tintagiles" was brought out at the Theatre des Maturins, Paris, Dec. 21, 1905, Mme. Leblanc took the part of Ygraine. Mrs. Henry Russell also played in the sombre drama and Tintagiles was played by "Le petit Russell." The police were at first inclined to prohibit the performance. As the Paris correspondent of the Referee (London) wrote: "The police are not acting from humanitarian motives. They recognize that the death of Tintagiles as M. Maurice Maeterlinck has limned it is a symbol, but they are, they say, afraid that Mme. Maeterlinck's undoubted beauty will set fire to the scenery. For the scenery (which, for a Maeterlinckian play, must be and is mostly fragile) is, M. Lepine thinks, far too inflammable for safety. So unless Tintagiles be killed without the scenery he cannot be killed at all."

It was in November, 1901, that M. Maeterlinck announced his betrothal to Mlle. Leblanc. She was then reported to be about 38 years of age.

Two Codes of Morals.

This reminds us that the New York Herald of Jan. 1 quoted Mme Leblanc Maeterlinck as saying in Boston that a woman should have two codes of morals, one for youth, one for old age. "Let a woman live her life in her own way. Don't tell her to be good—perhaps she won't be happy if she is. Just let a woman be herself. When she's older, then let her be very dignified, do good works and all the rest. I think that by the great public the woman that is neither bad nor good but both is the best loved and understood."

In connection with this joyous outburst it is pleasant to note that M. Maeterlinck dedicated his "Wisdom and Destiny" to Mme. Leblanc. "I dedicate this book to you, and I may say it is your work. There is a loftier and truer collaboration than that of the pen; it is that of thought and example." And he added that he derived his thoughts concerning wisdom and drew his conclusions from following her movements, actions, habits which were wisdom itself.

Mme Maeterlinck does not say at what age a woman should slough her first code of morals. The date for adopting the more sedate code is apparently a movable feast.

Early "Flying Machines."

As the World Wags:

In these days of aerial navigation, when the spectator (at exhibitions, anyway) hardly deigns to lift his eyes from the level, unless the birdman is known to be sprinting, or attempting some other dare-devil "stunt," it is rather interesting, and somewhat puzzling as well, to note that as far back as the year 1771 reference was made in the fiction of that day, at least, to the art of flying, at the hands of man. If pains be taken to look on page 52 of the George Rutledge & Son's edition of Dr. Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," one will find this paragraph, embodied in one of the letters to his friend Dr. Lewis, from that cantankerous and extremely pessimistic old codger, Matthew Bramble: "Shall I commit myself to the high roads of London or Bristol, to be stifled with dust or pressed to death in the midst of post-chaises, flying machines, wagons, and coal horses"; et cetera, et cetera. It seems that Dr. Lewis had, in a previous communication to Bramble, recommended horseback riding for his health, and this was the reply of the invalid, in which he goes on to state that he can find no desirable place to carry out his medical advisers' suggestion.

JAMES BROWN THORNTON, M. D.
Boston, Dec. 30.

On Road, Not in Air.

In the 18th and part of the 19th centuries the word "machine" was commonly applied to a stage coach or mail coach. Thus De Foe in 1769 spoke of "a machine going out to and coming from London three times a week in the summer." Swift used the word in this sense in 1704. Adam Smith (1759) described the poor man's son seeing "his superiors carried about in machines." The Massachusetts statutes of 1832 refer to "every cart, wagon, or other machine, drawn by two or four oxen." Joyce in his "History of the Postoffice" makes this statement: "In that year (1784), and for some little time afterwards, coaches which carried the mails were called diligences or machines, and the coachmen were called machine drivers." Even as late as 1894 William Black in "Highland Cousins" makes a character say: "I would bring a machine and drive you up to the Drill Hall." And George Lawrence in "Sword and Gown" spoke of coach horses as "Steady old machiners, broken for years to don the harness." Mr. Bramble undoubtedly in his spleen referred to a fast coach.

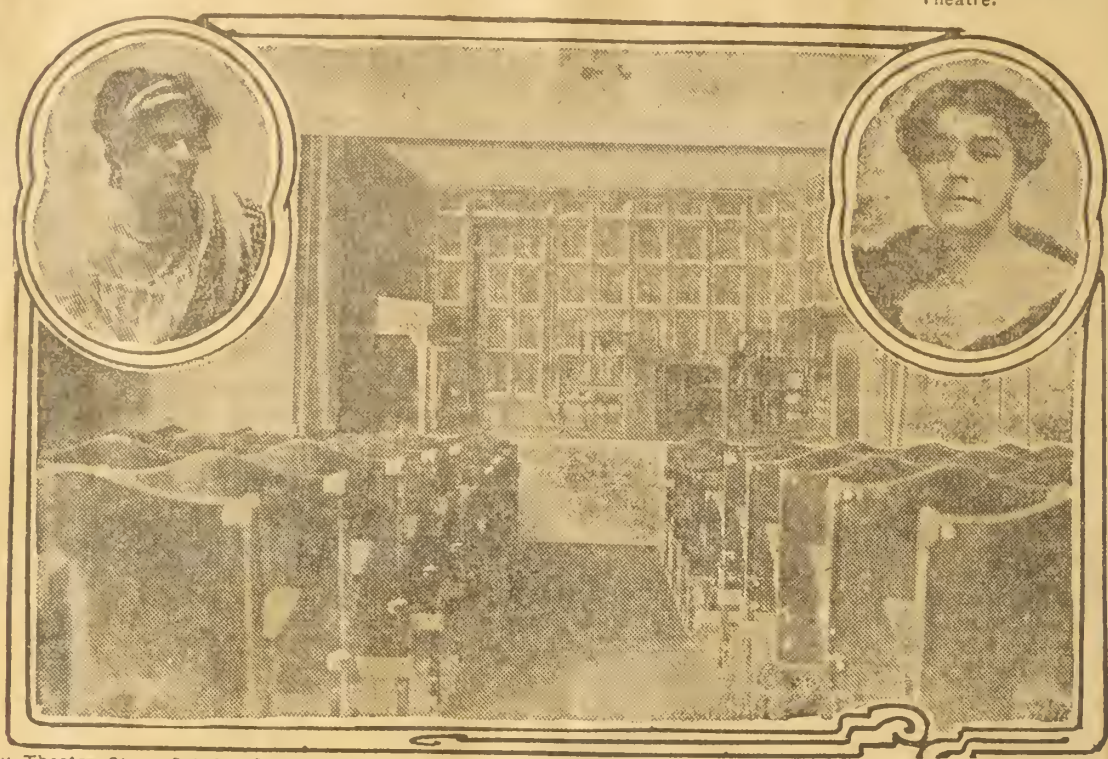
question? We have never heard the saw in common speech. Mark Twain having seen the street [illegible]

tion. Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles; too many contralto[illegible]

Three One-Act Plays Given at Formal Opening of the New Toy Theatre

Miss A. S. A. Brady as Cassandra

Mrs. Lyman W. Gale, Originator of Toy Theatre.



Toy Theatre Stage Set for Gen. Mitchener's Room at the War Office in George Barnard Shaw's "Press Cuttings."

Monday night's performance at the Toy Theatre having been a special one for students, and consequently something of a dress rehearsal with an audience, the productions were not officially "on view" until last night. Three one-act plays were given, and in the following order. "Two Out of Time," by Oliver Herford; "In His House," by George Middleton, and "Press Cuttings," by Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Middleton's attempt, of the new ethico-psychological variety, should be spoken of first, as it was the most pretentious of the evening. It was difficult at any given moment to guess under just which ethical thimble the psychological pea was supposed to lie. Such sentences as this: "He must have been here in his house," when "he" refers to one man, and "his" to quite another, do not assist a muddled audience to grasp an intricate plot.

Senator Volney's wife, Claire, is trying to dissuade him from making a crooked political deal. A third character, Judith, is introduced to tell the audience that Claire has loved another man who has just died. At this point it occurred to Mr. Middleton that Judith would be more interesting were she also to be the victim of an ethical-psychological tragedy, so it turns out that she loves Claire's husband. She and her love are entirely superfluous. After this "twenty minutes for emotion," Claire tells the senator that she has refrained from seeking a divorce in order not to ruin his career by scandal. He owes it to her, in return, to give up the rotten political move. He does, and to spite her goes so far as to resign from the Senate, telling her to go to the man she loves—whose death was so elaborately announced. Curtain.

Miss Eugenia Frothingham did very well indeed with Claire, considering that she had to create a sympathetic victim out of the scrappy dialog, that changed and veered whenever the author felt that it was time to make another point. Mr. Goodrich was at ease on the stage and entirely plausible until Senator Volney got up on his ear. Miss McKay did really better than the others because she had less of Mr. Middleton's playwrighting to contend with.

Bernard Shaw's "Press Cuttings," though the last on the bill deserved consideration next. It is a solid piece of excellent foolery that has been acted and applauded in London, in the summer of 1909, despite the censor's ban which fell on it because it lampoons prominent folk in officialdom. Here the abilities of the actors had a clear medium to work in, and while none of the parts call for anything more than character work every one caught to a nicety all the rowdy, satirical good spirits of the piece.

It is concerned with the conversion of Gen. Mitchener of the war office, from a "shoot them down" attitude toward the suffragettes to a complete espousal of their cause. This transformation is brought about by three women, by Mrs. Banger, a mannish anti-suffragette, who is "almost a baritone," another anti-suffragette, Lady Corinthia Fanshaw, who sings "high F in alt," and who would combine Cleopatra for allurement with Joan of Arc for modesty, and by the typical, Shavian, lower-class, good-sense shown by Mrs. Farrel, a charwoman.

Balsquith, prime minister, and a disorderly orderly, who sneers at soldiers with all a civilian's contempt for idle dressings-up and meek submission to vigorous dressings down, complete the short cast.

Miss Lee blustered magnificently as Mrs. Banger. The humor and dialect of Mrs. Farrel were handled to perfection by Miss Gale, while Miss Collens helped Mr. Shaw drive his witty scalpel so deep into Cleopatra-of-Arc Fanshaw as to be almost cruel. Mr. Glidden's cockney, uppish, disgusted orderly was drawn with a restraint and a precision which show innate gifts for comedy. His work and that of Miss Gale were impeccable. Mr. Eliot's Gen. Mitchener was appropriately stiff, ridiculous and hollow. Balsquith is of least importance, but Mr. Safford conveyed moral timidity combined with political cynicism very shrewdly and easily.

Somewhere between the professional finish of Mr. Shaw's farce (which, however, could well be cut without suffering any real loss) and Mr. Middleton's false starts, sudden ends and connections that are not there, lies Oliver Herford's "Two Out of Time." It started out to be as funny and as satirical as Shaw's piece, and immediately fell into a slough as sticky as Mr. Middleton's. A shepherd of the 15th century wakes in a glade that was a really beautiful example of the scenic artist's craft, realistic, harmonious and decorative. In walks a modern actress who is supposed to be pert. Miss Gray could do nothing at all with the nothing that fell to her. Mr. Brady did not read his lines badly, though with perhaps a little too much squatting on the rhymes and with his face too constantly turned straight at the audience.

The two interior sets of "Press-Cuttings" and "In His House" were solid in appearance and complete in all their details and excellent in color scheme. The attainments of Mr. Alley and Platt in this line are fit to stand alongside those of any professional accomplishments anywhere. For this at least the Toy Theatre will become famous.

Jan 4 1912

MME. BROZIA IN "LA BOHEME"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Mimi.....Zina Brozia
Musetta.....Fely Dereyne
Rodolfo.....Mr. Constantino
Marcello.....Mr. Polese
Colline.....Mr. Mardones
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcini
Alcindoro.....Mr. Tavecchia
Benoit.....Mr. Tavecchia
Un Doganiere.....Mr. Olshansky
Parpignol.....Mr. Cilla

Mme. Brozia took the part of Mimi for the first time last night and gave much pleasure to a large audience. When the part is more familiar to her, when she has fully entered into the skin of the grisette, as the French saying is, she may be still more effective. This first performance was highly creditable to her. Certainly no more charming Mimi to the eye has been seen in Boston, and Mme. Brozia's grisette is a far more interesting impersonation than her Marguerite of Thais. Acting these parts she did not leave the well worn grooves of routine. Taking the part of Mimi she thought for herself or was more intelligently coached.

For her impersonation is carefully conceived and distinguished in the performance itself by simplicity and plausible spontaneity. She dressed the part in the first two acts in a manner different from that to which we have been accustomed. She did not over dress it, and the brilliant color was a relief. Her Mimi was in turn ingenuous and girlish, then unaffectedly desperately in love, then pathetic without an attempt at incongruous heroics. Her voice is well suited to the part and never has she sang here so freely and effectively. Her tones when she does not force them, have a refreshingly pure quality. She should with-stand the temptation to go beyond her limitations. Her voice is not a large or powerful one, but it carries, and there is no need of her forcing tone till it spreads and has no forcing or seems pinched and wiry.

This tuneful opera, varied in sentiments and emotions, full of the reckless joy, the reckless love, and the misery of youth in Bohemia was well performed. It was a pleasure to see again the Musetta of Mme. Dereyne, who sang and acted with the vivacity that has distinguished her in this part. Mr. Constantino was in remarkably good voice. Those who do not know his Rodolfo have not seen and heard him at his best. Mr. Polese was a full-voiced Marcello. The Colline of Mr. Mardones and the Schaunard of Mr. Pulcini are familiar to the operagoers, and Mr. Tavecchia was amusing without exaggeration as Benoit and Alcindoro. The stage management, the action of the crowd, the scene in the street and the scene at the Barriere d'Enfer, with the effects of lighting and with interesting detail were all admirable. Mr. Goodrich conducted with spirit and taste.

The opera on Friday night will be "Pagliacci," with Mme. Melis and Messrs. Zenatello and Scotti as the chief singers. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct. The opera will be followed by Delibes's ballet, "Coppelia." Mmes. Galli, Paporello and Parker and Messrs. Bottazzini and Pulcini will take the leading parts. Mr. Goodrich will conduct the ballet.

The Herald has received a copy of The Old Farmer's Almanack for 1912; also a copy of Prof. George Lyman Kittredge's engrossing and instructive volume, "The Old Farmer and His Almanack"; from the publishers, William Ware & Co. As in past years, the Almanack for the year of our Lord 1912 contains besides the astronomical calculations and the Farmer's Calendar, a variety of new, useful and entertaining matter.

And what are the prognostications of weathers this month? Jan. 6-9: "Now

expect snow or rain in some places." Jan. 11-12: "Cold, biting winds from northwest." Jan. 18-19: "Weather moderates." Jan. 22-24: "Milder weather about this time." Jan. 26-27: "A sudden change to colder." Jan. 29-30: "Cloudy, perhaps snow flurries." Surely here is a variety of weather to suit the most captious, the most fastidious. And so long as we have the Old Farmer's Almanack, why should the government go to the expense of a weather bureau for Boston and the rest of New England?

Older Almanacs.

And this Almanack is w'thin the reach of the humblest. The first printed almanack (Nuremberg, 1475) was sold at 10 golden crowns a copy. The Daily Chronicle says that the first English printed almanac was the "Shepheards' Kalendar" translated from the French and printed by Richard Pynson in 1497; while the first popular almanac of the tell-the-future kind was the Pronostyacyon of Mayster John Thybault, medycyner and astronomer of the Emperyall Majestie of the yeare of our Lorde. MCCCCCXXXIJ."

"Besides prophesying 'warres, revoluclons and the death of kynges,' that early almanac told you the proper day to take physics. Monday was the day for ailments of the legs; Tuesday for affections of the head, &c. But what the unfortunate sufferer was to do who had a pain on the wrong day it does not state. You must take pains at the proper time."

There were almanacs known to Roger Bacon and Chaucer, but they were permanent tables of the apparent motions and position of sun, moon and planets whence the astronomical data for any year could be calculated. The origin of the word itself is uncertain. The word "Calendar," with reference to a table showing the division of a given year into its months and days, appeared in English literature as early as 13'0.

Stars In Their Courses.

obert B. Thomas kept "The Old F mer's Almanack" free from astrolo- g Prof. Kittredge commends him, s ng: "This was not so hard to do in 1793 as it would have been 75 years earlier, but it was, nevertheless, a sufficiently creditable feat." We regret to learn that the Harvard professor is an unbeliever, a gentle scoffer, denying the influence of the heavenly bodies on man, their warning and encouragement. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." We call the attention of Prof. Kittredge to "Unheard of Curiosities: Concerning the Talismanical Sculpture of the Persians; the Horoscope of the Patriarkes; and the Reading of the Stars," written in French by Jacques Gaffarell and Englished by Edmund Chilmead, master of arts and chaplain of Christ Church, Oxon; published at London in 1650; and especially to Part III., Chap. VII. "The Arguments against Astrology ill-grounded: and how, by the ways of Nature it is possible to give judgment of the Good or Evil Fortune of a Child." As is well known, Adam and Seth were the first that practised the science of astrology, although it is not determined "whether it were in them infused or acquired," and Abraham when he fled into Egypt taught it to the Egyptians. The opinion of Pliny that Atlas was the author of astrology lacks confirmation, nor is there sufficient evidence to state definitely that Belus was the inventor.

Zadkiel et Al.

Lacking astrological information, "The Old Farmer's Almanack" was inferior to those compiled by Partridge, cruelly ridiculed by Swift, Gadbury, Zadkiel, "Old" Moore, and Raphael.

"Old" Moore was born in 1657. He died at the age of 58. His first Almanack (1699) was an advertisement of a wonderful pill concocted by him. Not till 1701 did he make general predictions. He was a schoolmaster and a physician as well as an astrologer, a learned man and a worthy soul. Zadkiel's real name was Richard James Morrison. He was at first a naval officer. In his Almanack for 1861, published in the autumn of 1860, was this passage: "The position of Saturn in May will be evil for all persons born upon or near August 26. Among the sufferers I regret to see the worthy Prince Consort of these realms." Now the Prince Consort was born on Aug. 26, 1819. He died in 1861.

"Zadkiel" died in 1874. We prefer Napoleon's Dream Book to any astrological almanac of today

Advice to Farmers.

The Almanack for 1912 gives the annual advice to the farmer for each month whether he be the honest, the gentleman or the insurgent farmer. This year the advice for January is of a highly moral nature. "The man who does not make good resolutions on New Year's or some other time is peless. Many of these resolutions, is true, are broken; it is impossible fully realize ideals." (It seems January is a good month for splitting infinitives.) "But we can at least resolve in what direction we will move during the coming year. Most face the New Year with hope; you hope to be a better farmer this year. How much and how earnestly do you hope?"

How much more practical is the implied advice in these lines from John Clare's Shepherd's Calendar":

JANUARY.

Now, musing o'er the changing scene
Farmers behind the tavern screen
Collect; with elbow idly press'd
On hob, reclines the corner's guest,
Reading the news, to mark again
The bankruptcy lists, or price of grain.
Puffing the while his red-tipt pipe,
He dreams o'er troubles nearly ripe;
Yet, winter's leisure to regale,
Hopes better times, and sips his ale.

For farmers who unfortunately live in no-license districts, we commend the advice given by some unknown sage in 1832: "Carry litter of every kind to the compost heap. Destroy slugs and the eggs of insects. If the weather be favorable, sow peas, transplant cabbage, earth up rows of celery."

Jan 5 1912

Another part of "A New English Dictionary," or "The Oxford English Dictionary," has been published. The words are "See— Senatory." In the good old days of the novel published in serial form we used to fret, wondering what Count Fosco, or Griffith Gaunt, or Philip Firmin, or the amazing young hero of "Two on a Tower" would be doing the next month. There are some who in like manner look forward to the successive instalments of this dictionary. The part "See—Senatory" is disappointing. There are comparatively few queer words, none that are dazzling and bizarre. The words in this part would not add to the riches of a rhetorician's palette. A useful part, no doubt; for the verb "See" fills over 16 columns; but we miss sparkle and exotic flavor. The compounds of "self" crowd 16 pages, and "semi—" stares us in the face for about seven. Nor are we consoled by the disquisition on "Selah," "Semsem," or "Seecatch,"

New and Old Words.

Yet there are a few words that invite discussion. Thus the etymology of "seersucker" is here for the first time correctly given. The word is an East Indian corruption of the Persian "shir o shakker," which literally means "milk and sugar" and then in a transferred sense "a striped linen garment." It is now, remarks the editor of this part, Dr. Henry Bradley, chiefly applied to imitations made in the United States of the Indian linen or cotton fabrics.

Here are two obselete words that should not have gone out: "Seege," the rush of the waves upon the shore, as in Hawkin's voyages; "All these islands are perilous to land in, for the seege caused by the ocean sea"; and "seek," meaning a series of notes upon a horn calling out hands to begin a chase, as "to blow a seek." As the old poet Turbery sang:

Lo now he blowes his horne,
Even at the kennell dore,
Alas, alas, he blowes a seeke,
Alas yet blowes he more.

Bishop Mountagu did not disdain to bring the phrase into a plus disquisition: "There are * * * that loose themselves often and their Desires in their Devotion; and may very well goe blow the seeke for them."

Does the word "seel," a sudden heeling over of a vessel in a storm, survive among sailors?

And does "seerpaw," a complete suit presented as a dress of honor by the soverelgn or his representative, give any idea of gorgeousness or royal state?

Things and Names.

Let us add to the list of great and good men who have given a name to a pudding, hat, sauce, cigar. English cook books of 1845 speak of "a Sefton or veal custard," also "Rameklns a l'Ude, or Sefton Fancles." These dishes were invented apparently by one L. E. Ude, cook to the Earl of Sefton; but there is also a Sefton landau—explained by a quotation from the Duke of Beaufort's book on Driving (1889): "Those with curved lines are known as 'Sefton' landaus, from the present Earl of Sefton who had the first one built for his own use."

At last, at last. Here is a word that suggests great wealth or tyrannical power or something stately and superb in the manner of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Segador! And what did it mean? A reaper, a mower, a harvest-man. "Mary Ann, you go out and blow the dinner horn for the segadors!" Alas the word—it is of Spanish origin—is obsolete.

There is the segundo bridle or segundo, a bridle bit named after Juan Scgundô who wrote a book about horses' bits.

A "segara" is surely fuller, stronger, more expensive than a cigar.

We learn that Sedlitz water was first introduced into England by a Mr. Paul; but we are not told the name of the man that invented Seidlitz powders and perhaps accidentally mixed them in his insides.

A Note on Macaroni.

While we are considering words and things identified by them, can any Herald reader tell when the Italians first made macaroni? Florio mentioned the word with two "c's" in 1598. In "Cynthia's Revels" Ben Jonson puts into the mouth of Mercury a description of one who aped a traveller: "He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, Maccaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli and Caviare, because he loves 'em." This is the earliest mention of the dish in English literature, as far as the Oxford dictionary is concerned. (The quotation from "Cynthia's Revels" is in the third scene of the first act—not in the first scene, as stated in the dictionary.) But when did the Italians first prepare this paste? Does the word come from "Maccare," to bruise, crush?

Now for the Macaroni, the English dandy thus characterized about 1760.

W. T. P. asks how the name originated. "This use seems to be from the name of the Macaroni Club, a designation probably adopted to indicate the preference of the members for foreign cookery, macaroni being at that time little eaten in England. There appears to be no connection with the transferred use of the Italian 'maccheroni' in the senses 'blockhead, fool, mountebank' referred to in 1711 by Addison, Spect. No. 47."

Horace Walpole described the Maccaroni Club as composed of all the travelled young men who wore long curls and spying glasses. They sported two watches. In 1820 Charles Lamb spoke of "what were termed in my younger days, Maccaronies." The term was little used after 1775.

Jan 6 1912

SYMPHONY GIVES BRUCKNER AGAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Josef Hofmann was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E major No. 7.....Bruckner
Concerto No. 2, F minor for piano.....Chopin
Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"....Wagner

There have now been 10 performances of symphonies by Bruckner at these concerts. The seventh was the first to be played. Of the other nine we have heard the third, fourth, fifth, eighth and ninth. The seventh has been played thrice, and the ninth twice. But the performances have been scattered through the last 25 years and it can hardly be said that we are well acquainted with this composer, who was naive and at the same time shrewd, in his music as in his daily walk and conversation.

The public is more tolerant toward Bruckner's music than it was. It has seen that Messrs. Gericke, Muck and Fiedler in turn thought this music should be heard. Each one of the three if any one had said to him, "We don't like this music," might have answered in the words of Carl Bergmann to some one complaining of pieces by Wagner: "Then they must hear it, till they do like it." There was a time when the announcement of a symphony by Bruckner aroused angry protestation; some stayed at home; some went to confirm their suspicions; there was faint, scarcely courteous applause. Yesterday there was hearty applause after each movement, and at the end Mr. Fiedler was recalled. It is true that the seventh is probably the least annoying of these symphonies, though some would give the fourth the precedence; it is also true that the performance was impressive

If Bruckner's music were played here frequently, who knows whether there might not be a Bruckner cult? There is a Brahms cult; there is a Debussy cult, and the Debussyites, young and old, are at present in an agitated state; why should there not be devoted bands of Brucknerites, and Mahlerites, for Mahler as a symphonic writer is little known here. The Regerites in Boston at present are, like the conies, but a feeble folk.

The performance clearly revealed the strength and the weakness of this symphony, or rather of Bruckner's symphonic methods. He had noble thoughts and his manner of expression was often wonderful, overwhelming. He had little sense of proportion; he had not the knack of maintaining a continuous flow in the development; his habit of endless repetition became as tiresome as his trick of stopping his speech, to begin all over again. A most unequal composer, strangely gifted by nature, strangely unable to make the most of his endowment.

In this symphony there are passages that remind one of the great Beethoven, passages of supernatural grandeur and unearthly beauty. There is music which, like that of Cesar Franck, is of another world, music that is disembodied. In each movement these passages are as prominent as the peaks of a mountain range, but between these peaks there are disappointing valleys, without refreshing verdure, without imposing glacier or rocky gorge, valleys of straggling vegetation or dreary wastes.

There is nothing more arresting in music than the opening of this symphony, the exposition of the first theme; there is hardly anything more stupendous than the long coda. Then there is the superb Adagio, probably the most complete and best rounded of the composer's works. The Scherzo has demoniacal energy. There are noteworthy pages in the finale.

The echoes of "Parsifal" and "The Ring" need not disturb anyone. Bruckner adored Wagner and at times deliberately borrowed from him, quoted him. The reminiscences in this symphony are harmonic or recollections of moods rather than copies of melodic lines. There is so much that is noble and spiritual that petty weaknesses, childish delight in tawdry contrapuntal ornamentation, the reiteration of something inherently commonplace, may well be ignored at the time. They are soon forgotton; that which is great endures, an abiding joy.

Mr. Hofmann's performance of Chopin's concert was enchanting. There are some—aod they are among Chopin's admirers—who maintain that this concerto is only a pretty tinkling, tolerable in a small hall. They may be right theoretically in demanding a small auditorium, but now and then a pianist comes along, Mr. de Pachmann, or Mr. Hofmann, and proves that the concerto has sufficient vitality to be a thing of beauty even in huge Symphony Hall.

Mr. Hofmann did not inflate this delicate music for the sake of effect, nor did he condescendingly dwarf himself as a grown man sporting with a child. There was exquisite proportion, the purest taste, the lyric flight, brilliance that was not irrelevant or aggresive, the perfection of mechanism. Mr. Hofmann might easily have revealed to us the "heroic Chopin." As a virtuoso he might have done this. As an artist, as an interpreter of Chopin, he could not.

A spirited performance of Wagner's overture brought the close.

There will be no concerts next week.

The program of the concerts Jan. 19, 20 will be as follows: Strube's Symphony in B minor; Brahms's violin concerto (Mr. Witek), Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio."

SCOTTI APPEARS IN "PAGLIACCI"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda.....Mme. Melis
Canio.....Mr. Zenatello
Tonio.....Mr. Scotti
Silvio.....Mr. Barreau
Beppe.....Mr. Giaccone

Followed by Delibes's ballet "Coppelia." Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Swanilda.....Dolores Galli
Frantz.....Maria Paporello
Une Poupee.....Grace Parker
Coppelius.....Mr. Bottazzini
Le Bourgmestre.....Mr. Pulcini

With the exception of Mr. Scotti the singers in "Pagliacci" were the same as on the former ocasion at which this opera was sung this season. Mr. Scotti sang the role of Tonio admirably, and succeeded in imparting some real comedy to the role, especially in the theatre scene, where his portrayal of the clown was full of humor.

Mr. Zenatello gave a highly dramatic portrayal of Canio, expressing adequately in his tones and acting the pangs of jealousy which were dominant. His outburst of rage and sorrow at the end of the first act was powerfully given and richly earned him the applause that rewarded his efforts.

Mme Melis made her usual attractive picture, and was effective in the first act. Mr. Barreau, as Silvio, sang with much taste and his role was admirably carried.

Miss Galli made a charming and graceful Swanilda in the ballet, winning much applause. The general performance of the ballet was excellent, and the audience was generous in its appreciation of the work being done to make this feature, comparatively new to the city, attractive.

The day before the last snow fell a man came into our office and talked. His clothes had been brushed too often, and he was made up to resemble the portrait of Edgar Allan Poe by Oscar Halling. He spoke in soft, gentle tones, but at a high rate of speed. Introducing himself as a sociologist, and mentioning the name of Mr. Herkimer John-

On which occasion he said he had corresponded concerning certain points of war-room etiquette, he called our attention to the boys with sleds on the Common.

In the Sixties.

"Allow me to go on, sir. Do not think that I am about to tell the old story about the Boston boys and the British general; that would indeed be boresome. Looking at youngsters with their sleds, youngsters happy in coasting for a little ways, only a few feet, though some crossed Charles street near Boylston, I thought of my own boyhood. Not one of the sleds I saw this afternoon was handsomely painted; not one bore a name on the side or top. I was raised—I say raised, sir, not reared—in the western part of this state and in the sixties the word winter meant something. When Whittier's 'Snowbound' came out it found intelligent and sympathetic readers; and we knew the meaning of Emerson's line 'enclosed in a tumultuous privacy of storm.' Our sleds in those days were of various kinds. The best and the most coveted were known as 'spring runners.' A boy proudly showed how much these metal runners had been worn down, and it was thought that speed was thus increased. When the metal strips were screwed to the wooden side boards fast sliding was impossible. That sort of sled was to the 'spring runner' as a family carryall with horse ornamented with asparagus roughs was to a trotting horse in sulky. And then came the double-runners—the two sleds joined and with a long board for the passengers.

"In those days I was counted fortunate. Our house contained a set bathtub—used only on Saturday nights—and we dined at 6:30. There were one or two other families who for the same reasons were thought by their neighbors to be putting on airs. We boys had luxuriously appointed sleds. The tops were covered with stuffed and gaudy carpet cloth fastened by glistening tacks. The village painter chose his most brilliant colors for decoration. And the sleds were named, sir. 'Antleope' was a common name; 'Reindeer,' 'Meteor,' 'Comet' were also often seen. I remember that one boy, who had two sleds, received as a Christmas present a copy of the Rev. J. G. Wood's 'Boy's Own Book of Natural History,' and being impressed by what he read, he named the sleds 'Koodoo' and 'Wapiti.' The other boys resented this and said he was stuck up. When he appeared one afternoon with an eyeglass, bought at a store where jewelry, watches, toys, marbles and fireworks were on sale, they threw him down and rubbed his face with snow.

Down Round Hill.

"In those days I never heard the word 'coast.' We did not go 'coasting'; we went 'sliding.' Our mothers made us wear heavy flannel underwear, and I remember when buckskin chest protectors came into fashion. We wore a tightly buttoned jacket, and wound a tippet round the neck. We were proud of our fur caps, and the best caps had a little round ball of fur on the top, like a doughnut ball that stands on the circle of dough. We never thought of catching cold. Once in a while some one would die of 'inflammation of the lungs' and we would go to the burying ground and sing 'There's a light in the window for thee.' The next afternoon we slid down hill as gaily. And what sliding there was! There was the mad rush down long and steep Round Hill, then across Elm street, where we ran the risk of running into a woodsled or a sleigh, and down the second hill by Damon's mill pond. Our only ambition was to have the fastest sled. We found out that the most richly upholstered and gaudily painted one seldom led in the race. Mike Morrissey, the son of the bricklayer, with a battered old trap would win by several feet.

"I remember a boy who used to stand on his sled going down the hill by the school house so that the girls coming to the morning session could see how brave he was, how greatly daring. They served him right by talking among themselves and not looking up. He was not so statuesque as he thought he was, but he afterward became a clerk in a dry goods store and was a popular usher at entertainments in the town hall. 'Twas a simple life, sir, in those days, the New England life praised by de Tocqueville. As I have said, we never used the word 'coast,' and we slid 'belly gut.' Only the weaklings sat sidesaddle and steered with an outstretched leg. I think there was a discussion in the New York Sun some years ago over the terms 'belly bumbo, belly buster, belly plumper, belly flounder, belly slump, belly whack, belly flop,' but we did not know these variants. Our parents objected to the term and forbade the speaking of it at table; but that was the way we slid, in the road or on the crust. Is the sliding as good as it used to be? Are the sleds as fast? Are any sleds named now after fleet animals or celestial phenomena? There was a fine description of sliding in a boy's book written long ago—one of the best boy's books I ever read—by some one who signed himself 'Vieux Moustache.' He used to write for the Riverside Magazine."

And then this singular and reminiscent being left as abruptly as he entered, singular also in this: he did not ask for a "slight accommodation," which he "would repay next Wednesday at 11:30, surely by noon."

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"TOSCA" AT THE OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the Boston Opera company. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca . . . . . Emmy Destinn
Un Pastore . . . . . Florence DeCourcy
Mario Cavaradossi . . . . . Mr. Zenatello
Barone Scarpia . . . . . Mr. Gilly
Cesare Angelotti . . . . . Mr. Sill
Il Sagrestano . . . . . M. Tavecchia
Spoletta . . . . . Mr. Giacone
Sciarrone . . . . . Mr. Puicini
Un Carceriere . . . . . M. Olshansky

The performance of Puccini's melodrama yesterday afternoon was one of great merit, one of the finest performances of "Tosca" in this city since the opera was produced at the Boston Theatre April 4, 1901, with Mme. Ternina and Messrs. Cremonini and Scotti.

Three singers appeared yesterday for the first time in Boston in their respective parts. Miss Destinn was heard in New York for the first time as Floria Tosca about a fortnight ago. Many of us remember the Cavaradossi of Mr. De Marchi, who created the part at Rome and was heard at the Boston Theatre in March, 1902, when Mme. Ternina and Mr. Scotti again appeared in this raw-head-and-bloody-bones melodrama. He was, indeed, excellent, but Mr. Zenatello fully equalled him, and in the lyric passages of the third act sang with deeper emotion. Mr. Gilly, who probably has not often impersonated Scarpia, gave a striking representation of the libertine chief of police, which was distinguished by its callousness, its cynicism.

I doubt whether the music given to Floria Tosca had ever been sung so well in Boston as it was sung by Miss Destinn. Mme. Ternina's performance was remarkable for its tragic spirit. She raised the melodrama to a higher plane. Her Floria was the sister of Norma, Fidelio, Aida, Bruennhilde. No one since has played in the second act with such breadth and intensity, or along such noble lines. But her voice had not the natural beauty of Miss Destinn's, nor was she so accomplished a singer.

The vocal performance of Miss Destinn calls for enthusiastic praise. In the lighter moments of the first act, in the dialogue of the higher form of comedy that includes sentiment, in the melodramatic scenes with Scarpia, and in the rapture of the final act, Miss Destinn sang with the utmost freedom, with ravishing tonal purity and with an unerring appreciation of the dramatic requirements. Few singers on the operatic stage or in the concert hall have her attack, brilliant or emotional, of phrase or passionate declamation. There were many instances of her ability in this. Thus her delivery of the first measures of "Vissi d'arte" will long haunt the memory. Few dramatic singers have her command of vocal nuances.

Her acting of the part was interesting rather than vividly spectacular or thrilling. Her Floria is not a singer of race as was Mme. Ternina's. She was a woman in a dozen, not in a thousand. Miss Destinn is too much of an artist to portray a soubrette Floria, a coquette with one eye on Mario and the other on the boxes. In the first act she rather underplayed the part, but the moment her suspicions were confirmed by the sight of the fan, she infused more character. In the second act she was effective through facial play and by the employment of the voice. There were no great and irresistible moments. On the other hand, there was nothing that was common or boresomely conventional; there was no extravagance of gesture, there were no writhings and contortions which some Toscas fondly think to be the full expression of anguish and despair.

Mr. Zenatello's Cavaradossi is worthy to stand by his Othello and Canio. He sang with uncommon beauty of tone and with the necessary strength—the true strength that gives the impression of reserve force; more than that he sang with a dramatically emotional intelligence rarely found among tenors. Seldom does any Italian singer so shape the music to the situation and the text. One of the features, for instance, of this brilliant performance was the manner in which he sang the scene with the Sacristan; the every-day nature of the dialogue, and the light conversational tone, were as marked as the fact that he sang his air by the picture to himself rather than to an audience not in the church. His impersonation was finely conceived. For once this Cavaradossi was something more than Sardou's puppet; he was manly, human, enthusiastic in love and patriotism but not generally effusive. Witness his first scene with Floria, and the scene in which the prisoner makes himself known.

I have already spoken of Mr. Gilly's Scarpia, a strong characterization, not modelled after that of Mr. Scotti or that of Mr. Renaud, but with true individuality in conception and the treatment. Mr. Gilly's voice was in better condition than when he last sang here, and he was as effective vocally as dramatically.

The minor parts were well taken and Mr. Moranzoni conducted in a poetic spirit and with firm control.

'BUTTERFLY IN THE EVENING

Smooth Performance with Stage Settings of Great Beauty.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly," opera by Puccini in three acts. The cast: K. L.

Butterfly . . . . . Carmen Melis
Suzuki . . . . . Jeska Swartz
Kate Pinkerton . . . . . Florence de Courcy
Pinkerton . . . . . Giuseppe Gaudenzi
Sharpless . . . . . Ramon Blanchart
Goro . . . . . Ernesto Giaccone
The Bonze . . . . . A. Sill
Conductor . . . . . Roberto Moranzoni.

It is a pleasure to hear operas in which the baritone has a showing, even though, as in the case of "Madam Butterfly," his part is not a heroic one. Romantically speaking, the role of Sharpless is a thankless task, but it requires qualities that many a gifted singer lacks. Mr. Blanchart has these qualities—dignity distinction and experience—and his performance gave character to the role itself, and added immeasurably to the smoothness of the ensemble.

A year ago last evening Mr. Blanchart sang the part of the old one in Converse's opera, "The Pipe of Desire," so that last evening's performance was in the nature of an anniversary. He has sung the part of Sharpless before, and showed himself last evening, as always, the well-trained actor, the experienced singer, the interpreter who characterizes without exaggerating each role.

Mme. Melis and Mr. Gaudenzi sang the music at the end of the first act with fine volume of tone and emotioned effect; but here and elsewhere Mme. Melis, by her mannerisms, made the impersonation seem trivial. The general performance was a smooth one, and the stage settings were of great beauty, although the fireflies in the garden scene had a tendency to distract attention from the intensity of the music and action. There was a good-sized audience, and there were many curtain calls.

MISS NINA FLETCHER HEARD AT RECITAL

K. W.

A Young Violinist with Tone, Temperament and Technic.

Miss Nina Fletcher, violinist, assisted by Alfred De Voto, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Handel, sonata D major; Lalo, symphonie Espagnole; Dubois, Adagio; Eron Berceuse; Galraud, Caprice.

An audience, fair in size, was warmly appreciative of Miss Fletcher's admirable performance, and it was necessary for her to add to the program.

Not only does her playing show the possession of a sure and polished technic, but she has at her command a great variety of tone, now pure and crystalline in effect, now full and impressive. Yesterday afternoon Miss Fletcher played with marked virility, musicianly phrasing, unfailing beauty of tone, and a reassuring self-possession. There was also imaginative and emotional interpretation. Although upon occasions where fleetness is required, as in the Symphonie, her execution is brilliant and at times there is a suggestion of bravura, the violinist at present excels chiefly in the playing of sustained legato passages or movements of a slow nature, when the depth and breadth of her tone and its richness of color are of surpassing beauty. The program, arranged so that this quality might be largely in evidence, was in consequence somewhat lacking in variety.

Jan 7 1912

The musical event of the week and one of the chief events of this season, will be the production of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" at the Boston Opera House next Wednesday night, when Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck, the wife of the philosopher, dramatist and poet, will make her first appearance in the United States. Mr. Vanni Marcoux, who has won in Europe an enviable reputation as actor and singer, will then also make his first appearance in this country. He will take the part of Golaud.

"Pelleas et Melisande," the Play

Maurice Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande" was published in 1892. When it was played for the first time in Paris—at the Bouffes Parisiens, May 17, 1893—there was no incidental music. Gabriel Faure's music was written for the performance in English given by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in London June 21, 1898. This music was played here in Boston at the performance given by Mrs. Patrick Campbell and her company at the Boston Theatre April 12, 1902, when the cast was as follows: Arkel, Daniel McCarthy; Golaud, G. S. Titheradge; Melisande, Mrs. Patrick Campbell; Queen Genevieve, Mrs. Theodore Wright; Pelleas, Herbert Waring; Yniold, Alethea Burroughs; the Doctor, Gilbert Trent; an old servant, George Arliss. The English translation was by J. W. Mackall.

The performance at the Bouffes Parisients in 1893 was the only one of the year. As a critic wrote at the time, "We have seen this afternoon strange things, so strange that they will never be seen again." The attitude of the professional critics was hardly unfriendly, for the play served as a whetstone on which to sharpen their wits. They admitted that the play was beautiful and tragic in the reading. It might be "delicious," they said, if it were performed at the Chat Noir by marionettes, but on the stage of a real theatre and acted by men and women, it seemed to many of the critics rather puerile. It should be remembered that they had been antagonized by the shouting of Octave Mirbeau, who had proclaimed the Belgian superior to Shakespeare. At the Bouffes Parisiens the cast was as follows: Pelleas, Miss Marie Aubry; Malisande, Miss Meuris; Arkel, Emile Raymond; Golaud, Lugne-Poe; Genevieve, Miss Camee; Yniold, Miss Loyer.

First Performances of the Opera

But we are now now concerned with the opera rather than the play for which music has been written by Gabriel Faure, William Wallace (who, following the example of Faure, made a suite), and Sibelius. Arnold Schoenberg of Vienna has composed a symphonic poem, and Garnet Wolseley Cox an overture.

The opera with music by Claude Debussy was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, April 30, 1902. The cast was as follows: Golaud, Dufranne; Pelleas, Perier; Arkel, Vieuille; Un medecin, Vignie; Le petit Yniold, Le petit Blondin; Melisande, Mary Garden; Genevieve, Miss Gerville-Reache. Andre Messager conducted.

The first performance in the United States was at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, Feb. 19, 1908; Golaud, Dufranne; Pelleas, Perier; Arkel, Arimondi; Un medecin, Crabbe; Le petit Yniold, Miss Sigrist; Melisande, Mary Garden; Genevieve, Miss Gerville-Reache. Conductor, Cleofonte Campanini. First performance in Boston, April 1, 1909, at the Boston Theatre: Golaud, Dufranne; Pelleas, Dalmores; Arkel, Vieuille; Un medecin, Crabbe; Le petit Yniold, Miss Trentini; Melisande, Mary Garden; Genevieve, Miss Gerville-Reache. Conductor, C. Campanini. The opera was performed again with the same cast, April 7, 1909. It was performed again by the Manhattan Opera House Company in the Boston Theatre, April 1, 1910; Golaud, Dufranne; Pelleas, Devries; Arkel, Huberdeau; Un medecin, Crabbe; Le petit Yniold, Miss Trentini; Melisande, Mary Garden; Genevieve, Mme. Gerville-Reache. Conductor, de la Fuente.

It will thus be seen that Miss Garden, Mme. Gerville-Reache, Dufranne and Vieuille, who created parts at the Opera Comique, have appeared in Boston in the opera; and that M. Perier, the creator of Pelleas, was seen in New York.

Miss Mary Garden's Recollections

Shortly before the first performance in New York Miss Mary Garden gave an account of the production at the Opera Comique. Her story was published in the New York Times of Feb. 10, 1908.

"It took four years to establish 'Pelleas' in the repertoire at the Opera Comique," she said. "At first it was anything but a success and it could be only given once in two weeks. 'Aphrodite' was a success from the start, and I played it 50 times without stopping, three and four times a week. That never could have been done with 'Pelleas.' It was revolutionary and needed cultivating. The American public, which, I am told, is fond of Maeterlinck, may appreciate its subtlety at once, but they didn't in Paris.

"At the first performances people used to whistle and cry out in the theatre. One night three young men in the first row of the orchestra whistled all through a scene. I don't believe the young men will ever forget the way I looked at them. But after each scene every night it was the same; the applause drowned the hisses. The balconies and the galleries were the first to catch the spirit of the piece, and gradually it grew in public favor and became a success."

Let us consider the number of performances in these four years. 1902, 23 performances; 1903, seven; 1904, four; 1905, six; 1906, nine; 1907, nine; 1908, eight; 1909, 10. There were performances in 1910-11.

Miss Garden also said:

"Maeterlinck, by the way, has never seen the opera. He wished his wife, Georgette LeBlanc, to create the role. But Debussy and Carre, director of the Opera Comique, had chosen me, and Maeterlinck did not have his way. He wrote an open letter to the Paris papers, in which he said he hoped the piece would be a failure. Since then he

(Photograph by J. Williams.)
Jean Riddez as Pelleas.

(Photograph by J. Williams.)
Mme. Maeterlinck as Melisande.

(Photograph by J. Williams.)
Edward Lankow as Arkel.

has made it a condition of the production of his works as operas that his wife shall appear in the leading roles.

"She created the leading part in Dukas's 'Ariane et Barbe-Bleue,' at the Comique last spring. Fevrier has written music for 'Monna Vanna,' which is to be sung at the Opera, and Maeterlinck, of course, insists that his wife shall sing this. Whether she does or not will depend on Messager, the present director of the opera." (The part was created by Lucienne Breval.)

"Mme. LeBlanc is charming. She came to see me many times as Melisande, and we are the best of friends."

"Pelleas et Melisande" finally became the fashion at the Opera Comique; so much so that Jean Lorrain was inspired to write a bitter article entitled "Pelleastres," which was reviewed in The Boston Herald at the time of publication.

Apropos of the Boston Production

It is not necessary to revive the story about Maeterlinck's dissatisfaction with the production at the Opera Comique or to inquire into the causes.

It is enough to say that both he and the composer are deeply interested in the production at the Boston Opera House. It is true that Debussy wrote in Miss Garden's score of the opera: "In the future others may sing Melisande, but you alone will remain the woman and the artist I had hardly dared hope for." He wrote this in a burst of enthusiasm, honesty, for from poverty and a parochial reputation he became prosperous and famous throughout the musical world. No doubt afterward Debussy was enchanted by the Melisande of Miss Maggie Teyte, and we know that he would gladly see the performance next Wednesday. Witness this letter written to Mr. Russell:

80 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne,
Sunday, Oct. 22, 1911.

A Letter from M. Debussy

Dear Mr. Russell: I will certainly have to renounce coming to Boston. Rest assured that I make this decision with great regret and owing to family reasons of a sufficently serious nature that I cannot ignore them.

Nevertheless, from what you have told me regarding the manner in which you intend to produce "Pelleas and Melisande" and from what I have myself seen of the scenery, these are temptations difficult to resist, so certain is it that our realization will be unique.

At the time of the performance of "St. Sebastien" I saw my friend Andre Caplet at work, and it is a pretty rare thing in the life of a composer when he is able to sit through the work of such rehearsals, generally so accursed, without any sort of fear; besides, you know his gifts as a musical director, his marvellous grasp of this art at once so complex and delicate, and then he loves "Pelleas" so deeply!

Does is not seem to you that these are sufficient and ample guarantles? To conclude, it is certainly not yourself who will suffer the keenest deprivation by my absence, and it is with much pleasure that I now assure you of my sincere gratitude and my affectionate remembrance. CLAUDE DEBUSSY.

Friday, Nov. 17, 1911.

Dear Mr. Russell: I have never had the courage yet to send you this letter. * * * This seems a little foolish, but I always hoped for the intervention of some chance or rather ehimerical power. But it is impossible, and I beg you to excuse me and to accept my very sincere regrets. CLAUDE DEBUSSY.

Maeterlinck's Letter to Mr. Russell

Miss Garden said to the reporter of the New York Times:

"The settings are Scandinavian in the middle ages. Everything is dark and sombre. Mrs. Campbell, when she acted the play, put it in the Renaissance period, when everything was bright and gay. I find that all wrong. Absolute latitude is allowed the stage manager in this respect. No period is mentioned in the book. The stage manager at Brussels followed Mrs. Campbell's example. When I sang there I felt as if I were singing a different opera.

"The staging is very difficult. There are five acts, each of which is divided into scenes, and these scenes must be changed swiftly and silently. The curtain must rise at a certain note each time to give the psychological effevt intended by the composer, who has followed Maeterlinck with exquisite subtlety."

But Maeterlinck has always insisted that the stage settings at the Opera Comique were wholly wrong; that the scenes should not be Scandinavian, but old Norman. He has laid stress on this in advising concerning the production in Boston. The following letter shows his interest and care:

Claridge's Hotel, Sept. 3, 1911.

Mr. Henry Russell—Dear Sir: Once again let me assure you how deeply touched I am by the marvellous care with which you so fraternally surround "Pelleas and Melisande." For instance, the designs you showed me this afternoon are pure and delicious chefs-d'oeuvre. How different from the scenery—ingenious perhaps, but totally erroneous—of the Opera Comique! But now, thanks to you and your collaborators, we have attained my most ardent dreams. For the first time since the performance of "St. Wandrille," a living and tangible atmosphere has been created in which every word is bathed in the meaning of the drama. Certain conceptions are truly admirable—the background, for example, with the silhouettes of the personages appearing vaguely in infinite space; the gloomy, massive tower which seems to unite in its shade and in its strength all the force of destiny; and many other things. * * * But I must stop; I would have to cite everything. * * *

As to the interpretation, it will be unique. One might say that until Boston's performance "Pelleas" had never existed. You are revealing it. Never yet have my desires been carried out to such an extent. The scrupulousness with which Mr. Caplet catches the most subtle and the most fugitive shades of my thought in the music has moved me more than I can express. If only you were both here so that my boundless gratitude could embrace you both simultaneously!

With my deepest thanks and most cordial gratitude. Yours sincerely,
MAETERLINCK.

Notes About Mme. Maeterlinck

Knowing the character of the rulers at the Boston Opera House, the extraordinary attention paid to the scenery and the mise en scene, we may well be prepared for a singularly beautiful and impressive production.

There is naturally great curiosity to see and hear Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck. She was regarded in France and Belgium as a woman of extraordinary individuality even before she became distinguished as the one woman with whom Maeterlinck wished to share his life.

(Photograph by J. Williams.)
Andre Caplet, Conductor.

She is the daughter of a ship-owner of Rouen. Discontented, she went to Paris to make her way, and there she studied for a time with Bax. Carvalho made her acquaintance, and engaged her to create the part of Francoise in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" at the Opera Comique (Nov. 23, 1893). She then displayed an unregulated intensity that frightened the conservative manager, and the singer went to the Monnaie, Brussels, in 1895, where she made a sensation in "La Navarraise," "Thais," "Carmen." She afterward sang at Bordeaux, Nice, and in 1898 at Paris she gave song recitals of a singular nature. These recitals she called auditions lyriques mimes. She varied her attitudes to suit each song; she sang in a high and antique chair, or she walked to and fro; and she was so astonishing in her methods that Gustave Robert warned young singers against imitation of her, lest the result should be laughable disaster to the composer as well as the singer. Thus in her peculiar fashion she sang songs by Schubert and Schumann and music set by Gabriel Fabre to poems by Maeterlinck. Mr. J. d'Offel wrote a description of her singing Schubert's "Sei mir Gegruesst," which the translator into French turned into a wildly erotic thing. "Miss Leblanc, not to be left behind, throws her arms about in sculptural attitudes, and turns the whole thing into a cry of exasperated, fainting flesh" (Le Guide Musical, Jan. 9, 1908).

Her Carmen was singularly vivid, and it is to be hoped that she will be persuaded to play it in Boston before she returns. Some years ago Mr. Fierens Gaevaert described her as the gypsy in the boozing-ken of Lillas Pastai, and I then translated his description of her for The Herald. It is worth reading again, for it shows the spell exerted by this remarkable woman:

"Mlle. Leblanc is clothed in a long robe of plaited tulle, ornamented with spangles. Her body, finely proportioned, is revealed by this indiscreet drapery, her nobly modelled shoulders and arms are bare. Her hair is confined by three circles of gold, arranged in Grecian fashion. Alma, gypsy, daughter of the East, princess of the harem, Byzantine empress, or Moorish dancer? All this is suggested by this fantastic and seductive costume. But a more ideal image pursues us. The singer is constantly urged by feminine visions of our ultra-modern poets. She finds absolute beauty in the exquisite body of a woman animated by a Florentine robe. And it is through this imaginary figure that she composes her other incarnations; and in a tavern where gypsy women meet soldiers, she evokes the apparition of a woman of Mantagna or Botticelli, degraded, vile, who gives the idea of a shameless creature that has not lost entirely the gracefulness or her original rank. She is never weary of cheapening her original model. She is sensual, impudent, voluptuous, gross; but in her white diction, in her blithe walk, you divine her desire of invoking something else. * * * Carmen is, according to Mlle. Leblanc, a hybrid, monstrous creature. You look upon her with eager curiosity and with infinite sadness * * * Mlle. Leblanc makes light of her voice * * * Nevertheless, she is one of the most emotional impersonators of our deriod. Her limited abilities, hidden by a thousand details in accentuation, remind one of the weak and ornate poetry of artistic degeneration. * * * Thanks to her, Antioch and Alexandria, corrupt and adorable cities, live again for an hour."

It was for her that Maeterlinck wrote his "Monna Vanna," produced at the Nouveau Theatre Paris, May 17, 1902, and his "Joyzelle," produced at the Gymnase, Paris, May 20, 1903. ("Monna Vanna" was produced at the Boston Theatre April 23, 1906, with Bertha Kalich as Giovanna.) It was undoubtedly for her that he translated "Macbeth" into French, and it is probable that he had her in mind when he wrote certain pages of the introduction to his masterly translation. Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck took the part of Lady Macbeth when the tragdey was performed at his home in the abbey of St. Wandrille.

Story of the Opera

The Herald has been asked to publish the plot of "Pelleas et Melisande." We should advise those asking to read the play itself. The story is a very simple one.

The gray-bearded Golaud, brother of young Pelleas and grandson of old Arkel, king of Allemonde, was awandering in the forest, hunting a boar. He came upon a young girl weeping by a spring; she was beautiful and mysterious. She would not tell her age, she would not name her country. Her clothing was that of a princess, but it was torn; her crown had fallen into the water. Golaud questioned her, and she wept afresh. He took her to the dismal castle, where he lived with old Arkel and with his mother, Genevieve, and with his little son, Yniold, for Golaud had been married and his wife was dead. Six months went by and Golaud wedded Melisande. Pelleas came to the castle, and soon he and Melisande loved each other, at first with a timid love; but, as Pelleas determined to go away, the lovers met for the last time in the park at night. Golaud had long had his suspicions. He had warned Pelleas by showing him the depths that smelled of death in the castle vaults; he had employed the little Yniold as an unconscious spy. Finding his brother and Melisande alone in the park so late at night, he killed him and wounded her. The wound was a slight one; "a bird would not die of it," the physician said; but Melisande could not live; "she was born without cause—to die; and she dies without cause." Melisande in her sick room gave birth to a little girl; but Golaud had but one thought: Were Pelleas and Melisande guilty toward him? He questioned the dying woman, but, though she assured him of her innocence, his soul was not quieted. Such is the motive of this play in which weak and shadowy mortals in some unknown land are represented as oppressed by that

question. We have never heard the ... saw in common speech. Mark Twain ...

... Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles ...

Boston Theatre April 12, 1902, when the

written long ago—one of the best boy's books I ever read by some one who

which the prisoner makes himself

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da[illegible] and [illegible]t powers. No wonder that, to q[illegible] from Alfred Bruneau, "the idea of [illegible]ty, of death, on which all the pieces of Maeterlinck are based, the atmos[illegible] of sorrowful legend which envelops them as in a great veil of crape, that which is distant and enigmatical in [illegible], their vague personages, poor kings, poor people, poor inhabitants of [illegible] lands whom fate leads by the hand in the mist of the irreparable, the resigned, naive, gentle, or solemn conversation of these passive unfortunates—all this suited in a most exact manner the temperament of Claude Debussy."

The Final Pathetic Scene

And here is a necessarily pale translation of the indescribably moving final scene. Melisande, suffering from the wound inflicted by Goland in his furious jealousy, has been delivered of a child "a little, puny girl that a beggar would not care to bring into the world * * * a little waxen thing that came much too soon." She is in bed, about to die.

Melisande—Is it you, grandfather?

Arkel—Yes, my child. What do you wish me to do?

Melisande—Is it true that winter is here?

Arkel—Why do you ask?

Melisande—Because it is cold, and there are no more leaves.

Arkel—Are you cold? Do you wish the windows shut?

Melisande—No, no, not until the sun has sunk into the sea. It sets slowly; so winter has begun?

Arkel—Yes. You do not like winter?

Melisande—Oh, no. I am afraid of the cold. I dread the bitter cold.

Arkel—Do you feel better?

Melisande—Yes; yes; I no longer have all those anxieties.

Arkel—Do you wish to see your child?

Melisande—What child?

Arkel—Your child. You are a mother. You have put into the world a little girl.

Melisande—Where is she?

Arkel—Here.

Melisande—It is strange—I cannot raise my arms to take her.

Arkel—That's because you are still very weak. I'll hold it myself; look.

Melisande—She does not laugh. She is little. She, too, will weep. I am sorry for her.

(The room is gradually filled with the servants of the castle, who take their places silently along the walls and wait.)

Golaud (suddenly rising)—What's this? What are all these women going to do here?

The Physician—They are the servants.

Arkel—Who called them?

The Physician—Not I.

Golaud—Why did you come here? Nobody summoned you. What are you going to do here? What does all this mean? Answer me!

(The servants do not answer.)

Arkel—Do not speak so loud. She is going to sleep; she has shut her eyes.

Golaud—It is not—?

The Physician—No, no; see, she breathes.

Arkel—Her eyes are full of tears. Now it is her soul that weeps. Why does she stretch out her arms? What does she want?

The Physician—Toward her child, no doubt. It's the struggle of the mother against—

Golaud—Now? At this moment? It must be said, say it! Say it!

The Physician—Perhaps.

Golaud—At once? Oh, oh! I must speak to her. Melisande! Melisande! Leave me alone! leave me alone with her!

Arkel—No, no; do not approach her. Do not disturb her. Do not speak to her again. You do not know what the soul is.

Golaud—It's not my fault. It's not my fault!

Arkel—Listen, listen. We must now speak in low tones. She must no longer be disturbed. The human sould likes to fo away silent. The human sould suffers so timidly. But the sadness, Golaud—but the sadness of all that one sees! Oh! oh! oh!

(At this moment all the servants fall suddenly on their knees at the back of the room.)

Arkel (turning)—What is it?

The Physician (nearing the bed and examining the body)—They are right.

(A long silence.)

Arkel—I saw nothing. Are you sure?

The Physician—Yes, yes.

Arkel—I heard nothing. So quickly, so quickly. All at once. She goes away without a word.

Golaud (sobbing)—Oh! oh! oh!

Arkel—Do not remain here, Golaud. She wishes silence now. Come, come. It is terrible, but it is not your fault. It was a little being, so peaceful, so timid, and so silent. It was a poor little mysterious being, like all of us. She is there, as though she were the big sister of her baby. Come, come. My God! My God! I shall not understand anything about it. Let us not stay here. Come; the child should not remain here in this room. She must live now in her place. It is the turn of the poor little one.

(They go out in silence).

Cain and Abel

"The Brothers Lambertier," by Charles Hell (a woman novelist) and Augusta Villeroy, was brought out the middle of December at the Odeon, Paris. A sculptor has modelled a Cain, "who was more sinned against than sinning." (Perhaps he had in mind Baudelaire's poem, "Abel et Cain.") The statue has made the sculptor famous. His friend Pierre, a foundryman, has invented a new method of casting in bronze, and he will test it by casting this Cain. But Pierre Lambertier has a brother George, who married the girl Pierre loved. George is a bad lot. He squandered his capital, is too intimate with the sculptor's wife and forges Pierre's name to a check at the moment when the molten bronze is to be poured. The office of the foundry opens at the back so that the furnace is seen burning below. The brothers have an angry scene. George declares he always hated his brother. He has the money from the check in his pocket. "Give it to me," shouts Pierre; "it is not mine; it belongs to my stockholders." The two struggle and George falls into the molten bronze. "Pierre is Cain, but the bad lot is Abel." The brothers were played by Cretillat and Bonvallet.

What Larks, Pip!

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph gave an account of Mme. Rejane in a revue at her own theatre. The article was published Dec. 18.

"Mme. Rejane imitated herself most successfully. She complained that actresses who take her off do it badly. They drawl 'Je t'aime' through their noses. 'Now I never do that. I say "Je t'aime" quite naturally,' and Rejane outRejaned the nasal drawl deliciously. She next turned up as a terrible hackbiting scandal-mongering concierge, with her head tied up in a handkerchief on account of the toothache. She proved to be the society reporter on an up-to-date paper called Garbage. She was joined by a gentleman's gentleman, who was a fashionable news collector for another new organ called Personal Bits. They explained that the editorial policy of both journals was to blacken the reputation of distinguished persons, and that the more distinguished the person the more the scandal was appreciated. The best 'beat,' for instance, was to be able to drag in the mud the name of a woman who had received the Nobel prize for her scientific discoveries.

"Mr. George Grossmith, Jr., introduced lighter fun when he came on as Edison, [illegible] himself ever since he invented the gramophone, and afterward danced with English telephone girls till we thought he must disjoint himself. M. Henri Bataille, poorly mimicked, paved the way for a new version of the grim and lurid play of passion, 'L'Enfant de l'Amour,' treated, happily, as an opera-buffa on Offenbach music. Mr. George Grossmith reappeared as a Mr. Mantalini for gentlemen's tailoring, and dislocated himself a little more. Finally, Mme. Rejane was a royal lady with the transparent title of Princess of Porcelain, who yearned to live her life, and did live it, in a scene also transparently entitled 'The Memoirs of the Princess.' 'Tyrant monster,' she cried to her husband, the reigning prince, whose knees shook whenever she spoke to him. 'Ah, if only some one would love me!' she cried, and at last went off with a marmiton. Mme. Rejane is excellent at violent burlesque."

Concerts of the Week in Boston

Wilhelm Bachaus, the pianist, who will make his first appearance here on Monday, spells his name on the European continent and in England Backhaus. He was born at Leipsic March 26, 1884. From 1891 to 1899 he took private lessons of Alois Reckendorf and also at the Leipsic Conservatory. In 1899 he studied with Eugen d'Albert at Frankfort, and in 1900 became known as a virtuoso. In 1905 he taught the piano at the Royal College of Music at Manchester, Eng., and was awarded that year the Rubinstein prize. Since then he has been engaged in concert work, although in the summers of 1907 and '08 he conducted a "masterschool" for piano playing at the Sondershaeusen Conservatory.

The Kneisel quartet will play on Tuesday evening a new quartet by David Stanley Smith, assistant teacher of music at Yale University. Music for orchestra and chamber by Mr. Smith has already been performed in Boston. The Kneisels will also play a quartet by Kopyloff, who was born on July 14, 1854. He has written a symphony, at least two string quartets and many salon pieces for the piano, among them pieces on the theme B-la-f. His publisher was Belaieff.

The Flonzaleys on Thursday night will introduce a sonata or two (two violins and 'cello) by W. Friedemann Bach, the one of Bach's sons that was thought to have the most talent. He led a stormy life and there is a German novel founded on his adventures.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, who will give a recital Friday afternoon—there will be no Symphony concert that afternoon—was born in Leipsic Nov. 11, 1883. At the age of 16 she began to take singing lessons of Marie Hedmont, with whom she remained four years. When she first appeared in public Arthur Nikisch was her accompanist, and he has been warmly interested in her ever since. In cities of France, Germany and England she has aroused enthusiasm by her voice and art. Mr. Nikisch, writing to her London manager before her departure to the United States, did not hesitate to call her "the world's greatest Lieder singer."

Mr. Bauer will give a second recital on Saturday afternoon. His program is unusual and interesting.

Mme. Szumowska will give the first of three lecture-recitals, which are described elsewhere in this issue.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.—Grand operatic concert by members and orchestra of the Boston Opera Company. See special notice.

MONDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Wilhelm Bachaus. His first appearance here. Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 53; Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini; Chopin, Waltz, op. 42, A flat, Berceuse, Waltz, op. 64, No. 2, C sharp minor, Nocturne in C minor, Preludes in C minor, E flat and A flat, Ballade in A flat; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, Liebestraum No. 3, Campanella. See leading article.

TUESDAY.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Miss Amy Grant, dramatic reader of New York, will give a reading of "Pelleas et Melisande." The music will be played on a piano by Miss A. M. Connell.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Third concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Kopyloff, quartet in E minor, op. 19; D. S. Smith, quartet (MS., first performance); Beethoven, quartet in E flat, op. 74.

THURSDAY.

Steinert Hall, 3 P M.—First of Mme. Szumowska's lesson recitals, Bach, prelude and fugue, B flat major, No. 21; Daquin, Le Coucou; Rameau, La Poule; Mozart, Romanze, A flat major; Fantasie in D minor; Scarlatti, Postorale, Capriccio. See special article.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Second concert of Flonzaley Quartet. Beethoven, quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5, W. F. Bach, Sonata E tre (two violins aad 'cello); Dvorak, quartet in A flat major, op. 105.

FRIDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—Recital by Elene Gerhardt, soprano. Her first appearance here. Franz, Das Meer hat seinen Perlen; Schubert, Die Forelle, An die Musik, Wohin; Romanze aus "Rosamuade," Erlkoenig; Brahms, Au die Nachtigall, Vergebliches Staendchen, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Schwalbe sag' mir an, Saphische Ode, Der Schmied; R. Strauss, Morgen, Wiegenlied; H. Wolf, Nimmersatte Liebe, Auf eine Wanderung, Storchenbotschaft, Der Freund. Miss Paula Hegner, accompanist. See leading article.

SATURDAY.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—Harold Bauer's second piano recital. Brahms, Waltzes op. 39; Mozart, Sonata in F major; Cesar Franck, prelude, aria aad finale; Schumann, Kindersceneu and Tocatta; Chopin, Scherzo in C sharp minor.

CITY CONCERTS

The music department of the city of Boston will givo these concerts this week:

TUESDAY, 8 P. M., Girls' Latin School. Orchestra concert, William Howard, conductor.

Mendelssohn, overture "Fingal's Cave"; Tschaikowsky, Andante from string quartet op. 11; Wagner, Fantasie on "The Flying Dutchman"; Gounod, Funeral March of a Marionctto; Chopin, Military Polonaise. Miss Alice M. Hagerty, soprano, will sing Micaela's air from "Carmen" and Parker's "A Gypsy Maiden, I." William Howard will play Hauser's Hungarian Rhapsody for violin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M., Brighton high school. Orchestral concert.

Mozart, overture to "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail"; Gillet, Gavotte for strings; Mascagni, selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Leoncavallo, Intermezzo from "Pagliacci"; Sudessi, Marcietta, Widor, Breton Danco from "La Korrigane." Miss Alice Macaulay Colleton, soprano, will sing Meyerbeer's "Robert, to qu' j' aime" and Chaminade's "Rosamonde." Carl W. Dodge will play 'cello pieces by Saint-Saens and Popper. Mr. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY, 8 P. M., Charlestown high school. Chamber concert by Miss Mary H. Sheedy, pianist; William H. Ward, violinist; Carl W. Dodge, 'cellist, assisted by Miss Mary F. MacGoldrick, soprano. Allegro con brio from Beethoven's trio in B flat op. 11. Songs, Goodbye, The Swallows, Jerushy. Piano, Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu. Trio: Blockx, Serenade de Milenka; Arbos, Bolero, Strauss, Waltz-Scherzo; songs, Over the Summer Sea, Appear at Thy Window, the Lost Chord; violin pieces, Schubert-Elman, Wiegenlied, Nachez, Hugarian Airs; trio, Bargiel, Allegro Energico from op. 6.

FRIDAY, 8 P. M., Dorchester high school. Orchestral concert.

Mozart, overture to "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail"; Lanyi-Erno, "Ungarn's Trauer" for strings; Humperdwick, selection from "Haensel and Gretel"; Leoncavallo, Intermezzo from "Pagliacci"; Gounod, Funeral March of a Marionette; Widor, Breton Dance from "La Korrigane." Dean Winslow Hanscom, tenor, will sing an air from "Lackme" and Alvarez's "La Partida." William Howard will play Hauser's Hungarian Rhapsody for violin. Mr. Elson will lecture.

Jan 8 1912

The Herald has received several letters relating to subjects of contemporaneous human interest, to use the phrase which Augustin Daly applied to his dramas. Other letters of an antiquarian nature have also been received. These will be published in due time.

A Needed Test.

As the World Wags:

I am led by recent unpleasant experience to suggest that there be included among the entrance examinations of our universities one that shall determine the precise capacity for alcoholic beverages of each applicant. It would not be, as a matter of course, a mere written examination, but a laboratory test, from which total abstainers would be necessarily exempt. The matter to be established would be holding powers of the candidate and his bearing under varying loads considered in relation to his social functions. Only such as are able to show conclusively that they can comport themselves with dignity, propriety and well sustained intelligence under stress of alcohol should be permitted to visit the theatres of any city that may be near-by; those whose courtesy turns out to be soluble in this fluid, hailed at the time of its discovery as the Alkahest, or universal solvent, whose judgment becomes unseated by its action, or whose muscular co-ordination is unpicturesquely disturbed thereby, should be forced to conceal these disconcerting results in the privacy of the college precincts, and not to demonstrate them in competition with theatrical entertainments.

Under the conditions ensuing upon such a practice it might follow that the wearisome habit of encoring interminably unimportant songs, dances and other incidents of such entertainments might be abated. Extreme youth under the double spell of sex and alcohol tends to become merely automatic in this matter. A strictly honest and entirely sober patron of the drama cannot, consistently with perfect self-respect, consent to hear the entire performance given twice over for a single admission fee, even if his patience and fortitude are adequate to this ordeal. Should it appeal to him unduly, his obvious course is to come again the following evening and receive his entertainment with dignity and honor. This course will undoubtedly appeal to the theatre managers.

GAYLORD QUEX.

Brookline, Jan. 5.

Before Dinner.

As the World Wags:

I notice at the club which I chiefly frequent "a l'heure de l'absinthe" that while the heedless herd drink cocktails —Bronx, Lone Tree, H. P. W. Maloja, at times the meretricious Martini or the merciless Manhattan—certain sages on the other hand confine themselves to good, sound ale.

Is this preference merely a matter of taste about which there can be no disputing, or is it based on hygienic principles? Is not ale a satisfier rather than an appetizer? Would a Frenchman ever be persuaded to describe a mug of ale, pint, half pint, quarter pint, as an "aperitif"?

Since we are on this subject do you regard bits of sausage eaten before dinner with ale or any "aperitif" as an appetizer? And should maple syrup be used on it as freely before dinner as during the meal?

Further, I note that certain sorry fellows drink tea at the time we have been discussing. Can the practice be defended? I am aware that it has the approbation, the "imprimature," as it were, of the Great British Public; but is it a habit to be condoned in a free-born American?

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

Boston, Jan. 6.

Gloss and Comment.

The French word "aperitif" means both aperient and appetizer. The English "aperitive" means only "aperient," as in seltzer aperient. Our correspondent evidently refers to "the cocktail hour" which, we have been told, is an elastic term for a certain time spent at a club, say, from 4:45 or 5 P. M. to 7 or 7:30 P. M. Men on their way home stop at a club as at a life-saving station, and, weary from walking, saddened by the day's work, or wishing to face harassing domesticity with a bold front, take a whet, a stimulant, an appetizer. They often also take a bit of herring, a handful of sardines, a sandwich, "hot dog," or a plate of scallops, minced chicken, or even tripe, or squares of corned beef. They do not eat for the sake of appetite so much as the Swedes and Russians eat, but 'twill serve. If they do not eat anything, but drink two or three cocktails or highballs they arrive home with a false bonhomie and an abnormal, wolfish appetite.

We are also informed that the drinker of a modest pewter of ale does not go home to a swollen and pompous dinner, but to a sort of supper, a dish of fish, or scrambled eggs, cold ham, oysters on toast. The ale is as soup to this meal; it is as a first course. But with ale no food should be taken synchronously and at this hour.

Tea is to be commended, provided it be consumed without sugar, cream, or any "condiment." We cannot condemn too strongly the practice of eating buttered toast and jam with the tea. Tea is too fine a thing, too spiritual—it should always be served in the thinnest, most delicate china—to be thus sensualized. And the less food with any drink, the better. Food clogs conversation.

Opera Concert

[illegible] Irma Se[illegible] [illegible]nist, and Edith Barnes, So[illegible]no, Are Heard by Good-Sized Audience.

An audience of good size was not pre[illegible]ented by the severe weather from enjoying the Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House last night.

Miss Irma Seydel, the gifted young violinist, played Spohr's concerto No. 8 with the orchestra and excited lively

admiration by the advanced stage of her technic, her sympathetic tone and the musical qualities of her interpretation. She was liberally applauded and played "Traumere" as an encore.

The appreciation usual at these concerts prevailed for all numoers offered. Mr Lankow, after an air from Halevy's "The Jewess," received a double encore, as did Mr Mardones after an excerpt from Verdi's "Simon Boccanegra." Here the singer's finely authoritive delivery of the final arpeggio descending through two full octaves, brought demands for two more favors. Mr Mardones has rarely acquitted himself as well as in these songs. He sang with the interpretative finesse of an artist.

Miss Scotney afforded pleasure by her performance of Bishop's highly ornamented air, "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," with a flute obbligato by Charles K. North. For an encore Miss Scotney added Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest," and revealed with what good taste and intelligence she can sing other than florid music and coloratura. Mr Strony's piano accompaniments were exemplary and grateful both to the soloists and audience.

The opera excerpt consisted of the prologue and act one of "Pagliacci," with Messrs Gaudenzi, Polese and Barreau as the chief men singers, and for the Nedda, Miss Edith Barnes, a young soprano who on the occasion was heard for the first time at the Boston Opera House.

Miss Barnes was born in St Louis, Mo. She is now a student at the opera school of the New England Conservatory. She has previously studied with Victor Maurel and with Jean de Reszke. She sang at the Boston Theatre as a member of Arthur Hammerstein's "The Maestro's Masterpiece" company.

Miss Barnes has a pure voice of good quality, not large, but well produced and easily able to be heard in a theatre and against an orchestra. She displayed intelligence, evidences of able preparation and the traits of style of a young woman with an aptitude for dramatic singing. The chorus took its share as usual in these performances and Mr Moranzoni conducted.

Mr Goodrich opened the program with the overture to "Mignon," and conducted for Miss Seydel.

"Faust" will be performed tonight with Miss Brozia and with Mr Zenatello, who will take the name part for the first time in this city.

Mar 9 1912

BACKAUS PLAYS IN JORDAN HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Wilhelm Backaus played the piano yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata op 53; Brahms, variations on a theme by Paganini; Chopin, waltz op 42, A flat major; Berceuse, waltz op. 64 No. 2, C sharp, Nocturne in C minor, Preludes in minor, E flat, and A flat; Ballade in flat major; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, Gebestrueum, No 3, Campanella.

Mr. Backaus, for so he or his manager refers to spell his name in this country, is a pianist who has evidently studied diligently and thereby acquired technical proficiency. His touch is agreeable though not especially distinguished by sensuousness in romantic passages; his runs are clear, even, and fleet; he has a command of chords and octaves; he has strength enough, and he is not inclined to abuse it. He might be described as a sound pianist who has mastered the routine business of his calling.

His concert began at 3 P. M., and by the time he had played the pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and the waltz in A-flat major it was 4:15. There were long waits, changes of the pianist's chair and a readjustment of the piano. I state these melancholy facts to clear Mr. Backaus from the charge of having consumed all this time in his performance. From his interpretation of the pieces named, it is not unfair to conclude that he is neither imaginative nor emotional. Everything was carefully prepared, so carefully that in every repetition of a phrase or a section there was not the slightest deviation in expression. The hearer sat and cheerfully admitted that Mr. Backaus played the notes correctly, with an understanding of why they were there, and why the composer had arranged them in a certain order; he was equally willing to admit that there was clearness, that there was exterior brilliance; but the hearer sat unmoved, as though he were witnessing the operation of an ingenious and highly polished machine, that was sure of its work, that could be depended upon unless the motive power should suddenly be withdrawn.

There was an audience of fair size which was generously applausive.

They have been having opera at Portland, Or. They have had the pleasure of seeing M. Massenet's ingenious "Thais," no vulgar or sensual representation, but a highly moral show. This we know from reading a masterly review of the performance published in the Morning Oregonian. "Alvina has a true, intellectual conception of the part of Thais, the Alexandrian courtesan, and is sensuous, serpentine and feline, but always proper."

Gastrosophs et Al.

Books concerning eating and drinking have been published recently in London. There is Mr. C. Louis Leipoldt's "Common Sense Dietetics." We regret to find Mr. Leipoldt preferring the word "gastrosoph" to gourmet, or epicure, as expressing "the supreme expert of the table." It is true that the word has been in the English language for nearly a century, and that gastrophile, gastrophilanthropist, gastrophilite are also in the dictionary. The Westminster Gazette once made this discrimination: "There are many gourmets, but the number of gastrosophers is exceedingly small." Mr. Leipoldt classes gourmant and gourmet together; but a gourmet was always a connoisseur in the delicacies of the table. As Macquin put it: "The gourmet (sic) unites theory with practice, and may be denominated gastronomer. The gourmet is merely theoretical, cares little about practising, and deserves the higher appellation of gastrologer." Or, as some writer in Fraser's observed: "From the discriminating gourmetise of the young nobleman to the expansive gourmandise of the voracious grisette, all are more or less gastrological." Gourmand at first meant only a glutton. Later it became synonymous with gourmet. Anything is better than gastrosoph, which puts one in mind of sea animals that are only a sac and tentacles.

Stimulant or Cathartic?

Then there is "Good Cheer" by W. Frederick Hackwood. The chapter "Curiosities of Diet" ranges from "Ostrich Flesh Compulsory" to "Cats in Jelly." May Little's "Dinner Calendar" contains 365 dinner bills of fare, and no two are alike. Dr. W. T. Fernie has much to say about "Meals Medicinal" in his "Health to Date."

We doubt, however, whether any one of these writers explains the origin of "aperitif" as associated with the "Cocktail hour" or what the English call "Sherry and Bitters time," the whet before dinner.

The correspondent whose letter was published in this column last Saturday alluded to the French term "he ure de l'absinthe," but did not discuss "aperitif." Inasmuch as the French generally take absinthe as a stimulant before dinner, they use the phrase "l'heure verte." But Littre in his great dictionary does not give the definition "an afternoon short drink" to "aperitif." Some years ago an Englishman offered an explanation and we made a note of it at the time. "A very unusual 'aperitif' is 'Fernet Branca.' This contains no alcohol whatever, but is a pick-me-up made of medicinal rhubarb. Rhubarb in large doses is a carthartic; in homoeopathic doses it is what the Italians call a 'stomatico.' It will make Little Mary much more willing than she otherwise was to accept food. Sir Oliver Lodge had an article on the misapplication of the rule-of-three. He might have quoted the fallacy of supposing that because a small dose of rhubarb would make a man eat a good dinner, 10 times as much rhubarb would make him eat 10 times as much."

A Baleful Star.

This same unknown writer spoke a word in defence of absinthe. "If a man needed bracing-up—say, when he was going to be hanged—he would find absinthe a great solace." Home made wormwood bitters are sold in English country inns, and it has been said that French absinthe drinkers suffer from alcoholism rather than from wormwood. This opinion will be scouted by many, who will quote Lamentations (chap. iii.): "He hath made me drunken with wormwood," and refer to the passage in the Revelation of St. John the Divine, "and the name of the star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood, and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter"; hence the thrilling romance by Miss Marie Corelli.

But is the consumption of absinthe in this country so great as to warrant the present official denunciation? We know that in France and French Switzerland there have been crusades against the sale; that in 1906 as the Neuchatel distilleries were hard hit by a prohibitory measure passed in the Canton Vaud, absinthe bonbons were put on the market, and four of them broken into a glass made a drink for a grown man; but the absinthe sold in these Swiss drunkeries at two cents a glass was wretched stuff made from chemicals and raw alcohol.

The Green Muse.

For some years absinthe in this country was drank chiefly in New Orleans and absinthe frappes were made in the old-fashioned way that took 15 minutes at least in the making. Water was added drop by drop to the absinthe and ice, while there was constant stirring. When we have tarried in bar-rooms of Boston—in quest of sociological information—we have heard men ask for a dash of absinthe in a cocktail, and in clubs some tired soul will call for a drip absinthe, and take it as a medicine. To many the taste resembling paragoric revives unpleasant memories of boyhood.

Wormwood, cultivated in Wisconsin, yielded the oil for absinthe, and the growers at first shipped nearly all the product to Europe, but afterward found a market for it in this country and at a high price. Absinthe made its way into England certainly as early as 1854 for Thackeray in that year represented Barnes Newcome as ordering absinthe and water at his club, and the scene must have been at a still earlier date.

There is no dispute concerning the absinthe curse in France. The slang term for it, "correspondance pour Charenton" shows that the drink leads to the madhouse. The "Muse Verte" has been the ruin of many a fine brain, from Alfred de Musset's to Paul Verlaine's. The actress Judith in her Memoirs describe de Musset as drinking absinthe mixed with beer and then reading his "Caprice" to her, eloquently, but with gnashing of teeth and the fitful breathing of a neuropath.

"COUNTRY BOY" AT THE PARK

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Country Boy," a comedy in four acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced by Henry B. Harris.

Hiram Belknap.....Alfred Moore
Hezekiah Jenks.....George H. Wender
Sarah.....Marion Stephenson
Mrs. Wilson.....Ida Glenn
Jane Belknap.....Helen Hilton
Tom Wilson.....H. Dudley Hawley
Fred Merkle.....George A. Wright
Lucy.....Marion Stephenson
Miss Dunstan.....Carolyn Elberts
Mr. Phelps.....Walter Allen
Mrs. Phelps.....Kate Donnelly
Mrs. Bannan.....Mrs. Chas. G. Craig
Herman Leitz.....Jack J. Horwitz
Joe Weinstein.....Joseph Kaufman
Amy Leroy.....Ethel Clayton
Jimmy Michaelson....J. Hartman Roeder

It is easy to see why this comedy had a long run in New York. It is easy to prophesy that it will please audiences for a long time at the Park. For the story is a simple one that interests and appeals to the average theatregoer; there are many amusing lines, and the scenes in the boarding house are exceedingly funny. Boarding houses are always funny to those who are not obliged to live in them.

A village boy, Tom Wilson, is introduced in the first act. He is his mother's pet, and he has an absurd idea of his abilities. He is not willing to take a job at a small salary; he doesn't know what he would like to do; he talks of his future in a vague but grandiloquent way. The daughter of the leading man of the village loves him, but tells him frankly that he has no decided character. She, as the others interested in him, advise him to go to New York to show what he can do.

He goes to the city, where he lives in a boarding house, drawn from one in West Fifty-first street, where the dramatist, Margaret Mayo (Mrs. Selwyn), Eleanor Robson, Eugene Walter and others were once together. He becomes infatuated with the empty headed show girl, Amy Leroy, who cares for him in her shallow fashion, but at last accepts the offer of a furnished flat from one of her admirers. Tom loses his position and cannot find work. The village magnate and his daughter call at the boarding house. They have heard of his life and they see Amy, whose appearance and conversation confirm their suspicions.

Tom, penniless, about to be turned out of the boarding house and hearing that the country girl is to be married, thinks of suicide. He is persuaded by a fellow boarder, Merkle, a soured newspaper man, to fight it out. "A man isn't a failure till he admits it himself." Merkle declaims this line and the audience of last night roared its approbation.

Another boarder rushes in. He has won a lot of money at roulette, and with this sum the three go to the village, where they start a newspaper and lead moral lives. The country boy, begging his partners not to expose the magnate in a suspicious land deal, embraces his old sweetheart and the curtain falls. The lucky man at roulette goes back to New York. It is to be hoped that the good fortune of his partners does not depart with him.

The first act is an exposition of the boy's character, not by what is said about him, but by what he says and the way he carries himself. He is not a complex character, and we all are prepared for his adventures in New York. The other characters in this act are all old friends, conventional, so conventional that we can anticipate their speeches. The second act, with the scene of dinner at the boarding house, is very funny, and it might alone insure the success of the play. The third act, a parlor in the same house, is much too long.

Everything is overstated, and the talk with the would-be suicide becomes tedious when it should be dramatic. A well devised curtain scene restores the audience to good humor. The last act is wholly inconsequential. The play is practically ended at the close of the third.

It is not necessary, however, to analyze this comedy closely, or to point out the fact that the chief characters, when they are not humorous, speak after the manner of the men and women in the novels of T. S. Arthur and E. P. Roe. Thus the village maiden in a little talk with her sweetheart says that his character should be tested in a crucible, which naturally disconcerts him. Nor is it necessary to speak of the high sounding platitudes that come glibly from the mouth of the magnate, and even from that of the newspaper man.

The humor in the piece is the main thing, and this is furnished in large measure. There is also character drawing of a realistic kind: the landlady, the embryo prima donna, the star boarder, the ticket speculator, the newspaper man, the chorus girl. They are drawn from life. Amused by them we can afford to forget the sentiment, which is cheap but of the kind that makes its way in the playhouse and in "the best sellers."

The people in the boarding house were well played, especially the landlady by Mrs. Craig, the newspaper man by Mr. Wright, and the ticket speculator by Mr. Kaufman. Mr. Hawley was not always convincing as the boy. The part is not an easy one to play, and it is easy to underact it or overact it. Mr. Wright gave a carefully composed impersonation of Merkle and was dryly effective. Miss Clayton was a showy show girl, with all the airs and graces, the affected drawl and the eye for the main chance.

Many will find pleasure, remembering how they, too, came to the city, resolved to "conquer Boston," as any hero going to Paris from the country in one of Zola's novels. They will remember how they, too, were deceived for a time, lost their illusions, but through adversity and folly finally made their way. Perhaps the more fortunate were those who, like Tom, went back to the village, but few had a friend who was so lucky at roulette.

RADCLIFFE GIRL'S PLAY AT B. F. KEITH'S

"That Case of the Joneses" Scores Success with Audience.

"That Case of the Joneses," of which Miss Florence J. Lewis, a Radcliffe girl, is the author, had its first public presentation at B. F. Keith's yesterday and both afternoon and evening Miss Ann Crewe, who is appearing in the stellar role, and the very excellent company with which she is surrounded for her latest effort, were enthusiastically received. In the audience at both performances were many young women of Radcliffe College, while in the evening President LeBaron R. Briggs, Dean Mary Coes of Radcliffe and Col. B. H. Benton were members of a box party. This afternoon Miss Crewe and Miss Lewis will be entertained by Mrs. B. H. Benton at a tea at the Algonquin Club.

"That Case of the Joneses" is the story of a lawyer's wife who studies law and is admitted to the bar, entirely unknown to her husband, that she may be a help to him in his profession. The husband quite naturally objects, declares he is perfectly able to attend to the professional end without his wife's assistance, and asserts that Mrs. Jones shall no longer follow law. But Mrs. Jones insists, and declares her decision is entirely within her rights, and Jones threatens to leave the house.

Then comes a telephone call, and Mrs. Jones has her first case, the defendant being a suffragette friend who has read in the papers of Mrs. Jones's admission to the bar. It so happens that Mr. Jones is the attorney for the other side, but the case never comes to trial. Miss Crewe has the part of Mrs. Jones, with Walter Andrus playing the role of the husband-lawyer. Agnes Hernden as Mrs. Dolly Keane, suffragette and defendant in the case, made things hum while she was upon the stage. It is a clever sketch, well acted and its success seems assured.

William Rock and Maude Fulton, who danced their way into popular favor years ago, headline this week's bill, it being their first appearance in Boston for three years. Since then their act in which dancing is, of course, the principal thing, has been greatly augmented. In addition to Rock and Fulton it numbers a chorus of 10 and has its own Hungarian orchestra. Clarice Vance, singer of southern songs, was given the same popular reception that is ever hers when she comes to Boston. Miss Vance has a new repertoire this time, but she sings them as of yore and makes the same big hit.

Corcoran and Dixon, notwithstanding they were handicapped by not even being included upon the printed bill, scored heavily. They are black face comedians, having effective voices. The dancing of Corcoran was a revelation, being as clever as it was novel. They were called back time after time. Frank W. Stafford and company provide something new in a sylvan comedy, "A Hunter's Game." Mr. Stafford is an adept at singing after the fashion of birds and is also ace high as a ventrilo-

...est and he works both of these accomplishments into his sketch. But by no means the least feature of the act is furnished by Mr. Stafford's two setter dogs. When the curtain goes up the two dogs are "pointed" on the stage, not a person is in sight, and they remain perfectly rigid for fully two minutes, even the applause failing to cause them to move a muscle.

Fred Warren and Matt Keefe, as "the comedian and the yodler," furnished last night's audience with a lot of fun, while Reed brothers and Lazarus contributed some daring work upon the Roman rings. Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris appeared in songs and dances, being far better in the latter than the former and the three Navarros, just from the continent, did some great work as equilibrists.

"EVERYMAN'S DAUGHTER" AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Companion Play of "The Rosary" Successfully Given.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Everyman's Daughter," by Edward E. Rose. The cast:

Wesley Trask.....Bernard Craney
Newton Holcomb.....Fred Pittam
Billy Bean.....Jack Lewis
Nemo.....Tony Padula
Bethel Martin.....Jessie Arnold
Hazel Willis.....Alma Russell
Ninette Dufrene.....Lulu Bishop
Harriet Holcomb.....Louise Kelly
Badger.....Leo Dumont

"Everyman's Daughter," the companion play of "The Rosary," which made a hit in Boston last season, was presented at the Grand Opera House last evening before a large audience. The play was a strong one. It told with great vividness and skill of the underhand dealings of a political "gang" in connection with the "white slave" traffic. It showed the obstacles that beset the pathway of a young girl who tried to turn over a new leaf.

A young minister single-handed tried to check the evil trade, but was mysteriously put out of the way, and his wife carried on the work. Miss Jessie Arnold, as Bethel Martin, the minister's wife, played her part with a vigor and enthusiasm that caused repeated curtain calls, and at the end of the second act she made a modest little speech. The sound advice that she gives marks the play as one of great instructive value. Miss Arnold is ably supported by the entire cast. Jack Lewis, Alma Russell and Lulu Bishop played exceptionally well.

MAY IRWIN AT THE PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—May Irwin and the first performance in Boston of "She Knows Better Now," a farce by Agnes L. Crimmins. The cast:

Mrs. Nicholas Tompkins.....May Irwin
Nicholas Tompkins.....Arthur Byron
Heinrich Von Hohenspitze...Hubert Wilke
Hedwig Muller.....Muriel Hope Dunbar
Watkins.....Henry Duggan
Jane.....Hugh Jeffrey
Chesterton.....Nina Lindsey
Mrs. T. Gordon Sturtevant...Lionel Glenister
T. Gordon Sturtevant.....Mary K. Taylor
.....Thomas F. Fallon

The bill announces that this farce is satirical. It is a satire on farces, but not on anything else.

This piece has one bit of quite ingenious and laughable invention at the very beginning. A butler of Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, and his sweetheart, the housemaid, quarrel over the silliness of a certain phrase.

The special guests of the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant, arrive, and struck by the butler's gloomy air, question him. Then the second pair discuss the silly phrase, and soon fall to quarreling themselves. A few minutes later the host and hostess learn about the others and lo, in a moment they too are at full tilt over the same silly point. The act ends with Mrs. Tompkins on her way to take a steamer for Europe. The episode is ended. It was a small one and did not go very far.

The next two acts are taken up with what happens when Mrs. Tompkins returns from Europe laden with smuggled goods. The piece at once degenerates into farce of the poorest kind, the sort that travesties the satire, the tangled intrigue and the bright characterizations which can make a splendid achievement out of a good farce.

As to the lines of "She Knows Better Now," one can only quote Kipling in regard to them: "In the days of old Rameses, That joke, it had pareses, Are you on, Are you on, Are you on." The audience was evidently not on, for it laughed considerably more than three times. The foibles of humanity, that were only clumsily lunged at, not hit, were all the old traditional disagreements of husband and wife. The only one left out was the mother-in-law joke. Somehow one missed its completing touch.

The success of the evening was, of course, Miss Irwin, and she ran on the momentum that years of pleasing the public have given her. She sang several songs in the second act, of which the only one that was good was a shade or two off color, while the coon song was distinctly too slight for her to do anything with it. Her support was ordinary, except in the case of Miss Hope, of most attractive appearance, who did good work with a sentimental German manicure.

Her short scene of injected tragedy, when she unmasks the lover who has deserted her to pose as a baron, was capitally done, and in a serious vein which was totally out of touch with the lath-and-plaster unreality of the rest. Otherwise there was no acting to be done, and nobody did it.

The one set which was used throughout the play was very excellent indeed. One expected better things to happen in it.

"FAUST" AT THE BOSTON OPERA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Strony conducted.

Faust.....Giovanni Zenatello
Mephistopheles.....Leon Rothier
Valentin.....Ramon Blanchart
Wagner.....Bernard Olshansky
Marguerite.....Zina Brozia
Siebel.....Madeleine D'Olige
Martha.....Elvira Leveroni

A note in the program last evening informed the audience that owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Barreau, Mr. Blanchart would sing the part of Valentin.

The interesting and vocally charming Marguerite of Mme. Brozia has so recently been reviewed at length in The Herald that it calls for no extended comment. The singer was in the vein last evening, noticeably more at ease in the part than upon her first appearance, and the attractiveness of her singing was enhanced by her avoidance of forcing tone, a habit which is at times inclined to mar the natural beauty of her voice, in itself resonant and emotionally colored. The Mephistophiles of Mr. Rothier is also familiar to frequenters of the Boston Opera House. Mr. Blanchart as Valentin is at his best, his picturesque costume, soldierly bearing and manly voice being equally effective.

The feature of the performance, however, was the poetic impersonation of Faust by Mr. Zenatello. He has represented with successively strong characterizations the savage fury of the Moor, the frenzied despair of the strolling player, the tragic passion of Don Jose, and the amorous and patriotic figure of the Roman painter and his versatility is still further to be praised since besides these franker expressions of emotion he has shown himself to be an admirable interpreter of Gounod's romantic "Faust." It is true that Mr. Zenatello's voice may have been heard to better advantage but he sang last evening with an aesthetic restraint, an appreciation of the melodic line, a delicacy of phrasing and a sensitiveness for nuances seldom found in an Italian singer. A picturesque figure, unmarred by disfiguring whisperage, his acting gradually attained a crescendo of passion culminating in the Garden scene, and there were especially charming moments in his impersonation as in the Kermerse his impatience to look upon the maiden of whom he had been given but a fleeting glimpse, and in the garden scene his gradual wooing of Marguerite, his fashion of receiving the confession of her love, his dismay at her instant recoil and sense of shame and his ensuing ecstasy in their final ambrace.

Mr. Strony, who conducted in Boston for the first time, gave a musicianly reading of the score.

A large audience was enthusiastic and there were curtain calls for principals and conductor.

The opera on Wednesday evening will be Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," with Mmes. Leblanc-Maeterlinck, Gay, Fisher and Messrs. Riddez, Marcou, Lankow and Mardones.

"FOLLIES" AT THE TREMONT

TREMONT THEATRE, the Ziegfeld Follies, by George V. Hobart, Maurice Levi and Raymond Hubbell.

Were variety the spice of life, the Follies would bridge the span of a whole lifetime. It follows along the lines laid down by its predecessors of the past four years, but lacks the sparkle and brilliance of its ancestors. Intended as a burlesque review of the theatre season, it is a kaleidoscope of music, dancing and vaudeville.

Following the lines of the performances in the little theatre in New York, when Weber and Fields were in partnership, it attempts travesties on the current plays, but the performance lacks the David Warfield, the Charles Bigelow, the Dewolf Hopper and the other real comedians that made that line of effort successful.

Bessie McCoy is as graceful as ever in her dancing, especially when wearing the crinoline of bygone days, and while she confined her efforts to that line was admirable, but, unlike the frog in the Mother Goose rhyme who would a-wooing go, she does not realize that singing is not her bent, so that even the Daffydill number with a corps of clever dancers fel la bit flat owing to the hoarseness of the recitation.

Bert Williams in blacktace was the laughing hit of the play. As Nobody in the travesty on Everywoman, he furnished all the humor and as the porter conducting the weary traveller over the girders on the unfinished Central station in New York he was a treat. His songs "Dat's Harmony" and "In the Evening" were capitally sung and enthusiastically applauded.

He shared the honors with Fanny Brice, who was compelled to return to her song "That Ever Lovin' Man" of a year ago, and was only allowed to leave the stage when the setting was changed for the next scene. Her unannounced imitation of Eddie Foy was perhaps the best piece of work of the evening.

The male chorus has excellent voices and won deserved applause in an early scene with Charles Mason with a Teutonic version of several of the popular songs. The other side of the chorus is attractive and the play is admirably staged and costumed. There is a bewildering variety of scenes, many of which are admirably designed and painted.

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ENJOY KNEISEL QUARTET'S WORK

The Kneisel quartet gave its third concert of the season last evening at Steinert Hall. The program included a quartet by A. Kopylow in G major, op. 15; a quartet in E minor, op. 19 (manuscript, first performance), by David Stanley Smith, and Beethoven's quartet in E flat major, op. 74. There was a good sized audience.

Mr. Smith is assistant instructor in music at Yale, and is not unknown here. An overture for orchestra by him was played at a concert in Chickering Hall some years ago, and conducted by the composer. His quartet last evening called forth warm applause, for which the brilliant performance was partly responsible; but the music itself gave much pleasure by its warmth, variety, tunefulness and occasional tricky rhythm. The presto had perhaps the most distinctive character; but no movement was more applauded than the andante.

Kopylow is a Russian, but not of the youngest school. To many his quartet sounded more gracious than the works of the musical revolutionists; for those who shout for the "anarchistic" principles of one school—as that of Debussy—do not invariably support those of another. Kopylow has written much piano music and at least two quartets. The entire performance was of characteristic quality, and the players were recalled.

READS FROM MAETERLINCK

Miss Amy Grant Gives "Pelleas and Melisande."

Miss Amy Grant read from Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall, accompanied by a piano arrangement of the score, played by Miss A. M. Connell. This music drama is more effective as a reading than might be supposed, for the beauties of the play itself can well stand alone without support from instrument or orchestra. The music of Debussy lends itself to the piano, and the reading of "Pelleas and Melisande" is thus a less thankless task, as Miss Grant gives it, than the reading of "Salome" and some other works. Miss Grant read with keen appreciation of the text, and reproduced in great measure the peculiar spell cast by dramatist and composer. There was a small but deeply interested audience.

E. W. V. writes to The Herald asking: "When did free lunch become an American institution, and who invented it?" These are vital questions. We know who invented beans. "Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin," as Artemus Ward remarked to Dr. Schwazey.

Was the free lunch first served in beer saloons kept by Germans? In a letter purporting to be written at Richmond, Va., in May, 1865, Artemus Ward spoke of a poor fellow that had lived on odds and ends for several days, "eatin crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread tray at the bar." Dr. Schwazey ate beans in the village oyster saloon." Nowhere in the complete works of Artemus Ward do we find the term "free lunch."

The compound word is not in Oxford dictionary. Room is made for free grace, free love, free stuff, free lance, free liver and other words of less contemporaneous interest, but Dr. Murray and his merry men know not free lunch. Mr. Farmer in his "Dictionary of Americanisms" includes "free lunch fiend" and defines it in his curious way, always tottering on the verge of inaccuracy, and more than once falling over.

We have written to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, whose mass of sociological notes surely contains the history of the rise and development of this institution.

A Dangerous Pet.

A sad tale comes from the West. A wife, who was formerly a chorus girl, is now defendant in a suit for absolute divorce because she had a parrot for a pet. Now the parrot, according to the "Hortus Sanitatis" "can endure any other kind of water in any wise, but dies of rain; and therefore they build in Mt. Gilboa, because there it seldom or never rains. It drinks wine freely, and is much pleased with the sight of a virgin." When the western husband returned from a business trip he was astonished to hear his wife's parrot scream, "Elsie, you're my baby doll!" and "Oh, but you are some Elsie!" The husband recites in his complaint: "These exclamations alone would have been enough to make me wonder, but they thoroughly aroused my suspicions when I noticed that the parrot always gave vent to them in a voice that sounded like a man's." The wife tried to mend matters by saying that the bird had been suffering from a cold for several days, but the parrot at once shouted in the wife's voice: "Bill, you devil!" Now the husband's first name is Ernest.

The wife was evidently unacquainted with "The Thousand Nights and a Night," or she would have profited by the "Tale of the Husband and the Parrot"; how the woman outwitted both the treacherous bird and the mad-jealous husband.

Odds and Ends.

It was Sir Francis Jeune who said in the course of a sensational divorce case: "All respectable women will leave the court; but any lady who cares to remain can do so."

Should art in any form be advertised as though it were a circus? There are painters, musicians, architects and impresarios who believe in violent advertisement. Even Dante Gabriel Rossetti thought of a plan that would have excited the admiration of P. T. Barnum. He wished to buy a young elephant. "I mean him to clean the windows; and then when passers-by see the elephant cleaning the windows they will say, 'Who lives in that house?' And people will tell them, 'Oh, that's a painter called Rossetti.' And they will say, 'I think I should like to buy some of that man's pictures,' and so they will ring and come in and buy."

It is reported that King George V. gave as a Christmas gift to each one of the male servants in his household a handsome fancy waistcoat. But in a Pall Mall Gazette of Christmas week we read under the title "Men's Fashions": "I suppose that the least observant of men cannot have failed to notice this winter that 'fancy' waistcoats (Why will the average tailor insist on calling them 'fancy vests'?) are quite out of fashion." Is this a case of the King can do no wrong?

In the Nose.

The old family doctor in the sixties, who had been in London and seen Sir Benjamin Brodie, used to tell stories about his distinguished colleague and point them by taking snuff. When he entered the bedroom of the patient his beard and clothes were redolent of snuff; he would brush it off his flowered waistcoat. We now read of a return to snuffing in England; that a snuff club has been established in Leeds; that motoring favors the practice because the motorist cannot in the open enjoy a cigar. We also read that snuff is bad for the nerves, and that the modern brands deteriorate quickly; that snuff is also bad for the digestion and for the nose, since it is sometimes adulterated with lime. George IV.'s snuff was sold for £400, and how long did the fragrance of it last?

In many ways this taking of snuff was a fine, courtly old habit. It accentuated an epigram; it served as an answer when speech failed; it gave weighty importance to a trifling observation. James I. did not inveigh against it in his "Counterblast to Tobacco." What more royal present to an actor or violinist than a gold snuff box encrusted with diamonds and filled with ducats or louis d'or? Then there were the snuff boxes with lids exquisitely painted, with the portrait of some frail beauty, or inscribed with a ribald motto!

If the practice is revived, should the pinch be taken with the left hand or the right? Some one objected to Richard Mansfield's Beau Brummell because the comedian took snuff with the right.

Jan 11 1912

"PELLEAS" AT OPERA HOUSE

Striking Performance of Debussy's Piece—Beautiful Settings.

By PHILIP HALE.

"Pelleas et Melisande" was produced at the Boston Opera House last evening for the first time. The play and the opera were not unknown here, for the former was produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell and the opera was performed three times at the Boston Theatre with men and women who created the parts of Golaud, Arkel, Melisande and Genevieve at the Opera Comique in Paris.

It is not, then, necessary to discuss at length either the play itself or the opera. Much has been written about them. Lecturers have ingeniously explained the "symbolism" of Maeterlinck and Debussy's score reduced to a version for the piano has been played in illustration. Furthermore, Debussy's peculiar expression, his musical speech with its formulas, its idioms, its mannerisms, is now known to even the casual and indifferent concertgoer. The composer is no longer considered even by the conservative as a dangerous person, a very Antichrist in art.

"Pelleas et Melisande" still remains a lonely and incomparable work. It has survived even the "snobs" in music, the delirious Pelleastres. It was without a predecessor, for the opera of Moussorgsky that Debussy studied and admired gave him no direct inspiration. It is still without a companion, although it has influenced others, notably Puccini, witness "The Girl of the Golden West," in which even the barkeeper sings according to a Debussyian scale. It will probably remain unique; perplexing perhaps to the student and the antiquary of future generations, who will regard it as a strange manifestation of poetic individuality in a grossly material and commercial age; enchanting hearers to come, who, under its spell, will gravely argue that the period which saw its birth was necessarily a romantic one.

This opera is as a dream within a dream, and in it men and women wander, wonder and are unhappy. They themselves are in a dream, and they think and speak as creatures of the Belgian viewing this world as though it were another planet, familiar to him, but only dimly realized by more prosaic mortals. The music is that heard in dreams, elusive, now vague and now anticipated, now more defined and feared; music of bodement; music that whispers of hopeless l[illegible] and certain death; music of hand[illegible] folded in resignation; music of my[illegible]y that baffles the understanding; music that might have been played by the orchestra with instruments of ivory in the legendary eastern court visited by Jules Laforgue; music that oftens hints at music never to be heard on earth.

And to some the play will always be a sealed book. And to some the music with its yearning, its melancholy, its subtle fascination will always be merely as singular and incoherent sounds. To the Greeks, foolishness.

They err who in their enthusiasm swear that this is the supreme, the only highly poetic and imaginative opera. It is the inevitable musical comment on Maeterlinck's drama. The music is peculiarly suited to his thought and expression. Debussy himself with a far different text might write in a very different vein.

He wished the action to be continuous, and it is well to remember his own words: "I wished to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. Melody is, if I may say so, almost anti-lyric; it is powerless to express the constant changes of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song that confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced, as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures, in their cries, in their joy, or in their sorrow."

The performance last night was one of unusual interest for two reasons: the production was in accordance with the expressed desires of Maeterlinck in regard to scenery and mise en scene, and Mme. Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck appeared on the stage for the first time in the United States.

It is well known that Maeterlinck disapproved the production at the Opera Comique, and the reasons for the disapproval were stated frankly at the time. It is not necessary to dwell on this; in fact, it might be considered indelicate inasmuch as Mme. Leblanc-[illegible] ... y and re-

Maeterlinck is now within our gates. "Pelleas et Melisande" was produced at Paris early in 1902, and the wife of the dramatist last night impersonated the Melisande of the opera for the first time. It may be said, however, that Maeterlinck did not approve the scenery and the costumes of the Parisian production. He complained that the atmosphere on the stage of the Opera Comique was Scandinavian, whereas it should have been Norman of the middle ages.

His Arkel, however, was King of Allemonde, a country that might admit of any architecture and any costumes. The tragedy was acted in or about a castle that might have been furnished in any manner. A dramatist, especially when he is a mystic, is not always the best judge of stage effects.

Maeterlinck and Debussy, as their letters show, were deeply interested in the production at the Boston Opera House. Mr. Russell, the managing director, and Mr. Caplet, who conducted last night, were associated with poet and musician in the summer. The production in Boston may, therefore, be characterized as in a large measure an authoritative one.

The cast was as follows:

Pelleas .... Mr. Riddez
Golaud .... Mr. Marcoux
Arkel .... Mr. Lankow
Le Petit Yniold .... Miss Fisher
Un Medecin .... Mr. Mardones
Melisande .... Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck
Genevieve .... Mme. Gay

The salient features of the performance were the remarkably beautiful stage settings with the artistic management of the lights; the eloquent interpretation of Debussy's score by the orchestra which had been carefully and intelligently drilled by Mr. Caplet, who conducted in a poetic spirit; the powerful impersonation of Golaud by Mr. Vanni Marcoux, and the admirable Yniold of Miss Bernice Fisher. Another feature of the performance was the reading of the letter by Mme. Gay, whose voice was never richer or more finely modulated.

The various scene sdid not occupy the whole of the stage as far as the eye of spectator was concerned. He saw literally a stage picture, framed; or, rather, a series of dissolving pictures that came suddenly from the darkness and at the end of each scene gradually faded. The settings were mediaevally romantic, and some of them, as the grotto and the terrace at the entrance of the vaults, were wild and impressive. The rooms of Golaud and Melisande in the castle were effectively conceived. The tower scene and the park were beautiful, and made thrice so by the effects of light. The room in the castle in which the letter was read and Golaud afterward vented his rage on Melisande, and the scene outside the castle where the song of the departing sailors was heard were not so happily designed, but they disappointed only in comparison with the other and uncommon scenes.

Thus the stage settings and the costumes as a rule were in harmony with the tragedy and the music. There was a constant appeal to the eye, even when the ear of a hearer, clamorous for obvious melody and rushing action, was not satisfied. As a spectacle alone, this production of "Pelleas et Melisande" is a triumph of exquisite art. Mr. Russell was no vain boaster when he foretold the surprising charm of the scenes that he would put upon the stage.

Mr. Marcoux appeared here for the first time. His reputation in Paris, Brussels and London had preceded him, and it seemed last night as though the half had not been told unto us. His impersonation of Golaud was most carefully composed. It was vitalized to an extraordinary degree. The character of the old husband, rough by nature yet tender toward the mysterious maiden whom he met in the forest and unwisely wedded, naturally jealous of the younger brother who had youth and grace, provoked to unmanly violence, a murderer, then remorseful yet at the end horribly in doubt concerning his wife's chastily, was little by little revealed until the very soul of the man was bared.

In speaking of this opera we do not use the word "singer" in the ordinary meaning of the term, for the nearest approach to song, save in one fleeting instance, is a heightened, emotional parlando. The voice is here used solely for dramatic purposes. Mr. Marcoux's employment of his tones was as finely dramatic as his facial expression, the sobriety and significance of his gestures, the authoritative bearing, the dominating individuality. It would be hard to say whether he were more striking in the terrible scene with Yniold without the tower, or when he lost his self-control and threw Melisande to the ground, or when in agony he questioned her about to die. Then there was the quiet intensity of the scenes with Pelleas, as well as the memorable dialogue with Melisande when he learned the loss of her ring. All in all, it was one of the most striking performances that I have seen on the operatic stage during the last 30 years.

Miss Fisher took a part that might easily be made boresome or ridiculous. She saved it and made it conspicuous. She was the boy without suspicion of his father's fell purpose; interested at first in everything but his father's speech; then curious, and, without malice, too communicative; at the last terrified by what he remembered and what he was then doing. This scene without the tower as played by the two was one of poignant tragedy.

[illegible] ...ow the music of ...

There was much curiosity to learn Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck's conception of Melisande, and the manner in which she would set it forth. Her impersonation was marred by self-consciousness. She seldom seemed spontaneous. Her attitudes were at times too studied, and recalled the figures of quaint stained windows or the women in old religious paintings. It is possible that she did this deliberately in the hope of gaining a certain mediaeval effect, but Melisande is something more than a mediaeval figure. We think of her as a mysterious creature, unwilling to tell the land whence she came, preferring to die rather than recover the crown that she had lost, a gentle soul, not given to speech, simple in the confession of her love, innocent in passion, a woman born to suffer, uncomplaining as though she knew she were only the plaything of Fate.

Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck did not wholly succeed in creating an illusion. The actress stood in front of Melisande. Yet there were fortunate moments in her performance, moments when her voice gave the right and only accent to the text, when we had a glimpse at the soul of the woman. There were moments when the girlish Melisande was seen, the woman who could have been happy with Pelleas, and did not chide Golaud even when he was the brute. It was an interesting performance; it was at times engrossing; but before speaking more in detail of it, let us see her when she has more completely entered into the part. And so it would be fairer to wait before discussing the Pelleas of Mr. Riddez and the Arkel of Mr. Lankow. It may now be said of the former that it was wholly within the frame.

Mr. Caplet deserves the highest credit for his great share in the success of the performance. The music of Debussy never seemed here so varied in emotional quality or of such ravishing euphony.

There was a large and brilliant audience that was warmly appreciative. There were many curtain calls. Last evening will be long remembered in the musical annals of this city.

The Herald a few days ago discussed almanacs and especially the Old Farmer's for 1912 and "The Old Farmer and His Almanack," by Prof. Kittredge. We have received several letters with reference to these subjects; also a copy of an interesting and rare almanac courteously loaned to us by Mr. Lindsay Swift of the Public Library of Boston. We now publish one of the letters.

A Question of Title.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your essay in today's Herald upon "The Old Farmer's Almanac," and upon Prof. George Lyman Kittredge's book on "The Old Farmer and His Almanack," I should like to inquire whether the title of Prof. Kittredge's book doesn't strike you as an odd one. The adjective "Old" first became a part of the title of the almanac in the number for the year 1832, when the almanac had reached the age of 39 years, so it is obvious that that adjective "old," which from that time has been a part of the almanac's title, has syntactical relation and reference to the noun "Almanack," not to the noun "Farmer's." This being the case, doesn't it seem as though "The Farmer and His Old Almanack" would have been a more fitting title for Prof. Kittredge's book than the title which he chose for it, "The Old Farmer and His Almanack"? This question is based upon the assumption that the expression "The Old Farmer" as chosen by Prof. Kittredge for a part of the title of his book is an adaptation by him of the almost identical expression "The Old Farmer's" in the title of the almanac.

I have been told, however, and by one who should know, that the expression "The Old Farmer," as used by Prof. Kittredge for a part of the title of his book, has no reference to the expression "The Old Farmer's" as used for a part of the title of the almanac, but that by the expression "The Old Farmer" as used for a part of the title of his book he meant Robert B. Thomas, the man who was the author of the almanac. If that is what Prof. Kittredge meant in using the expression "The Old Farmer" for a part of the title of his book, instead of his having adapted it from the almost identical expression "The Old Farmer's" in the title of the almanac, the suggestion which I have above ventured of inappropriateness in the title of the professor's book is, of course, irrelevant.

Jan. 4. INDAGATOR.

Poor Robin.

Some of our readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the English "Poor Robin's Almanack" which appeared yearly from 1662 to 1828. It matters not whether Robert Winstanley or his brother, William, was the original Poor Robin; the early numbers contain amusing advice. This is seasonable: "In January a good Fire, and a Glass of brisk Canary is as comfortable as Matrimony. Cold Weather makes hungry Stomachs, so that now a piece of powdered Veal and a Neat's Tongue that never told a Lye is excellent good Food; but to feed on Hope is but a poor Dish of Meat. If thou art minded to go a Wooing this cold Weather, do it with Discretion, for he that doth make a Goddess of a Puppet merits no Recompense but mere contempt."

[illegible] ...anna, from Monteverde's ope[illegible] ... d's as a[illegible]

A Rhode Island Rarity.

We doubt, however, if many are acquainted with the Rhode Island Almanack for the year 1728, compiled by "Poor Robin (Alias J. F.)." This "J. F." was James Franklin, who lived in Boston as a printer, an older brother of Benjamin, published the New England Courant, and in 1726 moved to Newport, R. I. His story is a singular one, and so is that of the late completion of the only copy of this almanac known to be in existence. These stories must wait. Let us quote from a reprint of the Almanack, the one loaned us by Mr. Swift, golden advice for January.

"Observations for Physick and Diet. The best Physick in this month, is warm Cloaths, good Fires and a merry honest Wife. But beware of counterfeits."

"Now, if ever, a dram in the morning.
A Toast and Cheese and Cyder."

We are informed that on the 15th—17th, "Tides rise Barnstable pretty high."

"If our predictions you may trust.
This month you'll have but little Dust."

And on the January page at the bottom begin "Prognosticks of the Weather" which run through the whole calendar. For January we read: "If rain water be drank or suckt up by the earth sooner than ordinary, it signifieth Rain to be at hand. If standing water be at any time warmer than it was commonly won't to be, and no sun shine help, it foretells rain."

Readers of Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography" remember that Benjamin left Boston because James treated him harshly and tyrannically and ofter beat him. The story of how James's newspaper antagonized many so that the Legislature took action and he was arrested is also told in the famous autobiography.

A Wise Choice.

As The World Wags:

The report in today's Herald of the action of the councilmen of Reading, Pa., in choosing their president by the toss of a coin calls to mind the fact that in Ohio it is provided by statute that, whenever "two or more persons, in any congressional district, have the highest and an equal number of votes for representative to Congress, the Governor and secretary of state shall decide by lot which of such persons is duly elected." The statute in question is Sec. 5 101 of "The General Code of the State of Ohio," and may be found on pages 1095-1096 (in vol. 1) of that "General Code.

Jan. 6. SCRUTATOR.

Jan 12 1912

SECOND CONCERT BY FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet (fifth season) took place last night in Jordan Hall. The hall was filled in every part with a very applausive audience. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5; W. Friedemann Bach, Sonata a tre for two violins and 'cello; Dvorak, quartet in A-flat major, op. 105.

This concert gave much pleasure, more by reason of the character of the performance than by the program, which was on the whole less interesting than those that have preceded. The quartet by Dvorak is indeed a characteristic work, unmistakably Dvorakian, but the weaknesses of the composer are more apparent than his strength. There are the well known Bohemian rhythms and the familiar formulas; there are obvious melodies, the contrasts between frenzied pages and those that are almost saccharine. There is the naivete that at last with Dvorak became a trick in trade. The first and last movements have little true distinction and the slow movement does not rise above empty prettiness. The scherzo is the freest and frankest portion of the work; but in these days when this is said of a quartet, the compliment carries censure with it.

It is said that the sonata by the vagabond and talented son of J. S. Bach was "found quite by accident" in the library of Mr. G. B. Weston of Boston. When the work was played in New York early this week some of the hearers surmised from the character of the Larghetto that the sonata must have been of a later date and by another composer. Buxtehude of Lubeck died three years before Friedemann Bach was born, and in one of his chaconnes for the organ there are measures

could not excite surprise if they were found in a composition by Schumann or Liszt and in mood they are eminently Schumannian. And in the music of other composers of the latter end of the 17th century and the first half of the 18th there are more than hints at music of the 19th. This sonata has a certain freshness and a sturdy vigor. It no doubt deserved a hearing, but it is not music to awaken immediate enthusiasm or to haunt the memory.

The feature of the concert was the highly artistic performance of Beethoven's quartet. Not that the playing of the other pieces fell below the high standard the Flonzaleys have set for themselves, but this quartet revealed their unique characteristics in clearest light.

The third and last concert will be on Thursday evening, Feb. 29.

SZUMOWSKA IN LESSON RECITAL

Mme. Szumowska gave the first of three lesson recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue, B flat major, No. 21; Daquin, "Le Coucou"; Rameau, "La Poule"; Mozart, Romanze, A flat major, Fantasie, D minor; Scarlatti, Pastorale, Capriccio.

The pianist began the recital by general remarks on technique, phrasing and the characteristics of the composers represented on the program. Technique, she said, is an absolute essential to piano playing, as it enables freer phrasing and a more perfect means of emotional interpretation. She gave examples of scale, chord and octave playing, emphasizing the importance of musical tone production.

Referring to composers, she said that, roughly speaking, they might be divided into two classes, the classic and the romantic, while she spoke of those of the afternoon as belonging to the French and Italian schools of clavecinists.

The pianist then analyzed the compositions at the piano, explaining and illustrating their technical structure and interpretative possibilities, and at the close of the lesson part of the program she played the pieces in succession. It was a pleasure to hear these pieces rendered with the delicacy of phrasing, crispness of execution and admirable sense of musical proportion which characterize Mme. Szumowska's playing of this old classically romantic music.

The next recital will be next Thursday afternoon, Jan. 18.

DR. KARL MUCK IS COMING BACK

Settled He Will Be Conductor of Orchestra for Term of Years.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, announces that it has at last been definitely settled that Dr. Karl Muck will return to Boston next fall to be the conductor of the Symphony orchestra for a term of years. Rumors of Dr. Muck's return have been published more or less of late, but all reports that the matter had been settled were premature.

When he left Boston in the spring of 1908 it was generally understood that as soon as his engagement with the Royal Opera company of Berlin was ended he would return to Boston to become the conductor of the Symphony orchestra. Unexpected obstacles, however, have prevented his coming up to this time and only now have the great efforts to keep him in Germany ceased to be made.

Since Dr. Muck left Boston the German Emperor has made him general musical director, which is the highest post in the imperial theatres. Great efforts were made to get him for Vienna as the successor of Weingartner, and last summer the strongest inducements were held out to him to accept the post occupied by the late Felix Motti as general intendant of the royal theatres of Munich.

None of these offers would Dr. Muck consider, for he had made up his mind definitely that once he was able to get away from Berlin he would return to Boston.

The news that he is coming back next fall to resume the post he held with such success for two years, will be received with much pleasure by his many friends in this city.

question? We have never heard, the saw in common speech. Mark Twain having seen the street-[illegible]

tions. Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles; too many contralt[illegible]

Last week The Herald spoke of "Vieux Moustache" as the author of one of the best books ever written for boys and stated that he was a contributor to the Riverside Magazine in the years when we used to slide down hill with a tippet round the neck, wristlets round that which gave the name to them, copper tipped boots, and a foolish fur cap. (There was an attempt to introduce corduroy boots. One fond parent brought a pair from Boston because he was told they were sanitary. His son was rebellious, for the other boys guyed him with ingenious cruelty of speech.)

We never knew the identity of "Vieux Moustache", we did not know last week whether he were alive or dead. To our surprise and joy he has written a long letter to The Herald, dated Newburgh, N. Y., Jan. 9. It appears that he is now "76 years young." He has received since 1908 "three similar salutes from gentlemen otherwise strangers to me, knowing me only as 'Vieux Moustache,' and yet, so many years after their boyhood, warm to send an affectionate word to one unknown, who had spoken to them with sympathy and encouragement when they were young: one from the State House of Rhode Island, another from the coast mountains of California, in the forest service of the United States department of agriculture, and a third from two brothers in Kansas."

Coasting in the '40s and '50s.

Our correspondent adds: "I go back of the '60s to the '40s and '50s. Our sleds of the Hudson river country—our school was the Mt. Pleasant Military Academy at Sing Sing—were, though predecessors of your informant, handsomely painted. Each bore a name, 'Commodore,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'Lickety Swizzle,' etc.; mine 'Lafitte' (pirate of the gulf); another 'Flying Dutchman,' all 'spring runners.' The word 'coast' was the common word with us, not your then Boston word 'sliding.' In my days in New York, before boarding school, we had few set bath tubs. We got our water from pumps in the streets or yards. Pigs ran in the streets. I have a scar today on a thumb, because of the bite of one I had attempted to ride."

"Vieux Moustache" misunderstood the stranger who talked with us last week about sliding down hill. "Sliding" was not then a Boston word. The stranger was reared in the western part of the commonwealth. If he had been a Boston boy in the '60s, he would have said "coasting." The word "coast," to slide down hill, seems to be a true Americanism. The verb undoubtedly came from the noun "coast," meaning in the United States and Canada a snow or ice-covered slope down which one slides on a sled. A letter written in 1775 and published in 1865 states that "some of our school lads improved the coast from Sherburn's hill down to School street. Their fathers before 'em had improved it as a coast from time immemorial."

A Spartan Training.

To return to "Vieux Moustache." "At our boarding school, our dormitory was on the top floor, five in a room, no doors to the rooms, no heat on that floor. We were called at 6 by drum beat; had five minutes to dress and form in line for rollcall; then marched down to the washroom on the first floor for 15 minutes ablutions in the tin basins and a few wooden washtubs. How cold, cold were those winter mornings in bedrooms and basement! Yet in my three years there was but one death among over, all told, 100 boys. Of my four room-mates, all fell in battle, confederate soldiers. How different the boarding schools of today—the luxury, the study courses, the long vacations, the masters, the esprit, from those of 60 years ago! And the manners of the boys of today from my young comrades!

A Change in Manners.

"I will not say that the manners of the average well bred boy of the time I speak of were practically better than those we come in contact with now, but they were certainly less confident, more respectful of age and honors. Fifteen did not push to the front with Fifty, nor smoke in his father's presence or in the company of ladies. But I do believe that on the whole our boys of today are an improvement, measured mentally, morally and physically, upon the boy before the civil war. Especially was that chastening a blessing to the generation 20 to 30 years of age, and if, since those days, the times of peace prosperity, fortune seeking, divorce, materialism and (alleged) business low standards are trying in the world-schooling of the young, yet I am so old-aged optimistic as to believe that the present generation is being critically educated, by the minority teaching from the lives and lessons of not a few of our exemplar, just men of these early years of the 20th century, to a more righteous living than was achieved at any step in the past century.

Bibliography.

"Apropos of the changes from era to era, from generation to generation, as seen in three-quarters of a century, I have pictured in the Harvard Quarterly (September and December, 1907, I think) college life 'in the Fifties,' and in the January Atlantic Monthly, 1878, I somewhat minutely, and with historic basis, told the inner spirit of the young men of the South (Savannah, Ga., my home from 10 to 24 years of age) in the years immediately preceding the civil war. The story was entitled, 'The Gentle Fire-Eater.'"

Why do not the publishers reprint "Salt and Fresh Tutors," "Boarding School Days" and "Two Lives in One," by "Vieux Moustache"? Is there too great a difference between the boy of the beginning of the 20th century and the boy of the sixties? Would the books for the boys of the sixties now seem old-fashioned to more sophisticated youths? Would even Capt. Mayne Reid be voted a bore?

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur anni.

Jan 13 1912

MISS GERHARDT

by PHILIP HALE.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano, sang for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Miss Paula Hegner was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Franz, Das Meer hat seinen Perlen; Schubert, Die Forelle, An die Musik, Wohin, Rosamunde, Erlkoenig; Brahms, An die Nachtigal, Vergebliches, Staendchen, Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer, Schwalbe, Sag 'mir an, Sapphische Ode, Der Schmied; Strauss, Morgen, Wiegenlied; Wolf, Nimmersatte Liebe, Auf eine Wandeuing Storchenbotschaft, Der Freund.

Miss Gerhardt, who has been famous for some years in European cities, was announced by her New York manager as "the greatest living Lieder singer." Thus does enthusiasm in art lead to extravagance of expression. Yet no one should be prejudiced against Miss Gerhardt on account of this flourish of trumpets. She bears herself modestly on the stage and is a most accomplished singer of "intimate" songs. It is not necessary to investigate the question, "Is she the greatest?" There are so many applicants for this position. There are so many that think they already hold it. Look over the musical periodicals in Europe and America and read the cards of advertisement. "Greatest living" is, after all, not an immodest claim. There are some who profess to be the "greatest ever."

But Miss Gerhardt has substantial claims. Her voice is a rich, warm soprano of liberal compass and beautiful quality, singularly even throughout. She is a skilful singer, and shows the results of excellent training and native intelligence. She has mastered the art of suiting tonal quality and force to each song with a view to its character and mood. While her voice is, first of all, lyrical, she can use it, especially her brilliant middle register for strong effects, as she proved yesterday by her performance of Brahms's "Schmied" and Wolf's "Der Freund." Although she has vocal strength to a marked degree, she is sparing in the display of it, and thus she furnishes impressive contrasts and excites surprise.

Her artistic sobriety is not shown in this alone. She has an uncommonly fine mezza voce which she does not abuse. She even manages to give the effect of a thin, pale voice in a song like "Rosamunde." She can turn full tones into mild echoes of them without breaking the melodic line and without losing true quality or deviating from the pitch. And this voice is controlled by a mind that is naturally poetic or has been so trained and become so sensitive that the just interpretation of a poetic idea or the expression of a sentiment or emotion seems instinctive, inevitable.

Although she is a German, she has not the faults that through long experience we are accustomed to associate with German singers. Her attack is decisive, she has a firm legato, she is not given to slurring, she does not mistake whooping for exaltation or palsy for passion. While her enunciation is delightfully clear, she does not find it necessary to put undue stress on final consonants. Only once or twice did some miscalculation in breath force her to emphasize an unimportant word at the end of a phrase, as in Schubert's "Wohin."

Her interpretation is varied, but she is first of all a lyric and elegiac. She has her lighter moments. Thus she sang the well worn "Vergebliches Staendchen" with uncommon archness, and "Storchenbotschaft" with a rare sense of humor. Her triumph was most complete, however, in "An die Musik," "Immer Leiser," "Sapphische Ode," "Morgen," "Wiegenlied," "Auf einer Wanderung," one of Wolf's few songs that gave him great trouble in composition, and above all in "Rosamunde," which as sung by her was the song of songs on the program. Her interpretation of "Erlkoenig" had not great distinction, but she fortunately refrained from ventriloquistic endeavor.

Miss Hegner, who played most sympathetic and musical accompaniments with the skill of a virtuoso, is, I believe, a sister of the late Otto Hegner, who visited this country as an infant prodigy and is well remembered by many.

Miss Gerhardt will give a second recital next Thursday afternoon, when she will sing songs by Schumann, Brahms, Liszt, Wolf and Strauss. No one who is interested in the art of singing as teacher, student, professional or amateur should miss the opportunity of hearing her.

The audience yesterday, though small, was finely appreciative and at times enthusiastic. Miss Gerhardt repeated "Wohin," added songs by Schubert, Brahms, Bungert and Strauss to the program and at the end repeated "Der Schmied."

'LUCIA' SUNG AT OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Tetrazzini in Excellent Voice and Constantino Sings Brilliantly.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Lucy	Mme. Tetrazzini
Alice	Mme. D'Olige
Edgar	Mr. Constantino
Henry Ashton	Mr. Polese
Norman	Mr. Diaz
Raymond	Mr. Sillí
Arthur	Mr. Giaccone

Mme. Tetrazzini was in excellent voice and sang in her best form. She has entirely recovered from the cold which was evident on her first appearance in Boston and last night sang the high notes in the cadenza and at the end of the second act, which she was compelled to forego on the former occasion.

The audience was particularly enthusiastic and the singer was called before the curtain a dozen times at the close of the mad scene. She responded with that girlish glee which is ever characteristic of La Tetrazzini when particularly pleased.

Mr. Constantino sang brilliantly, and in his acting so well presented the character of Edgar that it is easy to understand why the role should be his favorite. In the graveyard scene he shone to advantage, and his song of the graves of his ancestors and the death scene were well given.

Mr. Polese is an excellent Lord Ashton and sang and acted with dignity and rare dramatic art. Mr. Sillí pleased in the role of Raymond, and Mr. Giaccone and Mr. Diaz did as well as could be expected with the hopeless holes of Arthur and Norman.

The Herald has received several letters of sociological and antiquarian interest. No one as yet has given information concerning the origin and development of the free lunch system, which some deep thinkers prefer to the feudal. But to the letters.

Golaud and the Servants.

As the World Wags:

I was deeply interested in the performance of "Pelleas et Melisande" last night. The scenic effects, the orchestra and the remarkable impersonation of Golaud by Mr. Marcoux moved me strangely.

But why was Golaud represented with a shaven upper lip and the sort of beard that is known to the vulgar as Galway sluggers, and is sometimes associated with a village deacon or a comic weekly's fancy sketch of a hillside farmer? Golaud should have a full beard, grizzled, heroic, not seriocomic.

Another point. Why should the servants, when they enter in the last act, be dressed as nuns or sisters of charity? There is no pretext for this in Maeterlinck's drama. The servants enter silently; they are not summoned; they are not expected. Their mysterious entrance and attitude are as an announcement of Melisande's going out of the world. Did the women servants in King Arkel's castle wear the dress of nuns? Perhaps in the kingdom of Allemonde, but not on the stage of the Opera Comique, not on the stage of the Manhattan, and I think the innovation lessens the impression of mystery and is a serious mistake.

Boston, Jan. 11. JOHN J. BOLIVAR.

Too Sensitive.

As The World Wags:

I wonder whether any one of your correspondents that move freely among "our best people" can tell me whether persons who live in apartments have any rights which dwellers in private houses are bound to respect. I live in an apartment. It costs me as much as two houses in the S[illegible]et Auburn of my

Schwazey ate beans in [illegible] "oyster saloon." Nowhere in the con[illegible]

youth, but here's the shameful fact: I live in an apartment (though I think I have a private house—with—French—windows—a flagstaff—and—a—sleeping—porch soul.)

Recently, standing on the back platform of a street car with a dozen men, some of them I have reason to suspect, also apartment dwellers, I heard a methodical looking fellow reply to a question of a gentlemanly appearing chap, but with a countenance like unto a cloudy Sunday in summer: "Oh, no. I don't know them at all well. You know"—this with a suggestion of unspeakableness—"they live in an apartment—the only one in the street."

In my limited social intercourse, I have often noticed the attitude indicated in that platform utterance. I lately had the honor of being invited to call with my good maiden sister at the house of a casual acquaintance—I had paid his carfare, or helped him home on his skates, or something of that kind. It was an elegant house, with an awning frame wherever there was room for one, aristocratic chimneypots, an old fashioned knocker of brass or gold, as big as an anvil, which I had difficulty in lifting, a piazza that could serve as a tennis court, window boxes in a pastel shade, a colored glass window looking on the piazza, those particularly nice shaped and leaded panes of glass in the upper part of the windows, a door mat that, unlike mine, was not chained down, and a general air of at least $40,000, not including the land. Inside—it may give a little more local color—there was a cannel coal fire, highly polished tongs, a string of Chinese gongs (which made me think how well they would look on some giant rattlesnake), chairs with 10-inch upholstery, mirrored hardwood floors, an inlaid banister, and a woman's fur coat which my maiden sister, I could see, was trying hard not to covet.

Our hostess was matronly and condescending, our host gracious and patronly. When I was asked, in a most hospitable tone, where I lived, I fought down my blushes and gave street, number, floor and number of suite, exclaiming also that the janitor was a double first cousin of the King of Sweden and so busy in other fields that he had let the doorbell get out of order. I suggested that when—not "if"—they called they should whistle or shout through the speaking tube. Our hostess replied to all this by looking at her husband:

"Why, Charles, dear, we know where the street is. Doesn't our new second girl come from an employment agency in that region?"

Since then, sir, I have not called at a private house—and I was invited to one only the other day. If Mr. Herkimer Johnson has done his work thoroughly, he must have touched on this aspect of life in his chapter—or volume—entitled "Cave and Flat Dwellers." Has he? Has he? PRIVATE FLAT.

Boston, Jan. 11.

At the Players?

As the World Wags:

The marble statue of Edwin Forrest as Coriolanus, by the late Thomas Ball, was on exhibition in the gallery of A. A. Childs & Co., on Tremont street, in the early fall of 1867. This work of art is at the Forrest Home for aged actors near Philadelphia; but what has become of the painting of Edwin Booth in the ghost scene from "Hamlet," by William M. Hunt? I saw it at the artist's studio, then in the Mercantile Library Building at the easterly corner of Summer and Hawley streets, in the 60s. The canvas was of heroic size, and was then not quite finished. Is it at the Players in New York?

Dorchester. BAIZE.

Jan 14, 1912

BAUER PLAYS UNUSUAL MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE.

Harold Bauer gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a most appreciative audience of good size. The program was as follows: Brahms, Waltzes, op. 39; Mozart, Sonata in F major; Cesar Franck, Prelude, Aria and Finale; Schumann, Kinderscenen and Toccata; Chopin, Scherzo in C-sharp minor.

The program was delightfully unconventional. The waltzes are in Brahms's more genial vein. The Sar Peladan once said that the muse of Brahms was as a tightly corseted gypsy woman attempting to dance wildly. In these waltzes there is no restraint; there is not even a dash of northern formality or austerity—for Brahms was essentially a man of the north, although he loved Vienna and its life. And in these waltzes there is occasionally the strange melancholy that is found in some of Johann Strauss's; the melancholy that inevitably creeps into the fulness of joy, as when the Third Kalandar in the wild eastern tale, attended by the 10 damsels sumptuously dressed and ornamented, and one and all bright as moons, and sitting down to drink, and hearing the [illegible] and the lute and psaltery and recorders, forgot the sorrows of the world, one and all, and was so possessed with gladness that he cried out: "This is indeed life; O sad that 'tis fleeting."

Mozart's sonata in F major is not ranked by the learned among the greater ones of the glorious boy, and M. Vincent d'Indy in his exhaustive treatise on musical composition prefers to treat the Mannheim three in C major, A minor and D. He even dismisses them all as being for the most part inferior in interest to Haydn's. Some of us have long had a weakness for the sonata played by Mr. Bauer. Its simplicity is so Attic. Its melodies are so direct, yet saved from conventionality by the peculiarly Mozartian elegance and grace. The adagio is in the spirit of Cherubini's conzonetta. Mr. Bauer played the sonata in a charming manner. There was no condescension in his attitude, as one saying: "Now I, who play the most difficult music with ease, will show you, ladies and gentlemen, how I'll rattle off this old-fashioned thing of Mozart." As a matter of fact, many who thunder and lighten in the music of Liszt and exult in the Paganini-Brahms variations make a sad mess of it when they attempt to play music by Scarlatti, Couperin or Mozart. The apparent simplicity is as a stumbling block; or they attempt to read into the music the fret and fury of this generation. Mozart, speaking of Nanette Stein as a pianist, said that certain passages should flow like oil. Mr. Bauer played the florid measures after this prescription, and in the cantablile had the true singing style that Mozart missed in the performance of the young woman at von Aurnhammer's.

Mr. Bauer is especially happy in his treatment of music by Schumann and Cesar Franck. Yesterday he chose the Kinderscenen of the former and the Prelude, Aria and Finale of the latter. To me the Prelude, Choral and Fugue is the more truly inspired work. In these two great piano pieces, which gave "a vivifying impulse to piano literature which was about to strike on the double reef of virtuosity and frivolity," as in his other important works, Franck did not always wholly escape from his organ at Saint Clotilde. In these two pieces as in his piano quintet and symphony, there are long passages that were undoubtedly thought for the organ. For a miscellaneous audience the Prelude, Choral and Fugue is the more brilliant works. Yet the Prelude of the other composition cannot fail to impress, if the Aria seems vague to the average hearer. The vigorous reappearance of the Prelude theme in the Finale, with the haunting close, "a sort of evaporation of the melody which flies through space," is a stroke of genius.

It is a great pleasure to hear such music played as Mr. Bauer plays it. Let us hope that this was not his last recital here this season.

'PELLEAS' DRAWS BIG AUDIENCE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second performance in this opera house of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande."

Pelleas. ..... Mr. Riddez
Golaud ..... Mr. Marcoux
Arkel ..... Mr. Lankow
Le Petit Yniold ..... Miss Fisher
Un Medecin ..... Mr. Mardones
Melisande ..... Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck
Genevieve ..... Mme Gay

At the matinee yesterday the Opera House was filled in every part with a deeply interested audience. Inasmuch as the opera and performance were reviewed at length only a few days ago in The Herald, it is not necessary to speak in detail of the character of the music or the quality of the interpretation. Again Mr. Marcoux's impersonation of Golaud was remarkable; again Miss Fisher was a charming Yniold in simple boyishness; again the scenery and the management of lights excited the liveliest admiration; again did Mr. Caplet with his valiant orchestra give an eloquently poetic reading of the score.

Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck was an interesting figure, but it must be confessed that in spite of occasionally happy moments she created no lasting illusion. She was a little more successful in her tossing of the ring; for she was not obliged to use two of them as on the opening night, but still the losing was awkwardly contrived. And for the most part she was too self-conscious. The chief interest in her performance lies in the fact that she is the wife of Maurice Maeterlinck.

Mr. Riddez gave a thoughtfully conceived impersonation of Pelleas, and his diction was admirable. This last might be said of his colleagues. Mr. Lankow did not always maintain the illusion of extreme old age, and we confess that we think of Arkel as a very wise and kind old man with a patriarchal beard. A close shaven Arkel is disconcerting.

The more one studies Debussy's orchestral score, the more one admires Mr. Caplet's reading of it. There are some who fondly believe that the score should be to the ear only a long series of crepuscular effects, vague and stifled sounds. Now the music of Debussy is distinguished by a fine sense of form, paradoxical as this may seem to those who have heard his music misplayed either by orchestra or pianist. It has form, it also has rhythm—not the rhythm that appeals to the heel and toe of the hearer who finds 'Pelleas et Melisande" boresome—but a subtler, more fluid rhythm, therefore the more enchanting. Debussy is also a man of forte and fortissimo. His music is anything but bloodless. A superficial examination of the score shows this at once. Mr. Caplet has brought out the strength and beauty of the orchestral music as an inspired interpreter.

We still think that the stage setting of the scene where Goland slays Pelleas is too cramped. We should prefer to see the castle at a distance, as in the Manhattan Opera House setting, and thus gain an idea of space, and anticipate the aproach of the jealous husband. We still prefer the Mannattan Opera House setting of the room in which Genevieve reads the letter; with the great window and the view of the sea. Thes points admit no doubt of argument.

It is easy to see why some find this wondrous lyric drama tiresome. When Melisande says to Pelleas "O, why do you depart?" What care they for the few orchestral measures that follow, with the wistful little phrase for two flutes answered by the sobbing horn? What to them is the infinite compassion in Arkel's speech over the prostrate body of Melisande, "If I were God, I should have pity on the hearts of men!" "Pelleas et Melisande" is crowded with such master strokes of expression. But why should these bored ones be unwilling to let others enjoy Debussy's music? Why should they rage furiously like the heathen? A truly catholic spirit will find pleasure in "Pelleas et Melisande" and "La Boheme"; in "Tristan" and "Otello."

'RIGOLETTO' IN THE EVENING

Miss Scotney in Role of Gilda and Constantino as the Duke.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto," opera by Verdi, in four acts. The cast:

Gilda ..... Evelyn Scotney
Maddalena ..... Elvira Leveroni
Countess of Ceprano ..... Johanna Morella
Giovanna ..... Florence de Courcey
Page ..... Jeska Swartz
The duke ..... Florencio Constantino
Rigoletto ..... Giovanni Polese
Sparafucile ..... Jose Mardones
Count Monterone ..... A. Silli
Marullo ..... Attilio Pulcini
Count Ceprano ..... Frederick Huddy
Borsa ..... Ernesto Giacomo
Conductor ..... Mr. Conti

Kind Nature provided for the cast of "Rigoletto" when she endowed Miss Scotney with face, figure and voice. The voice was not as fresh as might be just evening, but it was wondrously clear, with a metallic clearness that made it sound at moments more like a silver-toned instrument than a voice.

Miss Scotney interpreted the girlish role with much charm, and was recalled with applause and cheers after the "Caro Nome."

The entire performance was uncommonly smooth, and went with a spontaneity that made more than one "revolutionary" in the audience sit up and take notice that old tunes were still in the running. Mr. Canstantino was in his happiest vein and voice, ad Mr. Polese's beautiful and resonant voice was sufficiently dramatic to interpret the part even without action. He was warmly recalled after the appeal in act 3, and there were repeated curtain calls for all the singers.

There was a good-sized audience.

CITY CONCERTS

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. On Tuesday evening an orchestral concert in the West Roxbury high school, with Miss Minnie Stearns, soprano, and Frank H. Eaton assisting. On Thursday evening, in the South Boston high school, an orchestral concert, with Mrs. Christine Galbraith, contralto, and Jacques Benavente, saxophonist, assisting. On Friday evening, in Franklin Union Hall, a chamber concert by Mrs. Cora G. Brooks, pianist; Walter E. Loud, violinist, Carl W. Dodge, 'cellist, and Clarence H. Wilson, baritone.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE ON OPERA

The first of the Boston University series of lectures on the opera was given by John P. Marshall, head of the music department of the university, yesterday afternoon in Jacob Sleeper Hall. The lecture was illustrated by Miss Jeska Swartz, Miss Florence de Courcy, Rafaelo Diaz, Max Kaplick and Bernardo Olshansky, of the Boston Opera Company. Mr. Marshall described the early developments of opera from the beginning of the 17th century to the time of Scarlatti and his disciples.

A scene from Peri's "Eurydice," practically the first opera to be performed on the stage, was sung. The development of the aria up to the form defined and perfected by Scarlatti was illustrated by music of Carissimi Monteverde, Scarlatti and Pergolesi.

Among these was the lament of Arianna, from Monteverde's opera of that name, which in its time moved audiences to tears. Much of the old music was found to be surprisingly expressive and dramatic, as well as beautiful. The subject of the lecture next Saturday afternoon will be "Pelleas et Milisande."

The London Times recently published a noteworthy article on "Post-Wagnerian opera."

The writer characterizes "the efforts of the Wagnerian epigoni, like those of most servile followers of a great innovator" as simply wearisome. He lumps together the operas of Cyril Kistler, Max Schillings and Kienzel. The latter's "Evangelimann," "a pale reflection of 'Tristan' adapted to the story of a local preacher," is esteemed highly by Van Dyck, the tenor, perhaps because he made a hit in it, but Mr. Van Dyck is a shrewd critic and a man of much more than ordinary general intelligence. The writer puts Strauss's "Guntram" with its machinery of redemption, on the same dust heap. Humperdinck is the only one who produced anything that will live.

What this writer has to say about Debussy and Puccini is now of special interest, especially as he is an Englishman, and the critics of his nation have been inclined to look on M. Claude Debussy with an insular eye.

An English View of Debussy

After speaking appreciatively of Bizet and Chabrier, with whom he unaccountably adds the name of Guiraud; after praising Laparra's "Habanera" and "La Jota," he says that the most striking development of French opera has been derived from a somewhat unexpected source.

"After two visits to Bayreuth, Claudo Debussy deliberately discarded Wagner and all his works, in spite of the Wagnerian tendencies of Mallarme, Mendes, and his other friends who were collaborating in the Revue Wagnerienne. About the same time, his mind, which had been prepared by a two years' residence in Russia, was occupied by the original and unspoilt version of Mussorgsky's 'Boris Godunoff,' played to him by a professional friend, and he exchanged the earlier influence for the later. We can trace Russian influences in his purely orchestrial works. For instance, that of Mussorgsky in 'Nuages' and that of Balakireff in 'Fetes'; but it was Mussorgsky's strange and powerful chronicle opera which led directly to the creation of the most complete dramatico-musical work of our time, 'Pelleas et Melisande.'

"In some ways no two works could be more dissimilar: one is a series of almost isolated historical tableaux, the other is a continuous psychological whole,, yet the resemblances are unquestionable, partly from a thematic point of view, but mainly in the endeavor to obtain a medium of speech which should at once be natural and musical, not departing too much from the intonations of ordinary speech, but at the same time exalted to the level of musical expression. Both composers attained this in ways which differed, mainly owing to the difference between the French and the Russian method of accentuation. There can be little doubt that Debussy's vocal reforms will have a lasting effect on French dramatic music. They are suited to the genius of the language, and like other novelties, may be regarded as a return to the simplicity of the 18th century. As to the permanency of the composer's orchestral methods more doubt may be reasonably felt. As they are applied to such a play as 'Pelleas et Melisande' nothing could be more admirable. The atmosphere of mystery and symbolism is conveyed by them as nothing else could convey them, and the result is perfection in that kind. We must, however, await the composer's new operas, which have been so long and so impatiently awaited, before we can decide how far his methods are adaptable to other subjects, and to opera in general, and it is impossible to agree with his most ardent followers that his style is the final word in operatic development."

Is Puccini's Vein Exhausted?

The London writer describes Verdi's "Otello" as the ideal specimen of opera as opposed to music drama, and in "Falstaff" there is a freshness and spontaneity which are not surpassed by Wagner's comedy. Since the death of Verdi there has been development in Italian opera as compared with the 19th century opera, but "the mastery of 'Otello' has never been approached by the long line of prolific composers, and Boito is still silent.

"Puccini, the best as well as the most popular of his Italian contemporaries, has a natural sense of the orchestra which enables him to write agreeably and fluently without putting too great a strain either on himself, on his players, or on his audience, and in his four best known works he has given us much attractive melody, together with many orchestral graces. But there are signs that his inventive faculty is coming to an end, and his technic is probably inadequate to cover up the deficiency. In his latest work, 'La Fanciulla del West,'

question? We have never heard the ... saw in common speech. Mark ... having ... street ...

tions. Too many lyric sopranos wish to be applauded in heavy dramatic roles.

[illegible]

Richard Strauss and His Librettos

And how about Richard Strauss? "It was not till 1905, with the advent of 'Salome,' that the new style of music-drama [illegible] independent [illegible] is speaking of success [illegible] Germany, and now [illegible] to jettison the Wagnerian [illegible] the operatic [illegible] only its original [illegible] "There are many, [illegible] wish that Strauss [illegible] to plough the old field, [illegible] and when they are unable to [illegible] the novelty and forcefulness of his [illegible] turn to lament the [illegible] he has chosen to [illegible] it can scarcely be denied that [illegible] unlike many modern composers [illegible] a strongly developed [illegible] sense, and in 'Salome' and 'Elektra' has selected two of the most powerful subjects for musical treatment [illegible] literature of his [illegible] That the subjects [illegible] as they are is not his fault [illegible] of modern literary tendencies. In his last and greatest work, 'Der Rosenkavalier,' he has shown that he can be as modern and original in comedy as in tragedy, though in this domain the German stage has not been so sterile during the last 20 years as in that of tragic opera. Strauss's latest work [illegible] shows that he can be [illegible] as any of his predecessors and that his future development will be along more than one line. What that development will be we do not venture to predict, but we may safely prophesy that before long there will be dramatic [illegible] of Strauss every whit as depressing as the imitations of Wagner have been during the last quarter of a century. At present the progress of music-drama in Germany seems to rest with Strauss alone."

We look back and read with amazement the articles of Henry F. Chorley and others in leading English periodicals [illegible] against the music of [illegible] while he was alive. The [illegible] the London Times [illegible] His opinions now seem sane, [illegible] What will be said of them in [illegible]

Of Personal Interest

A prominent Viennese composer was recently offered $10,000 to write [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible] Harry Lauder has been complaining [illegible] in England. "They [illegible] a lot of money [illegible] at [illegible] a week [illegible] nothing. I have been [illegible] England to fulfil this [illegible] and I had to pay [illegible] a week to [illegible] whereas, when I am here [illegible] I only get £12 a week. The [illegible] a week on the [illegible] state of affairs [illegible]

[illegible] Novello [illegible] known and [illegible] playing at the Coliseum, and it is stated [illegible] first [illegible] on a London vaudeville [illegible] Albani, Ella Russell [illegible] Walker and Ben Davies [illegible] to sing in a music [illegible] Suzanne Adams [illegible] have accepted [illegible]

[illegible]

Miss Maud [illegible] "Song of the [illegible] performed [illegible] "Dream [illegible]" which has been published.

When Miss [illegible] Lucia at [illegible] Opera House [illegible] Daily Mail [illegible] company of excellent soloists, a large [illegible] chorus and [illegible]

[illegible] seats to hiss. This had been left to the galleries in the past, he said, but now the gallery goes to the moving picture [illegible] of a [illegible] regard [illegible] productions [illegible] prime [illegible] by and [illegible] disinterest [illegible] "L'Elisir d'Amore," [illegible] tury [illegible] Italian tags.

Reynaldo Hahn has written the music for "Medusa," a [illegible] legend in four acts [illegible] Monte Carlo Dec. 22. The story [illegible] love of Perseus for Medusa.

Sir Hubert Parry in his book, "Style in Musical Art," has this to say: "Even in the various departments of word-wed and wordless music there are infinite shades of variety of style. The music of the theatre absolutely demands a method and style different from that appropriate to the vocal music of the concert room and from the style of the domestic art song. * * * The worst fault in style is the mixing up of types which are specially apt to different groups of conditions, different situations, and different attitudes of mind." The author finds the worst examples of this in [illegible] songs, but admits that "There is a [illegible] for the music hall which for its kind may be good and consistent, as well as for the grandest works of art. * * A great deal of the low and repulsive vulgarity to be met with in such quarters arises from the fact that the true ratio of style has not been found * * * the music which is supplied for such audiences [illegible] the baldest business principles, has definite and decisive marks of different periods; just as the artists' fashions, which are arranged by the tailor and the milliner accepted by the [illegible] at one time by the exasperating witlessness of the cart-wheel hat and at another by the silly wantonness of the hobble skirt."

The Late Otajiro Kawakami

Otajiro Kawakami, father of the new school of Japanese dramatic art, is dead. The London Times of Dec. 12 published the following article:

"Mr. Kawakami and his wife, Mme. Sada Yacco, visited England about 12 years ago, giving, with some pupils of the modern school who were travelling with them, a series of Japanese performances at the Coronet Theatre. At that date neither of them was very famous at home. Kawakami was known as an actor who wished to reform the native theatre, and Sada Yacco's fame was simply that of a popular singing girl. London awakened to their abilities only a few days before their brief season closed, and Paris acclaimed them as theatrical stars of the first magnitude.

"On their return to Japan they at once leaped into popular favor. Some of Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami's experiments, despite their great courage, bade fair to turn this new-found popularity into ridicule, but they persevered doggedly in their uphill task. Their enthusiasm had its reward in due course. Thinking people began to look upon the drama as one of the arts, and grudgingly to recognize actors not merely as artists, but as respectable members of society. The late Prince Ito did much to raise the drama from the despised position it had hitherto occupied, and the present premier, Marquess Saionji, helped to raise the status of the actor by receiving him at his own home—an unheard-of condescension in an official and a person of the shizoku class before his time.

"One important result of this change in public opinion toward the drama and dramatic artists was shown four years ago in the formation of the Teikoku Gekijo Kaisha, or Imperial Theatre Company, an association of prominent men in business, letters and dramatic art. This company started a school for training actresses—one of the first reforms being the substitution of women for men in all female parts—and when the first batch graduated they were drafted into the company working under Mr. Kawakami. About the same time Baron Shibusawa, a prominent member of the new theatre company, started another school in Tokio, and this was placed more especially under the wing of Mme. Sada Yacco.

"Kawakami's greatest success came less than two years ago, when, in March, 1910, the new Imperial Theatre was opened in Osaka, and Mr. and Mrs. Kawakami, with their modern company of actors and actresses—opened the first season. The theatre is said to have cost £37,000 to erect and the chief drop scene, a painting on velvet of the Japanese Sun Goddess, cost £1000 and took two years to complete."

Prof. Baker and the Hissing Question

The New York Sun publishes the following: Prof. George P. Baker of Harvard, who is head of the Drama League of Boston, told Philadelphia folk yesterday that the way to show disapproval of a play was for the persons who occupied orchestra seats to hiss. This had been left to the galleries in the past, he said, but now the gallery goes to the moving picture shows.

The warmth with which theatrical managers [illegible] Prof. Baker's plan [illegible] the drama was about the [illegible] of the street.

"Idiotic," said George Tyler, Liebler & Co.'s representative. "I am quite [illegible] says I have read by three or four [illegible]—playwrights, so called [illegible] under Prof. Baker would [illegible] hissed—had they been produced. That they were not is another [illegible]. The public shows its disapproval soon enough if the play isn't good. But [illegible] drama league out in Chillicothe says it isn't good or Prof. Baker [illegible] and the public is supposed to [illegible] it's Idiotic."

Oscar Hammerstein, with his usual optimism, [illegible] faith in the police.

"Why, [illegible] chuck 'em out," he said. [illegible] starting [illegible] what or the [illegible] "if they won't be chucked [illegible] the police. Hissing is [illegible] a disturbance and whoever makes [illegible] in a theatre may be arrested. If people do not like the show [illegible] get up and go out. If they [illegible] arrest them if you have to, [illegible] put them on anyway. No, organized hissing is not the way to make shows better."

"Well, suppose it was recognized that the way for an audience to show disapproval of a play was to hiss. If a play was improper, how many persons would feel under an obligation to this? Not many. Anc," said Mr. Hammerstein in conclusion, "there goes another good 5-cent cigar that won't smoke. They're not like the kind I used to make."

Charles Burnham, president of the Association of Theatre Managers, wouldn't take Prof. Baker's suggestion seriously.

"The American audience is too fair to hiss," he said. "That sort of thing doesn't go over here. The American public doesn't show its disapproval by hissing, and I doubt if it ever will. It stays away from the theatre when the play isn't good. Just as soon as a theatre manager wants to boom a play let him start organized hissing, have the newspapers tell about it and the crowd will come to see what's being hissed. Of course, an audience is supposed to have the right to applaud or hiss, but when the hissing is obnoxious to others in the theatre the person or persons who do the hissing become a nuisance and the manager of the theatre has a right to eject the troublemakers. Prof. Baker is wrong on one thing. Hissing never came from the gallery. They don't hiss in the gallery. They're up there to be amused, not to hiss—unless it is the villain.

Diamond Jim Brady, making Broadway warmer with the sunlight of his jacket and dress shirt diamonds, said that as a first-nighter he would prefer to give the matter some thought, but also as a chronic first-nighter, he didn't see why anybody should hiss after what he had gone through.

To the Editor of The Herald:

An Incident at the Old Howard

In a recent reminiscence of the old Howard Athenaeum you spoke of the opera companies that appeared there. I remember, among others, the Caroline Richings English opera company having an engagement and a very ludicrous incident that occurred one evening. They were giving the "Enchantress" (and with a small orchestra, only two violins, Mr. Halloway being leader). At the finale of one of the acts there was a chorus so well given that the audience insisted on a repetition of it, which was something unusual, and being unexpected in that place in the score, the orchestra and singers were uncertain as to the proper place to attack for the encore. The conductor gave Mr. Halloway the cue when to enter, and just as he lifted his violin to commence the A string broke. He at once proposed an exchange with the second violin, but by a singular fatality the same string on his instrument had parted at the same time. As the wood-wind and brass were waiting for the lead of the strings to show them where to come in, there was no response. The conductor had a small upright piano in place of his desk, and he attempted to give the entrance with that, but the singers had become somewhat demoralized and failed to catch the cue he gave them, so, after a few measures of piano solo, he stopped, and the curtain dropped amid the derisive applause and hisses of the audience. The very much embarrassed members of the orchestra at once sought the seclusion the music room grants, where they were confronted by a particularly irate stage manager ("Bob" Jones, I think), who, in language more emphatic and sulphurous than polite, proceeded to express his opinion of them. Mr. Halloway, though usually of a genial nature, yet possessed a temper that, when aroused, was very much in evidence. He retaliated by giving his idea of a management that would attempt to give operas with only two violins in the orchestra. He says "I don't care anything about an E string; give me the others and I will play anything in your scores, but when you take away the A, then I am helpless." After some little time devoted to curs(e)ory remarks, the bell rang for the next act, and the incident was closed. T. O. E.

Hingham.

Nowhere in th[illegible]

To The Editor of The Herald:

Two Famous Songs of Playwrights

It is perhaps not generally known that the authors of the words of two of our endearing popular songs were successful dramatists in the early part of the last century. I allude to John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," and Samuel Woodworth, who, from the "dusty purlieus" of a printing office in New York, sent forth "The Old Oaken Bucket" as a reminiscence of his boyhood home in Scituate, Mass.

Payne first saw the light of day in New York, but passed part of his early years in Boston. He was a precocious boy, for he published a paper in his native place when he was 14 years of age, and he made his debut on the stage there at 16 when he appeared with great success as young Norval. He came forward in Boston in the same character and his subsequent career as a player in this and other parts here and elsewhere induced him to go to London, where his acting was much admired by Benjamin West, the celebrated American painter. None of his plays hold the stage at present though I have seen in my time performances of his "Brutus," "Charles II., or the Merry Monarch," and "Clari, the Maid of Milan." For the last mentioned "Home, Sweet Home" was written. I was present at the old National Theatre in this city when Fanny Wallack appeared as Clari. This actress was the only woman, I believe, who attempted to play the title part in "Don Caesar de Bazan," though I have seen Mrs. D. W. Waller enact Iago and there have been almost innumerable female representatives of Romeo from Charlotte Cushman down to ——. "The Forest Rose," by Woodworth, used to be performed occasionally when I was young. The plays of the two dramatists mentioned are dead, but their songs, like Tennyson's brook, go on forever.

JOHN W. RYAN.

A Censor Well Censored

One of the most amusing and at the same time severe attacks on Mr. Charles Brookfield, the new London censor of plays, is that made by Mr. Mark Hyam in the Pall Mall Gazette:

Sir: In your Dramatic Notes of last evening I read with feelings of peculiar exhilaration the extract from Mr. Charles Brookfield's article on "Plays and Playwriting" in the National Review. I have since read the article in full. The brave words uttered by Mr. Brookfield with such felicitous unction emerge from a congenial fount indeed!

Mr. Brookfield states that the "earnest young writer who regards the drama as his heaven-sent trumpet, etc.," has "no spark of humor, no sense of beauty, no knowledge of the society he deems it his mission to set right." On the positive side he has "an ingenuity in the way of unusual sins, abnormal unions, inherited taints," and so on. Now the earnest young writers of today who take the drama under their wing are chiefly John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, John Masefield, Granville Barker, Laurence Housman, Rudolf Besier, J. B. Fagan and Laurence Binyon. These are obviously the class of writer against which Mr. Brookfield inveighs, as can be seen from the context of his article referring to the Lord Chamberlain; and they are indeed the only men to whom his remarks can have reference. Their chief achievements include "Strife," "The Silver Box," "Justice," "What the Public Wants," "Attila," "The Virgin Goddess," "Don," "Prunella," "The Earth," "Nan" and "The Voysey Inheritance." I should like to know how and in what particulars Mr. Brookfield's stirring and eloquent denunciations apply to these plays, and I would further like to ask him to name another series of English plays of equal interest and merit written within a similar period of time during his career. Perhaps Mr. Brookfield has in mind the surpassingly pure and uplifting inventions and adaptations from his own pen.

My mind goes back two or three years to the production at the Vaudeville Theatre of "Dear Old Charlie," adapted for the English stage by Mr. Charles Brookfield. Your dramatic critic will probably remember what a spotless and refined work this was. What Mr. Brookfield calls "the sense of beauty and proportion" was revealed in the exquisite notion that two wives—one living and one dead—had been the "chere amie" of their husbands' bosom friend; and what Mr. Brookfield terms "the discriminating, restraining sense called humor" was exemplified in the fact that the bosom friend pursued his amorous dalliance with the husbands' unconscious connivance. And all this in an English social environment! Of course a play of this nature successfully passed the examination of the heaven-sent and logically minded censor, who put his ban on "Monna Vanna," and equally of course the said censor has a warm supporter in Mr. Brookfield, who is righteously severe upon those who "inveigh against the discretionary powers of the lord chamberlain and cry out against the merry humors of Labiche." Mr. Brookfield is indeed a fitting critic of the men whom he endeavors to belittle. I congratulate him alike on his high-minded austerity and his "merry humors." They are equally funny.

MARK HYAM.

WILHELM HEINRICH.

A Tribute.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The suddenness with which Mr. Heinrich passed from our midst, the meagreness of the reports of the circumstances connected with his illness and the entire absence of relatives to be with him in the hour of dire need made the situation one that many of his constant admirers cannot help regretting. Those who attended the funeral, Dec. 29, at the church where he sang could not have represented a tenth part of those appreciative friends and acquaintances who would gladly have sought an opportunity to pay their respects to his memory. But *Omnia ad Dei gloriam*. The event in its unfairness to his worth as an individual and an artist, in no way reflected upon the general recognition he had attained in his own field.

His position in the musical world secured at the cost of a degree and persistency of effort perhaps incomprehensible to those unconnected with the musical profession, is one that America may well be proud of. A singer and interpreter of the classics, he did not waste his time upon anything unworthy of the careful thought he always bestowed upon his work, whatever it was. He loved work, and his schemes for advance enterprises were often colossal.

Among his latest endeavors was the sorting over of upward of 300 songs of Brahms practically unknown in America, which he had unearthed in Europe and brought over last summer. Selections from these were to form the major part of his forthcoming lenten season recitals, which had become so well established a feature of Boston's musical life. To judge by the enthusiasm with which he contemplated the presentation of these unknown masterpieces to his future audiences, one might faintly imagine how impressively he would have made Brahms's work appear had he lived to execute his plan. He believed heartily in Brahms's genius, and in these disclosures he wished to rescue us from the noise and tumult of the present day and restore us to the reposefulness of the classic form.

Nowhere would Mr. Heinrich pin his convictions when questions of method, style or school arose. He was a progressive to the bone. If perchance you did not like Debussy, for instance, he offered no remonstrance, but would calmly sit down to the piano and sing some rapturous creation of Debussy's in so winning a way, often pointing out the beauty and originality as he went along, that there was no further opposition possible. You had to like it, as one likes the "seventh" olive. I recall a particularly dissonant and grating song by Mallinson, an English composer of renown, which he asked me to play for him. It required a special pair of eyes to make sure of the ground; every note seemed determinedly wrong, a complete violation of all the laws of music. Well there was nothing to say but "beastly."

"Ah! no, my friend," exclaimed the singer; "not at all! Let us try it. You haven't quite caught on. It is one of the composer's very best. Play it this way."

Then he shoved the bungler aside and played and sung a few measures, and in an instant the meaning of the song came out, crystalline, perfect, delightful. And when the song was given at one of his concerts it brought down the house, in spite of its harmonic perversions, or because of them, I don't know which. Odd things are not always great, and Mr. Heinrich cared only for originality that showed merit. At a Symphony concert one evening, after a prolonged struggle on the part of the orchestra with one of the mountainous works of a living composer noted for his prolixity, the orchestra began an invigorating strain from Wagner, whereupon Mr. Heinrich broke out in a whisper: "My! how a master hand takes hold!"

Much could be said of Mr. Heinrich's enviable command of foreign languages, three of which (French, German and Italian) were almost like his native tongue to him. He was no mere surface student. He took up the grammar of each and knew how the parts of speech were put together. He was cosmopolitan in his taste and disliked provincialism in manner, dress or speech. He seldom could resist correcting others in their slipshod way of speaking, and could do so without giving offence. As a teacher of singing, it was obviously his business to be precise, and his sensitive ear could not help finding our common faults more trying often than amusing.

He was devoted to plants and flowers, and within the past few years of his life he became expert in identifying the songs and notes of our native birds, an accomplishment that afforded him much enjoyment. His daily life furnished abundant anecdote, but none save he himself could picture the world as he found it in words so vivacious and graphic. He faced the world with a sort of shrewdness, which was necessary, and bore his own troubles manfully.

MILO E. BENEDICT.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.—Concert by members of the Boston Opera Company, assisting artists, chorus and orchestra. See special notice.

MONDAY.

Fenway Court, 3 P. M.—Miss Terry's First Concert. Miss Alice Nielsen will sing Dupare's Chanson Triste, Hahn's Si mes Vers, Chabrier's Fileuse (from "Gwendoline"), Schumann's Du bist Wie Eine Blume, and Volksliedchen and Grieg's Solvejgs Lied, George Proctor, pianist, will play movements three and four from MacDowell's Sonata Eroica, Debussy's Toccata, Liadoff's Musical Snuff Box, and a military march of Schubert arranged by Tausig.

TUESDAY.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—First 'cello and piano recital by Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, and Kurt Fisher, pianist. Rachmaninoff Sonata for 'cello and piano. Piano Pieces: Schubert, Impromptu in G major; Beethoven, 32 variations in C minor; Liszt, Sonette de Petrarca, No. 123; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Rubinstein-Siloti, Lesginka (Caucasian Dance). Pieces for 'cello: Bach, Prelude, G major, Courante, G major, Sarabande, C minor, Gigue, C major; G. Faure, Elegie; Holter, Bagatella (Hymne), Cossmann, Tarantelle.

THURSDAY.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Second Lesson: Recital of Mme. Szumowska. General remarks on phrasing and characteristics of the composers represented. Beethoven, Sonata op. 28, D major; Schumann, Papillons; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 6.

FRIDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Thirteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Strube, Symphony in B minor; Brahms, Violin Concerto (Anton Witek, violinist); Beethoven, overture to "Fidelio."

SATURDAY.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Piano recital by Joseph Hofmann. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Thirteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Jan 15 '02

We have been asked the derivation of the word "Sinapipious," or perhaps it is spelled "synepipious" or "synapipious." Can any one give the correct or at least preferred spelling, and any information as to the origin and the precise meaning of the word? We are told that it is used to denote a man prone to spill food and drink on his coat, waistcoat, cravat, trousers while at table, or the clothes themselves that have reached what might be called the egg and gravy stage. It is barely possible that there is no such word. It sounds as though it should be compounded from the Greek: but "Simoleon" sounds like pure Attic. If there is no word "Sinapipious" there should be and it would come in the dictionary between "Sinapine" and "Sinapisin."

R. B. Thomas's Almanac Again.

As the World Wags:

Did you ever hear the story that it was through a typographical or heterophemistic error that Robert B. Thomas's almanac got its reputation for accuracy in forecasting the weather? The story is an old one and has now, perhaps, attained such an age that it may almost be regarded as folklore relating to the subject. The story is that, in one of the early numbers of the almanac, the forecast of the weather for a certain day in June read, by mistake, "snow" instead of "rain." As luck would have it—so goes the story—that June day, which was stormy, was also intensely cold for the season, and there was actually a fall of snow in the course of the day. I will leave it for some of the readers of The Herald's "As the World Wags" department to investigate and report as to what year it was that Robert B. Thomas's almanac had this thaumaturgic meteorological forecast which did so much to give his almanac its reputation for accuracy in its prognostications of the weather! By the way, Webster's New International Dictionary gives "forecast" as the past tense and past participle of the verb "forecast," but the publishers of the work acknowledge that that is an error and that the verb is "regular," its past tense and past participle being "forecasted."

As an illustration of the inaccuracy of many books of reference, "Appletons's Cyclopaedia of American Biography" gives Robert B. Thomas's full name as "Robert Baily Thomas," whereas it was "Robert Bailey Thomas," and states that he was born in the town of West Boylston, whereas he was born in the town of Grafton. Undoubtedly, also, the expression "1793—1846," which that work uses to indicate the years in which up to the time of Robert B. Thomas's death (in 1846), the successive numbers of his almanac were published, is an error for "1792—1845," as his first almanac was for the year 1793, and as every number of it has, I feel sure, been published before the close of the year preceding the year which that particular number of the almanac covers. By the way, why is the title "Appletons' Cyclopaedia of American Biography" always transmogrified in newspapers and books into the erroneous form, "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography"? Can you specify, in any book or newspaper, a single instance in which the title of that work is given correctly—except, of course, in the work itself?

INDAGATOR.

Notes and Comments.

The first number of the Farmer's Almanack was for 1793, but it was issued in the latter part of 1792.

The New English (or Oxford) Dictionary gives "forecast" as the past tense, and "forecasted" as the past partcipla, but "forecasted" as the past tense is occasionally used by minor writers.

Some days ago we spoke of "old" Moore, the Almanac maker. The word "old" was used for business purposes, for his first almanac was published when he was 42, and when he died he was only 58, just in the flush of manhood, in spite of Moses and more modern dealers in finalities. This "Old" Moore was born in 1657. His first almanac, an advertisement of a pill concocted by him, was published in 1679. But how about "The Genuine Old Moore's Almanac," first compiled by Theophilus Moore, first published in 1764? Through the courtesy of Mr. J. Kinnure, we have seen a copy of this almanac for 1905, published at Dublin and containing a list of the Fairs of Ireland. Theophilus Moore, astrologer and compiler of this almanac, was a native of Offaly, "a lineal descendant, it is said, of the great Irish chieftain, Ruari O'Moore," and he was "a profound English, Irish, Latin and Greek scholar, and professor of mathematics and astrology." He taught Thomas Moore, and was tutor for the youthful Henry, second Viscount Palmerston. "While engaged at his congenial task of 'spanning the firmament' and 'controlling the destinies of Europe,' he still continued in his usual capacity of teaching 'the young idea how to shoot.'" The pill-making Francis Moore is admitted to the Dictionary of National Biography. His portrait represents him as fat-faced and with a wig and huge neckcloth. Theophilus's name is excluded, although he was of royal descent. This shows the prejudices of the Sassenach editor.

FELIX FOX AT OPERA CONCERT

The program at the concert at the Boston Opera House last night was well balanced. In accordance with the plan to give an act of an opera as the second part of the program, the second act of Carmen was selected last night.

The soloists were Mmes. Claessens, Martini and De Courcy and Messrs. De Potter, Mardones, Barreau, Leo and Giaccone. Mme. Claessens sang the tambourine song well, while Mr. Mardones was admirable in the Toreador song, Mr. De Potter won applause in his tenor solo and the quintet was capably sung.

The opening number was the overture to "Euryanthe" by the orchestra. Mr. Goodrich conducted as he did during Mr. Fox's playing of Liszt's concerto in A major. Mr. Fox played brilliantly and the audience labored in vain for an encore.

Mme. Melis was in excellent voice and sang the aria from "Tosca," "Vissi D'Arte" and responded to the demands of the audience by repeating the closing passage. Mr. Moranzoni conducted the orchestra during her solo.

The Meditation from "Thais" was admirably played by the orchestra with Pierre Henrotte as solo violin. Mr. Strony conducted as he did during the act from "Carmen."

Jan 15 '9

Dr. Hirsch, a nerve specialist of New York, has written a book to prove that almost all the leading characters of biblical history were incurable and typical paranoiacs. This proves that he has a nerve. By the way, who was the author of a delightful song we used to hear in the sixties sung in negro minstrel shows, and with this refrain:

O hasn't she got the nerve, the nerve,
O hasn't she got the nerve.

By the Pound.

The Rev. R. L. Henschel preached two sermons at the funeral of a man in Minneapolis and now demands payment for them. Inasmuch as they required much "effort, study, endeavor and investigation" he thinks they are easily worth $25.

Some years ago the Rev. W. P. Hines of Norfolk, Va., travelling over the Norfolk and Western railway, lost his satchel, which he had checked. This satchel contained, besides wearing apparel, about 200 sermons in manuscript. The railway company, unwilling to pay the sum which Mr. Hines put on the fruits of his time and intellect, agreed to arbitrate. Mr. Hines named a brother Baptist; the railway company named a good Methodist and the two clergymen chose a third. We regret to say we never heard the amount of the final valuation.

Readers of Fielding will remember that Mr. Abraham Adams carried in his saddle-bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, "as well worth £100 as a shilling was worth 12d." Every volume would at least bring him £10, as he had been informed by a neighboring clergyman in the country; "for," said he, "as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things." But a grossly commercial book-seller dampened Mr. Adams's ardor by saying "I think those persons who get by preaching sermons are the properest to lose by printing them; for my part the copy that sells best will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons, but because they don't sell; for I would as soon print one of Whitefield's as any farce whatever." Thus he spoke like any honest book-seller of today.

Perhaps it were best if sermons were sold by weight, as some would have eggs sold.

Pallium, Not Toga.

Mr. Raymond Duncan has shocked a Parisian landlord and the republican guards by dressing himself "in the flowing robes of classic Greece." This fact led a deskman of the New York Sun to write the headline, "Waves His Toga in Court." But the ancient Greek did not wear a toga. The Grecians had their mantle, called Pallium; the Romans their gown called Toga; and by this different kind of garment the one was so certainly distinguished from the other that this word Togatus was often used to signify a Roman and Palliatus a Grecian. See Thomas Goodwin's "Romanae Historiae Anthologia Recognita et Aucta" (Lib. 3. Sec. 2, Cap. 7), "De Romanis Vestibus." But the learned Goodwin neglected to state in this invaluable chapter that the ancient Romans of mature age and high rank would rise from their seats when they were delighted by some show in the arena and solemnly wave the flaps of their togas, a form of applause more to be commended than clapping of hands, pounding the floor with booted feet or umbrellas, or whistling with the aid of fingers or old-fashioned house key.

A Personal Feeder.

Our friend, J. Edwards Merkin, is a man of careful observation, keen sensibility and ingenious wit, but he is more happy in suggestion than in performance. Knowing the value of an idea to a newspaper man, he purposes to put his natural gifts to philanthropic uses. Every day, except Sunday, he will present himself punctually at 12 o'clock at the office of a newspaper. There he will meet the editorial staff including the city editor and the heads of departments and talk for an hour by the clock on topics of general and private interest. He will give a rambling monologue, touching upon politics, the theatre, music, the latest book, the gossip of the clubs and of society. Thus he will fertilize the minds of the writers, and the harvests will be plenteous. He will bind himself always to appear in good humor, to abstain from intoxicating liquors during the day hours before noon, to attend all the receptions of note, to study human life in all its phases. Every man of the staff will find him an inexhaustible source of information. Sparkling water will be ever ready to run through the individual pipes. The work of these journalists will then be conspicuous for sterling good sense, freshness, pungency. The newspaper will rapidly gain subscribers; advertisers in their haste will jostle and even crush one another; the grateful publisher will order a handsome increase of salaries; the great public will be entertained and educated.

And for all this Mr. J. Edwards Merkin asks only a modest sum, to be paid weekly, that he may live comfortably and be presentable. Sealed proposals may be sent to him in care of The Boston Herald.

"RIGOLETTO"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Conti conducted.

Gilda	Yvonne de Treville
Maddalena	Maria Gay
Countess of Ceprano	Miss Morella
Giovanna	Mme. De-Courcy
Paggio	Miss D'Olige
Il Duca	Mr. Constantino
Rigoletto	Mr. Polese
Sparafucile	Mr. Mardones
Conte Monterone	Mr. Sill
Marullo	Mr. Pulcini
Conte Ceprano	Mr. Huddy
Borsa	Mr. Giaccone

Miss Yvonne de Treville sang last night for the first time at the Boston Opera House. Born at Galveston, Tex., she appeared for a while in operetta at the Casino and Garden Theatre in New York, and was a member of Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera company at the American Theatre in that city. She went to Europe and made her first appearance at the Opera Comique, Paris, June 1, 1902, as Lakme. Since then she has appeared in many of the leading opera houses of Europe; she has sung at Cairo and for two or three years was the leading coloratura singer at the Monnaie, Brussels.

In view of these facts her performance last evening was disappointing. Her voice is for the most part colorless and without emotional quality. The extreme upper tones above the staff are clear, but here, as in other parts of her voice, her intonation was insecure. As a matter of fact, her whole performance was marred by false intonation. In florid passages there were moments of agile staccato work, but the test air in the second act was not brilliantly sung, and in the sustained measures throughout the opera there was little that arrested the attention or gave pleasure. Nor was there in her dramatic impersonation of Gilda

at [illegible] relationship [illegible] [illegible] often [illegible] [illegible] facts.

Mr. [illegible]'s singing was [illegible] [illegible] nature. In the first act he [illegible] the Duke [illegible] delightful lightness and at one [illegible] character [illegible] the part. Later in the opera there were fine moments but [illegible] work [illegible] what which distinguished him in the first act. He too frequently [illegible] the matter of intonation. Nor was his mannered delivery of [illegible] "Ah mobile" to be commended. [illegible] of this famous air demands [illegible] simplicity of treatment.

Mr. [illegible] has shown intelligence and personal force in several parts this season. Rigoletto is not among them. Neither as singer nor actor has Mr. Polese yet made this part his own. His intonation was not always pure, his singing was too often mere mouthing, and melodic lines were often broken or chopped for the sake, apparently, of gaining some dramatic effect. It is not surprising that Mr. Polese did not give a striking dramatic representation of the part, for of late years only two or three singers have acted it with tragic intensity, and the voice of one of them, alas, was a thing of the past.

It was a pleasure to see and here Mme. Gay as Maddalena. For once the bravo's sister was coquettish without painful deliberation, and there was reason for the duke's infatuation, although her own taste, for the sake of her brother's trade, was catholic. Mme. Gay's voice is admirably suited to the part, and her laughter in the quartet was not forced. The quartet, by the way, has been sung much better in the Boston Opera House than it was last night, when there was vigor rather than varied expression.

The familiar airs were as ever applauded, and there were courteous curtain calls.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Zenatello will take the part of Johnson for the first time. The other chief singers will be Mme. Melis and Messrs. Polese, Cilla, Lankow and Blanchart. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

SHUBERT THEATRE. Lew Fields's production, "The Never Homes," a musical comedy by Glen McDonough and E. Ray Goetz. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane.

Principals in the cast:

Patricia Flynn .....George W. Monroe
Herman Dingeconder..... Jess Dandy
Daly Bunn .....Al Leech
Dr. Augustus Breeze .....Denman Maley
Webster Quate. .....Joseph Santley
Jimmy Louder .....Will Archie
Mr. Louder. ..... Edward Evans
Pietro .....Fred Sidney
Mrs. Daly Bunn.....Ray Cox
Mrs. Pakington Louder... Lillian Herlein
Wistart Bunn ..... Bessie Clifford

In the program "The Never Homes" is described as a musical kinemacolor in six scenes, and it lives up to the description. It is a riot of color and gayety from the rise of the curtain to the fall thereof. True, the jests are ancient, but so many so that it seems like greeting old friends and no one is taken by surprise and the answer is guessed as soon as the suggestion is made. Consequently there is little strain on the attention and the performance is one of unalloyed pleasure.

Leading the list of comedians is George W. Monroe, who plays a female [illegible]

Indeed, it is inconceivable that the [illegible] going public would permit Mr. Monroe at this late date to appear in [illegible] garb, so accustomed is it to see him in skirts.

The plot, and there is not enough of it to weary anyone, centres about the town of Lindale, where the suffragettes have turned their whole aim and run the fire and police departments. A youth anxious to call his mamma back to her household duties, sets fire to his home to summon the fire department, of which his mother is a member. Thus begins and so far as the ordinary mortal is concerned ends the plot.

Mr. Monroe is mayor and ex-officio leader of the militant band. He is also proprietor of a laundry and manages to extract a deal of humor out of the situations, especially when as trial justice he tempers justice with mercy to the offenders brought before him. Jess Dandy as the chief of police, and Al Leech in the role of Daly Bunn, share the fun making.

The cast is extraordinarily strong from the standpoint of Broadway favorites, for the play enjoyed a long run at the theatres of the Great White Way, and includes Ray Cox, Bessie Clifford and Lillian Herlein.

Many of the songs are catchy, and one, "First Love Days," sung by Miss Herlein, is very good and is admirably sung. "The Girl from Havana," which runs throughout the play, was encored sufficiently to enable the entire audience to memorize the air and the greater part of the words, and is sure to be whistled throughout the city.

Miss Clifford was helped out in her songs by the excellent dancing of Mr. Santley, who seems to improve with age, and in their last dance to the air of "The Spooky Tune," they achieved a genuine hit. Miss Cox repeated her travesty on the ball game, familiar to most of the audience, and it met with the greeting that one always extends to time-honored guests.

The scenery is attractive and the costumes are bewildering in their manifold changes. It is one of the most entertaining performances of the season.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE. First production in Boston of "A Single Man," a comedy in [illegible] by Henry Hubert Davis:

[illegible] ..... John Drew
[illegible] ..... [illegible]
[illegible] ..... [illegible]
[illegible] ..... [illegible] Bragg
Mme. Coutre ..... Camille McOuat
Mrs. Helsby ..... Lily Brayton
Isabella Worthington ..... Louise Drew
George Parker ..... Thais Lawton
Bertha Sims ..... Helen Boice
Gladys ..... Eva Condon
Mrs. Higson ..... Cecilia Radcliffe

It would be difficult to imagine a more striking tribute to the personal popularity of John Drew than that furnished at the Hollis Street Theatre last night. The house was crowded with his tried and true friends, who acclaimed him warmly on his first entrance, and, as the play went on, frequently paid him the compliments of vigorous applause and hearty laughter—and this despite the fact that he and his colleagues were struggling vainly to make plausible or funny or interesting one of the tamest, flattest, saddest "comedies" with which any actor ever tested the loyalty of his admirers.

The story of the affair, simple as it is, as it is outlined at once in the first act, gives promise of fun in plenty. A great author, confirmed in single blessedness and about 42 or 43 years old, seeing the conjugal happiness of his brother and his bride of a year, decides that he ought to marry. He picks out for his mate a lively athlete in her teens without telling his brother or sister-in-law.

The latter has thought the author should wed, too, and has sent for a school friend to come to the house and capture the prize. This spinster arrives just as the great writer announces his engagement to the giddy young tennis player. The spinster declares she will stay and win despite this rebuff. The author also has a fair typist whom he loves without suspecting it and she loves him.

Here is meat for some fine spicy eating, you think. Now for three acts of joyous entanglements and sprightly unravelling of them! Alas, it is a hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick; a series of broken promises that engenders tears instead of laughter. Instead of deft presentation of the situations or pleasant surprises, or snappy quips—the talk, the whole scheme of the business is laid bare as it moves slowly onward and is explained in dreary dialogue and in action that is so impossible as to be almost uniformly ridiculous.

Mr. Drew has a few lines that may pass muster as jokes, while the other actors are also supplied with a moiety of them. It is these that Mr. Drew's admirers fall upon with loyal avidity, and by their vigorous applause let him know how much they think of him.

In the end, of course, the bachelor author, finds out that he would be unhappy with the youthful bride. The spinster fails to get him, because her methods are so raw and uncouth as to repel even so stupid a man as Worthington, while the author and the typist reach an understanding, only after she tells him she loves him.

The calibre of Worthington's mentality and the character of the jocose dialogue is well shown in an example. The author who has made his way from obscurity to fame by writing novels and hence must know something of the world, is told by his poor typist that she never drank champagne before. He looks at her in genteel amazement and then in tones of utter vacuity remarks that yes, he "supposes there are people who never drink champagne." (Laughter and applause.)

It would be unkind to tell in detail of the unhappy efforts of the members of the company to make something of this piece. They strive with painstaking conscientiousness. They do their best, but they cannot accomplish the impossible.

Boston will see "The First Lady in the Land" with Elsie Ferguson, on Monday, Jan. 29, with the original company and production, at the Hollis Street Theatre. The heroine is Dolly Madison, the wife of the President.

EMMA CARUS'S SONGS PLEASE KEITH AUDIENCE

Another Old Favorite, Joe Welch, Prominent in the Bill.

Emma Carus, successful alike in comedy and in vaudeville, is appearing in the latter at B. F. Keith's this week, although she was but recently the star of "Up and Down Broadway." The half-dozen songs that she is singing in connection with her present vaudeville engagement cover a rather broad field, but Miss Carus does justice to each and all of them and last evening, in addition to unstinted applause, a large bouquet of American Beauties went over the footlights to her. The two songs into the spirit of which she entered most enthusiastically were "I've Just Met the Girl That Married the Fellow That I Was Going to Get" and her own creation from "Up and Down Broadway," telling of the differences between the present and 50 years ago.

Then there's another old favorite played up prominently upon the bill in Joe Welch, long famed for his Yiddish character interpretation. In his "Studies from Real Life" Welch reels off yard after yard of clever stuff in dialect that is as convincing and as effective as his own make-up. Welch has trotted out from the wings at Keith's upon many occasions in the past, but he has yet to wear out his welcome.

Zellah Covington and Miss Rose Wilber achieved a distinct and a deserved success in their little playlet "The Parsonage," in which the two play the parts of no less than seven persons. Their changes of costume are instantaneous, and their versatility is best demonstrated by the ease with which they assume widely differing parts. Miss Rose Wilber is excellent alike as the school girl, as the old woman and as the adventuress, although it is perhaps in the emotional work of the latter role in which she appears to the best advantage.

Unheralded upon the program and occupying a rather inconspicuous place are Fred Haydn, Eddie Borden and Tommy Hayden. The audience is informed in advance that they are "the acme of artistic versatility," and their act bears it out. The three young men have excellent voices, are skilled at the piano, and as dancers introduce a number of new and difficult steps. They were called back again and again. None upon the bill was more enthusiastically received.

The Frey twins gave a demonstration of wrestling holds and defences, winding up with a full-of-action bout of about three minutes' duration. They are not Herculean in size or muscle, but they are tremendously fast on their feet—so fast, in fact, that some of their work isn't altogether appreciated. What they would be able to do in real competition against a Gotch of their poundage may be a question, but as far as being good actors on the mat are concerned they are surely par excellence.

Little Lord Robert, the most diminutive of the Lilliputian performers, appears in song, dance and story. Richards and Montrose, as the college boy and the athletic girl, have a clever sketch. The Jossetys, European wonders, open the bill with a novelty act, and Al Rayno, with his trained bulldogs, winds up the program.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE — Charles Klein's drama, "The Third Degree," presented by the United Play Company. The cast:

Richard Brewster .....Joseph R. Garry
Howard Jeffries, Sr. .....Thomas Yolle
Howard Jeffries, Jr. .....Daniel Fager
Captain Clinton. .....Leighton L. Stark
Robert Underwood.....George Daglenn
Dr. Berlstein. . . ..Arda LaCroix
Mr. Jones. . . ..William J. McCarthy
Mr. Bennington. ....Paul Kisman
Detective Sergeant Maloney.....
Harry Farnham
Mrs. Howard Jeffries . Miss Lottie Emmons
Maid at Brewster's.....Miss Adele Hughes
Annie Jeffries..... ....Miss Sarah Padden

Jan 17 1912

The Herald has received several letters that demand serious consideration.

A Personal Note.

As the World Wags:

I read that the favorite diversion of Miss Elena Gerhardt, the singer, is poker; that she plays it frequently, successfully and with assurance. I also read that Mr. Arthur Nikisch has been interested in Miss Gerhardt's career from the beginning and often plays her accompaniments in public as a tribute to her art. I remember that when Mr. Nikisch lived in Boston he learned the game of poker and became singularly proficient, playing with true Hungarian dash. Is it not possible that Mr. Nikisch, an excellent coach, did not confine his instruction to the interpretation of Lieder? WATSON HOLMES.

Boston, Jan. 15, 1912.

The Brotherhood of Man.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Ezra Baker calls my attention to a historical fact implied in the conduct of the chorus in "Aida," at the Opera House. He detected members of that useful body in the act of chewing gum and in quite a modern spirit. As so well trained a chorus would scarcely do such a thing save for illustrative purposes and in obedience to the stern command of the admirable management, it seems more than likely that Egyptian archaeology has been enriched by the knowledge thus exemplified through the scientific zeal of Messrs. Russell and Menotti. Mr. Baker also noted that the armor of the Egyptian soldiery was correctly creased down the leg in front. It is things like these that bring the centuries together after the manner of an accordion and make the brotherhood of man the most spacious of facts.

My own antiquarian researches have shown me that the descendants of the armorers of England's past, thrown out of a job by the change of fashions in the matter of warlike gear, have drifted naturally and appropriately into the laundry business. The shirt that has been "restored," as their phrase goes, by a British laundryman, shows an unmistakable relationship to a cuirass in its regid inflexibility.

J. POOLE of Bethesda.

Boston, Jan. 15, 1912.

The ancient Egyptians, Mr. Poole, undoubtedly chewed something, probably even in the temple, for man, civilized or barbaric, is a ruminant. It matters not whether he chew slippery elm, flag root, lovage, betel, gum (spruce or medicated), tobacco (plug or fine cut), hashish—he chews.

"Vieux Moustache."

As the World Wags:

Can you tell us why our old friend signs himself "Vieux Moustache" instead of "Vieille Moustache?" The latter, if I am correct, means a veteran.

W. D. C.

Hyannisport, Jan. 13, 1912.

"Moustache" in French is now a feminine noun; but in Mr. Randle Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary" (edition of 1673) "moustache" is given as masculine. Possibly our old friend knew this when he chose the pseudonym. Perhaps he was thinking of "Un vieux de la Vieille" (garde, understood), "A soldier that had belonged to the old guard of Napoleon I." Perhaps he nobly disdained grammatical relationship and had in mind the old lines:

Jones likes his lettuces undrest.
D'ye ask the reason?
'Tis confessed.
That is the way Jones likes them best.

An Old Complaint.

As the World Wags:

The query of "Indagator" in your column of Jan. 15 about Appletons' Cyclopaedia can easily be answered. The name of the firm being D. Appleton & Co., one naturally expects Appleton's Cyclopaedia. In my experience as editor, I find that in almost every case where that work is cited the author has written Appleton's. Invariably I make the necessary change in copy, only to find, when proofs come along, that the printer has set the word as written by the author. Again I mark a change, but it's an even chance whether the word comes out right or wrong in page proof. In the second line of the last paragraph of the first column of today's "As the World Wags," you will find Appleton's Cyclopaedia. Was that form due to "Indagator" or to the printer? The fact is that, between author and printer, it is practically impossible to get such a thing right. But the name is occasionally correctly printed as in Mr. Andrew McF. Davis's "Colonial Currency Reprints" (Prince Society), I., 148, 262, 443, III. 252. I think, too, that in the publications of the Colonial Society the name generally comes out right, though as it does not appear in the indexes I am unable to cite volume and page.

But here is a worse case than the above-mentioned work. In 1881 Harper & Brothers published (in two volumes) a work (compiled by B. J. Lossing) entitled "Harpers' Cyclopaedia of United States History." In 1902 the same work (in ten volumes) was republished under the title "Harper's Encyclopaedia of United States History." Once I had occasion to refer to both works in the same article, and I went nearly crazy before I could induce the printers to get those titles right. Why will publishers do such stupid things as giving such confusing titles?

INDIGNABUNDUS.

Boston, Jan. 15, 1912.

The form "Appletons's Cyclopaedia" in "Indagator's" letter was due to the printer, not the writer.

Jan 18 1912

"THE GIRL" AT BOSTON OPERA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Minnie. . .....Mme. Melis
Dick Johnson.....Mr. Zenatello
Jack Rance.....Mr. Polese
Nick. . .....Mr. Cilla
Ashby. . .....Mr. Lankow
Sonora. . .....Mr. Blanchart
Trin. . .....Mr. Devoux
Sid. . .....Mr. Sisi
Bello. . .....Mr. Puicini
Harry. . .....Mr. Diaz
Joe. . .....Mr. Giaccone
Happy. . .....Mr. Montesa
Larkens. . .....Mr. Fornari
Billy. . .....Mr. Tavecchia
Wowkle. . .....Miss Leveroni
Jake Wallace. . .....Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro. . .....Mr. Olshansky
The Pony Express Rider.....Mr. Gaidin

Puccini's opera, with its sentimental miners, the sheriff that suggests at the same time Bret Harte's Mr. Oakhurst and Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Mr. Johnson, the repentant road agent, and Minnie, whose cheating at cards is rapturously applauded by audiences of the highest respectability, was performed last night for the first time this season. Messrs. Zenatello and Lankow appeared here for the first time as Johnson and Ashby, and Mr. Moranzoni conducted the opera for the first time.

Mr. Zenatello gave a striking impersonation of Johnson. In the first place

[illegible] and in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

he is physically suited to the part, and his make-up was convincing. It would be hard to say whether he excelled as actor or as singer. Never was he the admired tenor, conscious of his reputation and waiting impatiently for the tune in the third act. He was Johnson himself, who, in accordance with the wishes of the composer, sang. Never was he merely a tenor, taking his ease when the music made no serious demand upon him, and looking forward to passages where he could sing with full voice confident of applause to follow. In the dialogue throughout the play his musical expression was wedded to the dramatic requirements.

This season Mr. Zenatello has shown unusual intelligence in the composition of various roles. Whether he appears as Othello, Don Jose, Canio, Faust, Cavaradossi, he effaces his personality and presents a character. In this respect he has made great progress. Not only is his face more mobile, so that his facial expression is significant, his gestures now have definite meaning, and he sings with a fine appreciation of the text and situation. He now can be vocally lyric and heroic, and he has now learned to give due amount of importance to a phrase. His tones have gained in emotional quality, and have not lost brilliance or strength.

Last night he added to his large repertoire a part that he can call his own. Boston may be proud of this artist, for he is an artist, not merely a tenor.

Mr. Lankow gave distinction to the comparatively small part of Ashby. He acted with the freedom demanded by the part and sang effectively.

The performance of the others is familiar to the public. Mme. Melis is in many ways an excellent Minnie. She, too, presents a character, and it would not be easy to think of Minnie without remembering her good-natured coquetry, her expression of growing love, her passion and her intensity in the scenes when she saves her lover. Her performance is not yet wholly free from self-consciousness, but as a rule she plays with an abandon that is controlled by art. Mr. Polese's Sheriff is an interesting figure; not so quietly sinister in action and repose as was another sheriff we have seen; not so melodramatic; but it is not too extravagant, and in the second act there is a fine brutality when he would hold Minnie in his arms. Mr. Polese was in good voice. It was a pleasure to see again Mr. Blanchart as Sonora, an impersonation full of vitality, and the others who played the miners; to see again Mr. Cilla, a model western barkeeper; to hear Mr. Marlones sing again the minstrel's song. Mr. Olshansky plays the small part of Castro with dramatic force.

Mr. Moranzoni gave a vigorous reading of the score. The stage settings and business again excited admiration.

A large audience was demonstrative in appreciation. The drama itself is a stirring one, and Mr. Belasco's play and the character of the performance interest chiefly any audience when this opera, manufactured for America, is performed.

Either Puccini is falling in melodic invention, or he said to himself "Come, now; Debussy is not the only one who can write music that will exactly fit a text. I'll show the world what an Italian can do." Saying this, he helped himself freely to Debussy's scale and harmonic methods; but even then Puccini is seen, a true Italian, in Debussy's clothes that do not fit him. Nor was his attempt to produce a musical melodrama successful. The music is often inherently incongruous. The chief interest, outside of Mr. Belasco's drama, is Puccini's instrumentation, which is often original and ingenious.

The opera on Friday night will be "Pelleas et Melisande," with the cast as before. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

Many who find their rheumatism an unfailing subject for conversation will welcome the news from Philadelphia and Paris. Dr. Lambert Ott of the former city announces as an "unquestionable remedy" acetylmethlenedisalicylic acid, which in spite of its formidable name is within reach of the humblest. A physician in Paris hammers rheumatism out of his patients. He taps the ailing part gently and thrice with his hammer, smiling at the time like an auctioneer. He is doing a roaring trade. More power to his elbow!

It should be understood by all readers of The Boston Herald that these remedies apply to those suffering from rheumatics or from rheumatism, for among country people the belief still lingers that the two are not quite the same disease. Rheumatism, they say, lies in a particular limb; rheumatics is a general complaint.

The Beer Drinkers' Paradox.

The fact that in the drug above named there is 75 per cent. of salicylic acid calls to the mind a curious phenomenon associated with drinking beer, bottled or from the keg. Tripe-visaged persons have inveighed against the delightful summer and winter pastime of drinking beer on the ground that the liquid contains salicylic acid and will therefore bring on rheumatism. But if salicylic acid is a remedy against rheumatism, why should not confirmed drinkers of beer be free from the disease or having it persevere in the remedy?

The Origin of Rheumatism.

Various causes for rheumatism have been named, but the one that is the most reasonable has been slighted by physicians wedded to a theory. Rheumatism is a result of what is known as contagious magic. It is now generally acknowledged by men without prejudice, inherited or acquired, that magic may be wrought on a man sympathetically through the impressions left by his body in sand, in earth or on a dressed bed. For instance, if you drive a nail into a man's footprint he will become lame; nor need the nail be taken from a coffin. Rheumatism is thus the result of malice or revenge. An enemy may put sharp pieces of quartz, glass, bone, coal in your footprints. A piece of broken bottle buried in a foot-track is an unfailing cause. Never lie down where you body will leave an imprint. If fragments of glass, stone, etc., are buried in the mark made by your body you will be racked by rheumatic pains. And for this reason the wise Pythagoreans insisted that a man leaving his bed should smooth away the impression left by his body on the bedclothes. See Jamblichus, "Adhortatio ad philosophiani, 21." The answers given by Plutarch in his "Symposiacs," viii., 7, are not satisfactory, such as this: the symbol was intended to prevent men sleeping in the daytime; "for night is the time for sleep, and in the day we should rise and follow our affairs, and not suffer so much as the print of our body in the bed, since a man asleep is of no more use than one dead." Another of Plutarch's reasons is simply grotesque.

Sure Cures.

"Of course the ancients recommended a host of remedies, from burning the afflicted joints, to purging with myrobalans, prunes and tamarinds; from soothing the pains, especially of the hip joint, by music, to the coplous use of hermodactyl. Many amulets were mentioned favorably, and today some put their faith in a horse chestnut or a raw onion carried in a pocket. Pork and sweet wines should be avoided. In the East Indies they used the moxa, as Mr. Zulichem informed Sir William Temple particularly for gout. They took a certain kind of moss that grew there, and formed it into a figure broad at bottom as a twopence, and pointed at top. They put the bottom on the place where the pain was fixed; "then with a small round perfumed match (made likewise in the Indies) they fired the top of the moss, which, burning gradually, came to the skin and burnt it till the moss was an ash heap. If the pain did not then go away, there was a second, even a fourth, burning." This heroic remedy recalls the scene in Sue's "Wandering Jew," where Rodin submits himself to the moxa. But does this plant, the "Artemisia moxa," come from the East Indies? Was it not first known in China and Japan? The word "moxa" is an adaptation of the Japanese "mokusa" contracted from moe kusa, "burning herb." So we are assured by books that help us. If any one wishes to ponder long lists of old fashioned remedies against gout and rheumatism let him consult Paulus Aegineta, also Lucien's tragi-comedy "Tragopodogra," and in the latter is mention of amulets and necromantic rhymes. If any one wishes to try the moxa, a Swedish match or a plain brimstone would undoubtedly do.

Chignon and Waterfall.

As The World Wags:

Can you tell a waiting world anything about the origin of the waterfall, a mode of wearing the hair affected by young ladies during the sixties? If I remember aright, it was sometimes called a chignon, and was worn on the back of the head just above the nape of the neck—in shape a sort of fall with the hair smoothly drawn over the outside, suggesting perhaps the effect of falling water. Where did this singular fad or style come from? And when did it disappear? MOREY.

Cambridge, Jan. 15, 1912.

"Chignon" is an old French word, which meant originally "the chine, or chine piece of the neck"; also a knot in a piece of wood. It afterward came to mean "a large coil or hump of hair usually folded round a pad, which has at various times been worn by women on the nape of the neck or back of the head." The Lady's Magazine of 1783, under "Full Dress," spoke of "the hair large and the chignon low behind." Here is a quotation from Miss Edgeworth (1817): "The hair behind, natural and false, plastered together to a preposterous bulk, was (about 1780) turned up in a sort of great bag, or club, or chignon." In 1865 a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette saw a man on horseback "holding on high at the end of his cane a chignon, as those heavy lumps of hair are technically called." The Daily News in 1869 referred to the "noisy world of carrotty, chignoned 'cocodettes.'" In modern French slang a chignon of false hair is known as "Kilo."

The waterfall was sometimes the same as a chignon, but more frequently and specifically a fringe of hair falling down the neck under the chignon. In Mrs. Whitney's "Leslie Goldthwaite" (1880) we find this passage: "The brown silk net had given way all at once into a great hole under the waterfall and the soft hair would fret itself through."

We regret to say that Cooley's "Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," which has often served us in our hour of need, here fails us, although it tells of the Rev. John Wesley rubbing a bald spot with a raw onion and then applying honey with beneficial results. We shall consult a coiffeur de dames who recently addressed an interesting letter to The Herald.

Jan 19 1912

Correspondents are knocking at the gate and will not take no for an answer.

Fly-Loo.

As the World Wags:

While reading Sunday in "The Moral Discourses of Epictetus" and trying to draw consolation from him in spite of frozen water pipes and chilly floors my mind drifted back to last summer, and I couldn't help wondering whether that philosopher knew the game of "Fly-Loo." Life in a summer boarding-house is made miserable to most of us by the house fly. No small amusement and possible profit can, however, be coaxed out of the fly by the game of "Fly-Loo" (sometimes called "Fly-Tunk").

About dessert time, when coffee is served every one at table takes a lump of sugar, first contributing 10 cents into a common pool. The lump of sugar is placed in front of your plate, and the first person having a fly alight on his sugar wins the pool. This can be played indefinitely; of course, it is "no fair" to shoo away a fly about to alight on your neighbor's sugar.

A spinster at our boarding-house aroused some hard feeling last summer because she won so many pools. She used to bring a piece of bright orange colored silk ribbon to table and lay her sugar on it. This seemed to hypnotize the flies to come to her sugar first in at least five cases out of ten. One boarder saw her reading a French book, "La Vie de la Mouche" (Maeterlinck?), one afternoon, and we all felt that an unfair advantage was being taken of the rest of us who knew nothing of the psychology of the fly. A READER.

Boston, Jan. 15, 1912.

The Scholiast Says:

This is an old form of gambling. The description is to be found in sermons and essays against the vice. But why the name "Fly-Loo"? The game of loo does not resemble this summer boarding house pastime in any respect. And why "Fly-Tunk"? What does tunk here mean? We know the word "tunk" full well, both verb and substantive. "He tunked him;" "he gave him a severe tunk." We also know the word "tunked" meaning stunted in growth or ill-thriving, as in "The pig's food can't suit him, he is very tunked." But no blow is given to the fly, and his food is for the time most nourishing.

A Note on Surnames.

As the World Wags:

I wish you would explain to me why proper names have been so curiously distributed. We have thousands of people named West, an occasional person named North—like the late director of the census—and perhaps an occasional person named East, but I never knew one. I never knew of a Mr. South. Why should the Wests so monopolize the compass points? In the same way, we have Browns, Grays, Whites, Blacks to burn, and there was once a Kansas congressman named Blue. I have never hear of a Mr. Yellow; I have never heard of families named Purple, Violet, or any number of good colors. Why is this?

Similar anomalies appear in most of the sets of words. How does it happen?

Boston, Jan. 17. INQUIRER.

Points of Compass.

Never knew a Mr. South? There have been lots of Souths. Look at the literary ones alone.

There was Sim South, author of "Letters to His Kinsfolk"; there was Simon South, who wrote about church power in the 17th century; there was Theophilus South, who wrote "The Fly Fisher's Text Book," but his real name was Edward Chilty. Above them towered Robert South, D. D., the great preacher, who described with curious eloquence the state of Adam in Paradise, whose spirit was embittered against dissenters. Astronomers remember Sir James South, and surgeons, his brother, John F. South, whose first volume was that delightful work, "The Dissector's Manual," written in a chatty and sparkling style.

No Easts? Look again among the authors. There was Thomas East, who wrote "Death-Bed Scenes," characterized as "a welcome companion on the bed of sickness and death"; there was D. J. East, the author of "West Africa and Christianity as the Means of Recovering It." "Sabbath Meditations," by John East, has cheered despondent souls, and Mr. East meditated to the extent of two volumes. Lawyers know the King's Bench Reports of Sir Edward Hyde East, also his "Pleas of the Crown." But as yet we have not met any Mr. North East, nor any Mr. South by South West.

No Violets? No Purples? Go to! Norman H. Purple of Peoria, Ill., for four years judge of the supreme court of that state, was a compiler of statutes and his works were adopted by the General Assembly. Thomas Violet, a goldsmith of London, published treatises against the transportation of gold and silver. We should not be surprised at meeting a Mr. Yellow any day. There was Col. Yell of Yellville; there was Dr. John Yelloly of Edinburgh. The author of that fascinating volume "Dissertatio Inaugurallis de Cynanche Tracheali" (1796, 8 vo.) does any one know a Mr. Yellow, or Yaller?

MISS GERHARDT

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano, gave her second recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Maedchen Schwermuth, Im's Freie, Der Nussbaum, Die Kartenlegerin, Ich grolle nicht, Fruehlingsnacht; Brahms, six Gypsy songs; Liszt, Die drei Zigeuner, Ueber allen Gipfeln; H. Wolf, Lied vom Winde, In dem Schatten Meiner Locken, Gesang Weylas; Strauss, Staendchen, Heimliche Aufforderung.

Miss Gerhardt's program was not so interesting as that of her first recital, nor was her performance so uniformly meritorious. They that heard her for the first time yesterday afternoon are not yet fully acquainted with her finer art. The beauty of her tones, her exquisite management of mezza voce, her uncommonly smooth and even legato, and the purity of her taste in the interpretation of Lieder were shown yesterday; it is true, in Schumann's "Maedchen Schwermuth" and "Der Nussbaum," although she took the latter song at a pace so slow that it would have been ruinous to a singer with less control of breath; also in Schumann's "Mondnacht," which she added to the group. Her interpretation of this beautiful song recalled Victor Maurel's, which still remains unsurpassed.

In these songs, as in the whole of the recital last week, Miss Gerhardt, a German by birth and education, distinguished herself by singing as the great majority of Germans, male and female, in opera house or on concert stage, do not sing. Yesterday, in the greater number of the songs by Brahms, she sang, alas, after the manner of a healthy, robust, patriotic German, like any Frau Schulz or Fraulein Mueller. She suddenly cast art to the winds. Her tones, naturally of a lovely quality, grew hard and coarse. She forced tone. She declaimed. There were times when she shouted, and most unnecessarily. Even the Gypsy songs of Brahms do not deserve such treatment. "The pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

For Miss Gerhardt is a lyric singer, one rarely endowed by nature, one skillfully taught in all the branches of her art. She is not a dramatic singer, and even in emotional songs that demand a show of passion she is less successful than in those of contemplation, meditation and tender sentiment.

Miss Hegner followed the moods of the singer. Her accompaniment of "Der Nussbaum" and, in fact, the other songs of Schumann was musical and sympathetic, but when she came to the gypsy cycle of Brahms she smote the piano as though she were Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni in his most stalwart and precocious vein.

The audience was of good size and enthusiastic from the start. The louder Miss Gerhardt sang and the greater the pianist's din, the louder it applauded.

SECOND LESSON RECITAL BY MME. SZUMOWSKA

Beethoven, Schumann and Liszt Works on Program.

Mme. Szumowska gave the second of a series of lesson recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata Op. 28, D-major; Schumann, Papillons; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 6.

Preceding the recital part of the program Mme. Szumowska made a few general remarks concerning the characteristics of the composers of the afternoon, and explained at the piano the technical structure, phrasing and interpretation of the compositions.

"The adjective great may best be applied to Beethoven," said the pianist, "for he was truly great in every sense of the word. A colossal personality, an intellectual giant, he can only be compared to the greatest exponents of other arts, such as Michael Angelo and Shakespeare. Himself influenced by Bach and Mozart, his own influence upon the world of music was epoch making. Although not in reality pianistic, and preferring the musical utterance of many instruments together rather than that of one alone, he affected the sonata form in piano music, and in this he was the first to interpolate the scherzo. The Pastorale sonata, which I have chosen for discussion this afternoon, is probably so called because of a certain bucolic quality in the first movement, while the last has the character of a country dance."

Schumann, the pianist, was designated as "the sparkling, moody, tender, satirical composer," and she referred to his introduction of new forms, entirely free from classical flavor, such as the carnivals and fantasies. She spoke also of his frequent use of tempo rubato and of his free employment of all the pedals to gain variety of effects in his compositions.

"Papillons," said Mme. Szumowska, "is a somewhat misleading name, for Schumann did not mean to represent a flight of butterflies, but rather a flitting from one idea to another, which is a striking characteristic of his compositions."

An appreciative audience of fair size gave evidence of its enjoyment of both the lesson and recital parts of the program.

The third and last of the series will be given in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25.

FRENCH COMEDIES BY HARVARD ORGANIZATION

Cercle Francais Gives Three Enjoyable Pieces.

Three one-act comedies, "L'Echeance," by Meilhac and Delavigne, "Les Absents," by Alphonse Daudet, and "Permettez Madame," by Labiche and Delacour were performed last evening in Jordan Hall by the Cercle Francais of Harvard University.

The plays were amusing, well cast, and acted with spirit, while the performance was, on the whole, a smooth one. The stage settings were attractive, and the costumes in "Les Absents" especially picturesque.

A warmly appreciative audience rewarded the efforts of the players, who individually contributed to an enjoyable evening. Among those especially to be commended for their impersonations were Mr. Ahreu, as the suave Francis Bernier in "L'Echeance," Mme. Darmand as the dainty Mme. de Pernay, and Mr. Skinner as the choleric Count Boroskine, while others equally pleasing in the following plays were Misses Jean Key, Katherine Key, Pauline Weare, Jeanne Cheron and Dorothy Faunce, and L. S. Greene, G. Coogan, B. Duer and G. N. Richard.

The plays will be repeated in Jordan Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 20, at 8:15.

Jan 20 1912

SYMPHONY BY STRUBE GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Witek, concert master of the orchestra, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B minor.....Strube
Concerto for violin and orchestra.....Brahms
Overture to "Fidelio".....Beethoven

Mr. Strube is a fortunate man. He writes an orchestral work or chamber music and it is played before he is old, tottering, like unto Barzillai, the Gileadite, who, refusing to go with King David to Jerusalem, said: "Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

There is a stately row of Mr. Strube's compositions, played by the Boston Symphony orchestra and other organizations. He wrote violin concertos and Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Adamowski played them. He composed for viola and orchestra and Mr. Ferir was soloist for him; he wrote a 'cello concerto and Mr. Warnke chose it for his solo with the Symphony orchestra. A composer, unlike the traditional prophet, is sometimes honored in his own town.

This symphony in B minor has been played here before. It was produced at a concert in April, 1909. The first movement is the best of the four in conception and workmanship. The opening is singularly beautiful, and there are fine thoughts finely expressed in the pages that follow. The second movement, an Adagio, is interesting and expressive. The other movements are entertaining, but there is not sufficient contrast between them. The finale has too much of a scherzo character until the coda-apotheosis is reached. The last two will surely compel applause; the scherzo by its tricksy themes, almost insolent use of trumpets, unexpected twists and turnings; the finale by its liveliness and pompous close. Nevertheless, the first movement is the best, and Mr. Strube may well be proud of it.

Nearly 17 years ago his "Maid of Orleans" overture was performed at a Symphony concert. The overture and his Symphony in C minor were of honest German manufacture. Nothing in them hinted at the Strube of later years. The composer was not incorrigibly German. Receptive, he became acquainted with the works of Cesar Franck, Vincent d'Indy, Debussy; nor did he shudder in his conservatism at reckless Richard Strauss. The character of his own music began to change. His harmonic scheme became more and more varied; his instrumentation grew more bold and brilliant. Not that he assimilated merely for the purpose of aping the composers who interested him. They taught him to shape his own style. In this symphony in B minor there are Debussy-like effects; there are momentary moods like those in "Tristan and Isolde"; there is a motive that is eminently Tschaikowskian; but these are as ornaments on Mr. Strube's own rich costume. The dress itself is of his design and cut. There was a time of experiments; a time when Mr. Strube seemed fascinated chiefly by the bizarre; that was the time of his "Fantastic Overture." This passed and his later works, however fanciful they may be in development and adornment, rest on a firm foundation. He richly deserved the hearty applause of yesterday. The orchestra, led with care and sympathy by Mr. Fiedler, gave an eloquent performance.

The wonder is that the man who wrote the "Fidelio" overture was also the composer of the nobly dramatic and profoundly emotional "Leonora No. 111" for one and the same opera.

Mr. Witek gave an impressive reading of Brahms's concerto. In the first place, it was a noteworthy exhibition of the higher form of violin playing. The music was vitalized by the intelligence of the player. The conception was lofty; the performance was masterly. We all have heard "intellectual" violinists saw through this long concerto without thought of grace or beauty of expression, and the result was the abomination of desolation. Mr. Witek, in his seriousness, did not forget the admirable qualities of a commanding virtuoso. There are violinists in whose hands the concerto has thickness as well as length and breadth. Mr. Witek gave a memorable performance of a work that undoubtedly strongly appealed to him. To some the orator was greater than the subject he treated.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Schumann, symphony in C-major No. 2; Tschaikowsky, concerto in B-flat minor No. 1, for piano (Miss Katharine Goodson); Dvorak, overture, "Husitska."

"PELLEAS" AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Third performance of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Melisande.....Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck
Genevieve.....Maria Gay
Le Petit Yniold.....Bernice Fisher
Pelleas.....Jean Riddez
Golaud.....Vanni Marcoux
Arkel.....Edward Lankow
Un Medicin.....Jose Mardones

The performance last evening gave pleasure to a large and appreciative audience. This opera has so recently been reviewed at length in The Herald that it requires no extended comment. The stage settings were again supremely beautiful and the management of lights was again contrived with remarkable effectiveness; again Mr. Marcoux's impressive impersonation of Golaud excited admiration, Miss Fisher was a delightfully boyish Yniold, and there was interest felt in the Melisande of Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck; again, too, Mr. Caplet gave an admirable and poetically dramatic reading of the score, while the others in the cast were in the vein.

This week has seen strange sights. Strong, bearded men have walked with trouser legs tucked into high arctics. Feeble and hollow-chested persons, mere shrimps, have stepped out gaily without even the thinnest rubbers. Women, old and young, have defied colds, coughs, bronchitis and the possibilities of pneumonia and galloping consumption by appearing to the ravished eye in the daintiest of stockings and low shoes, shoes that might be called pumps. Truly this is a little world of many and great wonders.

Booted Out.

The Daily Chronicle of London recently began an article as follows: "We appear to have booted out the American manufacturer, who nearly captured the shoe trade a few years ago. The American boots were flexible and neat, and we bought them, wore them, until we wondered what was wrong with them. The American consul-general in London has pointed out what was wrong. They did not stand the wet—the humidity of the English climate. A stout sole of such quality and texture as not to retain moisture is a necessity. For here comes the little difference. 'Overshoes' are not in general or widespread use."

Concerning Galoshes.

This London daily thinks that the American "footwear"—a hideous word—is built so that rubbers can be worn in wet weather. The Englishman does not willingly put on rubbers or goloshes, as he prefers to call these overshoes or "gums." It appears that goloshes are and caricature. Therefore the sturdy Englishman is ashamed to put on a pair though the street be flooded.

The Oxford Dictionary prefers the spelling "galoshes." What is the derivation of the word? Fat Captain Grose in his "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" wrote: "Goloshes: i.e., Goliah's shoes. Large leathern clogs, worn by invalids over their ordinary shoes"; but this is a fanciful derivation. Deep thinkers point to the French "galoche," a wooden shoe. The galosh was first a wooden shoe or sandal fastened to the foot with thongs of leather; or a rustic clog; or a shoe with a wooden sole and an upper of leather or some other soft material. Some think that in the 14th and 15th centuries the word was a general term for boot or shoe. The india rubber galosh seems to have become known in England about 1850. Allusions to these coverings by Victorian novelists, as Thackeray, show that the galosh was held in contempt. We recall an occurrence of the word in poetry; in C. S. Calverley's "Lovers, and a Reflection," a parody on Jean Ingelow. Songbirds are darting about, and reck of no eerie to come.

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes,
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem;
They need no parasols, no goloshes;
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

No doubt the word is to be found in Browning. It must have appealed to him.

Nothing Like Leather.

In the United States we say rubbers, although the mouldy jest about "the gentleman is wiping his gums on the mat," shows that in certain places—for instance, Philadelphia?—the shorter word is preferred. There is a wealth of information in Sam S. Campion's "Delightful History of Ye Gentle Craft: an Illustrated History of Feet Costume" (Northampton, Eng., 1876), but we have searched there in vain for any note about rubbers. Mr. Campion thought there was nothing like leather. A newspaper slip pasted on a leaf reminds us that the first bootblacks seen in London were in 1851; that the canoeist, "Rob Roy" Macgregor, made the first box for holding the kit and Lord Shaftesbury provided the capital required to stock a brigade of street Arabs, a five pound note. Punch in those days mocked bootblacks.

Sundry Encasements.

Early in 1901 there was a hot discussion in London newspapers about goloshes—for the great majority spell the word with two "oo's." One correspondent condemned the leather boot, "an impervious dungeon," and advocated boots made of wool throughout or of wool with a leather sole. He admitted that the objection in England to this hygienic encasement would be the unusual appearance. "An Englishman—is an Englishman, and while ready to conquer most things, he stops short at one, prejudice." Furious attacks were made on the goloshes, and the effeminacy of those that wear them. There were countless answers. One man ended his letter: "Sir John Chandos, Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Raleigh would probably not have taken to goloshes, but I can imagine that heroes not gifted with robust health—William III. for example—might not have disdained them."

And as early as 1901 an objector asked: "Has it not struck you that the reason of our boot trade decline under the competition of America may be nothing else than the universality of the weak, womanly golosh?" To which an American in London replied that America, turning out the finest leather boots and shoes, was also the largest manufacturer and user of rubber overshoes.

Two Questions.

Can any one inform us about corduroy boots for boys? They were seen in the late Sixties and sold in Boston. They were advertised as warm and sanitary for winter use. We remember a boy who was compelled to wear a pair by a hygienic father and his life at school and at play was made miserable by comrades with a rude sense of humor and a blunt manner of expression. The boy in those years was proud of his leather boots, with the red-lettered stamp of the manufacturer on a leg and with the toes copper-tipped. He also delighted in rubber boots lined with red or crimson flannel. Rubbers and arctics were abhorrent to him.

And here is a still more important question. According to the New York Sun of some years ago members of the Ancient and Honorable Artilery Company at the end of a day in Capua took for a night cap a snifter of "Dora and Doris." What was the nature of this drink? Was there ever such a beverage, cooling or heating, a stimulant or a narcotic?

MARK HYAM.